

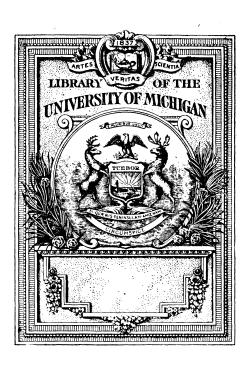
### WINDSOR MAGAZINE

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# THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

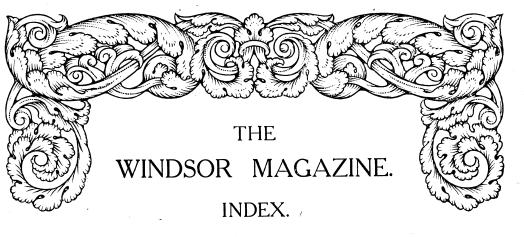
VOL. XLVII
DECEMBER 1917 TO MAY 1918

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED LONDON, MELBOURNE AND TORONTO 1918

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED;

DUKE STREET, STAMFORD STREET, S.E. 1, AND GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W. 1.



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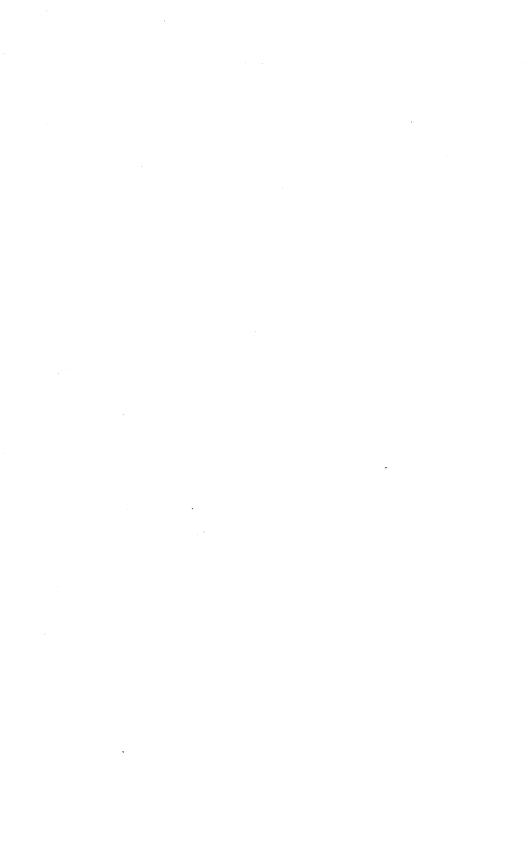
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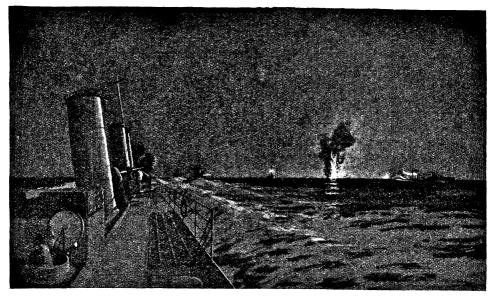








BY LUCIEN DAVIS.



BRITISH AND GERMAN DESTROYERS IN ACTION NEAR THE SCHONWEN BANK.

Drawn by Charles Pears from material supplied by an eye-witness.

# THE DESTROYERS AND THEIR WORK IN THE WAR

### By H. C. FERRABY

o men-of-war in any navy have been so hard-worked during the War as the destroyers. They were the first ships in action, and every sort of job has been entrusted to them. Whether it was a Dreadnought or an armed trawler they were asked to attack, they did it. They have landed army corps and they have "strafed" submarines. They have escorted troopships and merchant ships for hundreds of miles, and they have "barged about"—in the blunt phrase of Admiral Beatty—in any and every sea. How many hundreds of these little unarmoured swift-steaming craft have been constantly engaged in warlike operations of one sort and another it is impossible to estimate, but every navy has found good employment for each one that could be built.

They were designed originally, a quarter 1917-18. No. 276.

of a century ago, to destroy the torpedo-boat, and throughout the War they have been engaged in destroying the modern equivalent of the torpedo-boat, the submarine. Many "submarine catchers" have been devised by ingenious inventors—their ideas in several cases have been put into practical formbut always the naval authorities have found that they had to come back to the destroyer as the surest and deadliest of the enemies of the underwater ship. When America entered the War, her first move was to send several of her best and latest destroyers of the Wadsworth class across to help in clearing up the Atlantic. At the same time the Navy Department ordered large numbers of big sea-going motor-boats to act as submarine chasers. Six months' experience of war at sea showed that these vessels would not serve against the greatly-improved submarine

that could haunt the open ocean where no motor-boat could live. And Mr. Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, officially announced that no more contracts for submarine chasers would be placed, but that the construction of destroyers would be pressed on.

This decision was admittedly largely influenced by the confidential dispatches of Admiral Sims on the work done by the United States flotillas in European waters, and his reports on the methods used by the British and Allied destroyers—methods that had been gradually evolved from the knowledge gained by each encounter with enemy submarines.

It was quite early in the War that

procession of great ships slipping away from its anchorage, and he asked the commander of the ship on which he was staying—

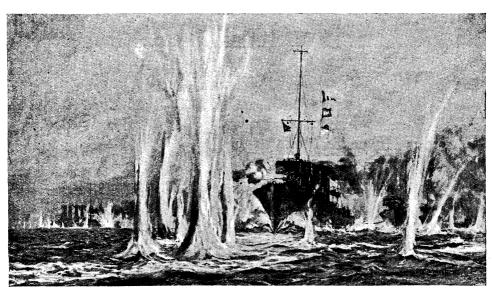
"Are not German submarines waiting

outside?"

"No doubt. Two or three are always there," was the reply, "but the destroyers

know how to keep them off."

When I was last with the Grand Fleet, I heard much of the work done by destroyers in safeguarding the Dreadnoughts from assassination. Admiral Beatty gave me some figures of the work done by his fast flotillas, during the brief period that I had been affoat, which were astounding, but they were not uttered for publication. Nevertheless,



BRITISH DESTROYERS TORPEDOING GERMAN CRUISERS OFF HELIGOLAND.

Drawn by Norman Wikinson from a sketch by a naval officer present at the action.

the British naval authorities proved the correctness of their peace-time theory that destroyers would be the best guard for the big ships against underwater attack. They found out something else, however, and that was that destroyers, singly or in flotillas, were capable of the most effective offensive action against submarines. As to the first point, there has been very little published evidence; but Mr. Frederick Palmer, the famous American correspondent, who was almost the first person permitted to lift even a corner of the veil that hides the war at sea from the gaze of the world, had an instructive paragraph in his description of the Grand Fleet putting to sea.

Mr. Palmer said he watched the stately

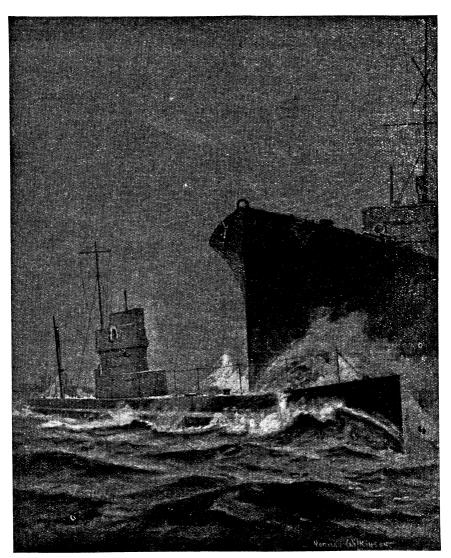
this much I may say-that night and day there is no rest for the officers and men of the destroyers with the Grand Fleet. Some of them must be always on guard, and very often all of them are called upon for long spells of arduous, nerve-racking, bodywearing service, quite as dangerous as life in the trenches, just as comfortless. Damp, cold, cramped quarters, belated meals, broken sleep, and often complete lack of it, ceaseless vigilance, and the constant menace of sudden death, are the lot of the destroyer men quite as much as of the infantry. The sole advantage the seafarers have over the soldiers, as far as one can see, is that they are not caked from head to foot in mud. To balance that, they have the miseries of

sea-sickness, however, and no one who has ever been to sea would deny the destroyer men their extra pay, which is so aptly termed "hard-lying money." Their life is certainly hard.

They have the compensation, however, of

occasions on which submarines have been destroyed by big ships, no man outside the Allied Admiralties knows how many times destroyers have accounted for the secret slayer.

The destroyers' War honours in these



A BRITISH DESTROYER RAMMING A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

Drawn by Norman Wilkinson.

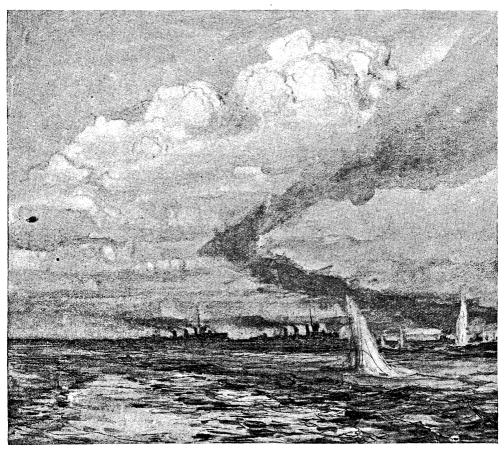
more actual fighting than falls to the lot of the men more comfortably housed in the big ships. They were robbed of the distinction of sinking the first enemy submarine in the War. That fell to the light cruiser Birmingham. But whereas you could count on the fingers of one hand the known

duels began on October 24, 1914, when the British destroyer Badger rammed and sank a U-boat off the Belgian coast. This method was very much favoured by a certain school of tacticians, and in the early days, when the submarine carried no guns, and had a speed of little more than twelve knots on the

surface, it was undoubtedly effective. It was dependent, however, on a large element of chance. It was only possible if the submarine came to the surface near to the destroyer while the latter was under way at a good speed. Otherwise the submarine had time to submerge before the destroyer could reach her, and as very little of the hull of the oncoming vessel was below the water, the submarine did not need to dive to any great

the destroyers Ghurka and Maori," said the report of Rear-Admiral Hood. "Other destroyers which took part in the hunt were the Viking, Nubian, Mohawk, Falcon, Kangaroo, Cossack, Leven, Fawn, Syren, and Ure."

This form of hunting may best be described as a nautical game of "kiss-in-the-ring," though it was not a kiss that either hunters or hunted wanted to bestow.



BRITISH DESTROYERS IN THE ACTION IN WHICH THEY SANK  $Drawn\ by\ Donald\ Maxwell\ from$ 

depth to be out of harm's way. And once she was down she was lost to sight. She might go east or north or south or west, or she might lie quietly in the same spot for some hours.

Therefrom arose the development of the "hunt," which was officially described by the British Admiralty in the case of the destruction of U8 in the Channel on March 3, 1915.

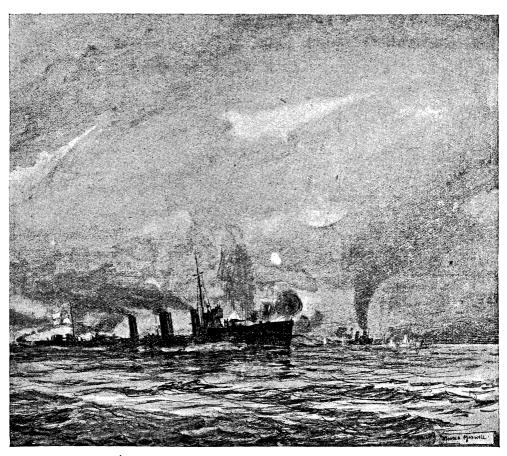
"The submarine was finally destroyed by

The submarine was located in a certain area, and the destroyers formed a ring round that area. Then they steamed slowly round and round, narrowing the circle, penning the submarine in closer and closer. Sometimes the submarine could slip through the cordon. Sometimes she was never within the circle at all. But many times she was, like U8, trapped and doomed sooner or later to be destroyed. She might lie "doggo" for many hours, however, without giving the

destroyers a chance to get at her, and they would go on slowly steaming round, burning fuel and constantly exposed to the peril of attack from a companion submarine outside the fatal circle. The inventive genius of the British Navy solved that problem, as the first dispatch of Admiral Gleaves, U.S.N., showed. He referred to the fact that the American ship leading the second group of the convoy of American ships for

plenty more it can be reported that "nothing more was seen."

These are some of the more obvious methods by which destroyers have worked against submarines. They are well known to the Germans, who have taken what precautions they can against the danger. But all submarines have a wholesome respect for the destroyer, and there are very few instances in the War of a submarine



FOUR OF THE ENEMY'S TORPEDO-BOATS OFF THE DUTCH COAST. descriptions by those who saw the fight.

France passed a submarine within twenty-five yards, and "let go a depth charge." "Several pieces of timber, quantities of oil, bubbles and débris, came to the surface. Nothing more was seen of the submarine," he added tersely.

This "depth charge" is a bomb that explodes under water. It was a British naval invention, and though many submarines have survived the shock of the explosion caused by a depth charge, of

successfully fighting such an adversary, except when the destroyer has been torpedoed without ever catching sight of the vessel that fired the torpedo.

Destroyers have taken part in every big ship action of the War except one—the battle of the Falkland Islands. The brunt of the fighting at Heligoland fell on them. At the Dogger Bank they hung on the flanks of the retreating German battle-cruisers, and headed off German destroyers that wanted to attack Beatty's squadron. And they fought like demons at Jutland, as Kipling has described in his vivid accounts of the doings of *Gehenna*, *Goblin*, *Shaitan*, and other fancifully named but quite recognisable destroyers.

They have put up some pretty little fights of their own, too, both by day and by night. There was what an officer of the *Undaunted* called "a crowded hour" when Captain Fox's division sank four German vessels off the Dutch coast on October 17, 1914. plunged into action at top speed, which means thirty-five miles an hour at least, sea and spray flying all over them and covering them fore and aft. The retreating enemy poured out torpedoes from his tubes, but the British destroyers danced among them without ever being touched, and all the while their vigorous semi-automatic 4-inch guns barked rapid death. One German destroyer was smothered by the fire of the British division, and toppled over on her beam ends like a winged pheasant. Two minutes later she had disappeared. second, ablize from forecastle to sternpost, fell out of line as her funnels, bridge, deck torpedo-tubes, cowls, and upper works were blasted out of her by the high-explosive shells, and she settled down rapidly until the advancing waters put out the scorching furnace. The other two fled on, still firing spasmodically, but wildly. And in a hundred minutes after the firing of the first shot, all four German ships were destroyed.

It was in connection with that action that one of the most characteristic stories of lower-deck coolness was told. An officer of one of the ships had been on duty for several hours, and had only been able to get to his bunk a couple of hours before the enemy were sighted. The call for "action stations" had not been sounded, but his servant went to the cabin, knocked on the

doorpost, and said—

"Beg pardon, sir, four German destroyers have just been sighted. Will you take your bath before or after the action?"

The story has been illustrated in a comic

paper, but it is an actual fact.

The fight of the Swift and the Broke, in the Straits of Dover, has been often and fully described. It was a typical instance of destroyer work in war. Everyone is inclined on these occasions to laud the men who fight the guns or repel boarders with cutlasses, and to forget the men below in the engineroom, who know nothing of what is happening, and whose only business is to

keep plenty of steam in the boilers and see that "the wheels go round" smoothly. They, too, face immense peril. The official records of the War contain many cameos of wonderful work done by engine - room ratings of destroyers in action.

Can any landsman imagine the effect of a shell exploding in a boiler? Can he imagine himself behaving "with conspicuous coolness and resource" in such circumstances as Stoker Petty Officer Frederick Pierce, of

the Laertes, did at Heligoland?

In her sister-ship, the Lawel, during the same action, an explosion blew in the after-funnel, and a shell carried away pipes and seriously damaged the main steam-pipe. There was a pretty tangle to straighten out even in dock. Five men of the engine-room staff "conducted themselves with great coolness," in the unconsciously humorous official phrasing, and, under the direction of the engineer lieutenant-commander, carried out repairs in action which enabled the ship to get away under her own steam.

A shell goes through the thin plating of a destroyer like a knife through butter. In "a crowded hour" like that at Heligoland practically every destroyer must have some holes punctured in her, and the task of stopping those leaks falls on the engine-room

complement.

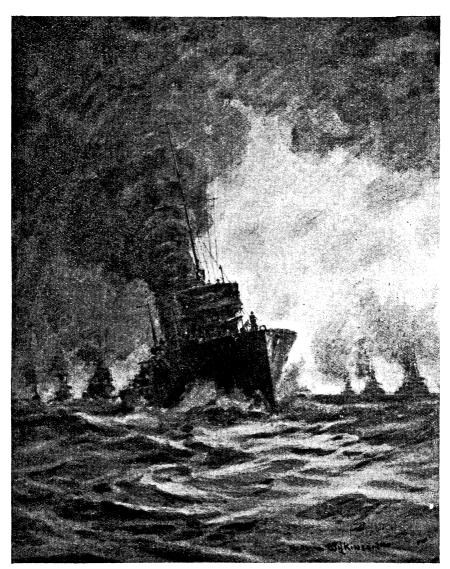
The Liberty had a bad hole torn in her during the fight, and Stoker Petty Officer John Galvin, who was in charge of the repair party, worked up to his chest in

water. But he did his job.

There are equally heroic feats unrecorded officially—how the stokehole men in a destroyer at Jutland fought for hours to repair damage to the pipes that took oil fuel to the furnaces, while all the time the leaking oil caught fire and started little blazes and big in all sorts of odd corners in the cramped hold; how another lay crippled in the line of fire, while desperate efforts were made to rig up a semblance of a steering gear out of the remnants of the original fittings, that had been smashed and twisted into comic scrap-iron.

They are mostly young men who do these things, for the destroyer and the submarine are essentially the craft for young, hardy, active men. They are equal to all emergencies. Boys of nineteen have found themselves flung by the bursting of a shell into supreme command of the ship. Sub-Lieutenant C. J. H. du Boulay was serving in the old destroyer Falcon off the Belgian coast, guarding the battleship Venerable from

submarine attack, when some of the German batteries on shore got her range. They opened a heavy fire on her, put twenty-four men out of action, and killed the commanding officer. The young sub-lieutenant, stunned German battleships of the *Kaiser* class during the night. In the darkness, amid all the flurry and the appalling din of destroyer fighting, the young sub-lieutenant, with a midshipman R.N.R., Mr. Arnot, to help



DESTROYERS EMITTING DENSE VOLUMES OF SMOKE TO SCREEN THEMSELVES AND OTHER WARSHIPS FROM THE ENEMY.

Drawn by Norman Wilkinson.

by the explosion, had to stagger to the bridge and take command. At Jutland the same thing happened to Sub-Lieutenant Harry Kemmis. The commanding officer and the first lieutenant of his ship, the *Onslaught*, were killed during the attack on the line of him, took over command of the ship, and handled her so well that, damaged as she was, he brought her safely out of the fight, took her home to harbour, and won for himself immediate promotion to the rank of lieutenant.

These are only two instances out of many. The confidential unpublished reports of senior officers of divisions of destroyers contain many others. Nor are such tales of heroism confined to the British Navy. The young officers and men of the French flotillas have some splendid feats to their credit, though their opportunities have been less, and their fighting has been mainly against submarines, except at the Dar-When the men of the American flotillas have the chance to get into action against surface ships, they, too, will show the mettle of their pasture. Against submarines they have already proved that they have nothing to learn in daring and resource from any Navy in the world.

Versatility is generally accepted as one of the characteristics of naval men. can turn their hand to any job that comes along. No clearer instance of this could be advanced than the work done by the torpedo-boat destroyers in the course of the amphibious operations at the Dardanelles. They went mine-sweeping at night up the straits; they chased Turkish torpedo-boats; they landed troops on that historic April 25; they patrolled; they carried wounded to hospital ships; and, above all, they rescued hundreds of men from mined and torpedoed battleships that were lost in the course of the immortal gamble. They seemed to do everything except swarm up the slopes of Achi Baba.

The Admiralty has never published any admiral's dispatch on the great bombardment of March 18, 1915, and therefore the great feat of the destroyers Kennet and Chelmer, in rescuing many of the crew of the lost battleships Irresistible and Ocean, under a tornado of fire from the Turkish batteries, has never been officially told. Commander England, of the Chelmer, was commended for his services in a general report by Admiral de Robeck, but no account of those services was given, and so far I have been unable to trace any public mention of the name of the officer in command of the Kennet.

I have the story from a naval officer who was present, and a more thrilling adventure could not be imagined.

There was a raging hurricane of fire inside the straits. The battleships were plastering the Turkish positions with shell, and the shore guns were replying vigorously. Great balloons of smoke from the bursting shells and the exploded Turkish magazines hung over the whole scene, lighted up by

the red flare of fires in Chanak and Eren Keui. The waters were churned to froth by the plunging Turkish shells, and the din was deafening. Suddenly the *Irresistible* struck a floating mine. She swerved out of line and headed for the shore. Fluttering flags from the signal halliards made an urgent call for destroyers to take off the crew

They dashed up alongside. The battleship was stationary, and the Turks had a perfect target. But the destroyers hung alongside like limpets, and the men of the Irresistible marched off her sloping decks to the rescuing craft as if it was a parade. In a quarter of an hour all, except the captain and a few officers, had left the doomed ship, and the destroyers sped away to transfer the rescued men to larger ships. In less than an hour they were at it again. The Ocean had been struck underwater by a mine or a torpedo, and the Chelmer and the Kennet were called for once more. They were alongside in two minutes, but that time they did not escape damage. The Chelmer was so badly hit that her captain thought she must sink, and signalled to the Kennet to stand by. The captain of the Kennet was obliged to reply that his ship was making water badly in the engine-room, and he had his hands full to keep affoat. engineers' staffs in each ship, however, worked like men possessed. They patched up the damage, while men from the sinking Ocean scrambled on board the destroyers. All this was done under very heavy fire, and the men who were rescued vow that every officer and man in the destroyers earned the V.C. and the D.S.M. One of the two small crippled ships, with normal accommodation for seventy people, had three hundred and seventeen rescued men on board, in addition to her own complement. When the work of transferring survivors was reported complete, the two destroyers headed down the straits, and so well had their engineers worked at the repairs, that they were able to make more than twenty knots.

As the *Kennet* sped along, still followed by the Turkish shells, a look-out spotted a man swimming down with the current. She was stopped, and the man picked up. As he was hoisted on board, he coolly remarked—

"I was just swimming off to Tenedos" (Tenedos being twenty miles away!) "to report that four men have been left in the Ocean."



THE BOARDING OF THE "BROKE" IN THE CHANNEL FIGHT: MIDSHIPMAN GYLES ATTACKED BY ONE OF THE GERMANS WHO SWARMED ON BOARD THE "BROKE," AND A.B. INGLESON GOING TO THE RESCUE, CUTLASS IN HAND. Drawn by A. Forestier from material supplied by an eye-witness.

Without a moment's delay the Kennet swung round and ploughed her way up the straits again. And there, squatting on the forecastle, which was nearly awash, were four stokers who had been overlooked.

When the Goliath went down to a torpedo fired in the night from a Turkish destroyer, and when the Triumph and Majestic fell victims to submarines, the destroyers were again to the forefront in rescue work, though they had not to carry on under a hailstorm of lyddite and shrapnel. They had plenty of that when they were covering minesweeping operations at night. They were at it from ten p.m. to four a.m., dodging > Turkish searchlights, patrolling to and fro on a given beat, with shells bursting round them all the time; and half a dozen of them were turned on, while the landing was in progress, to take part in the actual sweeping Eight more took part in the operations. disembarkation of troops at Gaba Tepe, and Rear-Admiral Thursby, in his report on the operation, said-

"The destroyers under Captain C. P. R. Coode landed the second part of covering force with great gallantry and expedition, and it is, in my opinion, entirely due to the rapidity with which so large a force was thrown on the beach that we were able to

establish ourselves there."

It is only occasionally, however, that the destroyers get a pat on the back like that. Scores of them have done weeks and months of hard work in all weathers without a word being said about them. The destroyers of the young Australian Navy, for example, the Warrego, the Parramatta, and the Yarra, manned by Australian crews, have been engaged in patrolling Australian trade routes and escorting convoys throughout the War. They have covered huge mileages, mainly in tropical waters, under conditions of much discomfort, but the quality of their work has been uniformly praised by senior officers of the Imperial Navy who have seen what they were doing. The sort of life they lead—and it can be duplicated in the case of many British destroyers—is deadly monotonous. An officer of a destroyer in

the Far East, in a letter home, wrote that his ship travelled about one thousand miles a week, when on duty, and that each spell of duty meant six days and nights at sea, with forty-eight hours in harbour to follow, which had to be spent in taking in fuel, cleaning up the ship, and effecting repairs. cruised in practically unknown waters, with uncharted coral reefs, rocks, and islands as perpetual perils, and, to add to the danger, in the typhoon season there were floating islands covered with trees and palms torn away from the swampy parts of the mainland. In the early part of the War he rounded up and captured several enemy colliers that were attempting to supply Von Spee's squadron, and as the German captains of these contraband runners showed fight, even when the prize crew was on board, the life was full of excitement. No official statement of the work done by these patrolling destroyers has ever been published. Hardly one person in a thousand ashore knows even that they have been employed on the work. Only at rare intervals have extracts from some private letter given us a dim glimpse of the frail craft staggering through the heavy seas of a winter night, a huddled group of figures in oilskins crouched by each gun and torpedo tube; on the bridge the helmsman glued to the wheel-and sometimes literally frozen to it—for six and a half hours on end; the captain, mostly a young lieutenant-commander, hidden in several layers of clothing, a Balaclava helmet drawn over his head, leaving only his eyes clear, on the bridge hour after hour through the inky darkness, save for an occasional dash into the chart-house to snatch a drink of hot cocoa or to scan the chart.

That is the unromantic side of destroyer life, but it is not unheroic. The record of lives saved when men are washed overboard, the record of willing tows given to brokendown merchantmen, a hundred magnificent feats of navigation worthy to rank with the historic pre-War story of the Exe's battle with a typhoon in the China Seas—these make up a tale of work done that is second to nothing in the annals of the War.



## THE BREAKING POINT

### By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.



WICE in the year of crops there rose in the undisciplined hearts of men a desire for liberty and freedom. And lest these two high words convey to the mind of the idealist an altogether mistaken impression of

the sentiments which animated the savage souls of the cannibal territories, they may be elaborated to connote liberty to slay and spoil and ravage, and freedom from all those unhappy consequences which civilisation, in the shape of an unsympathetic Commissioner, might exact.

Such desires grow in a night and fructify at dawn, for native folk, albeit great talkers and given to interminable rhetoric, do not, as the river saying goes, "carry their passion to palaver." The mob sense overtakes them and dictates a common aim. They surge forward blindly to their fate without knowing why, save that in everyone is a certain instinct of direction and purpose. Whether there was any preliminary treaty between the Akasava, the Isisi, and the Outer N'gombi, none knew. It is probable that there was. It is certain they rose in a night, some twenty thousand spears, and that Bakuro, the paramount Chief of the Isisi, was the guiding spirit and chief general of the war-fleet that gathered on a moonless night in that reach of the great river which is known as "The Many-Many Branches," for here a score of tributaries run into the great river at right angles, and incidentally form excellent cover for a concentration of war canoes.

Midway between the Isisi and the mouth

of the river, where the Residency stands, is the tribe called Bulafa, but known from one end of the river to the other as "The Little Mice," because they are notoriously peaceable. On the river it is a famous retort to the teller of an incredible story, that "I saw a man of the Bulafa with a spear," which means, "I also have seen the impossible."

The tribe were sufficiently far removed from the fighting races, and sufficiently close to the paternal eye of Government, to dwell in great security and to enjoy a measure of prosperity which was not approached save by the Akasava, who were workers in iron, and were, therefore, rich. They fished, they raised goats, they cultivated great fields of maize, and they had even begun the cultivation of rice under the beneficent patronage of Sanders. But mostly they bred edible dogs, which were famous in the land.

The Chief of the Bulafa was wakened in the middle of the night by the arrival of a delegation which included the great Bakuro himself. It was an agitating moment for the Bulafa chief, for these men had spears, and their faces were smeared with camwood. The log fire, which glowed day and night before the chief's hut, was wakened to liveliness, and the palaver of those who squatted about the place was a short one, but intense.

"All peoples are joined together," said Bakuro, "and we will make an end of Sandiand his cruel ways, and when he is finished we shall rule this land according to the old customs. Now, it would be shameful, O Chief of the Bulafa, if your great tribe stands aside, for when we win, how shall I stop my young men from ravaging your land? Therefore I tell you to bring your spears to this great killing."

The Chief of the Bulafa, one N'ko, was a stout man, and he shook with fright.

"Lord king," he quavered, "we are peaceable folk, who love our dogs and our women, and we make no war on any, for we are great cowards, and our hearts are like water. And how might we stand up against Sandi, with his soldiers? Also, lord, if I were to call my young men, they would run away and hide themselves in the forest."

Bakuro pleaded for a hundred, for twenty, for ten men. The movement had been unanimous, save that he had not recruited from the Ochori, and he was cunning enough to see that, if his stroke failed, it might benefit him to produce representatives of the spineless Bulafa to testify to the general character of the movement. But the chief could do no more than continue his feeble protest.

When the chief and his headmen had departed, N'ko aroused his people, and before the morning was far advanced, from the land of the Bulafa arose a great yapping and whimpering, for the dogs were being led or

carried to a secret hiding-place in the forest.

"Shall we not send the women, too,
N'ko?" said a fearful councillor.

"We can find women," said N'ko, "and one woman is much the same as another. But there are no dogs like ours in all this world."

Amidst the tasks, irksome or mechanical, that a man must perform in the course of his day, there is usually one which is particularly and peculiarly pleasant. Most men leave such duties to the last, and Lieutenant Tibbetts, of the Houssas, was no exception. Not until he had avoided and forgotten all that was without colour in the day's work, and had reached the two hours appointed—in red letters—to this pursuit, did he settle himself down, with a sense of luxury and satisfaction, to the working out of his scheme of schemes—the creation of the Pan-African Army group.

He who in his life has not created something with pencil and pen knows nothing of the joy which Bones felt in the moist heat of his hut, the perspiration of his bare arms marking the paper in weird design. The author and the artist know that joy. The Government lawyer drafting his new bill, the begging-letter writer, the maker of prospectuses, the architect, the inventor—visionaries all that have tasted the sweet dope and have grown dreamily

happy, as the poison grew more and more active!

There were forty million natives in British Africa. Ten per cent. were men of military age—an army of four millions! Bones produced two hundred divisions and gave them artillery. He opened iron mines and erected munition plants all over the map. He designed uniforms and equipment, and devised great broad roads leading through the heart of the wilderness to Egypt, and on these he erected store towns and dug wells and put down filter beds. He cut canals and laid railways, and reclaimed the wild—and all with a ruler, a pencil, and a pair of dividers.

He was debating with himself the need for connecting the Nile and the Congo, when Captain Hamilton strolled into the hut.

Bones blushed and drew a newspaper over the map and his scattered data.

"How's the army going, Bones?"

Hamilton dropped into a chair and lit his pipe.

"Fine," said Bones politely, "fine an' healthy, reverend sir."

He was at the stage of his dream where he dreaded the application of cold logic from the outsider.

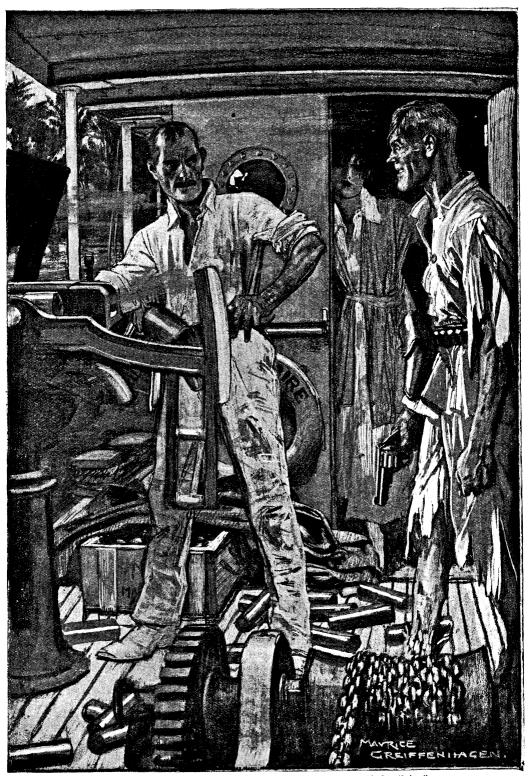
Hamilton puffed thoughtfully.

"There's a lot in your scheme, though I shall not live to see its accomplishment," he said quietly. "Isn't it absurd that all the cultured people of the earth should engage themselves in the barbaric destruction of one another, whilst the barbarian himself enjoys the ease and peace which the warring civilisations bring to him?"

"A perfectly silly ass idea, my jolly old skipper," agreed Bones, but with caution, for he had learnt by bitter experience that his superior's preliminary approval was frequently an artful dodge to nail Bones down to the championship of a theory which Hamilton would afterwards proceed to demolish.

"At the same time, dear old pacifist, wars are the big pushes of our jolly old civilisation. Where would you be if it wasn't for the war?" Bones demanded truculently. "You talk about peace, but there ain't such a thing as peace. There is only a time between wars. Put that in your naughty old pipe and smoke it!"

For a wonder, Hamilton did not attempt to argue the matter, and continued on his way to the Houssa lines, for he had certain important instructions to give to his company sergeant-major. Later he joined Sanders in



"He stood, smoke-grimed and weary, by the port gun of the Zaire."

the tennis-court, an innovation due largely to the presence of Miss Patricia Hamilton, and at the finish of a set, when they were taking tea in the shade of a spreading cedar, he repeated wonderingly the gist of the views which Bones had expressed.

The girl laughed.

"Poor Bones—he's so bloodthirsty!"

"Bones is right," said Sanders quietly—
"all peace is an interregnum. It may be a
hateful thought, but it is nevertheless true.
Peace is merely a period of reaping the crops
which the seeds of war have sown, and the
replanting of new seeds for a new and more
terrible harvesting. People talk of a status
quo ante bellum, but it is an empty phrase—
things can never be as they were before
war."

"Surely nations may grow rich by peace?" protested the girl.

Sanders shook his head.

"They can neither grow rich nor great. England's greatness was founded on a score of battlefields. The wonderful prosperity which the United States enjoy springs from the Civil War. The nations that have ceased to fight have decayed to third-rate Powers, at the mercy of the fighting tribes. What is true of civilisation is true of this country." He jerked his head sideways to indicate the vast hinterland he governed. "War is natural, peace is unnatural."

"If that were so, even your third-class Powers would fight," she suggested, and he

 ${f n}$ odded.

"There is a breaking point where peace is no longer the most desirable condition, even with these," he said. "I have only known one tribe that has never found anything worth fighting about—the Bulafa folk."

Hamilton laughed softly.

"They may have their breaking point,

too," he said.

"I doubt it," said Sanders. He looked at the girl with a twinkle in his eye. "I suppose there is a point where even you would fight?"

She shivered.

"I can't imagine it," she said.

Sanders looked over to Hamilton and caught his eye, and the Captain of Houssas nodded.

"I wish you would let me go with you,

sir," he said earnestly.

"And rob Bones of his great adventure?" laughed Sanders. "No, I think Bones and I can manage."

"Are you going away?" asked the girl quickly.

"For a week or two," said Sanders. "I am due in the Territories. There are one or two palayers that I must attend."

She was not deceived by the airy way in which he dismissed his forthcoming journey. She had now been long enough in the Territories to read the signs of trouble, and she knew enough of the routine of this little government to be able to ask inconvenient and embarrassing questions.

"How many men are you taking, Mr.

Sanders?" she demanded.

Sanders hesitated.

"About fifty," he said.

"That is forty too many for an innocent palaver," she said reproachfully, and keeping her grave eyes fixed on his. "Is there

really bad trouble?"

"Honestly, I don't know," said Sanders. "The only information which we have received came last night after you were in bed and asleep. There have been some meetings between the Akasava and the Isisi. Beyond that we know nothing. If it had happened three months ago, I should take no notice; but there has been a good harvest, and the corn is cut, and good harvests mean war. I am sending Bones with the Wiggle. I think he ought to go to-night, Hamilton; the river is navigable in the dark. I will leave to-morrow with the Zaire. The disturbance is too widespread to be dealt with by a single expedition."

He turned to Hamilton.

"You had better warn Bones."

Bones had reached the delightful point of his scheme where he was appointing his friends and acquaintances to the supreme commands of his paper army, when Hamilton strode into the hut.

"Awfully sorry to interrupt you," he said briskly, "but Sanders intended telling you to-night. There is trouble in the Akasava, and he wants you to take the Wuggle upstream. Make some sort of reconnaissance as far as the lower edge of the Akasava country, and if there is any kind of trouble, don't barge into it, but retire on Sanders. Here are your instructions in writing." He passed an envelope across the table.

"In accordance with your jolly old sealed orders, sir," said Bones, "I will proceed. Give me twenty minutes to pick my men

and provision the cruiser."

"The boat has been provisioned and the men have been picked," said Hamilton. "All you have got to do is to get your manicure set and your silk pyjamas on board."

"Spoken like a heartless one," murmured

Bones, and raised his unmusical voice for his servant.

As the sun was dropping into the western ocean, Bones put the nose of the Wiggle upstream, his unauthorised white ensign flying at the one stumpy mast, and Bones himself standing with folded arms at the stern of the ship, his head sunk on his breast in the deepest meditation, an attitude which Patricia Hamilton believed, not without reason, was adopted especially for her benefit.

When Bones had rounded the bend of the river, he turned his mind to practical things. He could sail through the night with little fear of danger, since the river for fifty miles has only one or two shallows, and once the group of islands which occur ten miles from headquarters were passed, the course was

plain sailing.

Bones, for all his dreams and his makebelieve, was an eminently practical young man. He might make extravagant entries in his log—"Wind freshening to S.S.W., moderate sea. Passed unknown craft inward bound "-but he had also a comprehensive knowledge of the river and its eccentricities. He judged that he would pass the Bulafa city at three o'clock in the morning, and gave instructions to the steersman that, if he was asleep at the time, he was to be called, for Sanders had particularly requested him to note the condition of the city as he passed.

The Bulafa people served Sanders in the same stead as the white mice served the ancient submarine. They smelt danger and twittered audibly, and if there were any sign of fires burning and people stirring at this early hour—the one hour in the day that the native hates, since it is that in which devils are most potent—Bones had orders to go ashore and investigate. was not in the danger zone yet, and would not be till the following night, so he could afford to sleep, putting a conventional sentry to assist the steersman, with whom he could safely leave control of the ship.

Bones retired to the little cabin, undressed himself leisurely, and slipped into pyjamas, those vivid silk garments which were the scorn of his superior. He stepped again on to the deck and leant over the rail, watching the black water, illuminated with innumerable points of light as they reflected the sparks which belched from the Wiggle's chimney-stack, and speculating in his own strange way upon the wonderful possibilities which this mission offered. This was no unusual attitude of mind, for Bones saw

opportunities for achieving merit in every task that came to his hand. He involved the commonplace in a rosy mist of dreams, whether that commonplace took the shape of a prosaic visit to Administrative Headquarters—"I sent for you, Mr. Tibbetts, by the King's command, to confer upon you the Order of the Crown of India with Swords, for your many heroic and artful achievements"-or whether it was a hut tax collection which took him into the near-by river villages (here he turned old stones and discovered vaults crammed with treasures of a lost civilisation).

He straightened himself with a comfortable sigh, went back to the tiny cabin, put his revolver and cartridge belt near his head-Bones affected a picturesque but unauthorised equipment—and, stretching himself upon the bed, he drew a thin coverlet over him and fell slowly but deliciously into the land

of dreams.

He dreamt he had rescued a beautiful maiden from a horde of wild savages, who, curiously enough, wore the sombreros and "chaps" of American cowboys mounted on wild horses—the horse has never been seen in the Territories, by the way-and had brought her to safety. She was very distressed because she had no boots or stockings on, although otherwise she was dressed in the most fashionable attire, and as it was raining heavily she wept. Nor was she content with weeping, for she howled, which was an unladylike thing to do, and all the time the rain was pattering down, tap, tap, tap, from the palm tree under which they stood.

"The best thing I can do for you, dear old thing," Bones was saying, "is to get a cab." For he was growing irritated, not only by her wild yells, but by the incessant tapping of the rain, and then he woke up.

The yells were real enough, as were the tap, tap of arrows striking against the side of

the vessel.

Bones slipped on his mosquito boots, buckled his revolver about his waist, and stepped out to the deck. The river was full of canoes. Men were clambering up over the side of the boat, and he heard the yell of Yoka, the steersman.

"O Tibbetti, swim!"

A man jumped towards him from the bulwark, and Bones fired. He heard another shot from the stern of the boat—probably one of the Houssa guard who had shaken off his assailants—and Bones fired again and brought down his man.

Instinctively he knew that there was no hope of beating off this attack. Who were the assailants, he could only guess. The Akasava were bringing war into Sanders's country, and had come in force. In one stride he reached the side of the Wiggle, and without a second's hesitation he dived between two canoes. He was a splendid swimmer, but he knew his only chance of escape was keeping under water, and he struck out with swift, strong strokes for the opposite shore to that which had faced him when he had dived.

He passed under the keel of the Wiggle, and, when he could remain under no longer,

came up to fill his lungs with air.

He was now some distance from the steamer, which, helmless and unattended, was keeping on its course, for Yoka had jumped at the same time as his master. He had not been seen, though there were two canoes between himself and the shore, and he dived again. Before he had leapt into the water he had replaced his revolver in its waterproof holster, a fact which gave him some satisfaction, though he was by no means out of danger. Hereabouts, as he knew, the river was swarming with crocodile, and the forest itself might hold a hundred perils.

He had reached the sloping beach, and had staggered ashore, when a canoe, which had come gliding along the river a few feet from the shore, shot out of the darkness, and there was a jabbering yell which told Bones that he had been sighted. He dashed into the thicket, his pyjamas torn to shreds by the thorns, his thin-shod feet bruised and lacerated by the sharp needles of the

underbrush.

He could not outrun these men through the wilderness, but fortunately he struck the inevitable path which followed the river. His eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, picked out the way, and though he once ran full tilt into a sapling, he suffered no other mishap. He knew he was being followed, and might have made a fight of it, but the first explosion of his revolver would bring the whole pack on his trail; there was a chance that the main flotilla did not know that he had been discovered. rather than knew they were gaining on him, and whipped out his revolver. suddenly the path ceased. He did not realise the fact until he drove full pelt into a thick reed fence which had apparently been erected right across the track.

It was not an insuperable obstacle, being made of thick rushes loosely plaited, and he was able to thrust his hand through and tear a hole in the reeds big enough to scramble through. His shoulders and one leg were through, when he heard ahead of him a curious whimpering and growling, and every hair on his head stood up. There was no time to hesitate. His pursuers were now close on his heels, but he stood on the far side of the fence, hot and panting, and levelled his revolver to cover the path along which he had come.

He saw a shadowy figure loom into sight, and fired, then he resumed his flight. had not gone half a dozen päces when he trod on something soft, something which yelped in terror. He heard a rustling and a scampering, and there came to his nose a scent which was unmistakably dog. stepped forward cautiously now. It was as though he had come into a world populated by members of the canine family. He heard them whimpering, growling, and yelping, and the explanation suddenly flashed upon him. He had heard of these dog kraals to which the Bulafa sent their precious stock when danger threatened, and evidently he had reached it. Behind him arose shrill noises of delight. Evidently the Akasava folk who had been chasing him had discovered the kraal, too. He found the watchman, a shivering man, half dead with fright, who had seen him long before Bones had detected his presence, and had crawled to his feet in a condition of abject funk.

Bones kicked him erect.

"O man," he said, "you need have no fear, for I think these men have found your dogs, and they will not 'chop' you. Now you shall show me the way to your chief's village."

"Lord, lord," whined the man, "what shall I say to N'ko and the people if these

men take our beautiful dogs?"

"Blow your dogs!" growled Bones, in

English.

An hour later he arrived at the town of Bulafa, and found that community, as Sanders had anticipated, in a condition of twitter. Fires were burning in the streets, little groups sat about each fire, and before the chief's house were assembled the headmen of twenty villages. To this scene of panic entered Bones, bedraggled and ragged, his feet swollen and bleeding, his eyes wild, and his hair unkempt. He had looked around for his guide, as they had entered the town; but that terrified man had disappeared, preferring the exclusive calm of the forest to the storm which he knew his tidings would evoke.

"O Tibbetti," gasped N'ko, "I see you." Bones dropped down on to the stool they brought him, and wiped his steaming brow.

"N'ko," he said, after he had recovered his breath, "this is a bad palaver. For the fighting men are out, and many will die before this new sun goes down."

"I think it will be Sandi," said N'ko

hopefully, "for we are peaceable folk, and Bakuro will not 'chop' us."

"Tell me all this," said Bones quickly. But the chief, standing first on one leg and then on the other in his embarrassment, had no information to give.

"You shall tell me all this," said Bones wrathfully, "or I will whip you till you

die!"

Which ferocious threat produced the full

Now, in every loyal village on the river there is kept a pigeon-house set upon a high pole, and from time to time a man of the Government comes, releases the pigeons, which fly home to headquarters, and puts two others in their place. These emergency post offices were the especial charge of Bones made his Sanders's secret agents. way to the loft, passed up the ladder, and took from the small box fastened to the side of the pigeon-house a little block of thin paper, to which was attached a pencil. wrote his note quickly, searched for and found the indiarubber bands, and, inserting his hand, took out a pigeon. He fastened the thin paper to the leg of the bird, and with the first hint of dawn he flung the messenger into the air, and watched it circling above the village, and rising higher and higher, until it turned and sped southward out of sight.

The warning message came to hand at the Residency half an hour before the first of the war canoes came in sight, and the Zaire's Hotchkiss sent a bursting shell above.

the crowded river.

In the meantime Bones had not been idle. The Bulafa could muster fifty canoes and a thousand men; but, unfortunately, the Bulafa were not a fighting race. Bones pleaded, he urged, he cursed, he threatened, he spoke in English, in Arabic, in Bomongo, but all to no purpose. The shivering men sat about the palaver house with Bones, a ludicrous figure in his torn pyjamas and the straw boots they had plaited for him.

"Lord," said the headman of an inner village, "we are not fighting men, and, when we hear the drums beat for war, we desire to run away. And we have suffered already,

for Bakuro took with him a male child from this village to make sacrifice, and we have heard that he has slain this child and sent · its spirit in a canoe to Sandi."

The unanimous "Wa!" with which this sentiment was received gave eloquent support

to this statement.

Bones groaned in despair, and ran his hands through his already disordered locks. He knew that Sanders could keep his enemy at bay throughout the day, and that headquarters would be rushing reinforcements But no reinforcements could reach the Residency within twenty-four hours, and in the night-time the headquarters defences would be rushed, and—— Bones went white at the thought.

If he could only make a diversion in the rear! If he could bring fifty war canoes downstream and attack the tribes unexpectedly from behind, he was well enough acquainted with the native mind to know that they would scatter in panic.

He made his last effort. "O people of the Bulafa," he said, "I know that you are all terrible cowards, and

that your hearts are filled with fear."

There was a murmur of applause from They were grateful that the Bulafa folk. at last their inmost sentiments had been faithfully translated.

"Yet I tell you this," said Bones. "After these men have made an end of Sandi, they will come to you, and they will burn your villages and they will take your wives."

"Lord, that they will do," said N'ko comfortably; "but there are many women in this land, and if Bakuro is cruel to us, we can hide in the forest and come out again and build our houses."

"Also," said Bones, "they will take your

crops, as they have taken your dogs."

"Lord," said N'ko," if they take our crops, will not the earth bring other crops? And it is better that we should be unhappy for a little while than be dead for all time. for our beautiful dogs," he said, "they are in a secret place."

A fierce and joyous smile dawned upon

Bones's face.

"O N'ko and people of Bulafa," he said softly, "your dogs have gone, for as I came here I heard the Akasava make a great killing."

The chief leapt to his feet, his eyes and his

mouth round in astonishment.

"Lord, they are by the river path," he

"There I found them," said Bones

cheerfully, "and there also the Akasava found them."

"O N'ko, it is true!"

It was a tearful voice on the edge of the group, and Bones recognised the frightened man who was his companion of the previous night.

Brokenly he related the story of the

ravaged kraal.

"And this morning, lord, I went back, and there are no dogs, and I went secretly to the river, and I saw many dogs in the canoes of the Isisi folk."

A howl, in which bitter anguish and unquenchable hate mingled, rose from the great assembly. N'ko danced up the little hill

to the palaver house, and it was a dance of rage.
"Are we snakes?" he roared. "Are we fish, that Bakuro should do this terrible

thing?"

He raised his hand and uttered one shrill yell, which no living man in the Bulafa had heard for thirty years—the war call which is common to the Lower Isisi, the Bulafa, and the Lesser Akasaya.

Twenty war canoes swept down the river that day, and came like a tornado upon the unprotected rear of their enemy, and bitter and bloody was the fight they fought.

"The Bulafa?" said Sanders incredulously. He stood, smoked-grimed and weary, by the port gun of the Zaire, and the deck was littered with expended shell cases. From the bush on the opposite bank of the river came the shrill cries of a party of the Isisi, who had hastily landed and were now fleeing before certain avengers of dogs.

"Bulafa, sir an' Excellency," said a tatter-demalion Bones, in triumph. "They—"

He stopped suddenly, for Patricia Hamilton had made an appearance from Sanders's cabin. She, too, was uncleanly—her face was smudged, her hands were black.

"Hello, Bones!" she said calmly. "I worked the Maxim . . . . They sacrificed a little child . . . and floated it down river . . . I saw it . . . . That was my breaking point."

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.



### CHRISTMAS, 1917.

HOW long, O Child of Peace, how long before Your glorious Star upon the silent fields Shall rise and lead us out for evermore From this long watch and labouring that yields Silence and all the wide dismay of death? But fruit more bitter even than death we fear; The tyranny of evil lurks beneath War-waging. So in blood another year Sinks piteous down the gulf of Time, and still We, freedom-lovers, strive towards the light That glows prophetic o'er the Sacred Hill Where, just as we now struggle, through that Night You fought the powers of darkness, and at last, Even as death came, into Your Kingdom passed!

RICHARD CHURCH.

### NOBLESSE OBLIGE

### By E. F. BENSON

Illustrated by E. P. Kinsella



RS. COPLESTONE
was chiefly remarkable for her large
stores of opulent
reminiscences,
which bore no very
close resemblance
to the facts on
which they were so
insecurely founded.
She lacked the

fearless irresponsibility of the more magnificent sort of liar, and when you copious froth of her the memories, there was always some minute sediment of truth at the bottom of the glass, which did not fly into the air like the rainbowed bubbles which overlay it. She did not lie for material profit; she never reaped one pennyworth's pecuniary advantage from her great histories, nor did she hurt anyone by them, for she was as good-natured as she was inventive. She just wanted to be grand, to present a noble and enviable appearance to the world in general, and in pursuit of this innocent desire she often talked very richly in trains, offering a sandwich or a morning paper to break the ice, so that she might shine forth to strangers who would be duly impressed with her splendours.

To-day, as she travelled down, after a fortnight in London, to Hatchings, that quaint, huddled, red-roofed little city where her husband, a retired solicitor, lived out the contented afternoon of his blameless days, she was in excellent form, for she had exactly the audience she liked. She was in a second-class compartment, and her companion was a poor and meek relative of Mr. Coplestone's, whom with the utmost tenderness of heart she had asked to

spend a fortnight's holiday in her comfortable home. Opposite, the only other occupant of the carriage was a remarkably distinguishedlooking woman, with marvellous red hair and that cream-pale complexion which unaided Nature often bestows on those whom she has already gifted with the Titian hue. The train moved smoothly and softly, Mrs. Coplestone's voice was of carrying quality, and she had no doubt that the stranger opposite, who exhibited a studied attention to the book of which the page remained so long unturned, was drinking in with reverence and awe the grand things which Mrs. Coplestone so much enjoyed saying to her husband's poor relation. All further information as to the exact social station to which she belonged may be summed up in the fact that she invariably alluded to her husband as Mr. Coplestone. When, on rare occasions, Mr. Coplestone annoyed her, she addressed him personally as such.

"And here we are, quite close to our dear old Hatchings again," she said. "We shall be there in ten minutes. Oh, look, my dear Blanche, look quickly out of the window! You will see the towers of Hatchings Castle quite plainly over the river. Dear old Castle! What a lot of delightful memories swarm into my mind when I see it!"

She pointed a finger to guide Blanche's

reverential eye.

"Yes, and there is the lake," she said.
"Such a delicious lake, and it is even older than the Castle itself, which is of immense antiquity. How much Mr. Coplestone and I miss our visits there! I cannot remember the time when I did not remember Hatchings Castle."

"And don't you go there now?" asked Blanche.

Mrs. Coplestone kissed her hand in the

direction of the lake.

"No, it has been shut up for the last ten years," she said, "ever since the late Lord Hatchings' death. What fun we used to have there picnics, luncheon parties, dinner parties, fishing parties on the lake! It was a perpetual round of delightful hospitalities. We were such friends. Yes, I shall never again have such a friend as dear Lady Hatchings."

"And won't it ever be opened again?" asked Blanche, straining her pale eyes to catch the last glimpse of the lake and castle

of many memories.

"It is odd you should ask that, for Mr. Coplestone wrote to me only last week to say that the new Lord Hatchings had just come down there, and intends to stay the summer. I am afraid I shall feel him to be a sad parvenu. The Death Duties were enormous—quite colossal, in fact—for the succession passed to a distant cousin. The College of Heralds, or whoever manage those things, had to go all the way up to Queen Elizabeth, and all the way down again, till they found out who it was. I dare say he is a most agreeable man, but it will never be dear old Hatchings Castle to me again. My dear Lady Hatchings is still alive, but I despair of seeing her any more in the old home. Tempora mutantur, as Mr. Coplestone says in his Latin. Yes, and here is the station for the Castle—Castle Halt, as it is called. We seldom went by train. You may be sure there was always a carriage to take us in and out."

As the train slowed up, the Titian-haired stranger took a rather old mackintosh from the rack above her head. Outside the bleak little station there was standing a dog-cart, and Mrs. Coplestone's quick eye caught sight of a coronet on the pony's blinkers.

"Ah, there is a dog-cart for the Castle," she said, "and I should not in the least wonder if that lady who has just got out is the governess of Lord Hatchings' children. There she is again, with a porter wheeling her bicycle. Now she is talking to another lady. What a foreign-looking person! I should say she was French. She is getting into the dog-cart, and our travelling companion is mounting her bicycle. Probably the foreign-looking lady is a guest at the Castle, and the other is her maid. That must be it. Mr. Coplestone always tells me that I am quite a Sherlock Holmes, and

that I know who everybody is, and what he has done, the moment I set eyes on him. am convinced that our travelling companion was the French lady's maid. That is why she travelled second-class. Those maids are so high in their notions. But second-class is quite good enough for me, and if a lady's maid does sit opposite me, she is quite well behaved, and I have no quarrel with her. My dear Lady Hatchings always had a carriage reserved for her, and no wonder, even on the shortest journeys. My sweet Mabel!"

About half an hour after, the red-haired lady was sitting at lunch with a grey-haired

lady at the Castle.

"It was really rather embarrassing, Cousin Mabel," she said. "I didn't know what to do. I couldn't have interrupted her and told her I was Charlie's wife. I wish you could guess who it was. Can't you remember a great, pompous woman who used to be so intimate with you? She talked about Mr. Coplestone, too, in the sort of way that suggested that he was her husband."

"My dear, why didn't you say that sooner, and save me the trouble of thinking?" asked "Now I do remember. We Cousin Mabel. had a fishing competition once on a Bank Holiday, and there was a Mrs. Coplestone who caught a pike. We shall soon know, for Charlie has sent out garden-party cards to absolutely every inhabitant of Hatchings, for the day after to-morrow, to celebrate the opening of the house. My bosom friend will be sure to come, and we will identify her."

"Charlie told me he was going to. But Mrs. Coplestone—what are we to do about Mrs. Coplestone? She will see me here, receiving our guests. She will have an

awful shock."

"Serve her right!" said Mrs. Coplestone's "sweet Mabel."

"I know. But she will be our guest. You can't let your guest have an uncomfortable moment if you can help it. She will see you, too. Really, it will be horrid for her. What can we do?"

"My dear Daisy, you are too amiable to

live. You make me anxious."

Daisy Hatchings laughed.

"Don't be anxious," she said; "I don't propose to die. But we must save the poor thing's feelings somehow. I think you will have to be tremendously cordial, and say what ages it seems since you and she met."

"I couldn't—I should choke," said the

"Oh, don't! You see, she can't fail to

remember all she said in the train this morning. She was talking at me all the time, impressing me, showing me how great and good she was. It would be awful for her if in front of my very face you gave her a vacant look."

"It's all your fault for travelling secondclass," said Mabel Hatchings. "And I won't You will have done all that could be done to make her comfortable, and yet afterwards she will wonder."

Mabel Hatchings sighed.

"That's true," she said. "If I can remember to think of that, I may be able to manage it."

Mrs. Coplestone duly found the card



"'I dare say he is a most agreeable man, but it will never be dear old Hatchings Castle to me again."

promise to be cordial. She's a pushing, swaggering thing, this Mrs. Coplestone of yours. She deserves a vacant look. A carriage to meet her, indeed, for her picnics and luncheon parties and dinner parties!"

"Oh, Cousin Mabel, do be amiable! Besides, if you will be cordial and affectionate, and talk about old times, she will understand very well. There will be an irony about it.

inviting her husband and herself to the garden-party, and was rather grand about whether she should go or not, for it would mean—for Blanche's edification—the tearing open of an old wound. But as she had no reason to suppose that her "sweet Mabel" would be there, and she was devoured by curiosity to see the new Lady Hatchings, she consented to have the old wound torn open,

and drove out rather magnificently with her husband in a hired motor-landau. Guests were already assembled in large numbers, and they were conducted along the terrace to where, just within the great yew hedge that separated it from the lawn, their hostess stood with her husband and Cousin Mabel to receive them. Thus Mrs. Coplestone heard her name sonorously announced before she saw her hosts at all.

Then she came round the corner of the yew hedge, and lo, one yard from her, was the lady of the Titian hair! Worse than that, there was standing quite close to her her "sweet Mabel." Mrs. Coplestone was sure it was she. Her "sweet Mabel" had given her a prize long ago for catching a pike.

Lady Hatchings moved a step forward as the name was announced, and gave her a delicious smile of welcome.

"How nice of you to come, Mrs. Coplestone!" she said. "And my cousin will be so charmed to see you. Cousin Mabel, here is a very old friend of yours. How-de-do, Mr. Coplestone? Yes, are we not lucky to have such a fine day?"

"You were admirable, Cousin Mabel," said Daisy Hatchings, a moment afterwards.

"But I knew you would be a dear."

Mrs. Coplestone was so staggered by her welcome that she began to think that she must have been very intimate, after all. But she was a little shy about saying so, which was exactly what Daisy Hatchings had intended.



#### THE SEA-MEW.

HAD loved the pretty birds that by my window sung— The gentle thrush that had his nest the perfumed pines among; The chaffinch with his sudden note, his song so clear and bold; The sad rhyme of the robin, too, that came when winds grew cold;

The happy lark whose benison fell from the sunny sky; The blackbird with his golden lute that serenaded by; The nightingale that through the night told his low rosary; The finches, with their little tunes, were all beloved by me.

I leaned to hear each lovely note through each enchanted day, And thought no minstrelsy so fine, while all content I lay, When to my ear, across the sky, I heard a sea-bird's scream, And, flapping slow across the blue, I saw him flash and gleam.

I cared not then for singing birds, I loved the sun no more. I heard the plashing of the waves upon a far-off shore, And lonely, lonely cried my heart in answer to its call—Ah, best I held the sea-mew's note that had no song at all!

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.



A WORKING PARTY WEARING TRENCH WADERS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

### FIGHTING THE MUD AT THE FRONT

HEN so laconic a soldier as Sir Douglas Haig writes emphatically about weather and the War, it is well worth while to examine the subject. "Poor visibility," the great General says, in his Somme dispatch, "seriously interfered with the work of our artillery, and constant rain turned the mass of trenches into channels of deep mud. The country roads, broken by countless shell craters, rapidly became almost impassable, making the supply of food, stores, and ammunition a serious problem." These conditions often robbed our Armies of advantages they had gained. There was unavoidable delay in the advance, the greatest difficulty in co-ordinating the work of infantry and the guns.

Here at home we know that aerial raids are directed by German weather prophets in Belgium; the unwieldy Zeppelin of other days carried fourteen tons of ice spread upon its envelope in a mere film of frost, one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Heat and

cold, rain and snow, are vital factors in a big campaign, and therefore bear directly on the fate of nations, as every student of history knows. Thus at Crecy the "great rain" of which Froissart tells us spoiled the bowstrings of the Genoese archers, whilst those of the prudent English, being kept in cases, were in deadly trim. It was "General Winter" that ruined the Grande Armée of Napoleon; out of 600,000 veterans, only 130,000 reached the frontier again after the awful Retreat from Moscow in 1812.

At Plassey a heavy shower reduced the enemy's fire by damaging his powder, and this enabled Clive to avenge the cruel massacre of the Black Hole. And at Solferino the Austrians were only saved from complete destruction by a hurricane so fierce that, as the *Moniteur* of that day recorded: "Nothing could be distinguished on the field of battle." The mud of Poland was an oozy iniquity so pervasive that many of Napoleon's men blew out their brains to escape it. But

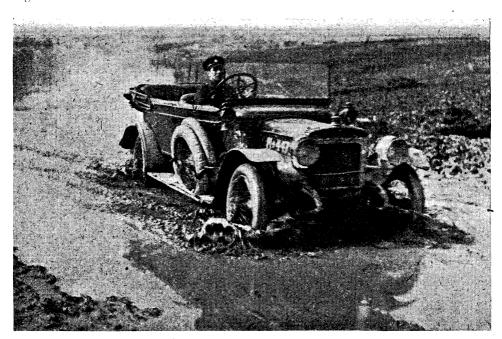
the mud of France and Flanders, when late autumn rains set in, is an inconceivably huger desolation, calling for the powers of a poet to describe it. Here the spirit of the boldest may well be—

Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea Nor good dry land.

Every field of the world-war has curses peculiar to itself—snakes and wild beasts in East Africa, heat and thirst in Egyptian deserts and the Holy Land, and on the Tigris what Tennyson called "infinite torment of flies"—to say nothing of scorpions and biting insects which raise the painful "Bagdad button" on the new-comer's face.

continuous rain. Some have made light of it, for the sake of their folks; but the mud remains—as an officer survivor of the Old Army put it to me—"a tragedy altogether beyond the stay-at-home imagination."

Much stress is laid upon the quality of this mud, which stretches in desolate seas from Switzerland to the Franco-Flemish coast. "It's the kind," a victim explains with great feeling, "which the prehistoric Picardians used as birdlime to catch the pterodactyls." We shall not beat that definition. Nor should we, in smiling, forget the heartbreak implied in this fearsome ordeal — this uttermost bourne of ugliness and evil where



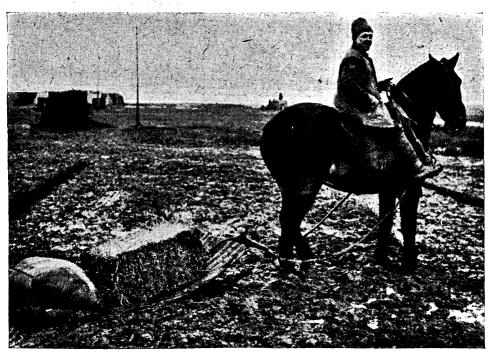
A BAD ROAD.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by "Topical."

All these plagues, as well as trench rats and other vermin, are now scientifically fought. Even the fly has a professor against him in the person of Mr. F. M. Howlett, the famous entomologist, whose researches at the Imperial College of South Kensington are communicated in lectures to officers of the R.A.M.C. But the oceanic mud is allembracing and inescapable. It strains the sturdiest soul to breaking-point in that fellowship of joy by the waters of Death in France, where life is—as the boy-poet found it—"a Fury slinging flame."

Every man of our millions who has written home has tried to describe the terrain after the spirit of Youth lets hazard reign in the large Chaucerian way: "That thee is sent, receive in buxomnesse."

It is hard for the gunner to abandon his battery, for the soldier to see his rifle sink in slime, for the farrier to see his iron shoes sucked from the feet of a bomb-carrying mule in this vast morass. "It's rainy-weather war," the soldier says, with a cheery shrug, and lends a hand to someone worse off than himself—perhaps an officer badly bogged in an "unhealthy" spot; the trench postman, half afloat and half ashore, squelching and floundering with strange cries and anathema stranger still. "How



A SKID FOR CARRYING FORAGE ACROSS THE MUD.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Central News.



WADING THROUGH THE MUD WITH A LOAD OF TRENCH BOOTS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Newspaper Illustrations.

deep are you there?" calls the merry reporter of a regimental paper in quest of copy for to-morrow's typewritten *Gazette*. "Up to your knees? Lucky beggars! Why, some of 'em are past the belt! Can't you hear 'em singing 'We're the Amphibious Brigade'?"

When the River Lys was in flood, the gluey clay was a deadly danger, and held many a victim as a helpless target for the

wire or regiments of armed men. And yet somehow we made war through it all. The Shropshires could even charge through a preposterous quagmire, capturing positions and "consolidating"—posting machine-guns, too, and scooping new ditches in soil unbelievably fluid.

No such feat is listed in the honours of that famous regiment, though its battle record runs from Salamanca to Nieuport.

It was the queerest of all advances, for in places the going was thigh deep. Some of the men threw their rifles in front of them and hopped forward like frogs. Not a few of those Shropshire men were drowned. One of them, unwounded and quite well, remained stuck in the mud and helpless for four whole days and nights. The first attacking column took several hours to cover two hundred yards of so-called ''ground''— a noisome, semiliquid bog over which rained every destructive force known to German science.

A stretcher-bearer took from four in the morning till half-pastten getting a wounded case back to the first-aid post, which was barely six hundred yards away. No such test has ever been

applied to the moral of any army as this mud entails. No pen or picture brings home to the civilian reader the fortitude necessary to cope with so universal a blight—to live with it by day and dark, to battle at every step in a sucking swamp, and sleep the sleep of exhaustion, caked and smeared from hair to toes. The mud is worse than any frost; there can be no stamping to drive away the insidious creep



FOREST LUMBER WORKS IN FRANCE: FELLING A TREE.
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Alfieri.

sniper. In this sector men went barefoot along the communications, for a pair of boots would only anchor the soldier at last. Parapets and sand-bags had a way of caving in and burying the men as they slept. Even the powerful "Tanks" were in places tamed and brought to a standstill, the bantam crews within surveying British soldiers who were mere pillars of mouse-grey mud. As an enemy, the stuff was worse than any barbed

and chill which presage a touch of "trench foot."

And if the ordeal is ghastly in daylight, what must it be at night, when the monotonous rain lashes the long files of men stumbling over the pavé in lurid and baffling blackness? These men are heavily laden. Presently they leave the so-called "road" and take to the lakes of mud. The soft soil is here incredibly slippery and holding; each dragging step calls for a violent effort. One lad stumbles over a wire laid from the trench to the guns. He

casting rock and ballast into the perpetual looseness, ploughed through by endless chains of heavy wagons.

Stand in the Grand Place of a considerable town and watch the va-et-vient of this eternal slush. Columns of marching men, chanting a chorus, plod along with water-proof sheets pulled well over their heads. They are covered with mud. So are the cumbrous lorries which roll on for ever, it seems. Staff cars, hissing through the ruts, take on the colour of the road itself. Motor dispatch-riders are grey and muddy bundles



CUTTING WOOD INTO PLANKS.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Central News.

goes down, and is hauled up, with his rifle-barrel choked and useless.

Imagine a Sahara of mud instead of sand, with a maze of ditches which seem to drain the water, and are surely the unlikeliest dwellings for millions of civilised men. The villages have crumbled away under flaming impact, and where once were woods, a few tortured stumps stand forlornly. It is the immense traffic of feet and wheels which has so churned this warring world of Northern France, where the whole nation seems to be turned inside out and mixed into horrible puddle. Thousands of devoted men in khaki try to maintain the roads,

shooting through the slush. Low-lying cottages are splashed to the roof, and the London 'bus lumbers past with thick streams of slime spurting from every wheel.

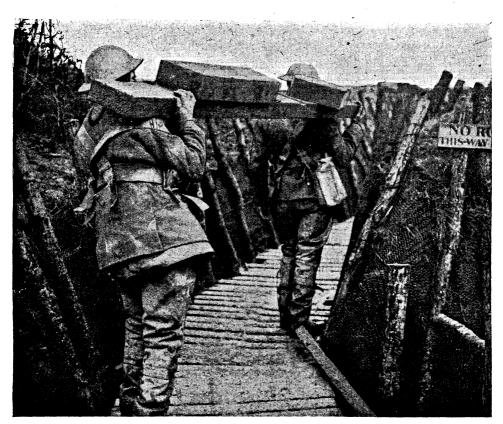
This depressing factor has long been resolutely fought, and, now that we have won the ridges and high ground, our trenches are not the drear infernos that they were. Not for nothing did the far-sighted German fix upon the high places of Northern France, from which the waters ran to the plains below. And the puddly trench put the Army below to the gravest disadvantage. Men might wattle and hurdle the sides, or throw planks and logs on the quagmire

floor, as well as brushwood and barrels and piles. Yet the mud remained; it grew thicker and more glutinous, until it was difficult to crawl through, much less "get a move on" in the impatient spirit of the angry sergeant.

The charcoal brazier and the rum ration, skin coats and creature comforts of every kind—these made icy weather bearable. But for a long time the mud was a problem beyond all engineering. Motor pumps

Sawmills were set up and timber cut for a whole world of trenches and incidental comforts like furniture and shelves. This saved shipping tonnage—a serious consideration in these times.

New trenches were now on higher ground, won from the Germans. Some of them were paved with bricks from the ruined villages. Boarded floors were also installed, as well as panelled sides and trench plumbing on a scale never attempted before.



TAKING UP A TRENCH SUPPORT THROUGH A COMMUNICATION TRENCH.

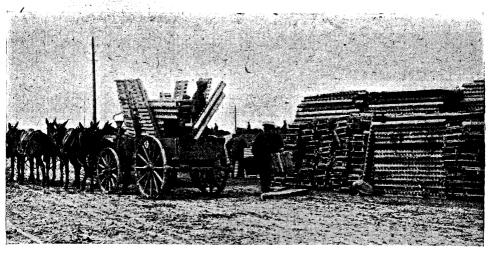
From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.

brought surcease for a night, but the next rain renewed the misery and added more to it.

Gradually the worst of the mud nightmare passed away, though what remains—and must always remain—is bad enough. It was not enough to send out shiploads and trainloads of "duck boards" and trench flooring. Soon the French Government made over whole forests to our Staffs. Here negro and Maori woodmen were soon installed, often under Australian and Canadian lumber experts. Trees were felled wholesale.

New and powerful systems of pumping replaced the old sporadic efforts, and a supply of clean, pure water was brought in pipes from sources miles away to men who loved a wash as much as they loved their dinner.

Next came the issue of trench waders or india-rubber boots, drawn thigh-high over stockings to match. All this is but part of our Army hygiene, backed with a lavish outlay of public money, which puts the welfare of our soldiers first, and all else



FOOTBOARDS FOR THE TRENCHES IN WINTER.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by "Topical."

subordinate to it. And following upon the well-drained and wood or brick-paved trench came the new Nissen hut, the invention of a Canadian Engineer officer, who thought it out last year in a rare hour of leisure. But then our officers are for ever concerned with the comfort of their men.

The Nissen hut is portable and cheap, warm and dry, the ideal of all seasons. It is now used in tens of thousands, and each hut will house twenty-four men. It has no walls, being a simple arch of corrugated iron. The thing is ordered like a garden chair, and four soldiers can rig it up in a morning

with one tool—the Army spanner. The rest is "up to" the handyman, the lad of the Pioneer squad, who is navvy and scavenger, stone-breaker and porter, first-aid assistant and washer-up, carpenter and cook, decorator, electrician, and upholsterer. "On a scratch lot of tools," he will tell you reminiscently—"no overalls, a toy plane, and a sixpenny-ha'penny hammer."

That handyman's labour is above all price, ensuring, as it does, the maximum of comfort in the autumn and winter campaigns. Mud there must always be, of course, and night and day trials of the trench in no way



TAKING TRENCH BOARDS TO THE TRENCHES.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Burean by Alfieri.

connected with the enemy, but never again need our lads do their "three days continuous" in soak-pits of dreadful slime, whilst the wag of the platoon scribbles "Instructions to Submarine Commanders" for the regimental newspaper. "There are heights of courage," as my friend the surgeon-major remarked, "summits of valour which in this simoon of slaughter seem to appear to surpass all normal laws. But there are also depths of valour—sheer, long-drawn miracles of endurance, which are in many

ways still more amazing. My hero is the stick-in-the-mud, the lad who was gay in that morass of madness which swallowed up the German airman when he crashed down from the rainy clouds. No armoured Paladin ever faced what the British soldier faces to-day in this War, no Crusader, no picked champion of the Homeric fray. I've followed Tommy from Le Cateau to the Messines Ridge, and I maintain there is something in the man which is entirely unquenchable."

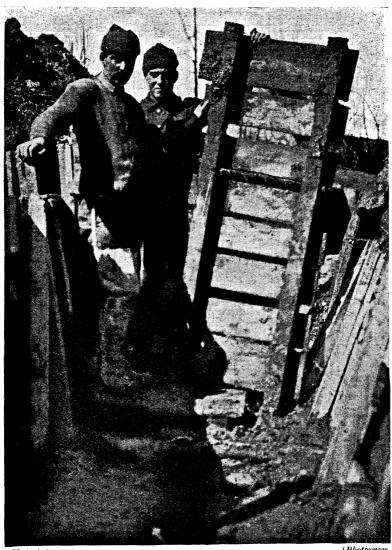


Photo by

[Photopress.



### THE ODD ESCAPADE

#### By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton



ILL NEVISON was known to all Yorkshire, and far beyond the borders of that wide, good county, as a knight-errant of the highways. Gently born, gay, courageous, resolute, he might have reached fame

by any track he chose to take, and have found fame's reward tedious beyond belief. Instinct had led him to the choice of his true profession—that of the road—the road that stretched north and south, east and west, out and over to the gallant lands of high romance.

To wait at a road corner, with the moonlight sending dappled light and shadow through the young spring leafage—to hear the faint pit-a-pat of hoofs from far-off riders, who might be gentry with full pockets, or farmer-folk, to whom he gave a good-night and no more asked, save a good-night in return—the adventure of it all sufficed a heart alive with courage and the need for hazard.

The world to Nevison was a big affair, made up of sky and open roads and weather. He pitied men prisoned in the towns, as he pitied horses on the highway dragging loads too heavy for them. The doctors he knew in York, the attorneys, the clergy he had known before he outraged the outer decencies of conduct—they were all hindered by some need or other. Patients must be humoured. Clients in fear of the law must be treated suavely, though their record was rotten as an apple fallen to ground and left to mildew there.

For himself, Nevison had no such ties.

He needed no man's help to make a living. His own wants were few. A good horse, clothes and linen of the best, food, good liquor, and clean lodging when the night's sport was over—he was fastidious in these matters. For the rest, he cared nothing at all for hoarding gold. The night, with its spoils, was enough for him; and the morrow, when he had had his fill of sleep, found him succouring sundry pensioners of his, who would have missed bite and sup if he had chanced to fail them.

The folk of Yorkshire take no man at his own valuation. They judge him as they judge the points of a horse or the look of farmland when the crops appear. Nevison—the man with known record, open as the roads he followed—was dear to them beyond belief. Never a woman had taken less than courtesy from him, and many had been succoured in their peril from greasy footpads of the highway. There were diverting ventures by the score, that had helped dinner-tables in York, and Pontefract, and throughout the county, to see life's zest glow in the ruby of the wine they drank. There was knowledge, too, that in the sordid places of the towns, in the wayside cottages of village folk, Will Nevison had come always with money to give, but often with a dearer gift—the risk of his own life while riding on these daylight errands. There had been times, too, when he had found the plague rampant in some house he entered, and had foregone a night's adventure on the highway, lest courage and good humour should be wanting to the sufferers.

Wherever stout-hearted men forgathered, and asked for something that redeemed the usual day from drab monotony, they thought of Nevison, as they thought of throstles in the spring, singing the world up to joy in

hazard. He loved the children, too, so that they looked for his coming; and dogs and horses cared for him as if he were one of their own tribe.

Nevison had enemies—the rich folk he robbed, the louts infesting the high-roads like a scourge, who had taken cracked heads from his pistol-butt, the authorities whose sense of dignity was greater than their The Sheriff himself, as it chanced, humour. had less of the salt of humour in his veins than most men, and Nevison's astounding freedom to ride where he listed, like the wind, had grown to be a daily insult to his self-importance.

Phil Overdale, too, was a thorn in his The man was likeable, but poor and of a roving habit. The family was well enough-older by two centuries of gentility than the Sheriff's—but poor as a stubblefield after the corn is garnered. Overdale had not chosen to fall in love with his daughter, and she with him, all would have been simple. As it was, he had to ask Phil to dine, and sup, and what not, knowing that his marriage plans were going all awry.

The Sheriff, like many rich men, was a miser, loving guineas and the men who had them in good plenty; but he loved also, with an odd, unhumorous passion, those whose ancestry was longer than his own. his great ambition, nursed for years, was to see his daughter mated to some wealthy nobleman or other.

To-night, however, as they supped together —he and Madge and Overdale—after a long day after hounds, the Sheriff was consumed by a wrath that mastered him completely and overrode ambition and all

"I put it to you, Phil," he said, "that this rogue Nevison has had rope enough.

It is time we shortened it for him."

"What's amiss with him, sir?" asked Overdale. "He was once a friend of mine, and would be still, if he happened to keep usual hours. I'm asleep after hunting, just as he begins to wake for his own tally-ho."

"Oh, nonsense, lad! There's no sport about robbing wayfaring men who hold their hands up at first sight of a pistol-butt."

Madge, bigger of heart and mind than her father, broke into outright praise of Nevison—told of the courage he had shown in face of odds, spoke of those, lowly and gently born alike, who knew him for a man.

"You're in love, child, and glamour all

men's escapades. Pass the wine again, Phil, when you've done with it. D'ye know Nevison's last extravagance? Mr. Justice Reddhiough comes from York Assizes in his coach. A bully of a fellow, Reddhiough, I own, but he stands for the Law. It seems he carried his loathing of all footpads to extremes last week, when a poor, crippled lout was sentenced for robbery on the highway."

"Oh, yes," said Phil Overdale, with quick challenge. "The lad had no strength to rob any man, but the true thief left him to pay All York knows the story, and, by your leave, knows Reddhiough for the worst

judge that ever came into the city."

"So Nevison thinks, it seems," said the Sheriff drily. "He waited for Reddhiough on the highway yesterday, sent his postillions flying helter-skelter, dragged out the judge and tried him for his life. Nevison is quick-witted, I own. He knew the judge's private record—asked him what right he had to send better men than himself to the cart-tail and the rope——"

The Sheriff halted, as if afraid of the unseemly merriment that was conquering

him, so Overdale took on the tale.

"And the judge blustered, sir, till Nevison checked him. 'Prisoner at the Bar,' said Will, mimicking Reddhiough's judicial voice to a nicety, 'cease your whining. It ill becomes a man with your record to go in this mood to the awful gallows and the rope that waits for you."

"How did the tale get about so quickly?"

asked the Sheriff.

"Oh, a company of roysterers was riding home-Jack Fordyce, and Slingsby, and young Davenant—and they were all for succouring the wayfarer, until they heard his voice and knew him for Mr. Justice Reddhiough. Then they looked on at the comedy, and would have laughed till their sides ached, if they had not feared to interrupt it all. Will Nevison brought out a length of rope and adjusted it nicely to a tree-branch, by help of the moon's light. Then for the first time he saw the horsemen, knew from the look of them that they were friendly, and addressed them with portentous gravity."

Old port was finding the deep well where the Sheriff's humour lay. "Out on you for a mischievous lad, laughing at your betters!

Still, you may go on, Phil.'

"It must have been droll beyond belief, I'm only sorry I did not share that revelling of Fordyce's and Slingsby's-and

Davenant, too, always has the luck. What does Will Nevison do but turn to them with a grave bow and thank the three of them for coming. 'You are welcome, gentlemen,' says Will. 'I need witnesses to the grave business here in hand. A judge—a very bad judge—one whose life will not bear investigation, once his wig is off, has been tried for his life and condemned. I can only recall one name in history that has so soiled the fine record of the Bench—that of Judge Jeffreys, who loved to hang men as a fox loves to murder lambs.' Oh, I can hear Will's voice, sir, and his perfect gravity."

"Fill your glass, lad, and go on. We're within closed doors here, and I've been longing to hear more than the meagre news

I had of the adventure."

"Nevison told them his name, asked them to be witnesses to the execution soon to be in progress, and to spread word throughout Yorkshire that one highwayman had got the better of the judge. 'It is all a little hasty and informal, gentlemen,' said Will, 'and I must needs be counsel for the prosecution, judge, and hangman, all in one. A busy evening's work, but pleasant.' So then he made a noose in the rope dangling from the sycamore branch, and forced Judge Reddhiough toward it till his bullock neck was tickled by the rope. Then Slingsby rode forward quickly and put a hand on Will's shoulder, and bade him cease, because Judge Reddhiough was like to die of fear before the jest of it all reached his dull under-So then Nevison glanced at standing. Reddhiough's face, and left him and got to horse. 'Tell them in York, gentlemen,' he said, 'that the judge has the voice of a bull until an adversary meets him by the way and plucks his lily liver out of him. them in York that, after to-night's comedy, there'll be one judge the less, and a better in his place. York will see to that.' And so he rode out through the moonlight, like a prince of revellers who knew his power to shake the town with laughter."

The Sheriff was struggling with the natural man in him, that applauded Nevison. "Reddhiough will go to another circuit, of course—killed by ridicule in Yorkshire—and not one of us will miss him. The whole tale is diverting, Phil, if it were not for my dignity. You see how it goes with me? The greater the insult to the judge, the bigger need for me to capture Nevison. They'll ask nothing less from the High

Sheriff."

"It's a big task, sir—this of hunting a man' loved by a whole county. He can hide where he wills, like a Dacre hen in a field of mowing grass, and you hear him talking from one end to the other of the meadow, but can never capture him."

"That is just superstition. A man with keen wits and courage could pit them against Nevison's and hunt the rascal out. And the man I should choose for that errand would be a hot young lover—if there are any such left in these lackadaisical times."

The Sheriff glanced from Overdale to his

daughter with raillery and challenge.

"By your leave, sir, there are two left," Phil answered sharply, "and they share your

hospitality at the moment."

"Oh, I'm aware of that. Each new moon or so you ask me for this girl of mine—moonshine and lovers went ever in company—and I tell you to go win your spurs. You can win them, Phil, if you hunt out this fox of the roads for me, and take him quickly."

Phil Overdale glanced at the Sheriff with a quick and happy laugh. "You pledge

your word to that, sir?"

"If my daughter is of the same mind still."

Madge, with the same quick laughter, rose from table and went and put her hands into Overdale's. "Till the end of the journey—till the end of all journeys—your daughter is content."

"I may rue it afterwards," said the Sheriff by and by, "but we'd best seal the bargain with another bottle, Phil. The judge's dignity is lost, but mine may well be saved. I tell you, one man can do more to lay this rascal by the heels than a whole band of the fools they name Sheriff's officers. And, of course, I shall be a little sorry. Nevison undoubtedly must be hanged, and his tarred body set swinging at some cross-roads for a warning; but we shall miss his quips, though it seems to me, somehow, that the very chains he hangs in will find some jest or other from the wind that rocks them."

Overdale was no new recruit to the merits of good port, but even he was astonished that wine had found grace to dissolve the Sheriff's dignity and strait-laced, dull futility. Under all his absurdities, it seemed, the man had a warm liking for Nevison, a detestation of Judge Reddhiough, and a sportsman's heart.

"Best get about your business, Phil," said the Sheriff, when they had finished the bottle. "I'll go tell them to bring your horse, and leave this girl of mine to give you Godspeed. Nevison has put me in a rare good humour. If it had been anyone but Mr. Justice Reddhiough, the jest would have lost

till he forced me to bring a led horse and a ladder to your window."

"And you were full of scruples about that, though, dear, you knew I would go to kirk with you—even to Gretna's



"'Till the end of the journey."

half its salt; but it will lose all its salt if you fail to capture this same Nevison for me, and so I warn you."

"Luck is in, Madge," laughed Overdale, soon as they were alone. "It seemed the Sheriff was for ever going to sa 'No' to us,

rough-and-ready kirk — by whatever road you chose."

He stood looking down at her from his big, loose-built height. "You love me, child."

"Yes but what else? I told you so, in

the long and the long ago. That is—is settled, surely. And now you're laughing at me, and I feel like a schoolgirl who does not know the world at all, and wears her heart on her sleeve. Phil, I care so much—so much! Will you not understand?"

"Yes, I understand. That was why I laughed, child—from sheer joy in life."

"And you promise to succeed where father says you must not fail? Phil, I may tease you for your scruples, but they—they are mine somehow. You've been welcome here—shared bread and wine and salt with us—and feel it would be robbery to bring your led horse to the window."

Then suddenly Overdale put masterful, strong arms about her. "Scruples would go down wind, Madge, if there were no other way of claiming you. You're mine—not

his."

"Yes, but he shared bread and wine and salt with me before I knew all that a father's giving means. Would it have been nothing to me, Phil, to ride out by stealth and leave him flouted and ashamed?"

A stillness came about them. Until now their wooing had been in April's guidance—light showers, and sunlight that was frolic, and all the world a roundelay. But at last the deeps were stirred. Closer and closer round them came the bonds of that impalpable, strong silence which in itself was betrothal. Scruples, and steadfast caring, and need to journey out some day, hand in leal hand—they were following the great adventure, and each knew the other shared it.

"You'll not fail to take Nevison?" she

asked at last.

"I couldn't, child. You would not let

Madge lifted her head with eager pride. "Would I let my man fail? The world would end, dear—the world would end—just that."

Overdale, when he rode out into the December night—a touch of frost in the quiet air, and a full moon riding over the tree-tops—had only one desire. To capture Nevison, who had eluded all pursuit for years, promised a gay hunting-time, and at the end of it was Madge. Nevison's usual haunts were known to him, by many byways of the country gossip that was his to listen to whenever he cared to hear.

The tang of the frost-sweet air got into Phil's veins as he rode. His strength to meet Nevison in single combat grew big as the starry sky above him. Nevison had been a friend long since. True; but he was

now a thing impersonal, to be hurried to the gallows as the price the Sheriff asked for

Madge.

He had not ridden three miles before disquiet came. Nevison had been a friend. He remembered the man's buoyancy, his eager zest in taking a purse or succouring lame folk—saw his stubborn jaw and the fists ready for combat, when in their school days he confronted any sort of bully. And now he was asked to take him—for a price.

Phil Overdale, with all his easy-going faults, had suffered through his lifetime from an ailment known as old gentility. Hotheaded passions, love of liberty—all the pack of troubles that a man carries day by day upon his shoulders—were dwarfed, somehow, by this quiet, insistent call of the thing he must not do. What luck would go to his bridal if his groomsman were Will Nevison, his tarred body swinging to nip of the crossroads' wintry spite?

Little by little it grew plain that he could not do this thing; and the horse he rode glanced backward, wondering at the master's

weak grip of the reins.

"We cannot do it, lad," said Overdale, knowing his horse understood human speech by now. "We've just to give up all thought

of Nevison, we two."

Yet he had pledged his word—to Madge and the Sheriff both—that he would go through with the venture. It seemed a hopeless tangle, and he rode gloomily enough over the next league of uphill, twisting highway. On the crest of the hill, when he drew rein to give his horse a breather, he encountered a wayfarer who was letting his own nag drink sparingly at the well-spring on the left hand of the roadway. Overdale, by instinct, snatched a pistol from the holster, and bade the stranger turn about and say if he were honest man or rogue. And then he recognised a comrade.

"A bit of both, like most of us," said the other, after a glance at the new-comer's face; "but they shall never say of me that I'm guilty of what my horse is doing at the moment—drinking water. The Sheriff and all his men may lead Jack Fordyce to the well, but they cannot make him drink."

Half his trouble seemed to leave Overdale, as he heard Jack's big, lusty merriment. "You, Fordyce? I'm in search of Nevison, and fancied I'd captured him at the first venture."

"A fairly lucky guess, for I parted with him not an hour since at 'The Pig and Whistle' yonder. But you'll not interrupt me, by your leave. I'm ripe with claret, Phil, and therefore able to talk wisely and at large. Water is good for horses and the wayside flowers, but it is not good for man. Man, you will admit, has a constitution made for nobler things—the ruby that makes old life young again."

"A good sermon, Fordyce—the finest I ever listened to. But meanwhile I'm

pledged to capture Nevison."

"For a wager? Best count it lost already. When somebody puts salt on a moor bird's tail, or casts a fly that will tempt the old trout under Deepdale Brig, you might have a chance of snaring Nevison. As it is, Phil, count your money lost, and ride home to drink a bumper with me."

"It's a wager of a kind you'd never understand. I'm pledged to follow it till

I win or drop."

So then Fordyce knew the Sheriff's daughter was concerned in this. The light of young, keen resolve showed in Phil's eyes, and there was a gay content about him, as if all hazards were well worth the while.

"You're more in earnest than I fancied," said Fordyce sharply. "D'ye know what all York would think of the man who brought Nevison and the hangman into company? I'm carrying wine—a plenty of it—but you sober me."

Overdale winced as if the other had touched him with his riding-whip. All that he had told himself since leaving the Sheriff—the shame that would be his for life, if he bought Madge at the price of blood—it was all sharper and more clear, now that another had shown what he thought of the adventure.

"You're between the devil and the deep blue sea," said the older man gruffly, "and there's no worse place for any likeable, good youngster. But there's always a road out; that's where the luck of this old, teasy world holds good. Now, listen to me. Undoubtedly I'm not quite sober yet. I'm thick-headed as a bullock when the wine is out, but find myself still nimble-witted. The Sheriff has been like a madman since this last jest of Nevison's—has been heard to say that he'd give half his riches as the price of poor Will's neck. And his daughter—nay, Phil, you needn't seek a duel with me, just because her name crosses my soiled old lips-his daughter goes in and out among us, like something—oh, like something better than

"She does," said Overdale, with quick, happy challenge.

"And she's worth winning. Tell me your

wager, lad, and all the way of it. I've spent half a lifetime in dodging the devil and the deep blue sea, and know something of the traffic."

Overdale understood, for the first time in his life, how clean this roysterer had kept his heart through many muddy wayfarings—knew, too, the grasp of a friendly hand reaching out to his young, heady youth. So he told the way of it—his headlong zeal to take Nevison, his repentance of a promise made. And, as he talked, humour began to creep about Fordyce's big, good-tempered mouth and spread to the criss-cross lines and wrinkles of his face.

"If you are pleased to make a jest of it," snapped the other, "I'm entirely at your

service, here and now."

"Pleased to make a jest of it? No young heroics, lad, by your leave. Make a jest of it? One that will set old York rocking with laughter before to-morrow is out. I tell you, I'm most happily unsober still, for my wits are racing."

Little by little he unfolded the mad exploit, chuckling like a schoolboy as each detail of the plan fitted nicely into place. And afterwards he got to horse and rode due east, leaving Overdale to trot westward

to "The Pig and Whistle" tavern.

The humour of it—the easy cutting of the knot that had tangled honour and his high caring for the Sheriff's daughter—were with Phil when he drew rein at the tavern and gave his horse into the ostler's keeping, and stepped across the sanded threshold.

The host came bustling to meet him. "You, Mr. Overdale? Step in, and welcome. A friend of yours rode out not long since, and there's another friend indoors that will be glad to see you."

"Why, yes, I met Mr. Fordyce on the road, and he told me that one we know is

here.'

"He is, and has kept my old ribs cracking with laughter for the past half-hour. There are judges, sir——"

"There are," agreed the other drily. "Bring up a couple of bottles of your best,

and we'll drink confusion to them.'

"And there are great gentry in the land, but there's only one Will Nevison. We should miss him, if he went, as if the sun forgot to shine. You know your way, sir, to the inner room, while I get down to the cellar?"

Nevison was standing by the hearth as Overdale went in and greeted him with the ease of old comradeship. "I'm in luck to-night, Phil. A gossip with Fordyce first, and now you step in—with a thirsty throat, I'm afraid, as always. Where have you been, this twelvemonth past? But there, I can give a shrewd guess. A word here and a whisper there—and, Phil, I envy you, if all they say be true. To be winning the White Rose of York—"

"The White Rose is in the losing or the winning to-night, Will," broke in the other, with a quiet smile; "but there's a half-hour to spare, if you'll share it with me. I want to hear more of this robbing of the judge."

When the host had bustled in and out again, and their glasses were filled, Nevison picked up his mask, that was lying on the table. "It tickled the ribs of me, Phil, and will do till I die. His judgeship there in front of the noose he had sent many a better man to—his own past life brought home to him by your servant, promoted to be counsel for the prosecution—it had the true salt of humo r, to my thinking. Heigho!" he added by and by, dangling the mask between his wine-glass and the "There might have been candlelight. wedlock for me, Phil, and home and bairns and gillyflowers, but the call of the road was stronger."

They drank their wine, and chatted easily of old days and new; and Overdale had no thought, save of mirth and well-being, until he glanced at the grave old clock in the corner. Even now there was only the shadow of a compunction that he could

not understand.

He glanced at Nevison's pistols, laid carelessly on the table, and whipped out his own. "I have joined the side of law and order since we met, a year ago," he said, with sudden sharpness.

"A good enough jest, Phil, till you're tired of it, though it's only an echo of my own when I encountered the judge at the

road-corner."

By slow degrees Overdale convinced the other that he was in grim and serious earnest. He told him of the Sheriff's bargain, of his willingness to rid the country of a scoundrel.

He was hard, convincing, callous.

"So the Rose of York has pledged herself to you?" said Nevison, conquering some sickness of heart before his temper broke. "A man who takes the hand of friendship, drinks wine with me—the friend I trusted he sells me when the big temptation comes. And, Phil, I've cared for you!"

For a moment Phil wavered. The man's

accusation was so forthright and seemed so true. Then, far up the frosty road outside, he heard the sound of galloping hoofs.

"You're the price of happiness for me,"

e said.

"Then Heaven help the Sheriff's daughter, say I, though your pistol-muzzle covers me."

The clatter of hoofs drew nearer, and presently there was an uproar round about the tavern front. A burly man pressed forward and asked the host if Overdale was here. And when the landlord, from instinctive hatred of all Sheriff's officers, made denial, he found his left ear tweaked with sharp persuasion.

"We know he's here, and I've a half-dozen men outside. Best yield with a good

grace, fellow."

The iron entered into Nevison's soul as he saw the bluff officer of law enter and salute Phil Overdale. This was all prearranged, it seemed, in cold blood. If wooing of the White Rose of York had done this for Phil, then he thanked God—he, Will Nevison—that he had chosen love of the road instead of meaner issues.

It was all swift in the doing—Phil's orders that the officer should sign a warrant that the prisoner, Nevison, had been taken by himself, and would soon be on the way to York Gaol—that one of his troopers outside should ride at once to the Sheriff with the

"The prisoner is in your hands now, officer," said Overdale, "and it is time I got to horse. I'm taking this trophy of the chase with me, Will, to nail up at home among other foxes' heads," he added, picking

up the mask that Will had dropped.

Through the sick journey out to York that followed, Nevison feared not at all the gallows near ahead, but his heart failed him, as it did always, when treachery of friend to friend confronted him. He had loved Overdale with quick and happy caring for his pluck, his honesty, his young, fine outlook on the world. And now? The Rose of York—the maiden, dainty to her fingertips, whose memory had kept him company on many lonely byways, and helped him to show courtesy and borrowed charm—she was to marry such as Overdale, who sold his comrade to the gallows.

As they neared Towton Field, they came to a lonely place of firs, Nevison and the six men guarding this prisoner of importance. A little, frosty wind sobbed through the branches, and owls were hooting as they

searched for prey.



"The iron entered into Nevison's soul as he saw the bluff officer of law enter and salute Phil Overdale."

"A nice snug corner for a gallows, Will Nevison," chuckled the Sheriff's officer. "Creak o' the chains would be music to those of your trade when they waited here to rob the coach."

"I'd rather hang gallows high," said the prisoner, with bitter, cold contempt, "than be alive with Mr. Overdale's foul record. He has undergone the process known as reformation, has he? Then let me end my

days a sinner."

From the shadowed left hand of the road three masked horsemen rode quietly into the moonlight with a shout of "Stand and deliver!" And just as the Sheriff's men were snatching their pistols, a second shout came from the right. Masked horsemen rode to meet them, too, in front, and others closed in from the rear. The wood seemed to be the scene of a merry-andrew fair, attended by all the ride-by-nights of Yorkshire.

The Sheriff's men fought well enough, but were overborne soon as they had fired their pistols and had used the butt-ends

afterwards with some success.

"What d'ye need?" growled the officer.
"Not guineas, maybe. They pay our sort to
risk their lives for silver, and little of that."

"We need only Will Nevison," said the spokesman of the wayfarers. "You can go free, with a warning—that the next time you try to take Will to York Gaol, there'll be two men of his trade to meet you for every one you see to-night. He's well liked

along the road."

When the Sheriff's men had gone, there was a silence, broken only by the hooting owls, the scamper of four-footed things among the undergrowth. Nevison was bewildered by the uproar, breaking so sharply into his thoughts of treachery and gallows. Then a voice bade all masks be thrown aside, and Will looked from face to face of the crowded roadway, lit by the moon's radiance, and saw many friends among them.

"Jack Fordyce, at your service," said the leader, drawing his horse close to Nevison's. "D'ye think you're to invent all the jests in Christendom, lad Nevison? I met a doleful lover—Phil Overdale, by name—and he told me a weary sort of ballad-tale, all made up of his love for the Rose of York, and how he could win her at the price of your life, and how he dared not touch her with a blood-guilty hand. He was fine, Nevison.

I assure you he was fine—had all the sweet madness of a poet on his tongue."

"The Sheriff's daughter has that gift with men," said Nevison, as if he threw a challenge to the whole company. "She makes gardens out of stubborn soil."

"Oh, we're all her knights and true lovers, Nevison. But this jest will break me, if you will not listen. Overdale tells me, with a face as long as his story, that he can win the Rose by sending your happy-go-lucky body to the gallows. But by and by I find that he is only pledged to capture you. So, being reasonably full of claret, as is one's duty, I asked if there was any promise not to rescue you in due season. When he told me there was none, I laughed incontinently, and so did he. There was a great supperparty at Davenant's, I remembered—he's here, and fancies any man can really come of age when he's twenty-one-and I sent Overdale to capture you, while I rode over to that supper, and found thirty-and-three gentlemen forgathered. So I rounded them up, for rescue at the appointed place."

Nevison was surly for a moment. He remembered his wasted heartache because a friend had sold him for a price—rebelled because Phil Overdale had carried the affair with a mountebank's gravity. And then the

humour of it took him unawares.

"Christendom would grow stale if there were only my jests to feed it. I thank you, gentlemen." Then his voice broke, for the man's heart was tender as a child's. "You could not know, friends, how—how I care for young Phil Overdale. And now that doubt is lifted from me."

Overdale himself pressed through the crowd, dangling a mask in his hand. "You doubted me," he said. "Will, you should have guessed I was no Judas; and here's

the mask I borrowed."

"Oh, quit that prancing lover's mood of yours," laughed Nevison. "You played the part finely, lad, and York shall know the jest before the night is out."

"No, by your leave," Phil answered gravely. "The Sheriff is father to the White Rose—he must be spared the jest."

So York knew nothing of it for a twelvemonth and a day, till Nevison vowed that good wine had been kept long enough in bottle, and must be shared by all the town. And laughter spread and rippled from end to end of the good county.

## THE WISDOM OF FOOLS

#### By ALICE & CLAUDE ASKEW

#### Illustrated by Stanley Davis



ELL, of course, if you and Kate ask me for my candid opinion, I think you are absolute fools to contemplate getting married. What does your salary at the 'bank amount to, Tom? Why,

barely two hundred a year, and Kate has her own little income of fifty pounds. That comes to two hundred and fifty, all told. Absurd!"

Montague Lester laid down the law in his usual calm, authoritative fashion, but for once his younger brother failed to agree with him, and as for Kate Martin, she shook her head and laughed merrily.

"What a wet blanket you are, Montague! As if heaps and heaps of bank clerks haven't married on Tom's salary—ah, and on less!"

She was a nice-looking, dark-haired girl, but she could not compare with her sister for beauty, for Rhoda Martin was really lovely, a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed blonde; and it was Rhoda to whom Montague addressed his next remark. The four young people were all lunching together at a cheap little restaurant leading out of the Strand. It was Saturday afternoon, and they were going to a matinée afterwards. They belonged to the same suburb—they had grown up side by side.

"What do you say, Rhoda? Don't you think that Kate and Tom will be taking a great risk if they marry on such a small income? Would it not be much wiser if they waited for a few more years?"

Montague laid down his knife and fork as he spoke. He was a very clever young man, and he knew it. He worked for a great publishing house, and was the sub-editor of a small weekly paper, but he was expecting shortly to be given a paper to edit. He was lean in his build, his features were very clearly cut, and he was clean-shaven; he had dark eyes and black hair. Some people thought him handsome, and, until he began to talk, he was often taken for an American.

Rhoda gave a soft little laugh. She worked for the same firm as Montague, but her position was not nearly so good as his. She was on the staff of one of the women's papers that the house published, but it was not likely she would attain any more important position for many a day. She was very ambitious, though, and possessed brains, but it was her beauty she trusted in.

"I absolutely agree with you; I think it is too silly of Kate and Tom." Rhoda helped herself to some more gooseberry tart, then she turned to her sister. "You are so comfortable at home, Kate, so awfully comfortable. You have the fifty pounds a year that dear mother left us, and then you make about another pound a week with your black-and-white work, and father has only let you contribute a very small sum to household expenses, so you have quite seventy pounds to spend merely on your clothes and amusements. You won't have all that money to play with when you are married, and you and Tom won't be able to live in the same style that we do at home. You'll have to start your married life in a poky little villa, and it will be all you can do to manage to keep a servant."

Kate smiled—she had a very bright, happy smile. She glanced at Tom Lester, who was sitting opposite to her, and Tom smiled back. Tom was a great contrast to his brother in every way. He was much bigger in build, and he was as fair as Montague was dark. His features were not really so good as his brother's, and he cultivated an

incipient moustache.

"Tom and I don't mind having to live in a poky little villa in the very least; we are prepared to start very simply, I can assure you, Rhoda. What we don't want to do is to have to wait years for each other. A long engagement is a cruel thing."

"Kate's quite right," Tom interrupted.
"Why should we waste the best years of our life waiting for each other? We happen to

be in love, you see."

He sought and found Kate's hand under the table and pressed it fondly. But Rhoda and Montague shook their heads, and felt very sensible and worldly-wise. They would never act so foolishly, they thought; they would not dream of marrying on nothing a year. They were going to make a success of their lives—a great success—they intended to be guided by ambition.

"You don't know how happy we are going to be." Kate gently disengaged her hand from Tom's and drew on her gloves. "Look here, time's getting on, and we ought to be making a start for the theatre. I don't like to miss the beginning of a play."

"Why don't you two go on ahead?"
Montague suggested. "Rhoda wants a cup
of coffee, and so do I. We'll follow on."

The little party of four broke up, and Tom and Kate hurried away, he taking her arm with a slightly protective air as they left the restaurant. Montague and Rhoda were left alone. They dallied over their coffee and gazed at each other dreamily. Montague told himself what a lovely girl Rhoda was, and Rhoda silently admired Montague They were deep in love, had they only known it, but they preferred to think otherwise.

"They'll get married; they'll not take the least notice of anything we say, Rhoda. They'll marry in haste and repent at leisure."

Montague lit a cigarette, and Rhoda began to pull on her gloves. She took much longer over the task than her sister had done. She made great play with her fingers and her slim wrists. Montague watched her, fascinated.

"Yes, Tom and Kate have quite made up their minds. It's frightfully foolish of them, I think; I wouldn't marry on twopence-

halfpenny a year, myself."

Rhoda rose from the table. She was a

very tall, slim girl, and she looked taller than ever this afternoon in her neat grey tailored suit. Montague's heart suddenly gave a queer, silly bound—he wished he was a rich man, really rich. For what a beautiful bride Rhoda would make! How she would grace a fine house! Why, she would look like a young queen driving about in a motorcar—the car a rich husband could give her—and wouldn't she set off diamonds and furs?

"I wish I'd made my fortune, Rhoda. I shall be a wealthy man presently—I've promised myself that,—but I'd give something

to be a man of means to-day."

He helped her throw her feather boa over her shoulders—she wore no collar; her coat was cut away from her firm young throat and as Montague's fingers touched Rhoda's, he trembled a little. She trembled, too.

"Suppose you were a rich man, what would you do straight away, Montague? Buy a house in Park Lane, or would Carlton House Terrace suit you better?"

"Which would be your fancy? It would

all depend upon that."

She flushed, a flush that stained her skin rose-red from throat to brow. Then she laughed, but her laughter sounded rather strained.

"I should vote for Carlton House Terrace. The view is great there. Besides, I think those houses have a curious dignity of their own—they breathe the air of Westminster."

She turned as though to leave the little restaurant, but Montague put an arresting hand upon her arm.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Rhoda; the first scene in the play is pure piffle. I want

to ask you something."

She sat down again, breathing rather quickly. Of her great beauty there could be no question—hers was the exquisite fairness that was at once the glory and the undoing of Helen of Troy—but such beauty demanded its full price.

"Rhoda, I believe, without being unduly boastful, that I shall be able to run a house in Carlton House Terrace, say, in another twelve years' time. Will you wait for that

day to come round?"

She started, the blood faded away from her face, leaving her deadly pale, then she gave a little hunch of her shapely shoulders.

"I'm twenty-five now, Montague; in another twelve years' time I shall be thirty-seven—my best years over. No, I couldn't promise to wait for anyone for twelve years.

If I ever do marry, I shall have married long before that."

She began to pull at a button of her glove; her heart was beating with undue rapidity. and how suddenly people—wise, sensible. practical people—came under the spell of the oldest and the greatest enchantment!

She pulled so hard at the button that



"As Tom somewhat proudly announced, it was quite detached."

She wished from the very bottom of her heart that Montague had not such a great attraction for her. She wondered if she had it in her to be as silly a fool as her sister Kate. Oh, what a queer thing love was,

it came off, and she uttered an impatient exclamation. "It must be nice to have a maid to sew on all one's glove buttons. I shouldn't be surprised, though, if I had a maid of my own soon and a big house, but it won't be the dream house in Carlton House Terrace.

She was thinking of the great attention that Clement Howard had taken to paying her lately. She did not think it at all unlikely that he would propose shortly, and why shouldn't he? She possessed a face that was bound to bring her the wealth she coveted, and her skin was as white and as soft as milk, and her golden hair of excellent fineness—she was worth purchase!

"You are going to get married, Rhoda?"

Montague broke in suddenly upon her reflections. He looked at her queerly, and his voice had a strange note in it. For one wild, foolish moment the young man had almost felt inclined to follow his brother's example, and ask Rhoda to marry him right away, and not think of any other fellow, only Montague's prudence proved stronger than his passion, and he kept back the words that were on the tip of his tongue to utter.

"I don't know. Please don't say anything about it at home. I shouldn't be surprised, though."

"The man is rich, of course?"

"I should rather think so." "Older than yourself?"

"Old enough to be my father—well over fifty."

"And you don't love him?"

"Not a scrap."

She had the grace to flush a little; then she turned to Montague with a somewhat defiant air.

"Look here, Montague, please don't pretend to be shocked! You know perfectly well that you are just as keen upon money as I am myself—that you'd give anything to be rich."

"I wouldn't sell myself, as you seem ready to do."

He spoke with a certain amount of quiet bitterness. Rhoda's flush deepened.

"I'm not so sure. You have sold yourself in a sort of way to the god of Mammon, for you wouldn't do anything that might hinder you getting on in the world—you wouldn't handicap yourself by making a rash, improvident marriage. You have asked me to wait twelve years for you, to waste the whole of my youth waiting, but you haven't asked me to marry you at once, as your brother has asked my sister, and you're making much more than Tom makes."

poured the broken, disconnected sentences out rapidly, then she suddenly

paused to take breath.

Montague leaned over her chair. His face looked very set and rigid, he was yery

"What would be the good of my asking you to marry me? I remember how you laughed when Katie got engaged to Tom six months ago. You told them you thought the engagement a great mistake, you shrugged your shoulders over love in a cottage, you swore that nothing would ever induce you to marry a poor man.'

Rhoda began to laugh, but her laughter

sounded a little forced and strained.

"You are quite right. I have always expressed the most worldly-wise sentiments. It would have been absurd of you to credit me with a heart. Only I don't think that you ought to pretend to be shocked or surprised when you learn that I contemplate making a really brilliant marriage. What else did you expect me to do, if the chance ever came my way?"

She rose, glancing up at the clock.

"Come along, Montague; we shall lose the whole of the first act if you don't hurry. Besides, what are we staying here for?"

"I'm sure I don't know." He gazed at her irresolutely for a second, feasting his longing eyes upon the beauty that was not for him, wondering, trying to make up his mind to be rash, to be foolish, but always

failing in courage.

They walked out of the restaurant. outside a flower-girl was selling violets. She held up a great moist bunch of the flowers as Rhoda passed, and at once the call of the Spring was in the air—the wonderful call of the Spring. Rhoda hastened on, brushing hurriedly past the flower-girl, but Montague paused and bought a bunch of violets. wondered a little ruefully how soon it would be before some other man would be buying a great shining, exotic, bridal bouquet for Rhoda. Never mind, she would wear his violets this afternoon.

She tucked the violets into the belt of her grey coat, but their Spring cry hurt her; they whispered of Spring dreams and Spring fancies—they had nothing in common with Vanity Fair. Somehow her heart began to

ache, and she felt weary.

It was not in the theatre, but Kate and Tom. sitting close to each other in the dress circle, seemed to be enjoying the play very much. It was a silly play, Rhoda soon decided—an absurd musical comedy with a dairymaid for a heroine. The sentimental ballads that the dairymaid and her high-born lover were always singing seemed to appeal mightily to

Tom and Kate, but Rhoda thought the songs silly nonsense, and Montague, when requested to give his opinion, quite agreed with her.

thought all this cheap sentiment wouldn't appeal to you," she whispered tartly. "But do look at Kate and Tom; they are drinking in every word — they are actually enjoying it."

"Ah, but they have put on rose-coloured spectacles for the time being," he retorted. "We haven't—that makes all the difference."

Rhoda was glad when the curtain fell at length on the last act. She wanted to get home. Her head ached, and Tom and Kate vaguely annoyed her; they looked so absurdly, so ridiculously happy, merely because they had just settled to get married in a month's time, to set up house on a hopelessly inadequate income. Why, they ought to be feeling ashamed of themselves for daring to take such a risk, instead of looking as if the whole world belonged to them!

"Let us be lordly and extravagant just for once," Tom exclaimed, on leaving the theatre. "We will take a taxi all the way to Putneywe will imagine ourselves bloated millionaires—for this is really a great occasion. Kate and I have fixed on the date of the wedding—a month to-day—eh, Kitten?—a month to.day!"

He smiled radiantly, just as if he was doing the wisest and most sensible thing in the world, and then he hailed a passing taxicab. The address he gave the driver was not that of the large, comfortable house where Rhoda and Kate lived with their widowed father and brothers—it was quite a different address altogether—but no one but the taxi-driver heard it.

Rhoda's headache got very bad indeed as the taxi made its way down to Putney; but at last she realised that they were being driven in an unfamiliar direction. turned to her future brother-in-law rather querulously.

"Where on earth is the driver taking us, Tom? Did he hear you give him the address?"

"Yes, he heard right enough," Tom answered, a broad smile breaking over his "But we are not driving straight to York Lodge, Rhoda. We are going to Prospect Villa—that's the name of the little shanty that I took on a three years' lease this morning."

He laughed and looked at Kate, who blushed like a rose. Rhoda and Montague

gazed at each other in turn; then Montague coughed—a rather queer, dry cough.

"So we are to inspect the future residence of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lester—the nest for the lovebirds." He played with his watchchain. "I'm sure I wish you and the Kitten the best of luck, old man. I—I expect you'll both be awfully happy in your little home. I'm sure you will."

"We mean to be," Tom answered gravely; "and if troubles come, as troubles may, Kate and I intend to struggle through all right. Besides, we shall be together."

Rhoda did not say anything, but she wondered what she would be feeling like if she were driving up to the home that she hoped to share with a man she loved. Somehow she felt envious of Kate for a second—Kate did look so happy!

The taxicab drew up outside Prospect Villa. It was just a doll's house of a villa, and stood in a little garden of its own. As Tom somewhat proudly announced, it was quite detached. He also called the attention of the company to three fine lilac bushes in the garden, and a laburnum tree covered with yellow tresses, and a little pink may tree.

"Kate won't lack flowers," he said. "There are some jolly rose trees in the garden at the back of the house, and there's a small greenhouse and potting-shed."

Rhoda looked at the villa. It was very, very tiny. She did not feel at all envious now, but Kate appeared to be as happy as a queen who is just being shown her kingdom.

"Oh, Tom, what a dear, darling little house!" she cried. "Oh, won't we make a lovely home of it! Won't the windows look sweet when we have put blinds and curtains up! Open the door and take me straight in ! "

She clung to Tom's arm with the prettiest grace in the world, and her eyes glistened when he drew a big key out of his pocket and dangled it in front of her.

"The key of our home," she whispered—

"the dear key of our home!"

. Montague put his hand upon Rhoda's shoulder; his face looked softer and more gentle than she had ever seen it.

"Let them go in alone," he whispered. "We'll join them presently. Let them go in alone.

Rhoda's lips tightened. She watched Tom and Kate enter the little doll's house togother, and she and Montague stood outside.

"We'll come in later, old man," Montague

shouted to his brother. "Show Kate over the domain first. Rhoda and I will explore

the garden."

They did not do much exploring, however. They stood in the centre of the little path, and Rhoda drew her feather stole tightly over her shoulders, for the Spring day was drawing to its close, and the air had suddenly turned chilly. It was growing dark, twilight was softly descending on the garden, blurring the outlines of the bushes and the trees. A delicate haze seemed to hang over everything, a dim gloom.

The scent of the lilac blossom filled the air, and Rhoda's nostrils drank in the perfume. Once again she felt the call of

Spring.

"Rhoda"—Montague touched her hand in the darkness—"I believe that Tom and Kate will be quite happy. They don't want as much as we want, I fancy. Would you like to live in a little villa like this? Could you be happy here?"

She shook her head.

"I'm afraid not. I want a big house, many servants, all the luxuries——"

He drew a deep breath. Was it a breath

of relief?

"I thought so. No, we could neither of us be happy here." He paused for a second; his voice broke a little. "Dear old Tom, he is in the seventh heaven, though——"

"So is Kate," she interrupted. Then into her voice crept a hungry note of longing. "Oh, Montague, I suppose they are fools, but I do envy them being able to

be content with so little. Are they really very foolish, or very wise?"

Montague's lips twisted into a wry smile.
"The wisdom of fools," he muttered,
"the wisdom of fools!"

One of the windows of Prospect Villa

opened, and Kate put out her head.

"Come inside," she called out triumphantly. "It's too sweet—I just love every room in my home!"

Rhoda took Montague's arm. Her hand

shook a little.

"We shall never have a home, you and I, Montague, I am afraid," she whispered. "We shall dwell in state in big houses."

He nodded his head. He was vaguely aware that he would go down to his grave a lonely man, whilst Tom and Kate would have their memory kept green by their children. He had also a dim vision of Rhoda growing harder and colder as the years swept by—Rhoda who could love as well as Kate, if she chose.

"Shall we give up our big houses, and try and find a little home, too?" he whispered.

"What do you think, Rhoda?"

She choked down a sob and she pressed closer to him in the gathering darkness. Then suddenly she turned, and he lost her among the shadows—she had slipped from him silently. When, three minutes later, they entered Prospect Villa, there was a hard look on their faces. They had nearly made utter fools of themselves—for one strange second they had fancied that the only thing needful in life was love.

#### NOON.

NOON flings her gorgeous, golden mantle wide, And life is stirred with sensuous delight.

Man's heart beats strong with passions black and white: High thoughts, low acts, humility and pride, Each other jostle. Walking side by side

Go Love and Hate, to cull the bloom or blight. For every man to choose the wrong or right, Else he but drifts upon a whirling tide.

Life's buffetings that like an iron flail
Urge us to effort, not the cushioned ease
Of drift and purposeless content, avail.
For man to strive, and in the striving seize
With his whole soul the truth! He will prevail
By just so much as he with Truth agrees.

PAUL DERRICK.

## CANTEEN WORK ON THE FRENCH FRONT

#### By LADY BENSON

In the following article Lady Benson—still perhaps more widely known as Mrs. F. R. Benson—gives an account of the work at the canteen for soldiers on the French Front, of which she has for some time been Directress, under the French Red Cross. For Shakespearian playgoers the article has a special interest in the fact that one of the Englishwomen who have given their services to France in the present War is an actress whose repertoire includes the rôles of the principal French women of Shakespeare's plays—Constance, in "King John," Katharine of Valois, in "Henry V.," Margaret of Anjou, in the three parts of "Henry VI.," the Countess of Rousillon, in "All's Well That Ends Well," and Rosaline, in "Love's Labour's Lost." With a staff of workers headed by Sir Frank Benson—the impersonator of Shakespeare's Frenchmen Dr. Caius, Biron, and Parolles, as well as of those English Kings represented by Shakespeare in scenes laid upon French soil, King John and King Henry V.—Lady Benson has been in charge of the Cantine des Dames Anglaises described in this article, among her fellow-workers being Mr. H. O. Nicholson, the well-known comedian of the Benson Company, Miss Hawkins, Miss Dorothy Hawkins, the singer, who has often been heard in the incidental songs of the Benson productions, Mrs. Pethick, and Miss Olga Jubb.—ED.



OU will never realise the War until you are in France.''
These words, spoken by a soldier, came vividly to my memory as I stood on the boat which was to take us across the sea to our canteen work

for the French Red Cross. There I saw hundreds of men in khaki with life-belts buckled on. Presently a sailor approached and gave me minute instructions as to the quickest way to reach the deck in the event of our being torpedoed. On reaching saw transports crowdedBritish troops, the streets swarming with our Tommies. The hotels were crammed to overflowing with officers on their way to the How different the atmosphere to that in England! In the lounge there seemed an air of depression; it may have been caused by the dim light of the electric lamps, heavily shaded with brown paper, or it may be that these men had just left their homes and dear ones, and were looking over the edge of the world. Whatever the cause, I could not have believed that a few hours could alter life's aspect to so great an extent.

All throughour long journey we saw nothing but signs of war. Soon we left the khaki behind us and became familiar with the horizon bleu of the French soldier. Hurrying past fields, everywhere we saw how bravely France had given her men, and how equally bravely her women had taken the burden of life on their shoulders, and were ploughing or digging to keep the home till their men should return. The oxen drawing the carts, wearing their curious head-dresses of black leather; old men in blue smocks leading the patient beasts; old women, bent and feeble, and little children, all working in the fields, made a picture to remember.

It was night when we arrived at our destination, an old French town spoilt by the modern architect, but at that season of the year so wrapped in snow that we failed to see the ugliness. A friendly gendarme met us on our arrival and escorted us to one hotel after another, but everywhere we received the same reply: "Pas de place; tout est rempli Nothing remained but to des soldats.' spend the night in a railway-carriage kindly offered by the station-master; and after having procured bread, cheese, jam, and wine from a reluctant and sleepy hotel proprietor, we made an excellent repast, in spite of a severe draught that played upon us through a broken window. We woke the next morning to find the world shrouded in a sheet of white—deep snow everywhere, frost hanging thick on the trees and roofs, and making the rough coats of the soldiers' horses stand out like the quills of "the fretful porcupine."

Outside the station were massed hundreds of soldiers of many nationalities—Arabs in their khaki, with their scarlet fez; Spahis in their flowing crimson cloaks and blue underdress, making a gorgeous picture in the white landscape; Moroceans with their yellow or white turbans crowning their dusky faces, mixed with the hazy blue of the French poilu; and here and there were figures in the old familiar French uniform of the red trousers and the dark-blue coats. All along the road were wagons and lorries, soldiers marching on foot, soldiers on horseback, some of the latter in their steel helmets and tabards,\* looking as if they had stepped out of the reign of Henry V. You could almost imagine they were on their way to the Field of Agincourt, and one looked to see Harry the Fifth and his retinue, and to hear the words "God for England, Harry, and St. George!"

The sleepy old town might have been stirred in the earlier days by the suddenness of war, but, as the *poilu* says, "C'est l'habitude," and now the faces of the inhabitants show no interest in the moving spectacle, no emotion of either pride or With dull eyes they gaze from their doorways, or more often continue their business, scarcely casting a glance at the brave fellows, tired and footsore, tramping, tramping, in their heavy boots and heavy helmets, splashed with mud from head to heel, drenched with rain or snow, their eyes often cast down; but when they raise their heads, one sees the indomitable courage in their glance, and knows that, so long as there is a Frenchman alive, he will never forsake his beloved France. They tell me that when the Germans passed through this little town, on their way to Paris, the order was given that no windows or doors should be shut day or night, that the enemy might not suspect the inhabitants of foul play, and to show that the French were not afraid. A girl told me that, as the German soldiers marched by, a straggler called to her: "Êtes-vous Catholique?" "Mais, oui," she replied. "Moi aussi," said he; and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he continued: "Mon père et ma mère sont morts. J'ai en horreur de tuer; je déteste de voir une telle misère." But she added: "Il était jeune, et peut-être a-t-il aime une fille Française."

Lines upon lines of motor-lorries bring up the rear, ambulance wagons, fieldkitchens with stoves still steaming, the pots and pans clinking, dozens of fowls clucking in their crates and looking down on the saucepan that is to be their last

resting - place, horses and mules drawing their loads of army stores, each cart looking dirtier than the one before. This goes on all day, the long procession of war-worn heroes, so many of whom are marching to their death. At times a priest would head the procession, clothed in his soutane, with a helmet on his head and God's sign of redemption on his breast. What a picture they made, these lofty-browed priests, with the light of endurance in their eyes, leading their men in the steps of Christ! They carry no weapon—just simple priests of God followed by their flock. It seemed to make the scene all so sweet and sacrificial, to inspire confidence, and give the men the aspect of Crusaders, to make war holy. "These soldiers are all saints," a priest once said to me, "for what can a man do more than, with no thought of self, lay down his life for a great and noble cause? Yes, no matter what their past has been, they are all saints." Sometimes, as these weary fellows passed us, we would hastily thrust a few cigarettes into their hands. It was touching to see their gratitude, and to hear their "Merci, madame! Merci, camarade!" as they passed along. On they would go, splashing through the mud, cheerily lighting their cigarettes, and for miles the line of blue extended, until it melted into the grey haze of fog, and the sound of the band was lost in the tramp of

We were placed in charge of two canteens —one a station canteen, the other a canteen des éclopés, a kind of convalescent camp, where the sick *poilus* are sent before returning to the Front, and where they remain about thirty-five days. Hence this kind of canteen is, perhaps, the more interesting of the two, as their length of stay enables one to know and make friends with the men. Here we gave coffee, tea, and cooling drinks twice a day, and cooked a simple regime of soup, purée, and creams for the more delicate. How grateful they were! How gracious! What children over their special food! How delighted with a new dish or sauce! They have little to amuse them in these places, and hail with delight anything that brings gladness into their lives. A little joke will go a long way, and is repeated daily, just as a story has to be repeated in the same words There is generally a to little children. recreation room attached to these canteens, where one can chat to the men and they can play games. Here they have books and newspapers and stationery. A gramophone we found invaluable. Sometimes a poilu will

<sup>\*</sup> These were after the pattern of the ancient tabard, but of oilskin.

sing to the accompaniment of a concertina, and often two or three will throw themselves into an impromptu dance. Occasionally a Senegalese warrior would give us a taste of his quality, his movements being curiously ungraceful, strongly reminding one of a dancing bear.

Now, the Arabs, on the contrary, have the grace of cats. On one occasion two huge men entertained us with a species of sword-

set, these Senegalese, suffering terribly from the cold, and when I visited the infirmary I would find them in their beds, and only a black nose to be seen, on which I would frequently place a big bull's-eye, a muchloved delicacy. Sometimes we had Chinese at the depot, timid, polite little men, mothered, as all these races were, by some big, hearty poilu. It was good to see a Frenchman, an Arab, and a Senegalese all poring over one



LADY BENSON, MISS HAWKINS, AND MISS OLGA JUBB, SERVING COFFEE TO THE MEN.

dance. As light as feathers, they twirled and twisted, and ended in a beautiful posture symbolical of defeat and victory. Now and then a poilu, once a professional vocalist, would come forward and enthral the men by singing. They love music, and would sit for hours listening. Sometimes a Senegalese would sing little tuneless snatches in a high, piping voice—songs that had been sung by his race for centuries. They were a lonely

puzzle, the horrors of war, the pain and the misery forgotten, all interest in life for the moment centred in making little bits of wood fit together; and then, when it was finished, how proudly they would all bring it to us, explaining the difficulties, and we would show each time a wondering interest in their brilliance! How proud they were when they won a football match against the town! Great introductions went on between

the teams before the game could begin. They were all arrayed in the splendour of pink or yellow shorts, variegated knitted caps with tassels, enormous flannel binders fastened to a gaudy tie by a safety-pin. They played so pluckily, these suffering men, and for days after talked of nothing else. Alas, many went to the fighting-line next day, and fell to a more formidable enemy.

The *poilu*, unlike our Tommy, is very apt with his hands, and becomes quite skilful at all kinds of handicraft. They used to bring us little offerings—a paper-knife cut from the copper casing of a shell, a ring of beads

or metal, or a briquet ornamented with a German coin, all most delicately carved, though the only tool they possessed was a common pocket-knife. Among the éclopés we came across a wonderful little Jack - of - all-trades. His numerous accomplishments included washing and darning. One day we gave him some socks to repair, and the following morning he brought them back in triumph, all darned exquisitely. but in a patriotic pattern of red, white, and blue, which he proudly explained was a souvenir.

Sad were the days when they had to leave for the trenches,

pathetic the good-byes. Often tears would course down their cheeks, but at the door they would turn with a smile on their lips and in their eyes an undying courage. Sometimes they would show us telegrams, calling them to a dying wife or child. They could not go, but all they said was: "C'est impossible—c'est la guerre."

One day the officers took us into the Commandant's office to see a German balloon which had fallen a few miles off, while strewing papers warning the French against the treachery of the English. This balloon had a big candle placed in a cardboard funnel in the centre. When this candle burns down

to a certain level, it sets fire to a number of strings, thus releasing the bundles of pamphlets to which they are attached. As they fall, the wind wafts them for miles. The candle had evidently set fire to the balloon, and it came down before its time with its heavy freight of slanderous leaflets intact. But the German knows little of the love of the French for the British, their trust and admiration. "At first," said a poilu to me, "we thought you English were slow and useless, but soon we understood. We did not know, until the War, how big the English hearts were. Now we are camarades, and

many of us have fought by the side of the English. The Tommies are very rich-they give us chocolate and cigarettes. Their cigarettes are very douces, because they are smoked by English ladies. How brave the English are! And the soldiers laugh all day. When the War is over, I shall marry an English girl. They are not so pretty as the French, but they are gentler and more caressing."

They also used to tell us of their surprise that our officers are so big and some of our Tommies so small. We are equally surprised that the

French, whom we were accustomed to regard as small, are such extraordinarily fine men. One sees magnificent specimens of manhood with herculean shoulders, but these are chiefly from the peasant class.

At our station canteen we had to deal entirely with the *permissionnaires*—that is to say, the men who were going on or returning from *permission*, or leave. Men come in great numbers, and generally stay only a few hours or a night. These canteens, therefore, involve little cooking, merely the preparation of soup, coffee, and cooling drinks. Here we see the *poilu* under less happy conditions, often heart-sick, sometimes ill. For ever



SIR FRANK BENSON PREPARING FOOD.

one hears the same cry: "Je cherche mon

regiment."

This is not so extraordinary as it might seem, for at the time of a big advance it is extremely difficult for those returning from leave to obtain at once accurate information as to the new position their regiment has taken up. This depression of spirits they call cafard. Some of those who are going back to the

trenches suffer from it acutely. And what wonder? The chevrons on the left arm tell us of two and a half years' service; those on the right, of the number of wounds they have received. They have left wife and children, and may never see them To me, one again. of the most pathetic sights was the little baskets and packages they carry. With what loving hands they had been packed! What tears had been shed when the poor little contents were being put together! Some of these parcels were simply wrapped in paper, some neatly sewn together in calico or chintz. I think ! the one that touched me most deeply was that carried by an elderly man, greyhaired and scarred. The wrapper had evidently been the treasured covering of a baby's perambulator. It was

daintily worked with tiny wool forget-menots. His package was beautifully secured.
It was neatly addressed "Monsieur Gaston,"
and under the name, worked in crimson and
blue, was a tiny sacred heart. Can one not
imagine that parting? Then what wonder
he had cafard?

But every poilu had not cafard. Some had irrepressible spirits, that even biting

frost or drenching rain could not quench. There was one I well remember—a tangle-haired regular gamin, with a dirty white-and-tan terrier. He spent nine days in searching for his regiment. Backwards and forwards he travelled, constantly returning to our canteen, undaunted, always full of pertness and gaiety. Stripped to the waist, he would wash at the pump in the freezing

cold in full view of the canteen, and before finishing his ablutions, with hair full of soapsuds, he would rush up to beg another cup of coffee and a cigarette, his dirty dog seeming to grin with pride at his master's audacity. Then one day he bade us farewell, and held out his hand and his grimy dog's paw. have been wounded twice," he said, "and the third time I shall not recover; and when I die, Toto will die, too. So we shall never see our English friends again, but we shall not forget, Toto and I. die for La belle France.'' And shouldering his equipment, his faithful cur under his arm, he passed out of the barrack singing a popular refrain.

"When do you think the War will be over?" Many times a day were

we asked this baffling question. We answer: "Soon—before the winter." Some laugh scoffingly. "Après deux ans!" "Dix ans!" "Jamais!" "You Désirée, what do you think? You are old—shall you see the end?" And the speaker turns to a bent and aged-looking man. "We shall none of us see that," replies Désirée. "Look at me, madame. How old do you think



LADY BENSON AT WORK IN THE CANTEEN.

I am?" I hazard "fifty," thinking I might more truthfully say "seventy." "I am forty-three," says Désirée; "here is my photograph taken before the War." I see the picture of a fine upstanding man in the prime of life. "I was strong then; I had a good home, a wife and children. The Boches have taken my wife; I do not know the fate of my children." "It is the same with me," says another—"home gone, wife and children gone—c'est la guerre!" Tears fall down their cheeks, and we do our best to give them hope, saying the War will cease soon, and they will find their loved ones.

Often they would bring their dogs, sometimes curled round their necks like "This is Ninette. She was comforters. born in the trenches—she is used to la She is brave—so brave she never fears the cannon; the whistle of the shell was the first music she ever heard." Another brought a big black spaniel, and we are told he runs after the shells as they burst, and tries to retrieve them. He has not succeeded yet, but he is like his master, always hopeful, always full of courage. But he, too, will be killed some day. At times they would bring stray dogs they had picked up in a ruined and deserted village. There was a black retriever whose master had taught him many tricks. He came to us with a pipe in his mouth and a poilu's cap on his head, and put his paws on our counter, waiting for a biscuit. He carried his own little packet of pansements and his own little gas-mask, which his master assured us he always fastened on his friend before adjusting his own.

How desolate it all was in the winter nights, with the sleet and the snow and the cutting wind, watching for the train to arrive! At last one saw in the distance the pale glimmer of the guard's lantern, and shadowy figures, like a procession of ghosts, filing after him, and through the wind and storm one heard the cry of the poilu going to the trenches—a cry from a hundred throats, coming out from the darkness of the night. After having passed through certain military formalities at the entrance to the cantonment, they slowly make for the baraques, where they can find shelter for the night. Suddenly they catch sight of the canteen, the window wide open, a brightly-burning lantern swinging from the roof. "Du jus, monsieur?" (Jus is the poilu's term for coffee.) And we hold out a broc of steaming Quickly they gather round the window, cups are hurriedly extricated from

musettes, and all is life and gaiety. It is wonderful what the hot coffee and a few cheery words will do. The French are very like the Irish—children with a child's sympathy and trustfulness, affectionate, easily cast down. easily cheered, full of courage and hope, with a great power of endurance, and a love for their beautiful country which amounts to a religion. Many and divers were the requests they made. They would bring us their equipment to take care of, their coats to mend, their *bidons* to be filled with coffee. One would ask for bread and cheese, another for a bit of soap, another for writing-paper or a piece of string. Often they would want to repay us with little offerings from their scanty packages—a slice of cake made by the wife, a bit of orange, a sticky sweet, and on one occasion a parcel was opened with great trouble, and several oysters were placed on the counter. Sometimes a man would offer us a fat snail found in the forest, a yellow, horrible-looking thing, though considered by some Frenchmen a great delicacy. Empty bottles of all sizes were given to us pour souvenir, and frequently little bouquets of wild flowers. Our little canteen was always gay with the offerings of our friends the *poilus*. Many a time a little dilapidated purse would be pulled out and a ragged note for half a franc would be tendered in payment. Once a weary, travel-stained soldier asked somewhat brusquely for a cup of coffee, putting down two sous upon the "Qu'est-ce que c'est?" I asked He, thinking the sum insufficient, sadly put down one sou more. "No, no," I hurried to explain, "there is nothing to pay." "Comment?" replied he, in utter astonishment. "Rien? Mon Dieu! Rien? C'était mon dernier sou."

The *poilu* is a great collector of souvenirs; a little Union Jack, a button off an uniform, anything English, is hailed with delight. In return he would often press upon us a German cartridge or coin or button. Nightly there were small wounds to dress, eyes and throats to tend. Great was their belief in our healing powers. One bitterly cold night stands out in my remembrance. A poilu had come to me in apparent pain, plaintively petitioning that his finger might be bound. I brought him into the canteen, according to our usual custom, and gave him some coffee and a cigarette, while I proceeded to dress the wound. The hurt was so slight I was surprised he had mentioned it. He, evidently reading my thoughts, answered: "There is little the matter with my finger, madame, but I had *cafard*, and I thought, if

this lady will speak to me, I shall be better and take courage, and so I told you I was suffering. I was in a hospital last year, and an English lady nursed me. In England the men are so strong, and the women so gentle."

As I finished dressing the cut, I suddenly heard a beautiful tenor voice. Looking towards the window, I saw, standing full in the light, a bearded poilu of middle. age, with head bared and a crucifix on his breast. He was singing an old folk-song of Brittany. "Who is that?" I asked my patient. "Ah, madame, that is the mostloved man in the French Army. He has

What a night to remember! The men—French, Arabs, Moroccans—were massed together under the pale gleam of the lantern, pitch darkness beyond, some sitting on the barrier, some lounging against the hut, the snow coming down in thick flakes, and only the angry red eyes of the engine glaring in the distance. The glorious refrain is ended, the men hold up their caps, and with one mighty voice join in the chorus; and, liste ning to them, we know that these brave fellows will fight to the last drop of blood for their beloved France, that they deem life useless except to give.



SIR FRANK BENSON, LADY BENSON, MISS DOROTHY HAWKINS, AND MR. H. O. NICHOLSON, SERVING THE MEN IN THE CANTEEN.

won more battles for us than all the generals. He is no longer young, but he asked to be allowed to take his place in the first battle-line, and he sings in the trenches—mon Dieu, but he sings day and night! He is never tired. When the boys cry with cafard, he sings to them, and then they only think of France and victory. The Germans never sing now, and they fear our friend's voice, for he gives us courage. Madame, he is a saint." I went to the window and listened. Song after song he sang—folksongs, patriotic songs, lullabies, and tender hymns. He also sang the "Marseillaise."

The song is over, and our singer starts "The Hymn of Christ," a sweet and solemn chant. A wonderful stillness reigns. As we look upon this group of men, their uniforms white with snow, they seem in very truth God's angels. I give the singer more coffee and a little souvenir from England. He thanks and blesses me. As the groups break up, he leans across the counter and asks me: "Madame, why are you here? Is it for an atonement?" I explained to him, and he replies: "It is a great work, this. I will tell you why I sing. I was bad, so bad, before the War. Then, when I heard the evil of

the enemy, my heart blamed me. I saw my countrymen dying for France, and I feared and told my wife, who bade me come with her to early Mass, and God would tell me what to do. So I went, and after some days I visited the Abbé, who told me I must live for others, and the good God would forgive me. So I sing to the men in the trenches, I sing always, and God hears and understands. My little son has had his first Communion; he will not live as I lived, and he will know his father tried to atone. Did you say le bon Dieu loves me? I thank you for that. I think He does now. We know there is another life, and God will forgive."

But it must not be supposed that we lived perpetually in an atmosphere of gloom and sorrow. Far from it. Often in the warmer weather a soldier would come into the camp with a concertina or some other instrument, and would play for the men to dance. It was a curious sight to see these poilus in heavy boots and overcoat, their knapsacks on their backs, their shrapnel-dinted helmets on their heads, and a great bunch of lilies of the valley from the forest stuck in their breasts, dancing for hours beneath a blazing sun, all horrors of war forgotten, even their fatigue. One day we saw a solitary figure join in the dance, a little the worse for wine, or, as his friends expressed it, "un peu zig-zag, beaucoup de pinard." This "zig-zag" had for a partner a log of wood, which he hugged tightly to him or trailed on the ground, much to the inconvenience of the other dancers. the *poilu* is rarely out of temper with his comrades, and takes little notice of small annoyances. In spite of the heat the dance continues merrily, till the note of a clairon summons them to entrain. Hastily they readjust their heavy equipments and bid us adieu. Some stop for a hurried cup of voffee and a cigarette. There is much shaking of hands, shouts of "Au revoir!" " Bonne chance!" and the gay little batch of dancers join their comrades and troop off, their hearts the lighter for their simple revelries.

Many thousands passed through our hands, and it was our constant endeavour to keep them amused. "Ring quoits" became a very popular pastime. At first they were shy of games, and we found it difficult to start them, but, once started, they were indefatigable. There was keen competition for the small prizes we offered, and tremendous excitement when the prize-

winners were called up to the counter to receive their rewards.

One day great excitement was aroused in the little town by the arrival of a small batch of German prisoners under the escort of four British Tommies. These latter told us they were bound for a town not far distant, of an unpronounceable name and not to be found on any map. It was not for several days that the correct name of the town was discovered. In the interim, when off guard, these Tommies spent most of their leisure time with us, and we allowed them to sleep and eat in the canteen. They would generally pay us a friendly visit in the evenings, and sitting round the stove, smoking innumerable cigarettes, they would spin us many an interesting yarn. They told us of brave bombing deeds, of how the Boches threw our wounded on their barbed wire, of the shooting of a deserter, of the swarms They seemed immensely impressed by the courage of a sentinel who faced a rat for half an hour without attempting to kill it, for fear that the noise of the scuffle might alarm the German listening-post, which was only a few yards distant. "Yes, Sister, that's right," said the Tommy—"faced a rat for 'arf an hour, 'e did; there's courage for yer!" Here I may observe that this sentinel had by all accounts been two years daily facing death in the trenches! Truly wonderful is Tommy's point of view.

Every canteen is supplied with one or two orderlies to do the rougher work, who for some reason—generally ill-health—are temporarily kept back from the trenches. They are wonderful servants in their loyalty and devotion, taking the keenest interest in There was the the work of the canteen. big François, who could do anything, from sweeping a chimney to mending shoes, as honest as the day, yet with a fixed belief that anything he could toucher from the military stores for our benefit was ours by right. He would anticipate our wishes, and before the words were out of our mouths, he would finish our sentence for us. Then there was Auguste. He would treat us as a father dealing with a refractory child. Shortly and sharply he directed us, but dearly he loved Then came Pain, Jean Ginette, and Louis. Louis of the one eye, whose patois we could never understand, was indefatigable while he worked, but when the morning papers arrived, he downed all tools and, ensconcing himself in a chair in the recreation room, a cigarette in his mouth, devoured the latest news, regardless of the fact that we were washing dishes and sweeping floors, and generally doing his work. But we would not have changed him in any way, nor could we find it in our hearts to reprimand him. Then there was Marie, another brave soldier, who each morning brought us big bunches of lily of the valley or violets, gathered from the woods. The poilus used to watch him as he ground litre after litre of coffee and sang a refrain to the whirring of the coffee-mill. Others there were too numerous to mention, all with different personalities, proud to work with les Anglais, sad to leave us, as we were to part with them.

Most days we heard the booming of the heavy artillery, which grew in intensity during the big advance in the spring. At night we used to see the flashes of the guns reflected in the heavens, a dull yellow haze stretching far, and mysteriously fading away into the blackness of the night, while the distant searchlights played continuously. Every day aeroplanes flew across the sky, looking like silver butterflies against the blue.

For months it has been our privilege to work among the French soldiers. Quick to sorrow, equally quick to joy, the *poilu* is a most lovable type. Always, when I think of them, I shall see them as they appeared before us the last evening we worked among them. We are in the midst of a forest which is carpeted with lily of the valley,

violets, anemones, and oxlips; before us are masses of soldiers, awaiting the hour of their departure. Some are seated on the ground, enjoying a simple repast; some are talking together as they smoke their cigarettes: others are sleeping upon a bed of moss and flowers, their war-battered helmets beside them. They look like figures of knights of old carved on tombs. The trees are whispering lullabies, while the branches seem to join lovingly together to shelter the brave eyes, closed for a time in blissful peace and forgetfulness. The sun is dying, and the yellow light shines through the leaves of birch and hawthorn on the misty blue uniforms, and glints on the tarnished helmets, throwing fitful flecks of gold on the tired sleepers' faces. The air is heavy with the scent of flowers, and far away sounds the dull booming of the guns, mingled with the whirring of aeroplanes above—peace and Farewell, our brave and faithful comrades! You have taught us much. We have made many friends among you, friends we shall always honour. We shall never forget you, your deeds, nor your words. For a few months you have allowed us to see beneath the mask of convention, an honour not given to all. For that we thank you, and for your patience, your trust, and your friendship we shall ever hold you dear.

#### CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME.

As fog obscures the glory of the sun,
Spreading a pall of sadness overhead,
War, with its frowning clouds of grief and dread,
Has dimmed our mortal sunshine, sparing none,
Quenching some brave young lives scarce yet begun.
Our light is gone, and darkness reigns instead.
Can Christmastide give back to us our dead?
Undo the cruel wrongs that have been done?

Then through the clouds of doubt and misery
We turn again to seek our Heavenly Friend;
And lo! the lights of Faith and Hope we see,
Twin-lamps of God, whose flames will ever blend:
And we, like children, crowd around His knee,
"Emmanuel, God with us," to the end!

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

# THE STRUGGLE FOR AUNT CHARLOTTE

#### By KEBLE HOWARD

#### Illustrated by Tom Peddie



EUTENANT
WILLIAM COVERDALE, R.N.,
his eyes luminous
with piety and his
features free from
guile, rang the bell
of a prim house in
Eaton Oblong.
The door was
opened by an elderly

maid, who smiled at William in the nice way that nice women always smile at sailors.

"Good morning, Rebecca!" said William.
"Good morning, Master William!"
returned Rebecca.

"Is Aunt Charlotte in?"

"No, Master William. She went out not five minutes ago."

"Oh, that's rather a felon blow!"

It is difficult for a sailor to look dashed, but William came near to it. All—or nearly all—depended upon Aunt Charlotte.

Rebecca's elderly yet quite sound heart

warmed with sympathy.

"I can tell you, if you like, where she's gone, Master William. She's gone to call on Mister Hubert at his office."

"Oh! And what was to be her particular

method of transit?"

"The 'bus, sir. She still refuses to use the carriage in war-time, and you know how she dreads taxis."

"So do I," replied William, "especially the clock. But the case is urgent—most urgent. Hi! Taxi! Good-bye for the moment, Rebecca, and my best love!"

As the cab tacked and bumped towards the office of his brother Hubert—generally referred to amongst very intimate friends as the Cræsus Hun—William reflected aloud for the benefit of the dusty cushions.

"This," he said, "is the throw of my life. I will first of all appeal to the better nature of the man Hubert. I will point out to him that he has all the money, whereas I have none. I will further point out to him that Pansy and I must certainly be made-one before I return, on the seventh day, to the North Sea. As a final clincher, I will offer to renounce all hopes of a legacy from Aunt Charlotte for the immediate gift of one thou. sterling. (What remains of the thou. on the seventh day aforesaid, together with certain allotments from my handsome pay, should keep my wife—my wife, begad!—in average comfort until I return bloated with prize-money.)

"Should the Crossus Hun consent, which I doubt, well and good. Should he refuse, which I anticipate, then out submarines, let loose torpedoes! In short, I will employ all means, fair or Hunnish, to queer his pitch with Aunt Charlotte! I have said

it ! "

The Crossus Hun smiled as William was shown into the private office. The sailor had no frantic affection for his elder brother at any time, but he loathed him when he smiled. 'Twas indeed a lip-licking smile.

"Well," said Hubert, "more leave, I see. Upon my word, I don't know how the Grand Fleet manages to spare her best men so frequently! It's taking a grave risk!" (This was a fair sample of Hubert's humour. It always gave the Lieutenant a sensation that recalled his first day at sea.)

that recalled his first day at sea.)
"You needn't worry," he retorted. "I'm going back in a week. If nothing happens before then, you can still snore soundly in

your bed. Got a cigarette?"

"Yes, but you can't smoke it here.
I'm too busy. Five minutes is all you get."
"Treat me as a client," suggested William.

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"You couldn't get rid of a client in five minutes."

"I can get rid of anybody in the world at any moment," replied Hubert.

"That's very clever."

"Yes, it is. Would you like to know how I do it? It's a secret, mind. I just want to give you an instance of the little things that lead to success in this life."

"Go ahead!" commanded the Lieutenant.

"Listen!" said Hubert.

A shrill whistle sounded somewhere in the room. Hubert, without leaving his chair,

took up a speaking-tube.

"Hello? Yes. Yes. Oh! Ask him to wait, will you? I particularly wish to see him. Tell him I won't keep him waiting more than a minute."

William, of course, rose. But Hubert

waved him back into his chair.

"No hurry. Your five minutes are not up yet. Besides, there's nobody there."

"Nobody there! But they called you up

on the tube?"

"No, my boy. That's where you're wrong. The Royal Navy hasn't an entire monopoly of the brains of this Empire."

"But the whistle! You couldn't blow

the whistle yourself?"

"Pardon me, I could and did." Hubertbeamed with self-satisfaction. "See this little bulb on the left of my chair, low down? When I want to get rid of a visitor, I merely squeeze that, take up the tube, talk into it, and the trick is accomplished!"

"Jolly neat!" admitted the Lieutenant, thinking with great rapidity. "I'll tell you where it's weak, though. You wouldn't dare work it on a client of real importance."

"Wouldn't I? Certainly I would."

"Suppose they found you out? They'd be furious."

"But they have never found me out, and never will. I'm too smart for 'em, my boy. And if your friend David Beatty wants a tip or two—"

"Look here," said William, cutting short the blasphemy, "I'm open to bet you a level fiver you won't spring it on your next

visitor this morning."

"Done!" cried the Crossus Hun. "I take you a level fiver! You shall stay here and see me do it—if it's very private business, you can get in the cupboard—and I pocket the cash within twenty-four hours. In the meantime, what did you call about?"

So William told him. Hubert, having heard him out with every sign of impatience, promptly waved the suggestion aside.

"My dear boy," he said, with all the superiority of the successful business man talking to the mere true lover, "I wouldn't entertain the idea for a single second. In the first place, you're much too young to be married. Wait till after the War, and then look about for a girl with plenty of coin. That's the best advice I can give you as a man of the world. In the second place, Aunt Charlotte has no intention of leaving you a penny. You know that as well as I She looks upon you as a thriftless ne'er-do-well, and she looks on me as the saviour of the family. She may leave you a pair of candlesticks or a set of Scott, but not a penny of money. I've seen the will."

A tap at the door. "Come in!" called

the Crœsus Hun.

"Miss Coverdale to see you, sir!"

"Talk of the devil!" muttered Hubert.
"All right, Levermore. Show Miss Coverdale up."

"Don't forget our bet!" whispered the

Lieutenant.

"Not likely!"

"Shall I get in the cupboard?"

"No, my boy. Stay where you are." . For Hubert saw his chance to shine as

a prince of commerce and a mine of ripe wisdom. As for poor William——

#### II.

AUNT CHARLOTTE embraced Hubert and kissed him on both cheeks. To William she extended a cheek-bone at the receipt of respectful salutation.

"Aunt Charlotte," said Hubert, "you

look younger than ever!"

"Nonsense!" retorted the old lady, and smiled into her vanity-bag.

"And more beautiful!" dared Hubert.

Aunt Charlotte shook a playful finger. Then she turned on William, rated him soundly for being alive and ashore, and asked him to lunch. The Lieutenant, with a meekness that was only saved from being sickly by a suspicion of desperate cunning, accepted.

The old lady then plunged at business. It was all about bonds and certificates. Hubert took the greatest interest in such matters. He washed his hands, and stroked his chin, and nodded two or three hundred times with extreme gravity, and made his eyes yearn with sympathetic understanding.

He praised the insight of his Aunt, and the probity of his Aunt, and the generosity of his Aunt, and the patriotism of his Aunt, and the angelic disposition of his Aunt. It was a disgusting performance. William watched it for a time, marvelling that any man could so humiliate his sex for the sake of money. Then, remembering his own urgent needs, he watched the clock.

"Of course," said Aunt Charlotte, who was thoroughly enjoying the morning, "I rely in a very great measure on your discretion, my dear Hubert. You are so much better informed than myself as to the tendencies of the market. Still, as you know, I like to be consulted before my capital is absolutely committed. If, therefore, you will kindly telephone me as soon as you have made the necessary investigations—"

William caught Hubert's eye. Then he looked significantly at the clock. Hubert

gave the slightest possible nod.

"— and can assure me that the political outlook does not endanger that particular stock so as to——"

W-h-h-h-h-h-t!

"Just a moment, Aunt Charlotte, if you'll

kindly excuse me."

Hubert took up the speaking-tube. "Hello? Yes. Oh, yes! I particularly want to see him. Don't let him go. Yes, I shall be free directly. I'll whistle down... Yes, Aunt? You were saying——"

But Aunt Charlotte had already risen and was gathering her nonsenses together. William, ultra meek, the embodiment of all that a loving but wholly unworthy nephew should be, held the umbrella with one hand and the door of the office with the other.

"Oh, pray don't hurry, Aunt!" pleaded Hubert. "This man can easily wait a little.

Must you really be off?"

"Business," said Aunt Charlotte, "is business. I know that as well as any man. Good-bye, Hubert! William, d'you expect bread with your lunch?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Charlotte!"

"Or sugar?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Charlotte!"

"That's good, because you won't get any. All you people in the North Sea, they tell me, are far too fat. Come along, and drop

that umbrella at your peril!"

No sooner had they turned the corner from Hubert's office than Aunt Charlotte's manner underwent a strange change. Instead of hailing an omnibus and proceeding stuffily to the neighbourhood of Eaton Oblong, she actually took a taxi and drove to her bank.

The old lady's face was rather pinker than usual when she came out of the bank. She was excited. She looked as though

her balance had mysteriously quadrupled during the night.

"Tell the man," she directed, "to drive

to the Carlton."

"The Carlton, Aunt? The restaurant?"
"Yes, booby! Is there any other

Carlton?"

William gave the order and hopped in. Aunt Charlotte obviously had gone slightly dotty during his last absence. He was in charge of an old woman mentally deficient.

But Aunt Charlotte, at any rate, selected the lunch with soundness. Her instructions to the waiter on the subject of hock-cup

teemed with mental vim.

#### П

HUBERT arrived home that evening in a state of vague depression. His wife, who could read his face like a tear-off almanack, and found just that amount of comfort in doing so, continued to dress in silence.

"Anything happened?" snarled Hubert

through the open doorway.

"No, dear."

"Nothing ever does."

"Well, no news is good news, dear."

"Quite so. I've had three mysterious telephone messages from Aunt Charlotte during the afternoon. She called this morning and gave me certain instructions. At two-thirty she telephoned: 'Do nothing until I have given the matter further consideration.' At three-thirty she said: 'Do nothing until you hear.' And at four-thirty: 'Do nothing.' I tell you, I don't half like it. What makes it worse is that young William was lunching with her."

"Oh, William hasn't an earthly! Did you say anything that could possibly have

given her offence?"

"No, I think not."
"You seem a little doubtful, Hubert."

"Oh, no, I'm not. She couldn't possibly have guessed."

"Guessed what?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I worked off the speaking-tube trick on her."

"Hubert! That was very rash. Why in

the world did you do it?"

"The old girl was tedious—very tedious. Besides, I'd got a bet on with William. He bet me a level fiver I wouldn't spring the wheeze on the next client. I took the bet, and the next client was Aunt Charlotte. But I'm sure she never twigged anything. Why should she? Nobody else has."

"I wonder," mused Mrs. Hubert, who seemed a good deal troubled, "if William



"'Aunt Charlotte,' said Hubert, 'you look younger than ever!"

knew that Aunt Charlotte was on her way to see you?"

"Not he! How could he?"

"Suppose he Wait a minute!

Somebody knocking! Come in!"

A maid entered with a note on a salver. She explained that the note had come by special messenger, addressed to Mr. Coverdale. It was to be delivered at once.

"From William," said Hubert. "This

may explain the mystery."

He ripped the flap of the envelope and pulled out the letter. A five-pound note fell to the floor. Both husband and wife stooped for it, but Hubert was there first.

Then he read the note.

Never a handsome man, his face, as he read, became singularly repulsive. His wife,

to be prepared for all emergencies, went on dressing.

Silently, dramatically, Hubert flung the note on to the dressing-table. Mrs. Hubert picked it up and read—

"My Dear Hubert,—Herewith the fiver, earned with much skill and pluck. I don't know what has happened to Aunt Charlotte, but she has been treating me more than kindly ever since we left your office. She stood me a topping lunch at the Carlton, and presented me with a hundred in notes over the coffee. Much encouraged, I led the conversation, by way of the hardships of the North Sea, to Pansy. I had to 'phone for Pansy directly we got to Aunt's house. Meanwhile she telephoned for her lawyer.

man, and I think she spoke to your office. In fact, we've been very busy! Love to Alicia. Yours, WILLIAM.

"P.S.—Pansy has arrived. Aunt likes her awfully, and we are to be married by

special license on Thursday.

"P.P.S. — The lawyer-man was most mysterious! He wrung me hard by the hand, and said the British Navy were the salt of the earth, and I was the luckiest chap in it!"

"What—what does it mean?" stammered Mrs. Hubert.

"It means that she knew all the time about the tube trick," said Hubert.

"Unless William told her when they got out!"

"She wouldn't have believed him. Besides, her manner was most odd. Now, my dear, nobody knew of that trick except you!"

But Mrs. Hubert had eluded her husband, slipped into her boudoir, and shot the bolt.

#### HIS DARKEST HOUR.

HOW I have loved thee, Earth! scenes that I leave, Gardens of musing walled in laurel white;
Eve's bowers, whence the vesper-bird would grieve In plaintive numbers for the waning light,
And pour its swelling heart of love abroad;
Soft winding valleys of deep, dewy grass,
Grazed o'er by sleek and slowly wandering kine;
Old roads, with golden rod
Lined festive, as though Orient kings might pass;
Now all is lost—the song, fruit, sun, and wine.

The matin bird, that hurried his clear flute,

The swift unfolding glories of the day

To praise, has now departed, or is mute;

The feathery birches of the woodland way,

Whose leaves, like to a thousand lamps of light,

Twinkled across the waning sun, are bare;

The Hebe blush of life is lost; the smile

Of hope from my dim sight

Passes away; the hooded face of prayer

Lingers awhile o'er Earth's cold shrine awhile.

And thou hast ta'en my flowers, conspiring Death!

That Love and I had chosen for our speech;
Roses for ardour, with a passioned breath;
Lilies for Love's own soul; and unto each
Sweet blossom we had given qualities:
Pansies for innocence, because their eyes
Are always open wide; daisies for grace;
Poppies for that rich ease,
That trust of love, whose only words are sighs;
All thou hast ta'en, and veiled, too, e'en Love's face.

So seems it now, tried soul! But from Death's seed Rise Spring; translated Love; a hero's crown; God's face indeed.

JOHN STUART THOMSON,

# THE FOXHOUND

## By HAROLD BINDLOSS

Illustrated by Wal Paget



TEPHEN BELL found the young dog, crag-fast with a wounded leg, one day when the fox was lost and the mists rolled about the head of Raughtondale. They hunt on foot among the rocks of

Cumberland, and Stephen was breathless when he reached the narrow ledge from which the wet crag fell to a sullen tarn. He had come home for a holiday from a civil engineer's office at Leeds, and was tired after a long run across the hills; but his father kept the pack, and the dog whimpered and gave him a trustful glance.

He got the animal on his shoulder, and set his lips as he worked his way down an awkward slab. His load was cruelly heavy, and he gasped when he reached a level spot; but there was another dangerous pitch below, and he could not leave the dog in pain. Somehow he got down, although he tore his clothes and bruised his skin, and things were easier after he met the old huntsman coming up.

"Mungo's young and softish yet, but he has the makings o' a grand dog, and I'm none for leaving him in the rain aw neet," the huntsman remarked, when they reached the dale. "Aw t' same, I doot he canna walk to kennels."

"Break that rotten gate," said Stephen.
"We'll carry him to Richardson's."

The huntsman pondered. "Richardson an' they father niver agree—an owd sore that's festert in Tom Richardson's hard heart."

"We'll chance it," said Stephen. "Put the dog on the gate."

It was getting dark when they came to a lonely farm standing among bare ash trees at the bottom of the dale. The old house looked dark and forbidding, but a peat fire glowed in the big, flagged kitchen, and Stephen felt draggled and untidy when Jessy Richardson let them in. He thought the girl was beautiful, and her graceful figure and delicate colour lost nothing from the fit and pattern of her plain print dress. Then her voice was low and pleasant, and it was obvious that she loved animals when she and the huntsman dressed the dog's injuries.

Stephen did not know then that Richardson's only extravagance had been sending his daughter away to a good school, but he watched her movements with keen satisfaction while he talked to her mother. Mrs. Richardson was thin and nervous, and looked subdued. Stephen thought he knew the reason for this, and remembered stories he had heard about her husband. He was glad Richardson was away at market, but he got a few words with Jessy before he left.

This was the beginning of things, because they met again when Stephen came home. Indeed, he came home as often as he could, and wrote to Jessy when he was away. After a time her letters stopped, and when he got no reply to his protests, he waited until the civil engineer obtained him a post at a new waterworks. He did not write to Jessy then, but started for Raughtondale, knowing what he meant to do. In the meantime Richardson had made some plans that clashed with Stephen's.

It was a November evening when the farmer drove home down a stony hill at the mouth of the dale. Mist rolled about the crags that rose, black and forbidding, in the fading light. A beck brawled in the hollow of a ghyll, and the wind wailed drearily in a thin larch wood. Richardson thought this threatened a stormy night, and although his sheep were safe in the sheltered bottoms, a flood might wash out the turnips in a low-lying field. The roots ought to have been stored, but he had been unable to get them lifted at the price he offered. It was characteristic that Richardson paid the lowest wages in the neighbourhood.

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He was a tall, big-boned man, with a stern, weather-beaten face. In some respects he was primitive, for the instincts of their rude Norse ancestors survive among the men of the northern dales. Richardson had utilitarian virtues, but he was swayed by two passions—hate and greed. Besides, he had taken enough liquor at market to harden his resolution. When he pulled up at the gate in the dry-stone dyke, behind which the bleak house stood among the gaunt ash trees, he frowned as a foxhound crossed the yard. Mungo had got fond of Jessy, and came back now and then. Richardson kept the dog as long as he could, not to please his daughter, but because he thought it would annoy the master of hounds, whom he bitterly disliked.

Bell had got the better of him in a dispute about their sheep-walks twenty years since, and Richardson had not forgiven the injury. He had, however, something else to think about, and as he stabled the pony he knitted his shaggy brows. His neighbours thought him prosperous, and by hard work and stern economy he made farm and sheepwalk pay; but he had overreached himself about a mortgage on a small woollen mill. Bell might have warned him, but had not. His main object in life was now to make good his loss, and Dixon, the cattle salesman, had shown him a plan; but Dixon's help was necessary, and he had stated his terms. Richardson agreed, although he expected some opposition from his wife and daughter, for Dixon was fifty, and had not much to recommend him to a romantic girl. This, however, was not important, because Richardson was master at Raughton, and seldom bothered about the feelings of his women-folk.

He went into the kitchen, where his wife and Jessy were sewing in the hollow of the wide hearth. There was a lamp on the black mantel, but the big room was dim, and the red reflection of the peat fire played upon old copper and dark, polished oak. A meal was laid on a table with a well-darned cloth, and Richardson indicated it when he had hung up his coat.

"Take t'things away," he said. "I had a

snack at 'The Salutation.'"

Mrs. Richardson was surprised, because husband, from economical motives, generally came home for food.

"Take them away," he resumed. "I had sandwiches and ale with Dixon. He paid."

The woman looked disturbed, but removed the plates silently, and Jessy bent over her

The foxhound had come in, and lay with his head against her feet. As a rule, it was imprudent to answer Richardson's remarks when he returned from market, particularly when prices were low. Besides, Jessy had some grounds for feeling anxious.

"Dixon's bought new house by t' quarry," Richardson went on, in a meaning tone. "Him and me's gan t' do some business, an'

he'll be here for dinner Tuesda'."

Jessy turned to her mother. "You'll be busy, but I promised Aunt Ellen I'd go in the morning and stop all afternoon."

"I'll want pony to drive Dixon," said

Richardson.

"Then I must walk across the fell."

Richardson looked at the girl with knitted "You'll stop here! Mayhappen Dixon has something to say to you.

"I have nothing to say to Dixon," Jessy answered, with a forced smile. "He talked about fat bullocks the last time he came."

"And what does young Bell talk about?" Richardson asked, in a sneering voice.

Jessy looked up calmly, though there was some colour in her face, and her mother shrank.

"Mr. Bell is a gentleman, and Dixon is not."

"Living on his father while he waits for a job! Dixon owns a row of houses besides the auction yard, and you're a farmer's daughter, not a lady. Young Stephen kens that verra weel!"

"What do you mean?" Jessy asked, putting down her sewing and lifting her

"Thowt I'd told thee!" Richardson rejoined. "The Bells belang to t' gentry, an' his father will see t' lad gets a rich wife."

Jessy was silent for a few moments, bracing herself, for she had courage, and saw a clash must come. Then she said quietly: "All the same, I'm going to Aunt Ellen's.

Richardson struck the table with his clenched fist. "Noo, listen to me, my lass! Peter Dixon has asked me for thee, and I've not said 'No.' He'll give thee a fine house, and leave thee weel off. I'll see t' lawyers fettle that before t' wedding. Stephen's thrown thee over, and you'll not get as good a chance."

"Mr. Bell did not throw me over; he did not ask me to marry him," Jessy rejoined,

with sparkling eyes.

"An' he niver will!" said Richardson. "He's gan t' marry Miss Kemp o' Grassholm; it's weel kenned there's money there."

"They say she's rich," Jessy answered thoughtfully. "But riches don't stand for everything. I wouldn't live with Peter Dixon, for all his money."

"If that's the bodder, we needn't fratch. Nane o' his folk live lang, an' Peter has a

weak heart."

Jessy used some self-control, for, although the man's grim humour revolted her, she came near to an hysterical laugh. She had borne much at Raughton since she came back from school, but had tried to be patient for her timid mother's sake. Now she knew she must be firm; but her father was stubborn, and she felt the strain.

"I will not marry Peter Dixon," she said,

in a level voice.

Richardson got up and advanced with a

savage frown.

"You'll do my bidding, or gan oot to work or beg!" he stormed, and the dog rose, growling, and stood before the girl.

"Remember, she's thy daughter, Tom,"

ventured Mrs. Richardson.

"I weel ken I've a fool for a wife, but I thowt the lass had sense," Richardson rejoined, and fixed a threatening gaze on Jessy. "You'll be here on Tuesda', an' give Dixon the answer he expects."

"I will not," said Jessy, whose face got

white.

Richardson lost his self-control. He had taken some liquor, at Dixon's expense, and saw a plan that promised much brought to nothing by the rebellious girl.

"Agree or gan!" he shouted, while the dog came forward with bristling hair. "But think weel! If you leave this house, you

niver cross the door again!"

"I'll go now," said Jessy, in a steady voice, and Mrs. Richardson got up with a resolution that was new to her.

"When Jessy goes, I go, too."

"Sit thee doon!" said Richardson, laughing scornfully. "You canna have t'

pony, an' you canna walk."

The feeble woman hesitated. The nearest house was some miles off, and Richardson had quarrelled with its occupants. It was a long way to her sister's, and she was worn out by hard work and broken by her husband's bitter humour. She sat down when he pushed her rudely into a chair, and, knowing that she had failed the girl, wept for her helplessness.

Then Jessy came up and kissed her. "Don't fret; there's no need," she said. "I am young and strong, and would sooner starve than marry old Dixon."

advanced a step or two, until the foxhound turned and stood in front of him with the fur on its neck erect. This was the first time the farmer had been baulked at home, and there was a primitive vein in him. Besides, he was savage with disappointed greed.

"Bell's dog!" he exclaimed, and, picking

As she moved to the door, Richardson

"Bell's dog!" he exclaimed, and, picking up a chair, swung it round his head. He struck, and the dog, half stunned, fell back with bleeding mouth in the middle of its leap. Before it could recover, Richardson kicked it brutally with his thick ironstudded boots. It gave back, growling, and, driving it into a dairy that opened on the kitchen, he threw down the chair. When he turned and, breathing hard, looked about, the door was open and Jessy had vanished. He walked to the stone porch, but the night was dark. Rain was falling, and the wind wailed among the bare ash trees. He heard nothing else, and went back into the room.

"She's gone," he said. "Varra weel, that's done with! I'll hire a girl when I'm

next at market."

He sat down and began to read a local newspaper, while Mrs. Richardson cried helplessly. She knew her husband, and Jessy was sometimes hard to move. There would be no reconciliation. The matter was done with: but after a time she began to feel disturbed, because the road to her sister's was rough and dark. There was a shorter way across the rocky fell, but one needed some nerve to take that path, and the shepherds only used it in daylight. Still, she durst not speak, and Richardson grimly read his newspaper. The peat-ash sank through the open grate, and the fire got low, but neither of them moved. All was very quiet, except for the wind in the chimney and the harsh ticking of the clock.

At length there was a sharp knock, and Stephen Bell came in, with the rain glistening on his mackintosh. Mrs. Richardson started, but her husband looked up sourly.

"You're ower-late, my lad. Jessy's not

here "

"Where has she gone, and when  $\operatorname{did}$  she start?"

"To her aunt's at Langrigg, I reckor, but dunnot ken. She went half an hour since, and she'll not come back."

"Ah," said Bell, "I suppose that means you turned her out?"

"No; the lass had her choice."

"She wouldn't heed when he wanted her to take Peter Dixon," Mrs. Richardson

interposed, with a trembling glance at her husband.

"Thank you; I begin to understand," said Bell. But his eyes were stern and his face was set as he turned to Richardson. "It looks as if you had played an old trick and kept back my letters. How many did you stop?"

"Three," said the other. "They might have turned the foolish lass's head. You're

cliver with the pen."

"You're a cunning brute," Bell rejoined, colouring angrily. "But that's no matter now. We've got to find the girl. Bring your pike-stick and a lantern."

"Why d'you want to find her?"

"For one thing, it's a wild, dark night, and the green road is easy to lose. Then

I mean to ask her to marry me."

Richardson pondered for a moment or two. His plot had failed, and he could not bully Stephen Bell. Jessy was of age, and, while he despised his gentle wife, the girl had inherited something of his stubbornness. Indeed, he had been rather proud of her until she defied him; but he was very hard, and she had brought his plans to nothing. He could not stop Bell seeking her, but he would not help.

"I'm not coming," he said.

In the meantime Stephen had thought. If Jessy had gone by the green road to Langrigg, he might overtake her; but she might have gone across the fell. The rough track forked, and the shorter branch was dangerous in the dark. Then a noise he had been too engrossed to notice forced itself on his attention—a dog was scratching at the dairy door. As he flung the door open, the foxhound ran out and leaped upon him, trying to lick his hand, while blood dripped from its wounded mouth. Then it ran to the kitchen door and looked back.

"I don't need your help now," Stephen said to Richardson, and called to the dog. "Steady, Mungo! We're going to find

her."

They went out, and Stephen saw nothing until he struck the gate with his arm; but there was a bark from the other side, and he knew the dog had jumped the wall. He went through, and braced his musclés as he met the wind and driving rain. Mungo would find Jessy, but he doubted if he could follow. Floundering across a belt of gravel, he fell into a beck, and, splashing across, picked his way up the bank. Then he threw down the broken gate of a stubble field and began to run. He missed the

steps in the opposite wall, and scrambled over, while the stones he dislodged rattled down. His heart beat, he got breathless, and thought he had lost the dog, until a bark came out of the gloom ahead. It was obvious that Jessy had not gone by the green road.

Running across a boggy pasture, he came to another wall, and afterwards felt stones and heather under his feet. The dog's bark got faint, but Mungo was going up the dale, and he must not lose the animal until they reached the spot where the track forked. One branch went along the scree-foot and round by the tarn; the other straight across the top, along Roughedge. He hoped Jessy had taken the former: but she knew the rocks, and was, perhaps, too disturbed by the quarrel to be cautious.

He knew when he reached the scree-foot, by the rattle of the stones he plunged across, and presently stopped, with straining chest, to listen. He felt his heart beat, and heard the wind roar and the rain beat upon the scree, but for a moment or two there was nothing else. Then a bark fell through the tossing mist, and he knew the dog was

making for Rough-edge.

He found a sheep-path, and went up into mist that thickened as he climbed; but Mungo would now be unable to leave him far behind, because when it comes to crag work an agile man is better than a dog. The sheep-path presently turned off along the precipitous scree, where stones the wind shook loose rolled down with a tinkling noise; and Stephen went up a gully, sometimes clutching a wet stone, but, for the most part, trusting his feet. No woman, and very few men, from the cities could have reached Rough-edge in the dark; but Jessy was a daleswoman, and sometimes used the dangerous path.

When he came to a rocky pinnacle, shattered by frost and storm, Stephen stopped to get his breath. For a few yards he could see Rough-edge—a thin, dark line that faded into the mist. On one side a scree ran down much steeper than a roof; on the other a crag fell, nearly straight, for a hundred feet. The wind buffeted him, the rain whipped his face, and for some distance the edge was scarcely a yard wide. He began to feel a numbing fear, for Jessy was somewhere in front of him on the treacherous path; but he pulled himself up. If he dwelt upon the risk she ran, he would lose his nerve. There was another disturbing

thing—Mungo was young, and Jessy had, perhaps, taken him to Langrigg along the edge. The dog would be puzzled to hunt by scent in the heavy rain and wind. Still, something must be left to luck, and Stephen went on.

. At the end of the edge, where one must

and soon an excited barking came out of the mist. He blundered forward, and stopped when he saw the white dog fawning upon a shadowy figure in a hollow behind a rock.

"Jessy!" he cried, and the girl got up.
"Oh," she said, "what do you want,
Stephen Bell?"



"The foxhound turned and stood in front of him with the fur on its neck erect."

climb the steep shoulder of the fell, he found the dog at fault, searching here and there among the rocks. He saw its slender white form for a moment, and then it vanished; but it came back, and presently set off to the right with an eager bark. Stephen hesitated, because the path went straight up the fell, but he followed the dog,

"I came to find you. Mungo brought me."

"One can trust a dog—they are kind and true."

Stephen, remembering an admission of Richardson's, saw he must be cautious, and was glad that they could talk. The spot was sheltered, and the projecting rock kept off the rain.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

"I lost the path, and couldn't face the wind without a rest. But I thought you were in Leeds."

"I left this morning, and went to Raughton

instead of going home."

"Then you have seen father," Jessy said,

after a moment's hesitation.

"I have, and found out something that had puzzled me. I know why you didn't answer my letters—he kept them back."

"Ah," said Jessy, "I thought——" She

"Ah," said Jessy, "I thought——" She stopped, and then resumed: "Well, perhaps

it's not important."

"Anything you thought is important. But I begin to see. Your father didn't stop at burning my letters, but we'll let that go. I came home to ask if you would marry me."

He fixed his eyes upon the girl, and, although he could not see her well, she seemed to be standing very straight, and somehow her look was proud.

"Did you ask me when you wrote?"

"No," he said quietly, for her manner held him back. "Still, your silence hurt."

"If it hurt you, why did you wait? You could have got to Raughton in a few hours."

"The distance wasn't the obstacle. I meant to claim you when I came, but couldn't do so then. My pay was small, and the chance to make my mark hadn't come. When I got it, I came straight to Raughton, and Mungo brought me here."

The mist eddied about them, and Jessy's figure was indistinct, but Stephen imagined

her strained pose relaxed.

"Then you didn't think that I was a farmer's daughter, and you might have

got----'

Stephen stopped her with a joyful laugh. "You're ridiculous, Jessy! I'm a poor engineer, with a post at a new waterworks that may lead to a better job. In fact, I've so little to offer that I feel I'm a selfish brute; but you have pluck, and somehow I hope you won't be daunted by the risk."

"I shall not be afraid with you, Stephen,"

she said gently.

He took her in his arms, and, when he let her go, she called the dog and kissed its wet head. Then she gave her hand to Stephen, and they went on through the rain to Langrigg, while Mungo leaped about them.

#### ENCHANTMENT.

HERE we have stayed so long,
Nor heeded how
The thrush has ceased his song
And left the bough
Which evening winds wave at their will
Gently above us still.

Here we have dreamed the day
With all her show
Of sun and shade away;
'Tis time to go
And leave our twilight-haunted glade
To mysteries that invade.

Yet, turning to bid farewell, Some fairy sigh Of long-forgotten spell, Whose memories lie And linger round the place, I hear Older and wearier.

NORMAN ROMANES.



Photo by]

A MATCH AT A REST-CAMP BEHIND THE LINES.

[Newspaper Illustrations.

## FOOTBALL AT THE FRONT

By E. D. USHAW.

N his travelling days as "Reisekaiser," the German Emperor expressed himself pretty freely about the British Army. As a military factor he always despised it, but acknowledged, when on a visit to Gibraltar, that our officers "were good sportsmen, though not professional soldiers." It was for sport they entered the Army, the Kaiser opined, with a gracious smile. They led their troops in the same spirit, and died like gentlemen at the head of them. The British Service, in short, was purely ornamental; it would be absurd to give it Prussian consideration as a serious military Yet three divisions of that "contemptible" Army withstood seven German divisions one tragic August day at Le Cateau, and withdrew unbroken at the end. At the Marne the Kaiser's hosts had five guns to our one; at the first Battle of Ypres our immortal Regulars had famous regiments reduced to mere platoons, yet still they barred the German passage to the coast—a consummation which might have changed the history of the world.

What is the secret of all this? It is the mysterious "moral"—that intangible factor to which Napoleon attributed three-fourths of success in war, giving the remainder to material forces. Modern science has, no doubt, altered these proportions, but le

moral in war still expresses the firm fortitude with which men suffer the toil and woe, the struggles and misfortunes, ruin and elation, which are inseparable from a long and stubborn campaign. As masters of war, the French have long considered this vital, if elusive, force. The famous biologist Cabanis said: "Le moral is but la physique considered from certain points of view." And, long before him, Voltaire thought that "La physique gouverne toujours le moral." In other words, that there was subtle interplay between the spiritual and physical conditions of the fighting man.

But let the learned men debate this matter with academic fury whilst we turn to the "Derby Devils" at Pozières. Here London clerks and shopmen beat the giant Brandenburgers of the Prussian Guard, and that in bitter bayonet-work in cellars and dungeons, embattled vaults and caves and machine-gun The martial spirit appears to be primarily racial. That the British possess it is evidenced by their world-empire, which was assuredly not lightly won. Our fighting instinct lay dormant during a long period of peace; that it still flames is to-day acknowledged by our Allies with grateful pride, and by the enemy in grudging tributes to our "toughness" and the gamesome skill which the Germans express as Sportmaesige Pffigkeit,

The sporting trend of our people is more than a Continental tradition; it is a fact, and one strikingly displayed by our vast Army in France, which is, of course, the nation. We may pass over with mere mention the pack of beagles which our officers hunted, as Wellington did in the Peninsula, and the elaborate regimental programmes of to-day—cross-country races and the tug-of-war, the swimming match, jumping, putting the weight, pillow-fights and competitions of all sorts between all grades of

Now, make no mistake about it—"Le football" is a sign and portent of this War which no historian can ignore. It is inextricably tangled up with le moral. At the most appalling moments cries of the sports field hearten the field of blood. "Go it, East Lancs!" "On to the ball, Warwicks!" The ball may be only a sugar-beet, as it was at Eaucourt l'Abbaye, where the national game was played amid murderous shell-bursts and the diabolic rattle of machine-guns that killed the

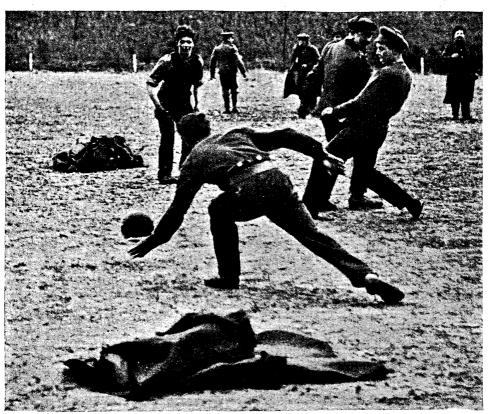


Photo by]

AN IMPROMPTU GAME.

[Wyndham

men, from cooks to colonels. Our French friends have throughout viewed with amazement this mania for sport, as also Tommy's passion for soap and water, which is the theme of Madame in every village billet. The Briton believes in "keeping fit"—in physical as well as military preparedness. And the French mind will for ever associate the British soldier with "Le football," which Tommy kicks at all times—even dribbling it over the top towards the German trenches in the last élan of the charge.

forwards in their rush for the German goal. Footballs are taken by our men into the very teeth of the foe. From their lines on the Londoners' right, outside Loos, the French troops saw a weird sight. For one of the London Regiment kicked off on the parapet, and dribbled the ball with fierce cries for fourteen hundred yards. Behind the player raced figures wearing gas-helmets, and the ball was dexterously passed as any player collapsed as a casualty.

Even more remarkable was the record of



Photo by] [Newspaper Illustration of Game of Football by British Soldiers within sound of the Guns Near Ypres.

the East Surreys, a regiment which has gained several V.C.'s in the War. Captain Nevill provided four footballs, one for each platoon, and urged his men to "play'the game" over a mile and a quarter of rugged ground, with the Prussian Guard awaiting the British sportsmen at the end. Platoon commanders kicked off, and the queer match

against Death began. Captain Nevill himself fell quite near the German works; his heroic team melted sadly away under machine-gun hail, yet the balls were nevertheless booted forward with magnificent pride and cries of encouragement and defiance, until the players were swallowed up in the reek and smother which overhung the waiting foe.

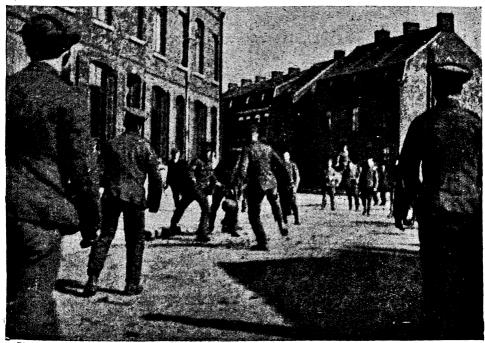


Photo by]

[Topical.

And when at length British bombs and bayonets had done their work, our lads looked round for their footballs. Only one was recovered, and that by a hero who had slain seventeen Germans with his own hand. This ball was sent home as a regimental relic, and Colonel H. P. Treeby, D.S.O., assembled his men at the Kingston depôt to open the parcel with due pride. "At no small cost," the Colonel said, "this ball has been dribbled up to the German trenches." So it was indeed a sacred emblem to be laid by in affectionate memory. With singular

felicity of phrase Colonel Treeby concluded, as he handed the ball to Private Draper, a notable player in the tragic game: "In years to come, it will be a fitting memorial of the devotion and sacrifice of the battalion, who played the game so well on that eventful day, and served so heroically our God, our King, and our Country."

There is no part of the British front where football is not played, whether in the rest camps, in the village street, outside the billets, or in towns of occupation, like Bethune. One day, in the last-named centre, our men were having a lively game in the Parc des Sports, when a serious air raid was attempted,

and a rain of bombs put an end to the fun. There was a rush for rifles, of course. A French automatic soon brought the raider down, and thereupon the men resumed their play with the joyous nonchalance which will for ever perplex our Allies. "You English," declared the *liaison* officer outside the Café de Globe, "are very, very misunderstandable." Was it any wonder that the goose-stepping Prussian refused to see professional soldiers in these care-free kickers of an inflated ball, who forgot the fight the moment their back was turned upon it?

The French newspapers have long been full of stories about this peculiar passion, which, it seems, pursues the Briton to the ends of the earth. A Paris reporter got a capital tale from an Australian who was wounded in the storming of Thiépval. The narrator and five others tried to silence a German machine-gun which held up the advance and was doing grievous harm. "Just as we approached their blockhouse we threw the last of our bombs, so were in a great fix. For the Huns were on the point of surrender—we knew that. Oh, it was

an awkward hitch! Suddenly the 'squareheads' bucked up. German noses were showing over the redoubt, when one of my two surviving pals had a great inspiration. He produced the Rugby football that we'd dribbled over from our trench, and lifted it with both hands and an awful Heavens, how well the trick worked! The Germans took the thing for a new and monstrous grenade. Up went the Kamerad hands, and we took 'em all like lambs aye, and their gun as well!"

The men of a supply ammunition column, halted at the roadside, begin to kick a ball, much as Italians begin to sing and play in their spare time. Troops in reserve close to the fighting line do

the same; so do the stretcher-bearers whilst waiting for a call. The English will play the Scots, the Irish will challenge Welsh or the Canadians; even the grave Pathans and turbanned Dogras sometimes succumb to the fascination of the game. No wonder the chaplains ask that footballs may be sent out; there is no gift more eagerly welcomed in the soldier's parcel, nor any that gives more delight. "One officer," says the Rev. C. L. Perry, of Newport (Mon.), "kicked off a football with the names of his platoon scribbled all over it. 'Follow up, lads!'



Photo by] [Central Press.
PRIVATE DRAPER, ONE OF THE MEN WHO KICKED
A FOOTBALL TOWARDS THE GERMAN LINES IN THE
CHARGE OF THE EAST SURREYS.

Wounded in the exploit, he is here seen at home, at headquarters, holding the football used on that occasion.



Photo by) [Real INDIAN SOLDIERS TAKING PART IN A GAME OF FOOTBALL.



Photo by]

[L.N.A.

THE PRESENTATION TO THE REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE EAST SURREY REGIMENT AT HOME OF THE FOOTBALL WHICH CAPTAIN NEVILL DRIBBLED FROM THE BRITISH LINES TO THE GERMAN, UNDER THE ENEMY'S HEAVY FIRE.

he cried, and was immediately shot down. But his lads took up the game, and that ball never stopped till it rolled into a conquered trench."

and caps mark the line and corners. A referee is appointed, and a whistle given him for use; a "converted" French officer may now be seen filling this rôle.



Photo by]

MEN OF A SCOTTISH REGIMENT PLAYING FOOTBALL.

 $[Realistic \ Travels.$ 

At Headquarters the great lady of the chateau offers her park for a regular match. Four fruit trees hacked down by the Germans make goal posts. Coats

One team plays in cardigan jackets, the other in shirt-sleeves; the spectators are largely French civilians, marvelling, as usual, at men who can thus fight a bloody

battle one day and frolic like schoolboys the next.

Quite an event was a match between the staffs of the First and Second Cavalry Divisions, with General Gough playing on one side and Major-General Byng on the Inter-Army football is now a universal sport in France, and its effect upon battle-worn men is worth noting Here are lads in bloodstained closely. clothes, often cut to ribbons by the barbed wire. Some are utterly done, their bayonets smashed, their own helmets replaced with rakish pickelhauben surmounting faces so grimed with sweat and mud that only eyes and mouth are showing—eyes alight with victory and a mouth that must always laugh. These are the lads who seek "a wash and a brush-up" on leaving the trench. Then they begin to think of a game, and suddenly a football bounces among them.

"We played about a thousand yards from the Boche works," a Royal Irish Fusilier wrote home to his mother. "Pretty good cheek—and exciting, too, for the game fairly shrilled with bullets." "They woke me out of a deep sleep," says Private Richard Lloyd, of the A.S.C., "to join a team against the Essex Regiment. It was a sight for the gods! Every now and then a big shell burst over our game. One of them killed some of the spectators behind the goal; it was the fortune of war, of course. We carried on, and managed to win with 1—0."

Now, with many clubs idle at home, and the price of leather and labour enormously increased, the makers of footballs yet report an extraordinary season. This is due to Army orders. Last year one. newspaper fund sent out three thousand balls. "The men," an ex-artisan of London reports, "are no sooner relieved and out of the trench than they look for the leather to play the game. They play it in every lull of battle, though the posts be two heaps of tins and the touch lines their own ditch and a wagon column. There's more heart in such a game, it seems to me, played in muddy khaki to the thunder of Liberty's guns, than in the grandest event in League club-grounds at home."

It was this sporting spirit which so impressed our King on his tours of the Front in France. "I have seen enough," His Majesty declared, in a memorable Order of the Day, "to fill my heart with admiration of your patient, cheerful endurance of life in the trenches. . . . It is the dogged determination of all ranks which will at last

bring you to victory."

#### PREMONITION.

"If I should fall, do not grieve for me. I shall be one with the sun and the wind and the flowers."

-Leslie Coulson.

If I should fall, my presence may be sought In all the teeming beauty of the earth. With every lovely thing that God has wrought I shall be one, and find in it new birth. Therefore within the shadow of the wind Upon green meadows, or in April grass And flowers, who wills my presence still might find Which shall inhabit these until Time pass. Seek in the gold and purple of the west, Seek in the sunshine of a summer's day, Seek in the ocean's silence and unrest If you would find me; and, while seeking, say: "He loved all these—he loved all lovely things; And from them now his living spirit sings."

ROBERT S. LASKER,

# THE SHELL

### By CAPTAIN THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

#### Illustrated by Balliol Salmon



N that particular trench the day had been much like the four previous days—hot and thirsty, with 'planes voyaging the blue above, and occasional shells pulverising the baked brown land-scape around. But

to George Randall it did not seem an ordinary day: to him it seemed longer than a week, and unusually full of menace to life and limb, for he was going out that night and on leave to-morrow.

The shell came in at about five o'clock in the afternoon, bursting well under the parapet, within ten yards of Randall and of young Wilcox, one of his subalterns.

Sand-bags, clay, chalk, flint, and whining

shards of metal flew up and out.

Both the officers fell to the bottom of the trench, then staggered to their feet again. Randall saw nothing but flashes and waves of white fire for a second or two. Then his vision cleared, and he looked inquiringly at his companion.

"Never touched me," said Wilcox.

Randall felt a tingling on his left hand. He glanced down and saw blood on his knuckles. He wiped the blood away with the palm of his right hand.

"And that is all it got of me—a patch of

skin," he said.

The remaining hours of the tour passed with amazing swiftness. Dusk was soon upon them. The relief came in sharp on time, and Randall "handed over" and went out. He felt lighter on his feet and lighter of heart than he had for months. The knuckles of his left hand continued to bleed slightly and to smart, and he bound them with his handkerchief. Upon reaching the transport lines of his battalion he felt so fit that he decided to ride out to rail-head

that night instead of waiting until morning. He was about to order his horse, when his servant informed him that his kit was packed and in the car.

"Car?" said Randall. "What car?"

"Staff car, sir," replied the man. "I don't know the officer's name. He says he heard you wanted to cross to-morrow, and he'll take you all the way, so's you can catch the morning boat, sir."

"Somebody's gone crazy," said Randall. But he found the car, with his kit in front beside the driver, and the "brass hat"

expecting him.

The five-hour drive to the port passed like a dream. The great car sped up hill and down dale, through dark villages and crooked, dark towns, like a thing superior to accident or chance.

Randall felt thrilled as he had not for many months. And not for years had he felt so free from care. He sat back, smoked his pipe, and listened to the pleasant voice of the man beside him; but afterwards he could not remember what the officer talked about, what his name was, or what his rank.

It was past two o'clock when he reached the port. The car took him to the door of the officers' club. The master of the car grasped his hand and wished him good luck. Then the great car swept away into the dark.

"I'm afraid that chap thinks I am some-

body else," Randall reflected.

Within the club he found a cold supper, a long, cool drink, and a clean bed. He painted the knuckles of his left hand with iodine before turning in.

He awoke early, feeling as fit as if he had never seen a trench or a bursting shell in all his life. He breakfasted early and caught the nine o'clock boat. Everything went without a hitch. The sun shone, the sea was calm, every face in the boat was wreathed in smiles. Never before had he

made so pleasant or so quick a crossing as this. It seemed no longer than the sipping of one cool drink, the smoking of two cigarettes, a chat with a Sherwood Forester, and then the crowded ship was swinging around and laying her starboard side against the pier in Folkestone Harbour. The leave train for London waited beside the boat.

As Randall took his seat in the dining-car, he became suddenly conscious of two things of the tingling smart across the knuckles of his left hand, and of the weight of some unpleasant duty forgotten or unperformed. He touched his knuckles to his lips, and the smarting passed away. Then he tried to place the shadow of care. What had he left undone? He could not remember anything important or particular. What had he for-He searched his pockets and found nothing but his yellow railway ticket, his cheque book, and his cigarette case. He could not recall any engagement, any commission. His leave lay clear, uninterrupted before him, and the shadow of care passed away from him.

He lunched, then smoked, and gazed eagerly from the window at the green and familiar landscape with a glow of satisfaction that was more than contentment.

Randall left the train at Victoria Station. found a taxi-cab as easily as he had found the immediate requirement for every previous stage of his journey, and named a quiet hotel in Norfolk Street, Strand.

The cab was open to all the sunlight and life and joy of that golden afternoon and that golden city.

Crime, grief, despair, deceit, and hatred may all have been there, moving to the right and the left along the glowing pavements, lumbering past in 'buses, gliding past in cabs and flashing cars, but Randall's care-free spirit and eager eyes saw nothing of the kind.

It was in Trafalgar Square that he first became aware of the scent of lilacs, now as if his head were among the blooming boughs, again so faint as to be no more than a suggestion of that haunting fragrance. looked to right and left, but nowhere, even among the wares of the Charing Cross flowersellers, did he see any bloom of lilacs.

As the taxi turned into Norfolk Street, a girl came around the corner. On the instant of seeing her, Randall's glance met hers, and he half rose from his seat, raised his hand half-way in salute, murmured the first word of a greeting. And she in her turn, in that same instant of time, paused for the space of half a heart-beat with parted lips and a sudden bewildering light of recognition in her eyes. Then she passed on, her face aflame and her eyes startled; and Randall

sank back in his seat, feeling like a fool.
"I thought I knew her!" he muttered. "Could have sworn to it; but-did I ever

see her before?"

At the door of the hotel he again scented the lilacs. He had tea and a bath, and then He walked westward, looking went out. eagerly at the faces that passed him and moved beside him.

"What have I forgotten?" he asked himself. "I seem to be looking for someone."

But this did not worry him for long at a He went in and out of half a dozen places he had known well on previous leaves, but all seemed strangely unfamiliar, and not in one of them did he see a man or woman whom he knew. Still, he felt happy.

He dined at his club. The whole place was fragrant with the scent of lilac blooms. On his way out he met a man who stopped him, called him by name, and shook hands. Evidently they knew one another very well, but Randall could not remember anything about it. He began to fear that the shell which had skinned the knuckles of his left hand had done him some serious mental injury. However, he said nothing about that.

The two left the club together, as a matter of course. They had dined early, and the night was still young.

Randall spoke of the shell that had so nearly caught him on the afternoon of the

day before.

"Didn't touch Wilcox, and only skinned my knuckles," he said; and as his knuckles smarted at that moment, he set them to his lips.

"You're lucky," returned his companion. "I know dozens of cases of chaps being done in just before starting out on leave."

They went to a show. Randall reached his hotel before midnight and went to bed, still wondering about the identity of his companion of the evening.

"That shell must have played the mischief

with my memory," he reflected.

He went down to breakfast at nine o'clock. The morning sunshine filled the long room, and the garden fragrance of lilacs was in the Only three breakfasters were present an elderly gentleman with a newspaper and a boiled egg in a corner, a fat lady with letters and bacon half-way down the room,

and farthest away, at a table by one of the open windows, the girl whom he had almost spoken to from the taxi.

And, as it had been before, her glance met his the moment he saw her, and again the light of recognition was in her eyes.

He squared his shoulders and moved deliberately down  $_{
m the}$ room, arguing desperately with himself that he knew her, but that the shell had jarred certain important details of his past from his mind.

As he drew near the girl, her face flushed pink as a rose, but her tender, grave eyes

did not waver.

He halted beside her, stooped low and whispered: "I do know you! I was sure of it yesterday; but that shell that burst so near me, just before I left the line, seems to have smashed my memory."

She smiled and inclined her head.

"I believe we know each other," she "You are Captain Randall. Will replied. you sit here? Mother won't be down to breakfast."

"I wonder where the lilacs are?" he said. She smiled at that, too, as if she knew.

He talked a great deal, and she listened. He spoke of that last day in the front-line trench, and of the shell that came so near to getting Wilcox and himself. He showed her his left hand.

"Just a tiny patch of skin gone; but it burns like fire sometimes," he said. "It is

burning now."

She touched it for an instant with a cool finger as light as a feather, and the pain that had come so suddenly passed as suddenly

"And Wilcox didn't get so much as a

scratch," he said.

Afterwards, when she had gone upstairs to see her mother, he suddenly realised that he did not know her name. He hunted through the hotel register, but learned nothing. He could not find any name there that suggested a clue to the girl's identity. So he gave it up and promptly forgot about it.

He did not see her at lunch, but he found her in the afternoon, and took her to tea at Richmond. And after tea they went on the river.

"That shell has played the mischief with me," he said. "I don't remember anything in the world-except you."

She seemed to have nothing to say to

"And I can't remember your name," he added.

"Why should you?" she asked, very

"Because I love you," he said.

"But you do not know me."

"You said I did—and I do! I knew you the moment I saw you yesterday."

"It is the shell's fault. You have forgotten everyone else, and so you think that you love me. Is it reasonable?"

"It seems so to me, and I'll tell you the same thing every day until my leave is up, and then every day by letter, unless you ask me not to."

"I'll not ask you not to."

"Then you-

She stopped him with a swift gesture of the hand.

"You must promise me one thing, or else I shall go away," she said. "And I want. you to promise—I want it very much indeed —because I should be very sorry to go away."

"I promise," replied Randall.

"You will not ask me that, or any other question about myself, until you are again able to remember everyone else in the world—everyone and everything you used to know."

"But if I never remember?"

"Then—it does not matter: But wait.

Everything will come back to you."

So he promised again, and leaned forward and sealed the promise with a kiss on one of her slender hands.

The whole valley of the river smelled of

Next day they had tea together in town, and went to a show that was full of wonderful lyrics. People looked at them with kindly interest—even the people on the stage. Randall squared his shoulders with joy and pride.

"No wonder they look," he whispered to "You are the most beautiful thing

anyone ever saw before!"

"They are interested in your new ribbon," she answered.

He glanced down at his left breast. Sure enough, there was the white-and-violet ribbon of the Military Cross.

She laughed very low and very tenderly, pressing a slim shoulder against his arm.

"Poor boy! Do not tell me that you have forgotten your ribbon," she whispered.

"I don't seem to remember it," he said, puzzled and distressed for the moment.

Then he laughed, and found her left hand

with his right and held it.

"What does it matter? I don't care! I



"She stood beside his bed and laid her slender hand in his right hand."

remember you, and some day, when you have nothing better to do, you can tell me all about the things I have forgotten."

That was the night he first kissed her.

Seven days came and passed—seven days that made up the most wonderful week mortal man had ever snatched from the treasure-chest of Time. And then suddenly he remembered his battalion, his work, and the end of leave. He told her of it, and his heart stood still, stunned by self-pity.

She laughed very softly.

"You are not going back just yet," she said.

"But I must. Don't you understand, dear? Though it should break my heart, I must go back!"

"No. Don't worry. Wait!"

#### II.

GEORGE RANDALL was conscious of the fragrance of lilacs; then of a small, white room full of cool, filtered sunshine; then of himself in bed, and of a woman in white linen standing near, looking down at him. .

"Great Scot!" he exclaimed. "What's

the game?"

The nurse smiled, then touched his forehead and his right wrist with her fingers.

"Everything is splendid," she said.

"But I don't understand. Why am I here?" he asked.

She smiled kindly, reassuringly.

"You came last night, and now everything is—very satisfactory."

"But where did I come from—last

night?"

"From France—from Folkestone, in the hospital train."

"Why? What happened?"

"You were wounded by a shell, three

nights ago."

"Three nights ago!" he repeated dully. "No, I was in London three nights ago. I am on leave, you know. And now I remember. I have to call on the mother of a sergeant in my company who was killed at Arleux. But what—what is the matter with me? Why is my left arm all rigged up like this?"

"It is only your hand—your left hand," she said compassionately. "Your other

wounds are very slight."

He gazed at her miserably for several seconds, then covered his eyes with his right hand. The knowledge that he had no left hand did not distress him in the least.

"So it was all a dream!" he murmured.
"All a silly fool dream—the lilacs and—everything!"

The nurse patted his shoulder.

"A young lady brought lilacs for you this morning," she said—"for you and her brother, your friend Mr. Wilcox."

He dropped his hand and gazed at her

miserably.

"He is next door, and she is with him now," she continued. "Do you want to see her?"

"I didn't know Wilcox had a sister,"

said Randall indifferently.

The nurse left the room, but returned almost instantly with someone behind her.

Randall's heart leapt painfully, and his breath seemed to thicken and clog in his throat.

The girl advanced slowly, her beautiful eyes regarding him with grave tenderness. But there was no light of recognition in them. She stood beside his bed and laid her slender hand in his right hand.

"I am glad you are better," she said.

He smiled up at her.

"You don't know how wonderful this is, but I'll tell you some day," he said. "And now that I remember everything, I want to tell you that nothing is worth remembering except you, whom I have never seen before, except in my dream."

Her face flushed like a rose. She glanced inquiringly at the nurse, then anxiously

and kindly back at Randall.

The nurse shook her head and smiled.

"No, he is not feverish," she said.

Randall continued to hold the slender

hand firmly.

"Perhaps you think I'm crazy," he said.

"But I'm not—only happy beyond belief and wonderstruck. I have known you for seven days, you see, and it will take me more than seven days to tell you all about it—all my life, I think!"

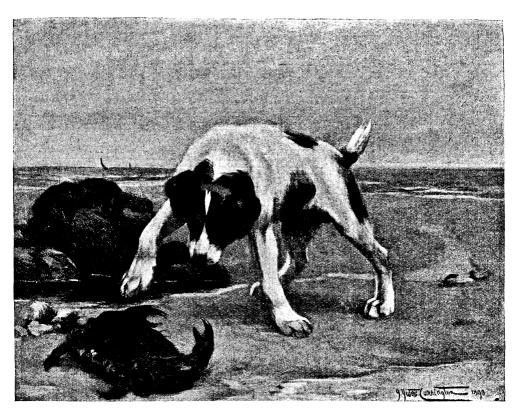
Deep in her eyes flickered a little,

wondering light of recognition. She withdrew her hand gently.

"I brought you lilacs," she said, her voice uneven and very low and tender. "I shall come again to-morrow."

"You brought me life," he said.

And as she glanced back at him from the doorway he cried: "God bless that shell!"



"A POT BOILER." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

# THE ART OF J. YATES CARRINGTON

#### By AUSTIN CHESTER

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"In Art," said Ruskin, "the likeliest and properest thing for everybody to do is almost always the last that will be done." But exceptions to this theory must be made of, at any rate, the best of our modern painters of animal life, who have found their right range of subject-matter and their most suitable medium in which to express it. Exceptions, too, may be seen in those artists who have found some phase of humour to depict, provided they have also developed a form of technique appropriate to the rendering of it in terms of paint.

As we saw in our former surveys of work

such as Mr. Dendy Sadler's and the late G. H. Boughton's, and other groups of subjects, wit which depends on swiftness of retort, and generally on its context with other words, defies definite expression in paint: hence the many failures of attempts to realise certain of the finest moments of comedy in Shakespeare. But humour which inspires a situation independently of words has found expression in masterpieces such as "The Laughing Cavalier" of Franz Hals, and, in our own time, in John l'hillip's "A Chat Round the Brassero," John Pettie's "A Jester's Merrythought" and "Two Strings"

to Her Bow," Frank Millet's "Between Two Fires," and the domestic comedy of work such as that of Thomas Faed and Erskine Nicol.

The genial pictures of faithfully studied animal life with which the late Yates Carrington charmed a large circle of patrons, first as originals in the Royal Academy and other popular exhibitions, and subsequently in reproductions by engraving and photogravure, belong to the type of work for which artists have usually invoked the aid

title this is simply a Nature study; but the painter's humorous fancy for half-jocular titles was bound to call it "A Pair of Nut-Crackers," just as he added humour to a picture of dog-life by naming it "Alexander and Diogenes," in order to suggest a certain incongruous association of ideas in the mind's eye of the beholder.

Numerous followers of Landseer in the painting of animals have adhered, whenever possible, to this method of playing upon familiar words for a title, in order to



"KISS AND BE FRIENDS!" BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

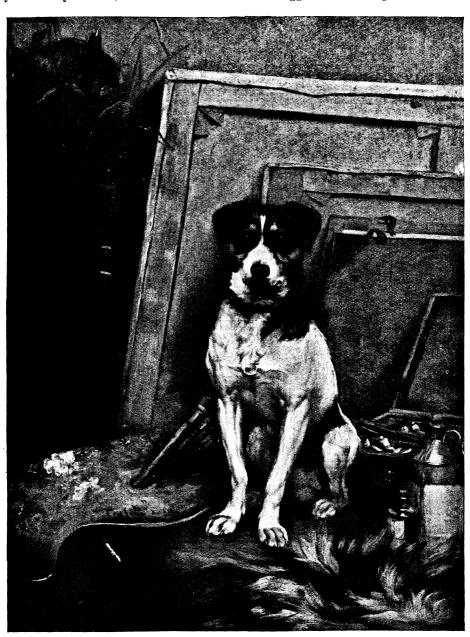
of verbal wit to emphasise the intended humour of the theme, assuming that if their patrons want such pictures for the walls of their billiard-rooms and smoking-rooms and corridors, they like to buy them with their titles clearly attached and boldly explanatory of each picture's theme. This fashion, in its application more especially to pictures in which animals figure as unconscious vehicles of humour, was first set by Landseer with such works as his familiar picture of two squirrels eating nuts. Without any

introduce some whimsical parallel between situations in which animals are the actors, and those which belong to human experience before their adaptation to the circumstances of animal life. Widely popular in the printshops have been such works as Valentine Garland's "Oh! What a Surprise!" W. H. Trood's "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By," Burton Barber's "Compulsory Education" and "A Special Pleader," William Strutt's "As in a Looking-Glass," "An Artist in Black-and-White," and "A Brush Wit's the



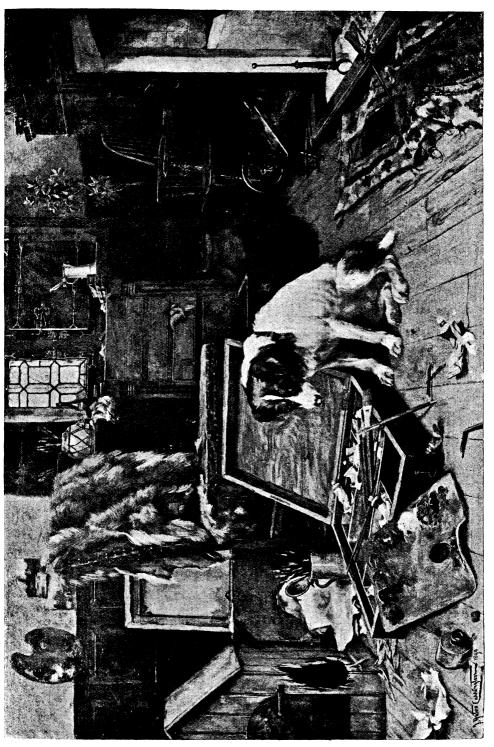
"HIS FIRST PIPE." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

Enemy," and thus it was inevitable that, in our own day, Mr. Cecil Aldin should name his delightful colour-print of a bull pup "My Face is My Fortune," and his admirable has given us "The Three Graces" and "After the Battle," and kindred titles. Bird-life was presented by Stacy Marks with a like suggestion of incongruous resemblance



"MY MODEL." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

row of bull-dog faces, after a well-known series of theatrical and Society portraits, "Types of English Beauty." Another skilful painter of dogs, Mr. Philip Stretton, to human models, and when Mr. William Weekes painted an amusing picture of geese, he could not forego naming it "A Michaelmas Sermon."



"CONTRITION: OR, A TASTE OF THE FINE ARTS." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

Apart from its obvious affinity to work of this school in point of view, the art of Yates Carrington has too much individuality to be ranked as merely imitative of his predecessors in the branch of work to which he chiefly devoted his brush; and his humour rings true, while his sentiment is always sympathetic.

Love of drawing was Yates Carrington's possession from a very early age, and when he was sufficiently far advanced to benefit

St. Boniface's is an exact copy of an Early Christian basilica; while the glory of the city, the old Pinakothek, holds some of the best work done by Raphael, Titian, Dürer, Van Dyck, Memling, Cranach, Van der Weyden, Wohlgemuth, and Rembrandt. Residence and work in such surroundings brought Yates Carrington back to England filled with artistic ambitions; the art magic of the city in which he had served his novitiate had taken possession of him, and he began his



"PRISONERS AT THE BAR."

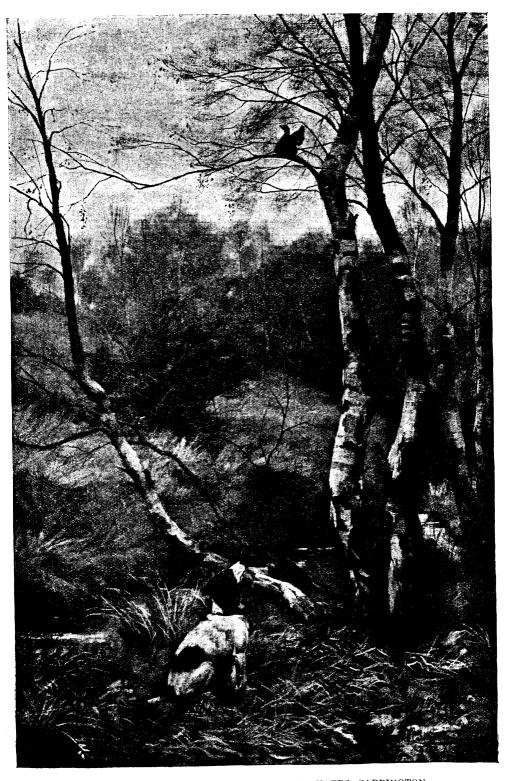
BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

by the instruction to be received in a foreign school, it was to that of the Bavarian capital that he was attracted.

That splendour-loving prince Louis I. made Munich what it has aptly been called, "a museum of architecture." There are to be seen the ambitious works of Cornelius, Schwanthaler, and Kaulbach. The Festsaalbau designed by Klenze is in the style of the Italian Renaissance; St. Michael's Church, of the same period, contains the wonderful work of Thorwaldsen:

independent art career intending to distinguish himself along one or other of those lines which we loosely classify in paint as classic or romantic.

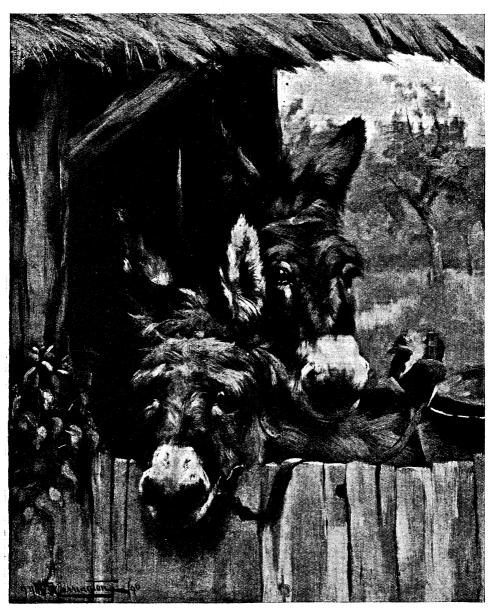
Ruskin rightly says "that when a young painter first goes to Nature, he sets himself to paint what he likes best, not what is best for him." This was the case with Yates Carrington, and he started with ambitious works, on themes from heroic literature and classical mythology. These, after testing his weakness by the strength of "Old Master



"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!" BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

this and early the other," measuring his powers by the "breadth and strength" of those whose achievements he had studied, he put aside. An art surrounded and guarded by authority was, he decided, not to

to make painting his profession. His interiors we know only as settings for some of his later animal themes, and his land-scapes lack atmosphere, and appear only to aim at the kind of accuracy of detail expected



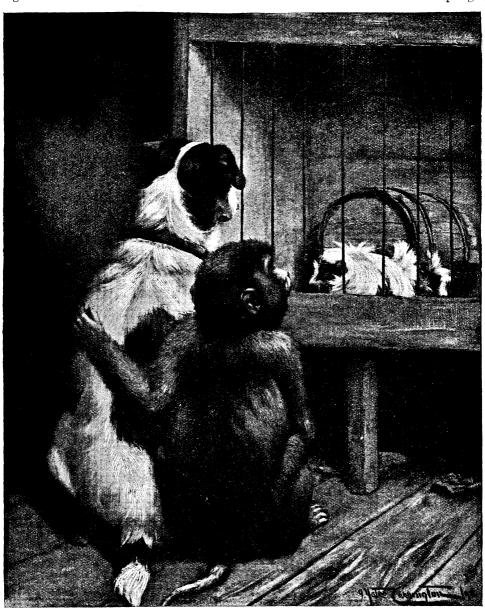
"WE TWO." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

be his, therefore he turned to landscape, seascape, and interiors.

In these ranges of subject-matter he still failed to "find himself" to his own satisfaction, though still assured that he wanted

in the conventional picture of some phase of outdoor sport. Suddenly, however, he turned with gusto and dexterity, and with a craftsman's sense of delight in his material, to the exposition of subjectmatter he found ready to his hand. In that pleasant book "Teufel the Terrier; or, The Life and Adventures of an Artist's Dog," the reprint of a series of articles that delighted the readers of *The Pall Mall Gazette* 

Who is to say that, because he felt himself in great themes to be inarticulate, his work was to be any the less good? Newman could not have created "Pickwick," nor could Dickens have written the "Apologia"



"OLD CHUMS." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

some years ago, we find Yates Carrington, through the help of the pen of the late Mr. Charles Morley, frankly declaring that he owed his inspiration and direction in art to his dog Teufel.

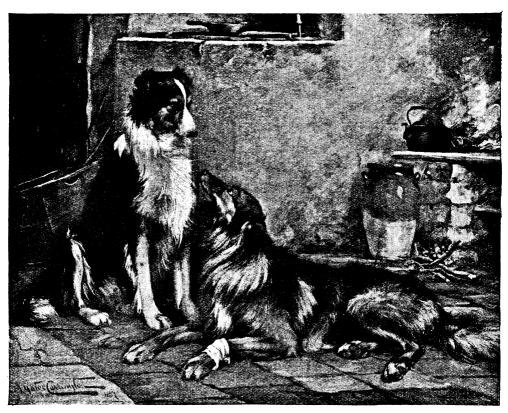
yet literature would have been the poorer had either book never been written. Had Yates Carrington sought to portray only the subjects of his early ambitions, we should have lost his illuminating outlook

on that companionable creature, the dog, of which Walter Scott declared that, did it live as long as a human being, we should never recover from the effect upon us of its death.

If "to see the object as in itself it really is," is the true aim of criticism, to depict the object as in itself it really is, must be to do work worth doing in that class of art which we label naturalistic. Yates Carrington did this in the study of his faithful comrade. He has portrayed the dog as a puppy held up by the

see him in sport, we see him in meditation, see him at play, on the defensive and on guard; and, looking at Yates Carrington's admirable characterisation of him, we are tempted to agree with the artist's opinion that his best work was done from his beloved dog because he had so complete an understanding of his model's moods.

All he tells us of Teufel in his pictures we like, because each illustrated act comes to us, by way of our own dogs, as one with which we are familiar. Teufel's delight,



"AN IN-PATIENT." BY J. YATES CARRINGTON.

scruff of his neck, and feeling desperately the ignominy of his position. Then we are shown Tenfel growing in assured complacency towards that recreant vagabondage which leads the half-grown dog to commit domestic depredations inseparable from this period of his growth. We see him, smug, serene, imperturbable, in his maturity, wise in worldly knowledge, the well-mannered companion, who quells the unruliness of his nature out of quixotic deference to the whims of the master to whom he has attached himself. We

his fear, his good nature, his faults, his foolishness, his wisdom, his joy, and his restless stir, form the themes of the pictures that helped so largely to make his master's name.

He was no dog puffed up out of all seemly proportion by respect for his proud pedigree, for he was a gentlemanly dog. He made mistakes of judgment, of course, as we all do, but to errors of taste he was a stranger. Now and then he paid dearly for his whistle, or for non-obedience to that of his master, but he was incapable of

hurting the feelings of any who showed him kindness. As time set curb and check upon his passions, he left the ways of foolishness and became more or less sedate, or, if not exactly sedate, he learnt not to flaunt his destructive skill in defiance of authority.

Teufel was the hero of that excellent series of a dog's adventures entitled "Hamlet and Polonius," after successive moments in Shakespeare's play. In the first of the three pictures we see how the sound of some imprudent movement on the part of the caged rat has dropped into the dog's receptive ear; almost we see the quiver of excitement run down the spine that is presented to our view. In the second, he is standing on the chair, with his forelegs balanced full in the centre of the set palette his master, just before leaving the studio, must have placed upon the table. Plainly a rat, an enemy, and therefore to be killed. "Dead for a Ducat" completes the trilogy; and how his prowess will be received, whether it is to raise him to the heights of proud delight, or depress him to an abyss of self-abasement, is left to our conjecture. He is the most prominent depredator in "Fallen Among Thieves." He is the culprit in "A Taste for the Fine Arts," or, as it is now called, "Contrition," a contrition brought about by the indulgence of an indiscreet appetite and the attractive appearance of tubes of paint. This picture records a disastrous experience of Teufel's early days, when his master, having left him in his studio, chained up to a staple driven into the wall, returned to find a free dog amidst a scene of havoc and destruction.

Again Teufel is the abashed hero of the picture entitled "His First Pipe," as, with a fine unconsciousness of his vocation, he is the central figure of that one known as "My Model." He shares with the monkey the honours of "Old Chums," just as he shares, with another dog of lower degree, the honours in "Grace Before Meals." His sporting instinct is illustrated in the patience he displays in those three fishing pictures severally named "Anticipation," "Agitation," "Realisation," a series which the artist was prompted to paint from incidents that occurred when he and his model occupied a houseboat on the Thames.

In "Would I Were a Bird," "A Pot Boiler," "So Near and Yet So Far," and "Kiss and Be Friends," Teufel again supplies the theme, and when we miss his familiar face and form from his master's subsequent pictures, it is, alas, because by then he lay several feet below the turf of his master's garden, on which he often so cheerfully careered.

Generous as Yates Carrington was in recognising the debt his art owed to his dog, we have, in consideration of his work, to accept that acknowledgment with, as the saving is, a grain of salt. The dramatic element in all he did was the natural outcome of a humorous perception. He touches hands with Landseer in his sympathy with animals generally, and his various types of dog-life and character, together with his diverse other creatures of fur and feather, painted both before and after the death of his favourite model, are no less carefully and convincingly realised. His collies, his longhaired sheep-dogs, and his bull-dogs, as also his smaller subjects, such as King Charles spaniels and Yorkshire terriers, each and all are quite as accurately realised as his many representations of his own terrier, Teufel, though he did not depict any one of them in so many varying moods and activities as he did his faithful companion. Particularly comprehensive in its diversity of types is his animated picture of a troupe of performing dogs which he named "Strolling Players."

His donkeys, too, are excellently done, and so are the sheep, pigs, rabbits, and monkeys in the various pictures of incidents in which they play their part. Cats and kittens, however, so vivaciously represented by various other artists, are the least successful of Yates Carrington's animals, and it would almost seem that his love of dogs gave him something of their inherent scorn and antagonism for "the harmless necessary cat."

Birds do not seem to have interested him so much as animals, and in this he again resembles Landseer rather than Stacy Marks; but in the few pictures in which he painted them at all, his jackdaw, his wild ducks and tame geese are faithfully studied and true to type.

It is as a painter of dogs, however, that Yates Carrington is chiefly remembered, for it was in that capacity that he falls into line with the poets and prose writers who have paid tribute to the virtues of the dog, from Cicero and Lucian to Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Mrs. Browning, and several writers of our own time, among them Thomas Hardy, Alfred Ollivant, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Jack London.

Reproduced in black-and-white, Yates Carrington's pictures still find popular favour.

Their literature is ingenious, the observation they show vivacious and acute; but as was the case with Landseer, it was character and incident rather than the problems of style that occupied their painter. The picture "Prisoners at the Bar" is a case in point, for its analogy to the earlier artist's "Dignity Impudence" is at once obvious. There are, however, in the searching modelling and elaborate draughtsmanship of the bull-dog's right fore-leg, a quality and an individuality of work which lift "Prisoners at the Bar "above any suspicion of plagiarism. The expressions of the dogs' faces are rich in character, and the pathos of their positions is portrayed with a truly sympathetic brush. In "Us," suggestive of Landseer's picture of "Spaniels of King Charles's Breed," we miss the dexterous wonder of the greater master's brush handling; but in "An In-Patient" we get characterisation and that human humour to which Landseer in his later years so largely inclined. A companion picture to "An In-Patient," called "The Out-Patient," depicts a true occurrence, remarkable as a revelation of dog sagacity, and "My Neighbour" is a skilful piece of characterisation which Landseer need not have been ashamed to sign.

As a conscientious worker in that school of animal-painters which is one of England's distinct possessions in pictorial work, Yates Carrington has a place of his own in Victorian art.



#### COLD COMFORT.

"I'M seeking a lass. Has she passed? Have ye seen her—
A lassie with brown eyes and true?
She started for market at six o' the morning,
And now it is close upon two.''

"Aye, she cam and she ca'd here—'twas just about noonday—
A lassie with true eyes an' brown;
fler parcels were mony, an' bulky, an' heavy—
I guessed she had been into town.

"She cam an' she ca'd for the loan of a basket—
But basket I had na', alack!—
To haud half the fairings wi' which she was laden,
So, Sonnie, I just lent her Mac.

"He's a braw lad and bonnie—he'll help her to carry;
Ye'll ken there's nae cause for alarm,
Forby o'er the heather, a-walking together,
I see them, the twa, arm-in-arm!"

LILIAN HOLMES.

## THE BIG GUN

## By PAUL TRENT

#### Illustrated by A. Gilbert



IR JAMES LISLE looked up from the plans which he had been examining attentively.

"Excellent," he remarked, with quiet satisfaction. "And the expericomplete?"

"Yesterday, sir, and exceeded my expectations," Philip Yale answered quietly.

The great ordnance manufacturer glanced at the keen face of his young chief of staff and smiled a little.

"It was six months ago---" he began.

"Yes, sir, and you promised—"
"Very little," Sir James interrupted.
"After all, it's Dorothy who must do the promising. I can only say you will receive no opposition from me. An appointment has been made by the Admiralty for midday to-morrow. Take the plans with you."

Philip Yale gathered together the papers and left the library, going to his bedroom, where he locked the plans in his suit-case. Then he changed his clothes, being particular about the set of his tie, and went down to

the drawing-room.

In the meantime Dorothy was not aware of Yale's arrival, and was enjoying herself thoroughly. The daughter of a millionaire, and more than ordinarily pretty, she was on the way to being spoilt. Her life was a constant round of gaiety, with innumerable flirtations, but so far she was not aware that her heart had been touched.

Merton, a guest of her father's, was facing her eagerly.

"You have given me every right to hope; you have deliberately encouraged me-

"Then it has been done unconsciously," she broke in quickly. "I am sorry if—

"I want your love and not your sorrow." Merton approached nearer, and she shrank back. A little cry escaped her at the sight of the passion depicted on his face. And then all anxiety vanished, when the door opened and Yale came in.

"What a pleasant surprise!" she said hurriedly, and hastened to him with out-

stretched hand.

Merton quickly controlled himself and turned away. A muttered word of excuse, mental work is and he left the room. Yale watched the door close, and smiled grimly to himself.

"Still playing your little tricks?" he

remarked lightly.

"I don't understand you," she answered,

with an attempt at dignity.

"You will be burnt some day -unless you have someone to take care of you Dorothy, your father has given me permission to ask you to marry me.

"Indeed !," she commented, and her eyes

flashed angrily.

"Six months ago I felt sure you cared. Sir James insisted that I should wait until I had made good. Now that I've done so——"

He broke off and turned to her ex-

pectantly.

"I've made a big success. Upstairs I have the plans of the new gun. Your father is very pleased. Dorothy, won't you say something?"

"I congratulate you heartily."

- "I want more than your congratulations. Dorothy, the first time I saw you—you were such a sweet little child—I loved you, and ever since that day I have had but one object in life. I have worked hard, not for ambition or money, but for you. I have dared to dream that you cared, and-"
  - "Mr. Yale, you are almost a stranger.

For six months we have not met."

- "I promised your father." "You have not written to me," she ventured.
  - "Letters were forbidden."
- "Six months is a long time. I have so many friends, and-"



"Berners and Merton stood still, breathing heavily . . . .

"Dorothy, be sincere. Be yourself, dear. I believe you care, even as I cared."

She laughed merrily as she took a flower from a vase.

"Are you staying long in town?"

"Dorothy, I demand an answer," he said peremptorily.

"Very well-no."

"You mean that?"

"I do."

Yale's face had grown white, and he persisted no further.

"You will be in to dinner?" she asked,

as he moved away.

"Yes," he answered, but did not look at her, or he would have seen the pleading look that was in her eyes.

He went to the library, where Merton was seated in an arm-chair. The latter was an important member of Sir James's London



'The plans-he has got them in the case!' Dorothy cried."

office, and enjoyed the confidence of his chief.

"I hear you've pulled it off," he remarked.
"Yes," Yale answered, but now there was

no longer the same sweetness in his success.

"I should like to have a look at the plane".

"I should like to have a look at the plans," Merton remarked casually.

"Not until they have been before the Admiralty — Sir James's orders," Yale explained.

At dinner Dorothy appeared to have taken great pains with her toilet. Sir James was in a genial mood, and was particularly pleasant to Yale.

"Where's Merton?" he asked.

"He left word to say that he would not be in to dinner," Dorothy answered.

Sir James was the only one who seemed at ease during the meal. Yale answered, when necessary, but positively refrained from speaking to the woman he loved. Dorothy, in her turn, confined her remarks to her father, and left the men at the earliest possible moment.

"Am I to wish you happiness?" Sir

James asked, when they were alone.

"I was sure she cared. I don't understand

Dorothy."

"When you're older, you'll realise the folly of attempting to understand a woman. She is very like her mother, and until we were married I suffered the torments of hell. But afterwards she made for me a life of perfect happiness. Beneath her frivolity Dorothy is pure gold. She's well worth the winning."

"I know that, sir."

"Keep your temper, and don't be too gentle with her. The child has a strong will. By the by, are you friendly with Merton?"

"Not very."

"I've heard rumours I don't like. Soon I hope you will be a junior partner in the firm. Keep your eyes and ears open while

you are in town."

Sir James would have secured confirmation of these rumours had he been present at the moment at a club in Soho. Faro was the game that was being played, and round the green table were gathered men of every nationality and description. The man who dealt the cards was a fat Jew with a shining bald head, upon which were numerous beads of perspiration.

Merton sat at one end. Before him was a bundle of notes, which was rapidly disappearing. Fifty pounds was placed on the ten, but the bank won. Vary the stakes as he might, his ill-luck continued, and at last he rose, smothering an oath and crossing to an arm-chair, into which he

subsided wearily.

A tall man of aristocratic appearance came over and sat beside him.

"Luck still out?" he asked casually.

"Rotten. I'm broke," Merton answered

curtly

"My offer still remains open. Yale is in town. We tried to get hold of the plans in the train, but he was too smart for us. You are staying in the same house. It would mean five thousand, and there's no risk. Shall I explain?"

The men talked together for some time. All signs of indecision vanished from Merton's face, and they left the club together, driving in a taxi to chambers in St. James's. There the man—whom Merton called Berners—sat down at a table and

proceeded to prepare documents for some time, until they were both satisfied.

It was late when Merton arrived at Sir James's house. In answer to his inquiries of the footman, he was informed that everyone was in bed; so he went quietly upstairs to his room, where he quickly changed into

pyjamas.

For a time he waited patiently, and then crept into the corridor, listening attentively at the door of a room. In one hand he carried a bundle of papers, and in the other a shaded electric torch. At last he was satisfied, and very carefully turned the handle of the door. Once inside, he did not move for several minutes, but the sound of regular breathing reassured him. Then, with extreme caution, he switched on the light, and, looking round, approached the suit-case, which was open. A hurried glance, and he grasped the roll of "blue prints." This done, he placed the papers he had brought with him at the bottom of the case. A few moments later he was safely outside, and breathing freely. Once in his room again, he opened the window with great care and looked out. A man was standing below, and Merton threw to him the bundle of plans.

"I can't see I'm running any risk," he told himself reassuringly, as he got into bed.

Yale had passed a miserable evening, for Dorothy had not given him an opportunity of speaking to her. However, the morning gave him renewed hope, and he met her with a smile at the breakfast table.

Merton had nearly finished, for he was due at the office, and, when he had gone, Sir James proceeded to discuss the new gun with Yale.

"I should like another look at the plans before we start," he remarked, and Yale went to his room to fetch them.

"Dorothy, can't you be a little kind to the poor chap?" Sir James said lightly.

"I'm just as kind as he deserves," she answered defiantly.

They both rose to their feet when Yalc ran back into the room.

"The plans have gone!" he gasped.

There followed a tense silence, which Sir James was the first to break.

"You have searched thoroughly?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. I'm responsible. I was careless. They should have been locked in your safe."

"We were both careless. But I never dreamt of danger in this house. I'll come to your room and look round."

Dorothy followed them, and there was horror in her eyes, for she knew what this

would mean to Yale. Sir James helped in the search, and it was he who exposed the papers at the bottom of the suit-case.

"Those aren't mine!" Yale cried, in

amazement.

But Sir James made no remark. He was examining them, and his eyes had grown hard and stern.

"I have heard of this man Berners. would appear you are on confidential terms with him," he remarked gravely.

"I know no one called Berners."

"He is the head of the German Secret Service in London. From these papers it would appear he was expecting to purchase the designs of the new gun. Yale, I await your explanation."

"I have no explanation to offer, except that I've never seen these papers before."

"You will admit that appearances are against you. Come to the library and talk it over. Action must be taken at once."

Dorothy followed the men to the library, but at the door her father stopped her.

"My dear, you must go away," he said

"I intend to hear what you have to say," she murmured quietly, and pushed her way into the room.

Sir James rang up the head of an official As shortly as possible he department. explained what had happened, and was informed that assistance would be sent at

Dorothy had been listening to what her father said, and as soon as he had replaced the receiver on the instrument, she turned to him impetuously—

"Father, you can't believe Philip has done this thing," she said vehemently.

"I must believe the evidence of my own

eyes."

"What should that weigh against the knowledge of years?" she said, and moved proudly to Yale's side. "Philip, I love and trust you! Yesterday you asked me a question which now I am proud to answer. I will be your wife just as soon as you

Yale threw back his shoulders, and some of the horror that had been holding him in

its grip vanished.

"Thank you, dear. I shall always remember that—whatever happens. But Sir James is right—appearances are terribly against me."

She placed a hand on either cheek and

drew his lips to hers.

"I love you, and nothing else matters! Even if you had done this thing——"

"Dorothy!" her father called to her, and

dragged her roughly away.

When the officials summoned by telephone arrived, she was not allowed to be present at the interview. So she went to her room and sat down to think. She had inherited her father's quick brain and power of perception. Moreover, she was prompt to act. A further examination of Yale's room produced nothing

Merton she had never liked, and in a flash it occurred to her what might have happened. Here was a man who was much more likely to be a traitor, and he had been in a position

to steal the plans.

So she dressed and hurried round to her father's office in Westminster. approached, she saw Merton emerge from the front door, so she turned quickly and crossed the road. Now, she was not acting from reason, but from instinct, and she followed at a safe distance. Along Whitehall and Pall Mall she kept him in sight, across St. James's Square, until a neighbouring street was reached.

Here she watched him enter a block of bachelors' chambers, and was taken up in She waited until the attendant came back again, and produced money,

which she gave him.

"Where did that gentleman go?" she asked. "To see Mr. Berners," was the answer.

"Can I use the telephone?" demanded.

The attendant conducted her to telephone, where she remained a while.

A few minutes later she was ascending in the lift. Her hand trembled as she sounded the electric bell. A man-servant appeared. She asked no questions, but pushed past him and opened the first door.

Merton was seated at a table, and counting a big pile of bank-notes. At the sight of

Dorothy a cry of fear escaped him.

"You!" he gasped.

"Yes, I've come for the plans."

"Who is this lady?" Berners asked quickly.

"Miss Lisle."

"Miss Lisle, you are a stranger to me. To what do I owe the honour of this visit?"

"I've come for the plans," she repeated, and her voice was steady.

"I don't understand you."

"The plans that Mr. Merton stole last night, and for which you are now paying him the traitor's price.'

"Quite a touch of melodrama!" Berners

said sneeringly.

But both men were thinking rapidly. The scene she had witnessed spoke for itself. The game was up, and they must act at once.

"Come along, Merton," Berners said curtly, and, going to the safe, unlocked it and took out the plans, which he placed in a case. "Miss Lisle, I fear you must consider yourself a prisoner for the present. You will be treated with every respect, and—""

"You dare not detain me! It is illegal!" she cried angrily.

"I'm afraid necessity knows no law.

Hurry up, Merton!"

She ran to the door to stop them, but Berners thrust her away violently. Dorothy screamed as she saw them about to leave the room, and with the plans.

But the scream changed to a glad laugh when a bell sounded. Berners and Merton stood still, breathing heavily. A panel cracked, and then followed a scene of wild excitement.

"The plans—he has got them in the case!" Dorothy cried, pointing to Berners.

But she looked round in vain for Yale.
"Where is Philip?" she demanded of her

father.

"In the library," he answered, as he took her in his arms.

"Take me to him!" she whispered. But the strain had been too great, and she began to cry piteously.

But it was a girl with shining eyes and joy singing in her heart who went to the man she loved.



"sonia." BY OSCAR WILSON.

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# LETITIA'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

### By LAURENCE NORTH

Illustrated by Norah Schlegel

HEN Letitia Fortnum was left an orphan, with just enough to live on rather comfortably, her greataunt Shackleton took it for granted that her house in Kensington was the only proper refuge for her lonely and lovely young kinswoman. That was how things were arranged in Aunt Shackleton's day, which was not yesterday, and any other course seemed to that excellent lady scarcely respectable. She had lived long and seen many changes, but none of them commended

themselves to her better judgment; and the longer she lived, the sharper became her antagonism to a world which had outgrown her ideas, especially her ideas as to the mission and sphere of young women. Letty was independent, and the word, as interpreted by Aunt Shackleton, signified only that her niece was as the lilies of the field—exempt from the need to toil or spin. But in the case of the fair Letitia it meant far more, to her aunt's everlasting scandal. The lively damsel's independence transcended

material things; it was the chief attribute of her soul, which rejected conventions and reached out towards a life of perfect freedom. fettered only by the moral law. Letitia lay the whole wonderful world, to be explored at large leisure, and without encumbrance. Her dream was to make the grand tour of life, personally conducted by herself and herself alone. Single blessedness, she thought, was the only blessedness worth counting. She wanted nothing else, and although—not being a fool—she did not make it proof of intelligence to gird at matrimony, that dubious adventure held no place in her scheme. She had the gift of being excellent friends with men, without for a moment seeing in any man a possible husband. Man was to her quite a pleasant interlude in the comedy of life; she viewed his virtues and his failings with a steady and fearless eye; she was not troubled about him one way or another. If he was worthy of respect, she respected him; if of admiration, she admired; if of censure, she set him in his proper niche of reproof, without distress or desire to improve him. If one she had esteemed disappointed her, she merely shut the little door in her nature to which he had access, and he became from that day an ignored outsider. Towards women she felt much the same, except that in the case of those she loved or liked she acknowledged a little more responsibility. Disappointing women cost her a pang, and with the better sort she took some pains.

It was not until Letitia's time of official mourning for her father was over that Aunt Shackleton found herself in open conflict with her niece. The scrupulous spinster had vaguely suspected that Letty held views of startling unorthodoxy, but she had a firm faith in the essential hereditary rightness of gentlewomen, and trusted that Letitia's early vagaries were only a passing whim. The girl, in the first poignancy of her grief for her father, whom, alone of men, she had passionately adored, had been offered a home in the dull mansion where Aunt Maria lived as became the last of the Shackletons, to the memory of whose ponderous virtues

she offered daily incense.

"Come to me, dear Letty," she had written, "and let me shield your unprotected state. My home is yours until you find yourself another, for it is not impossible that a girl with your fortune may one day marry, although marriage is not essential to human happiness. In any case you are sure

to be sought after, and the world is full of

adventurers ready to take advantage of youth and inexperience. It is, therefore, right that you should have a *counsellor* and a *guardian*—one who knows life, and can safely steer you past its many pitfalls."

If Letty was amused by this epistle, written in a fine Italian hand, she was far too sweet-natured a girl to make even the smallest cynical grimace as she read it. views might not be those of Aunt Shackleton, but she understood the underlying kindliness of the offer, and took it at its true value. For the present that full and independent life of which she dreamed was out of the question. She wanted quietness, and that Aunt Shackleton's roof offered in sufficient measure. So to Aunt Shackleton and the faded splendours of Kensington she went from her old home in Devonshire, and was content for a twelvementh. But at the year's end Letty found herself confronted with boredom. To go on would be to go under. With the laying aside of mourning, old desires revived, the world called her It was time to be up and doing. She must order her own life, which could nowise be fitted into the tarnished gilt frames of the Shackleton family portraits.

When, therefore, Letitia suggested that the time had now come to separate and contrive life according to her own designs, unchaperoned save by worldly wisdom and common-sense, Aunt Shackleton sat for a dumb moment or two, looking at her niece with protesting eyes.

"Are you not happy here, Letty?" she

asked at length, very gently.

"Quite happy, Aunt Maria—you have been kindness itself. But it is not happiness I think most about. Here there is no sense of risk." Aunt Shackleton gasped. "I still feel like a schoolgirl, more or less. I exercise no initiative—I just flow on with the even current of the days here. I do nothing that is not mapped out beforehand."

"My dear, I exercise no control."

"Of course not, Auntie; but, all the same, you understand, one has to keep hours, and so on, report oneself when one is going out, and give a rough idea of when one will come home."

"Well, you see, my dear, there are such things as meals, which will not keep hot or in season indefinitely."

"That is exactly the point. I hate to give trouble, and I try to be punctual."

"It would be the same if you were your own mistress. You would have a house and servants——But, oh, it's impossible! You're

far too young to set up housekeeping on your own responsibility. Besides, you may marry any day, and your establishment would have to be dismantled, perhaps as soon as it was finished. It is quite absurd. Besides, it is extravagant."

"I don't want anything elaborate, Auntie. A tiny flat, and liberty to come and go as I choose, to see my own friends, to be quite

alone when I wish."

"The ideas of this crazy new world," said Aunt Shackleton severely, "are quite beyond They are little short of sinful. cannot forbid you to embark on this wild scheme, but I can protest. And your trustee, Mr. Baghot, what will he say?"

"He doesn't disapprove."

"That is to say, Letty, you have, as usual, twisted him round your little finger. Charles Baghot was always a simpleton. I can't understand why your poor dear father appointed him trustee. However, I feel it

my duty to speak to him seriously.

Miss Shackleton spoke accordingly, very seriously, and Mr. Baghot, an old bachelor of somewhat dim perceptions on the per-plexing matter of young women, came to think he might have been rash. He pleaded, rather weakly, that many young girls seemed to be doing nowadays as Letty wished to do, and he saw no harm in their way of life.

"They are hussies," said Miss Maria, "hussies, my dear Charles—some mere silly fools, others fast gipsies, for ever smoking tobacco, and——— I blush to ask—have you ever heard, or overheard, their language,

Charles?"

"But Letty is not like that."

"Perhaps not, but she might so easily become so. She's advanced—advanced enough as it is. It is a fearful responsibility

you are taking."

Mr. Baghot was shaken. He temporised. He saw Letty at his office, and urged her to do nothing for three months. He represented that her father's estate was not yet fully wound up. The money she required would only then be entirely at her command.

"But it's there, Mr. Baghot, all right?"

The trustee nodded.

"Then, as my solicitor, you can easily make me an advance at reasonable interest. That's usual, isn't it—and business?"

Mr. Baghot opened his eyes. modern young women knew too much.

Practical creatures!

"To pay me interest, Letty, would be an unnecessary expense. As your trustee, I'm not justified in sanctioning such a charge on

the estate. Three months will soon pass by, and in that time anything may happen. Take time to consider. It wouldn't be prudent to offend your Aunt."

"You mean you think I've 'expectations." It's a horrid thought. I hope Auntie will live for ever. I don't want any more money. She wouldn't like to think you put such

worldly ideas into my head."

Mr. Baghot fidgeted and coughed. "Very true, my dear Letty, very true, very true. But my profession, perhaps, leads me to take practical views."

"I'm sorry. I fear your suggestion has made me obstinate. I shan't stay on and be compliant, in hopes of coming in for another inheritance, if I'm a good girl. However, as I can't get at my own money, I suppose I must do time for the three months longer."

Mr. Baghot drew a long sigh of relief. "That's right," he murmured. He had feared a wigging from Miss Shackleton for blundering diplomacy. "I'm sure you'll

never regret it.'

"I fear I'll regret it every moment. will seem like three months in gaol."

"Nonsense, nonsense, my dear!"

"However, I'll make it as lively as I can, and nobody will get the chance to say I played up for Aunt Maria's shekels. You oughtn't to have suggested it."

" Forgive me, my dear."

"Oh, that's all right—you only spoke as I suppose it was your duty. a lawyer. Please don't think me impertinent, but I must assert myself, and I'm not designing, whatever else I may be."

She beamed on her trustee irresistibly and

held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Baggie, dear! You're a nice old thing out of business hours, and I'll try to be as good as my nature will allow. You may kiss me, if you like. You've done it ever since I was a baby, and there's no reason why you should give up a good old custom just because my hair's up and my frocks are longer than they were."

Mr. Baghot wiped his spectacles and took Letitia's kiss with some grudge against his nine-and-fifty years. Yet that was illogical, for to his years he owed it. Had he been a young fellow, now, he wouldn't have been so favoured. Heigh-ho! A smart young fellow! Some smart young fellow would come along one of these days-

He looked out of the window and watched Letitia as she moved like a young goddess across Lincoln's Inn Fields. He envied

that smart young fellow, whoever he might

"And now," said Letty to herself, as she walked westward, "it's up to you, Letitia Fortnum, to get a good look at this funny old world, to seek adventure, and see if there are any windmills to tilt at or throw your cap over. What a perfect spring day! It gets into my blood!"

She decided not to go home for lunch. Aunt Maria did not approve of the telephone, and was not a subscriber to that dubious public blessing. The dutiful Letitia, therefore, sent a telegram of regretful explanation, and with a good conscience went to lunch on coffee and abundant chocolate éclairs at an A.B.C. It was a new sensation, for her experience of popular eating-houses was of the smallest. The shop was crowded, but she found a place, and with amused eyes studied her neighbours, mostly business girls, about whom she began to weave romances. The men were not interesting—elderly, fat, and spectacled, for the most part, or young, spectacled, and narrow-chested, nearly all with the peering look that comes of much attention to ledgers.

But opposite to Letitia was an exception. In spite of herself she began to observe this young man. He was a fair-haired, freshcomplexioned, blue-eyed young athlete, dressed in an easy-fitting suit of grey tweed. He had just finished a very simple meal of coffee and rolls, and was lingering over a book, a most tempting-looking small octavo bound in mellow calf. Letitia contrived a sly glance at the title. It was "A Sentimental Journey." Letitia's heart warmed to the young man. Their eyes met. feeling caught, struggled with a blush. The young man could not ward a smile from his eyes, although the rest of his face kept a most gentlemanly composure.

Discreetly he lost himself in his book again, and read on until Miss Fortnum had reached her last chocolate éclair. After that, but not because of that, he laid down his book and looked around for the waitress. was far away. He rose and, going to the back of the shop, reported his menu to the damsel, who scrawled him a ticket. A second or two later he had paid his bill and left the

place.

Letitia, noticing the forgotten book, expected the young man to return at once. He would be sure to remember. But no, he was buying an evening paper at the doorhe was turning away—he was gone. picked up the book. Fortunately her ticket

was made out. She paid in a great hurry, and, bidding the cash-girl put the change into the waitresses' box, she reached the street just in time to see the young man swing himself on to a Bayswater 'bus.

Letitia did nothing by halves. Having set out to return lost property, she thought only of completing that simple act of benevolence. That she was going about it in an unusual way never occurred to her. She hailed a taxi and jumped in.

"Follow that 'bus," she said—"the third

Jehu grinned and slipped in his clutch.

The young man occupied the back seat on the top of the 'bus. He was busy with his paper. Letitia kept his broad shoulders under steady observation. At any moment he might discover his loss and turn back. But the news of the early afternoon held him absorbed for the present.

Letitia, seeing him secure, peeped at the fly-leaf of "A Sentimental Journey." No name. There was only a cryptic bookplate with a Latin inscription, which was Greek to her. Better so. She had no idle curiosity. Her only desire was to give the book back to the owner. She herself hated to lose things, especially books, and this little book was charming. Letitia was only doing as she would be done by.

She looked ahead. The young man was still well in view and oblivious to his loss. He must be very careless or absent-minded. Did he quite deserve to get his book back? Letitia amused herself with a mental debate on the question. Whether he deserved it or not, back the book was going. Letitia had undertaken. Letitia would perform.

Just as the 'bus reached the northern gate of the Broad Walk, the young man sprang up. So he had remembered at last! Letitia admitted a pleasant thrill as she faced the second act of the comedy. Really the day, which had begun with tiresome business, was redeeming itself by the gift of rather uncommon pleasure. The new situation promised more difficulty, but that only added For the first time to the exhibitantion. Letitia remembered that she had resolved to seek adventure. Well, she had not sought this one. It had come unbidden out of nothing, and she found herself on its full tide without being very clearly aware of infinite possibilities — dangers even. Dangers? Oh, no! Absurd!

The pursued left the 'bus. He would now take another eastward and return to the tea-shop. But no. He entered Kensington



"'Let me take it. I'll easily explain."

Gardens. Letitia bade Jehu stop, got down, overpaid the man, and followed her quarry. That would be the next move? Best leave that to happy chance.

There was only one cloud on Letitia's horizon. This was the hour when Aunt Shackleton and her overfed poodle Jumbo

usually walked in Kensington Gardens. Why had the forgetful young man chosen this of all places for his leisurely strolling? Leisurely he was, and Letitia, who liked to walk fast, had to saunter, not to overtake him. Still reading his paper, he headed for the Round Pond.

As the minutes passed, Letitia's first ardour cooled somewhat, and she began to wonder how the affair would resolve itself. She ought, of course, to have handed the book to the cash-girl at the tea-shop, but that had never occurred to her. Well, she would go through with it now. Ah, at last!

He had stopped, and was searching his pockets. He turned back. Letitia's heart began to flutter. She called herself names for an idiot. It had seemed so easy to give back the book to its owner at the tea-shop, but now all sorts of explanations—all sorts of misconstructions. It was really very difficult, after all, to be unconventional.

He came nearer—he was close at hand. He looked annoyed. Would he notice—remember her? In a moment he would have passed. For a second time their eyes

met.

The faintest flicker of surprise, admirably repressed, told Letitia that the young man had not been unobservant. Her heart grew more unruly, the moment reeled with a thousand diffidences. Should she return to Bayswater Road, take a quick cab, get back to the tea-shop before him, and leave the book? Impossible. The people there might consider her action scarcely honest. It must be now or never. He looked all right. He would not misunderstand or presume.

"Forgive me," she said, holding out the book, "I think this is yours. I ran out of the shop to give it to you, but I couldn't

overtake you till now."

The young man lifted his hat. "Thank you so much," he said. "It was very kind of you to come so far, but"—he paused, a little embarrassed—"I'm so sorry, the book's not mine. Someone had left it on that table. I picked it up to look at it. I never can resist 'A Sentimental Journey."

"Oh, dear," Letitia cried, "what a perfect

idiot I've been!"

"Please, no. It was angelic of you."

"But the consequences are diabolic! How shall I explain when I take it back? They'll run me in!" Letitia, in her confusion, hardly realised that she had spoken her

thoughts.

"Please don't be distressed. Let me take it. I'll easily explain. In any case I must go back. I think I've left my gloves in that place. Again, thank you so much. I only wish the book had been mine. I'm sorry I've given you so much trouble. Good afternoon!"

He bowed again and passed on. Letitia,

her cheeks burning, turned away and encountered Jumbo, with Aunt Shackleton in tow.

The old lady put up her lorgnette.

"Letitia! I am surprised."

"Yes, Aunt Maria?" Letitia grew suddenly cool and collected. Aunt Shackleton always braced her to polite fencing. She

met trouble squarely.

"First," said Miss Shackleton, "that telegram. Most thoughtless! I had a fearful shock. I thought you had met with an accident. I believe people send telegrams about nothing nowadays. Once such messages always meant the very worst, and were reserved for that. I have been much upset."

"I'm so sorry, Aunt Maria. Forgive me."
"Secondly," pursued Miss Shackleton, unmollified, "this! That young man with whom you seemed to be on terms of some intimacy——"

"Oh, not intimacy. A very, very slight—little more than a nodding—acquaintance."

"Ah, is that so? May I ask where you met him?"

"I met him recently at lunch." Letitia

was beginning to enjoy herself again.

"Evidently slight acquaintances are different nowadays from what they were when I was a girl. You may be surprised, Letitia, to hear that I also know the young man. I would suggest that he is not a desirable acquaintance for you or any young girl of position. No doubt you are aware that he is a rank Socialist. He imbibed dreadful ideas at Oxford. At whose house did you meet him?"

"It was at a public luncheon."

"Some of your preposterous women's societies, no doubt. However, Letty, you are your own mistress. I can only warn. But I observe you exchange books. Do not be carried away by Algernon Raeburn's extravagant notions. I hope the volume I saw you return to him was not too unsettling."

"It was an excellent book, Aunt Maria—

by a clergyman."

"Even the clergy are not above suspicion in these wild times, but I should rejoice to think that Algernon had seen the error of his ways. I sincerely hope so, for he is going into Parliament. If I thought he had reformed, I should ask him to dine one evening. His poor grandfather and I used to be great friends, long ago"—and Aunt Maria sighed.

Hugely intrigued, in spite of herself,

Letitia risked another shaft. "I'm sure, Auntie," she said, with exquisite demureness, "I never heard him say a single word about Socialism or anything at all heterodox."

"That is so far reassuring," Miss Shackleton conceded. "But we cannot stand here all the afternoon arguing. Come, Jumbo, it's time to go home. Do you accompany us, Letitia?

"It's such a lovely afternoon, I think I'll walk a little further. But I'll be home in good time for dinner."

"Not unless you really wish it. Remember, I exercise no restraint. You have perfect freedom, Letitia, to go and come as you please. Perhaps you would rather dine at your club, or a restaurant."

"Oh, no; you may depend upon me. I

don't really wish to be troublesome.

" You are not troublesome, Letty. Believe me, I only desire your happiness."

"I'm sure of that, Auntie. Forgive me, if anything I ever said about keeping hours and things hurt you. Till dinner-time, then. By-bye!" She waved her hand, as Jumbo, like a little tug-boat, puffed away with his mistress towards South Kensington and the shades of the House of Shackleton.

"What an afternoon!" said Letitia to "Life is very surprising and rather exciting when one puts even one foot off the beaten track. A little trying, too, but attractive. I wouldn't have missed this for anything. I wonder what excuse that young man made about the book? But I'm not likely ever to know. This absurd old London won't throw us together again in the next hundred years. And as for Aunt Maria's asking him to dine, she'd need to have proofs of reformation, which I fear I can't supply, and which may not be forthcoming otherwise. Very likely he is a Socialist. Now I come to think of it, he wore a flannel shirt—a very nice one—and a soft collar. How fascinating!"

She walked towards the ornamental garden at the head of the Serpentine, meaning to skirt the lake and look back from the bridge towards that vista of water, trees, and tall houses which makes so curious an appeal to the romantically-minded. It seems a pageant of some dream city rather than a part of grey, old, tumultuous Mother London. It fitted Letitia's mood this afternoon, and fed her wayward imaginings with angel food.

But at length she stopped, uncertain, apprehensive. She felt that she was being followed. Looking back, she laughed at her own fears. The only person near at hand was a little, shabby, timid-looking elderly man. She went on for a hundred yards or so, and stopped again. The uncomfortable dread would not be stilled. She looked back again, and lingered for a little beside the birds' enclosure. The old man drew near. She would let him pass.

But he, too, stood still and began to throw

crumbs to the birds.

"Pretty creatures, miss," he remarked genially.

"Very pretty," said Letty graciously.

The old man touched his hat. "I beg your pardon, miss, but might I make so bold as to ask you to favour me with the return of my little book? I've been following you for some time, but didn't like to intrude. You see, it's like this——"

"Yes?" said Letitia, feeling her cheeks

grow uncomfortably hot.

"Like this, miss. I was in that tea-shop, and went upstairs to get a smoke after my lunch, leavin' my little book careless-like on the table. When I recollected it, I got down just in time to see you lift it. I called to you, but you didn't 'ear, and then you was off like a shot in the cab. I'm a poor man; a 'bus was all I could manage, and it stopped pretty often, so I lost sight of you. But I met the cabby coming back, and he told me you'd gone into the gardens, and I've been looking for you ever since. I don't suppose a lady like you meant any harm—some folks say 'the thing that's found's free'—and I don't propose to charge you, if you'll just give me back my 'Sentimental Journey.' It's a favourite o' mine, and I'd be sorry to lose it."
"My good man," Letitia exclaimed,

"I'm so sorry, but I haven't got your book. I sent it back to the tea-shop by—a friend of mine. You'll find it there, if you

inquire."

"Oh, thought better of it, did you?" The man's manner changed unpleasantly. "Come, come, miss, be reasonable. As I say, I don't want to prosecute, if you'll kindly give me back my property and my exes."
"Your what?"

"My expenses. I'm a poor man."

"I'll certainly give you your expenses, for it's all my fault, but I really haven't your You'll get it at the tea-shop."

"I don't think," said the man, with frigid scepticism. "Now, miss, either you give me up my 'Sentimental Journey,' by Laurence Sterne, or I'll call a constable!"

"Don't talk nonsense. The thing is easily explained. I thought the book belonged to a friend of mine. I saw him reading it in

the tea-place, and he went away without it. I ran after him and gave it to him. He has

taken it back."

"Oh, two of you! I see--pickin' up of unconsidered trifles an' passin' em on. You was in a mortal hurry to get away, and you didn't meet anyone that I saw, except—oh, all swell mob together! You know a thing or two, and a valuable book when you see it. Happen to know what that little edition is worth?"

"Not an idea. It looked sweet. really your book's all right. Do ask at the tea-shop; it will be there by this time."

"Will you come back there with me, miss,

as a guarantee of good faith?"

"Certainly," said Letitia, wondering what next this remarkable afternoon might have

in store. "Let us find a cab."

They picked up a taxi near the bridge. As they got in, Letitia noticed with relief that the old man, although shabby, was

scrupulously neat and clean.

During the drive they said little. Letitia grew apprehensive as they drew near the tea-shop. What if Algernon had failed to get there, by any chance? Would this person give her in charge? She feared he would. Most awkward! Oh, why hadn't she left that young man and his old book alone?

"Would you sell me the book?"

asked, as a possible precaution.

"Oh, you 'ave it, then, miss?"

"Believe me, I have not. I mean, when you get it back?"

"Time enough to speak about that when

I see it."

"Here we are," said Letitia. "Do you mind if I don't come in?"

"I do mind, a lot. You might give me

the slip.'

"Oh, dear!" cried poor Letty, whose conscious innocence had blinded her to her gaoler's point of view. "Well, if I must, I must." Heavens, what if that young man had failed her!

Trembling, she followed the old man into the shop, and, hardly believing her ears, heard the cash-girl deny all knowledge of any lost book. Letitia curbed a desperate impulse to run away. Would there be a fearful scene? But the old bookman only shook his head in a despairing sort of way, and looked at her with pained eyes.

"I'm sorry, miss," he said, "sorry and disappointed. It was a choice little edition.

But I'm disappointed otherwise."

"So am I," said Letitia, trying to keep back tears.

The old man passed his hand across his eyes. "Come outside, miss," he suggested very quietly, and Letitia obeyed.

"The cab!" exclaimed the old man. "That's it! The cab! Get in, please, and

we can talk."

"Please, I'd rather not, if you don't mind. I'll give you my address, and try to make

any reparation in my power.'

"I don't know—I don't know—it is utterly irreplaceable." Letitia stared, for the old man's accent had shed all trace of Cockneyism; it was soft and beautifully modulated; his manner had lost every touch of familiarity. "I know now you're quite innocent, my dear young lady. I've settled that with myself in the last moment or two. Forgive me if I seemed harsh, but this has been a great shock to me. If you love books, you will understand."

"I believe I do—as far as I can." Letitia's voice shook — he looked so pitiful and helpless. "Do you know," she said, after a moment's consideration, "I think I will come in the cab, after all. Won't you let me give you a lift home?" She remembered that

he had said he was a poor man.

"Thank you," he said; "you are very kind." And they got in.

"Please," Letitia began, "tell the man where to—"

But they were already moving up Oxford Street. Letitia looked alarmed. The bookman smiled.

"Oh, it's all right. Most of the London cabbies know me quite well. I gave the driver the usual nod that means 'Home.' I'm an economist of words, you see, like Aramis and Bazin. But, if you please, I'll get down a little way from my door, and then, when I'm gone, you will tell the cabman to take you to yours. I am no Paul Pry."

In the intervals of fiery indignation with the faithless and Socialistic Algernon, whom she meant—contrary to her usual principles to seek out and convince that community of goods was false doctrine, Letitia was still wondering where her companion lived, when the cabman turned down Park Lane.

The old man leaned out. "Stop here." he said. Just as he got down and turned to make his adieux to Letty, another cab, coming towards them at a good round pace, stopped also, and a grave person, with old family servant written upon his face and figure, alighted and hurried towards the bookman.

"My lord," he cried, in as loud a tone as

his principles and training permitted, "I've been looking for your lordship everywhere— Christie's, Sotheby's, Charing Cross Road, the London Library. I regret to say that Mr. Algernon——

"Well, what of Mr. Algernon?"

"Mr. Algernon 'as 'ad a bit of an accident, my lord. He fell off an omnibus in Oxford Street and broke his arm, besides some contusions—'appily not serious—to the face and other portions of 'is hanatomy, my lord. He is in St. Mary's Hospital, and, I'm thankful to say, is doing well. a telephone message, and "— the servant straightened out his face—"and, my lord, I was also to say that your lordship's little 'Sentimental Journey' is quite safe and in Mr. Algernon's possession.'

"Oh, thank Heaven, thank Heaven!" cried the bookman. "And Mr. Algernon-

how is he?"

"Doing well, as I 'ave already assured

your lordship."

"We will take your cab and go to the hospital, Tombs. Good-bye, my dear young lady. Come and let me show you my library one day soon. It is worth seeing."

Letty would have asked for an address, but Tombs, with a firm hand and an eve respectful but severely disapproving, intervened. He placed his master in the other cab and bade the man drive on.

Letitia, still wondering, and rather wilted, gave her cabman the order to drive to the House of Shackleton. Was this the end of the adventure? No, only the beginning, she rather thought; and, if her intuitions were any sure guide, she had no intention that it should be the end. Really, London, taken in the right way, was very rewarding.

That evening, after dinner, Letty was consumed with desire to ask imprudent questions. But, knowing her aunt, she forbore, and Miss Shackleton did not

disappoint her.

"Is it possible," she asked suddenly, looking up from her book, "that you don't know who Algernon Raeburn is?

"Quite possible, Aunt Maria. Odd,

perhaps, but that's my way."

"Well, I'm scarcely surprised, Letty, since you're so casual in your acquaintances. But it is possible you may have heard me speak of his grandfather, old Lord Lightbody?"

"The bibliomaniac?"

"The same. It's a sad case. A charming man in his lucid intervals, but quite, quite well, most eccentric. It is not in the family, of course; but he had sunstroke in India, and at times, you know, he imagines he is a very humble sort of dealer in rare and ancient books, and he lives down to the part—in dress, manner, and speech. A sad case!"

"But not, I imagine," said Letty, "without

its humours."

"You are hopelessly flippant, my dear. It is a tragedy. But, thank Heaven, Lightbody has his man Tombs! Tombs is a treasure.

"And Algernon?" Letty suggested.

"Oh," cried Miss Shackleton impatiently, "Algernon! I have no patience with Algernon! I do trust," she added, "that was not a very dangerous book I saw you returning to him?"

"Oh, no," said Letty. "It was only 'A Sentimental Journey."

Miss Shackleton was puzzled by Letty's smile of mysterious amusement. Really, this girl was rather a handful.

"By the way, Auntie, I saw Mr. Baghot to-day. I have decided to stay on with you

for the present."

"I am relieved, my dear. I don't think

you'll regret it."

"Nor do I," said Letitia; "it's ever so much more fun." And again Miss Shackleton tried in vain to account for her niece's secret and unfathomable smile. It seemed somehow to forebode trouble.



## CASTLE INNIS

### By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Illustrated by J. Abbey



RELAND is, perhaps,
the most conservative country on
earth. She clings
to her past, and
here one may still
believe in haunted
houses without
discredit, and rent
them without disappointment, sure

of a banshee, if nothing else. Here, a few years ago, the Rev. Arthur Ridgwell Dilnott, Rector of Pebwell, Cambridgeshire, came for the hunting, as a guest of Mr. Michael Blake, whose estate lies in the top horn of Tipperary, not a hundred miles from Loch Derg.

Dilnott did not believe in ghosts. He was a full-blooded parson of the old type, riding fourteen stone, fond of good port, a good dinner, a good cigar, and a hand at whist; beloved by his parishioners. Brotherparsons called him pig-headed. He was—at all events, in his beliefs and disbeliefs. He did not believe in ghosts, but he believed in demons and evil spirits, holding, however, that these latter belonged to a past day, though capable, perhaps, still of earthly manifestations.

Riding to the meet this morning with Michael Blake, the Round House on the Arranakilty road brought his mind in clash with the mind of his host, a man steadfast

in opinion as himself.

"That's where old Micky Doolan was killed in '61," said Blake. "He was a piper, blind as a bat, and he used to sit there the day long on a stool under that wall, with his long pipes under his arm, playing away whether folks were passing or not. You'd hear the droning of the pipes at the turn of the road, and there he'd be sitting, not asking for a copper or minding you, just playing away to himself. My father gave him many a shilling, and the poor folk,

specially on market days, weren't behindhand. They said he was rich, and carried all his money in gold in his pocket; and one evening, close on dusk, two fellows crept up on him from behind the wall and killed him for his money. That was on the fifth of December, and every fifth of December since then there he sits playing his pipes from dusk till dawn, so that not a soul from Arranakilty to Cloyne will use the road."

"You mean to say his ghost sits there?"
"And what else would be sitting there?"

"You don't believe that nonsense, surely?"
"Don't believe it?" said Blake. "And why shouldn't I believe it? Half the countryside has heard him."

"But there are no such things as ghosts; the manifestations have been proved over and over again to be fraudulent, as far as apparitional appearances, the result of mediumistic influence, are concerned, illusory as to the rest. Rats and neurotic women and practical jokers—subtract those factors, and the whole theory of haunted houses falls to the ground."

"I tell you there are ghosts," replied Blake. And then the argument began getting so acute that, as they rode into the main street of Arranakilty, Dilnott was saying—

"I don't wish to quarrel with you, my dear fellow—let us leave the subject. It is simply repugnant to common-sense."

That is the sort of man Dilnott was.

Blake laughed, but he said no more. The street was crowded with all sorts and conditions of people, drawn to the "meet of the houn's." Several pink coats the worse for weather showed up in front of the Dog and Badger Inn, and here now, from the direction of Clogher, came Hennessy, the master, the hounds, and the hunt servants, jigging along against the dull grey background of the road, greeted and greeting all and sundry.

Blake introduced Dilnott to the master, who declared his intention of first drawing

Boyles Wood; and presently, on the stroke of ten, the hunt pressed back along the Clogher road, passed through a gate, and entered a stretch of waste land where, across a rise of the ground, a clump of firs and larches showed, cutting the skyline a quarter of a mile away.

It was a dark, grey, luminous morning—weather that in England would have indicated rain before noon. But there would be no rain, for the hills were set away in the distance—hills across which the wind was blowing, warm and scented from leagues

of heather and bogland.

There was a fox in Boyles Wood, and he broke cover to the west, like a red streak amongst the bushes and broken land. Dilnott, who was mounted on Rat-trap, a fiddle-headed brute that carried him like a feather, brooked no interference with a straight line, and was wound up by Nature to go all day, found himself, at the end of the first five minutes, facing a stone wall; then it was behind him, Rat-trap taking it as a cat takes a larder window-sill, and before him a hillside falling to a river in spate, shallow and broad, by a mercy.

Across the river a rise took him to a hog's back, along which the hounds were streaming straight as if along a ruled line, over humps and dips in the teeth of the wind, and with a view of all Tipperary, from Loch Derg to King's County, on either side. Then another valley set with pines and winter-stripped trees, and echoing to the tune of hounds and horn, gave them check for a moment, only to pass them on across a bridge and another spating river, and by a village where cocks were crowing and chimneys smoking, but not a soul in sight, to a waste land where the hounds, dumb and flowing like hounds in a dream, led them still in the teeth of the wind, killing at last not a hundred yards from the earths that in another hundred seconds would have swallowed the tail of the good red fox.

"Thirty minutes from the wood," said

Hennessy, looking at his watch.

Dilnott, tipping forward, ran his hand over the neck of Rat-trap, unblown and fresh almost as at the start. Thirty minutes of real life had brought fresh blood to his cheeks and youthened him by a full ten years, and the blowing wind had so banked down his prejudices that, had you said the word "ghosts" to him, he might have resented it without snapping your head off.

But ghosts were as far from his mind at this moment as from the minds of Hennessy or Michael Blake. Hennessy, after a look round, determined to draw Barrington Serub, a mile away over the moorland. They drew it blank, passed on to a big spinney a couple of miles away in the direction of Silvermines, and here the hounds started a fox, running into him and killing him two miles away and right on the edge of a wood by the road to Silvermines.

It was now one o'clock, and along the road appeared Rafferty, Blake's groom, with two fresh horses. Dilnott creaked out of his saddle, devoured the sandwiches he had brought with him, consumed half a flask of sherry, and then mounted the Cat, half-sister to Rat-trap, a strawberry roan with a fleering eye and uncertain manner.

"Go gentle with her, sir," said Rafferty.
"Once she gets warm, you can handle her like butter; but till she's taken her first fence, don't lay whip or spur to her, or she'll

have you off and rowl on you."

#### II.

It was three o'clock, and Dilnott was handling her like butter across a country of fields and stone walls, when, clapping spurs to her, the stone wall before him wheeled to the right, then came a sickening slither, and he was seeing stars, with the Cat trying to "rowl" on him.

He had managed to disengage himself, however, and when he had finished stargazing and feeling around for broken bones, he got on his feet, recaptured his mount, led her through a gate on to the road, and

got into the saddle.

The hunt had vanished. The faint toot of horn through the dull grey weather came from away towards Silvermines, but without awakening any echo in his heart. He had done enough hunting for one day. When one is over forty-five, a cropper towards the end of the day is a different thing from a cropper at the start. Dilnott found himself thinking of a hot bath, followed by a cigarette and a comfortable arm-chair, and just forty winks before dinner-time.

Mounting the Cat—by a miracle unhurt, and now subdued and in her right mind—he turned from the direction of Silvermines. A mile along the road he fell in with an old man driving a donkey-cart. This individual was deaf, but after a while, and by dint of shouting, came to understand his

questioner.

"Castle Blake, did you say, sor? It's right foremint you—a matter of twelve miles and a bit as the crow flies, and eleven be the

road. What's that you say, sir? I'm hard of hearin'. There ain't no cows. I was sayin' crows. Keep ahead sthrait as an arra, and you'll see the top of it poppin' up beyant the trees of Gallows Wood. You can't make no mistake."

Dilnott resumed his way. Five miles on, a lady feeding hens before a cabin gave

him more information.

"D'you mane Mr. Michael Blake's, sor? Why, it's nigh into King's County from here; it's maybe siventeen miles you'll have to go. When you get to the cross-roads, take the way to Castle Down, keep sthrait ahead till you fetch the cross-roads—you can't make no mistake."

Dilnott resumed his way till he came to a place where the road forked. There

were no sign-posts, and the two ways were equal in breadth. He uttered no pious ejaculation. Leaving the matter, with loose rein, to the instinct of the Cat, that animal selected the right-hand way, brought



Meanwhile dusk was falling, and the wind was rising, and the trees whispering to the wind. Half an hour later, in full dark, lit occasionally by a glimpse of moon peeping through the broken clouds, Dilnott was riding along a road that Gustave Doré would have loved, looking no longer for Castle Blake,

but for anything with a

roof on it that would give him a light, the sight of a human face, and even a boiled potato. He was faint from hunger—faint yet ravenous. Roast legs of mutton flanked by decanters of port rose before him as he rode—boiled turkeys and celery sauce; hams —York hams—brown and crumbed over; So, in the desert, men larks on toast. conjure up date palms and shadowy wells; and now, just as though his hunger had conjured it up, Dilnott, waking from his food musings, became aware of the lights of a big house through the trees on the left of the road, and on the wind setting from there a smell recalling roast pheasants hung just to the right moment. More, it recalled bread-sauce and a salad of Pebwell tomatoes sliced in vinegar and oil.

The constructive imagination of the man was adding a dish of Arran Chief potatoes bursting in snow through their brown jackets, when a wide-open gateway and a drive leading to the house took his eye, lit by a glimpse of the moon. He turned the Cat into the drive and rode up it, sure of the one thing a stranger may be sure of in Ireland—a warm reception and a real and concrete hospitality, including in its form the best bed and the biggest potato.

The door of the great house was open, casting lamp-light on the drive and on a carriage that had just set down a gentleman in a cloak, who was mounting the steps. Two grooms in half-livery were cracking jokes with the driver of the carriage. One of these ran to take the new-comer's horse. Dilnott slipped from the saddle and gave him the reins.

"What house is this?" asked he.

"Castle Innis, sir; and you're only just in time, for they be just goin' in to dinner."

"Who's your master? I'm staying at Castle Blake, and have lost my way."

"Sir Patrick Kinsella's the master here,

sir, and glad he'll be to see you."

"Thanks," said Dilnott. He went up the steps and entered a big hall. The hall was panelled with oak, black as ebony with age, hung with suits of armour, and lit by a galaxy of candles, extraordinarily beautiful in their number and effect amidst that setting of gloom and armour and oak.

Down the broad staircase were coming the guests—a troop of men, led by a stout gentleman of fifty or so in a red coat, with a face to match, joking and laughing as he came with the fellows behind him, and evidently gone in liquor. Not far gone, but gone, joyous, exuberant, and, clapping eyes on Dilnott when he was almost up with him, almost embracive.

"I have lost my way," said Dilnott, "and though I do not wish to intrude——"

But the great Kinsella, not even listening, with his arm half round him, swept him along, still bandying gibes with the fellows behind, into a huge room where a table was set out that would have seated many.

Hungry as Dilnott had been and was, he would have thought twice before entering that house, seeing the condition of its occupants. Fond enough of his half-bottle of port, he had a very great horror of intoxication in any form, even the mildest, and seated now at the left of his host, who occupied the head of the table, he could not but perceive the condition of the men about him. The noise was terrific, and now servants were flying in every direction, clapping down plates in front of the guests—plates that were empty.

Now, opposite Dilnott, and on the right of the host, sat an evil-looking, long-visaged man, with a patch covering half of his face. Behind the host and above the fireplace was hung a big mirror with a slight tilt forward. Dilnott, glancing by chance at this mirror, was astonished and horrified to see in it the reflection of a skull, looking, in the surrounding gloom and glow, like a picture

by Holbein.

The candle-light lit it to perfection, and, moreover, demonstrated the monstrous fact that it was moving, tilting from side to side, rotating slightly, whilst the movements of the lower jawbone, caught in profile, could be plainly seen.

Suddenly, and corresponding to a burst of laughter from the man with the patch on his face, the thing tilted back and the lower

jaw fell.

Then Dilnott knew that it was the true reflection of his *vis-à-vis*.

He sprang to his feet and made the sign of the Cross.

The Cat stumbled, nearly unseating him, and he awoke. He had never dismounted, he had entered no house. Musing on York hams and roast pheasant, sleep had sand-bagged him, and fantasy had introduced him into that most extraordinary society. It was a nightmare, arising from the home of nightmares—the stomach.

Horse-hoofs and a voice behind made him turn. It was Blake, muddy to the eyes, but

happy.

Dilnott told of his cropper, and how he

had fallen out of the run, and as they rode on he began to tell of his further adventures.

"I must have fallen asleep-for a moment," said he, "and I had a most extraordinary dream."

"And what was the dream?" asked Blake.

"Well, it was this way," began the other. Then he stopped. They had reached a gateway clearly shown by the moonlight through the thinning clouds. It was the gateway he had entered in his dream, and there lay the avenue up which he had ridden.

He reined in.

"Where does that lead to?" asked he.

"Castle Innis," said Blake. "Look, you can see the ruins through the trees. It was burnt out in the 'thirties—set fire to one night old Pat Kinsella was having one of his jamborees. The whole crowd were burnt, and a good riddance. I've had the story often from my father. Kinsella and Billy Knox, who was his chief henchman in all

sorts of wickedness, and Black French and Satan Moriarty, and a score of others. Only three of the lot were sober enough to escape."

"What sort of man was Kinsella?"

"A huge big chap riding fifteen stone. He was the master of the hounds, but he couldn't master the whisky bottle."

"And Knox?"

"Oh, Knox was a devil. My grandfather laid him out once for maltreating a horse. Half his face was afflicted with some disease or another, so he had to wear a patch to cover it; and he had a squint eye and an impediment in his speech. Well, what was this dream you were telling me of?"

"I've clean forgot it," said Dilnott.

A good *raconteur*, tingling and burning to tell, his mouth was stopped by Micky Doolan, the blind piper of the Round House.

A year later, unburdening himself of the story to me, he began: "Now, I'll tell you one of the strangest *coincidences* you ever heard of." That is the sort of man Dilnott was.



#### A PARTING SONG.

THE long road waits to take me far away
From all I ever counted kind and dear,
And I must travel many a lonely day
With you not near.

Yet though the day be difficult and long,
I will walk steadfastly my path apart,
Marching to strains of your remembered song
Within my heart.

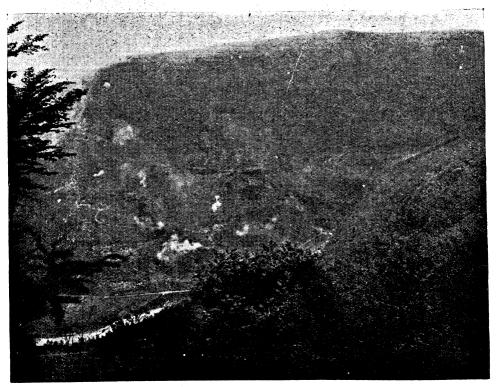
And this shall be for recompense and cheer,

To speed my steps and leave my sorrow slain—
The hope that some day suddenly I may hear

Your song again.

Then sing me once again, before we part,
Your song of courage, hope, and joy in store,
That I may bear its music in my heart
For evermore.

BERNARD MOORE.



THE BOMBARDMENT OF MOUNT CUCCO.

## WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY

By HUGH C. WALLACE

Official photographs, reproduced by permission of the Italian Military Authorities.

To be with the Italian Army is a delightful experience—that is, if the word "delightful" can ever be used in connection with anything so horrible as war. As soon as I reached the little frontier town that serves as headquarters, and is the base from which all the operations are carried forward, I had placed at my disposal a powerful Fiat motor-car and competent Army chauffeur, and was taken in hand by an officer who spoke most excellent English and possessed the gift of lucidity in quite a remarkable degree. During the days in which I watched the doings of our Allies, Captain P—— proved himself to be indeed

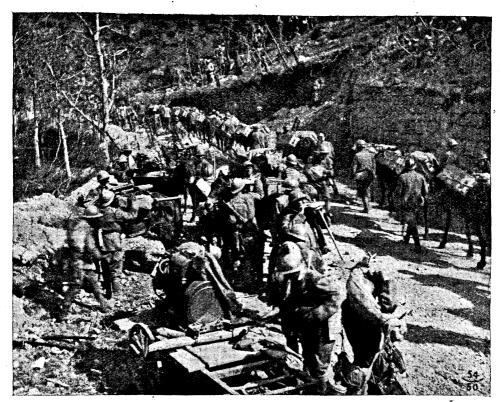
a true "guide, philosopher, and friend." I had the good fortune to arrive at a particularly opportune time, as the great "push" was in full swing, and, that offensive being in the Gorizia district, I thus got to know a new part of the line. Only the small Carnic Alps section now remains terra incognita, and it is a distinct advantage, after all, to know at first hand and to have been personally over most of the four hundred and fifty miles of front held by our friends. In visiting the zona di guerra, one is at once struck, not only by the excellence of the roads over which his car travels, but by the ingenious way in which the traffic is

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screened from inquisitive Austrian eyes. The Austrian is prevented from seeing the vehicles, and has no ammunition to waste in keeping up a chance and aimless fire. Such a method would partake too much of the nature of gambling to be profitable.

My first visit was to the newly-captured Monte Santo (2,245 feet). For two or three hours the journey was accomplished on the comfortable seats of the car. Presently the vibration caused by the constant firing of the big guns compelled us to drop the windows, lest we should be greeted with

much better idea of what it meant for the Italians to attack and take its summit. Less than a week before this ground had been in possession of the Austrians—in fact, to be strictly accurate, our ascent was made five days in the rear of the soldiers. Its conquest—undoubtedly one of the greatest feats of the present War—was accomplished by men who advanced up the face of the mountain over ground rising at the rate of one in three and in the teeth of a heavy fire. I was told that, when the top was actually gained, an officer pulled from the pocket of



TAKING UP AMMUNITION.

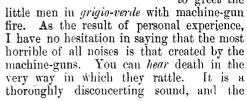
a shower of broken glass. On our right, on Monte Sabbatino, the Italian artillery was particularly active. We could see angry tongues of flame spitting forth defiance and destruction all along the ridge of the mountain, and, as the volleys echoed and re-echoed among the hills, they sounded like veritable trumpets of judgment, which, after all, in a very real sense they were. The last two hours of our journey—a steady grind mostly over loose stones—had, of course, to be made on foot; and the very fact that one had to walk it gave him a

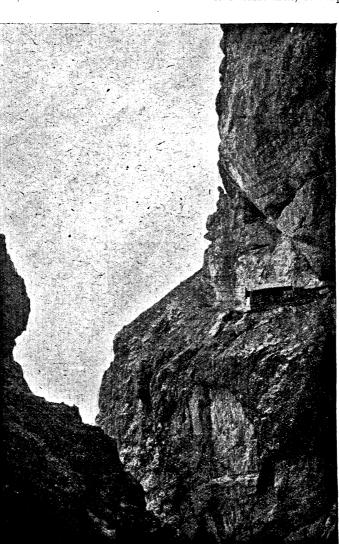
his tunic a little silk flag, and, planting it on the highest point of a heap of rubble and stones that had once been a convent, shouted excitedly: "The Santo is taken!" At the time of my visit most of the ground had already been cleared; but here and there bodies were still lying unburied, and sometimes a boot and leg would be encountered, providing us with grim reminders of the toll that the War demands from its participants. When the top of the Santo was reached, a wonderful panorama greeted the eye, and from a vantage-point on the extreme edge of the ridge a battle could clearly be seen in actual progress. I confess at once that it was an extraordinarily fascinating sight. On no other battle-front is it possible to have the whole of the action thus spread out at your feet as among these Alps. It is for all the world like the

unrolling of a map on a table, and anyone possessed of the bump of locality, in even an elementary degree, could pick out the places of interest without much difficulty. In the course of that morning the brave soldiers of our Ally attacked the enemy trenches more than once or twice; but the Austrian was kolding on in sheer desperation, for the events of the previous days had brought it home to him without a peradventure that it was now beyond all doubt for

him a lifeand-death struggle, and that both nationally and individually. The nature of the terrain makes the creeping barrage, as practised on the Western Front, a difficult, if not an impossible, thing. On such ground it is well-nigh impossible to time operations with anything like infallible correctness; but an ingenious method of signalling has been invented, so that the men are able, despite the almost insuperable obstacles, to go forward under cover of fire. I am afraid that, in the conflict which I witnessed, the Italian losses must have been considerable, for it still holds true, if Napoleon's figure

can again be employed, that you cannot have an omelette without breaking eggs. Judging from the caverns into which I ventured on Monte Santo, and which are, of course, now in the possession of the Italians. the Austrian line Monte Gabrielewhich was then being attacked—is being held by men who. during the terrific bombardment. live in "caves of the earth," with twenty or thirty feet of soil and rock above them, and who, whenthe attack begins, emerge from their holes to greet the





AN ITALIAN OUTPOST AMONG THE DOLOMITE MOUNTAINS.

thunder of the big guns is as music in

comparison.

A veteran war correspondent, who has been in every "scrap" of note for years, paid the most eloquent tribute to the way in which the Alpini and Bersaglieri faced the Austrian machine-gun fire again and again.

To praise the desperate defence of the Austrians is to magnify the courage and tenacity of the Italian attack a hundredfold. Such valour may have been equalled, but it

beggars, and brigands." I wonder if they are of the same opinion still? Our first visit, on the day of which I am now writing, was to a mountain battery which had its temporary home in a spot really "beautiful for situation." As we sat on the grass, watching the firing, we presently became conscious of an Austrian aeroplane hovering overhead. Very soon a soldier near called our attention to the fact that it had been pounced upon by two Italian machines—not, however, before it had dropped bombs in the



AMONG THE SNOWS OF THE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

is most certainly true to say that it has never been excelled.

After Santo we continued our journey northward into the Tolmino region. On the way thither we had to pass one of the prison camps where the freshly-captured Austrians are searched and examined. A goodly batch had just been brought in, young men and lads in the main, and I thought that they looked pleased to be out of it. The total Italian "bag" up to date works out at something like 30,700, not at all bad for a people who had been sneered at by those very same Austrians, but two short years before, as an army of "mandoline players,

neighbourhood of a Red Cross hospital—and was making off for home as fast as its engine could take it. Its pilot really seemed very nervous about anything in the nature of a prolonged argument with a despised "mandoline player." Our soldier, who spoke the writer's mother tongue with a decided American accent, informed us that previous to the War he had been acting as a chauffeur in New York, and that he hoped, if lucky enough to see it through, to return there for another spell before settling down under the blue skies of his homeland. Among the Italian troops there must be a small army of men who have



COUNT CADORNA, ITALY'S COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Photograph by Vandyk.

returned from the States to fight for their country.

Presently, still by means of the motor-car, we climbed to the height of over four thousand feet, and from an observatory were able to get in panorama the complete "lie of the land." Perhaps I ought to say that the new road over which we travelled is as finely engineered as the far-famed Falzaregostrasse known to so many visitors to the Dolomites. It is, of course, much steeper, and was therefore more difficult of construction, and yet, on account of its greater breadth, I am inclined to vote it the better road of the Our Italian Allies are par excellence the navvies of Europe, and it is worthy of note that, whilst the War has been going on, over 120,000 over-age men and underage boys have been at work constructing new roads, of which they have brought into existence no less than 4,000 miles. traffic over these new roads is tremendous. There are at least 35,000 motor drivers in constant employment, and when the fact that not more than 5,000 of them could have been expert chauffeurs previous to the War is borne in mind, the number of the accidents is surprisingly, almost miraculously, small.

From our observatory the whole mountain range lay in front. This was my first visit to the Julian Alps, and I had never for a moment imagined that that particular part of the frontier held anything so grand. How it has managed to escape the tourist, and more especially the alpinist, so long remains to me inexplicable. Looking through a tiny slit of a window cut out of the solid rock, I could see on the left Monte Nero, so well known from its frequent mention communiqués. This height was captured by the Alpini, who climbed up in the dark and took the Austrian garrison by surprise. Writing of that attack, an Italian soldier said that they "clambered along the mountain like chamois, in perfect silence; not a stone was disturbed, not a rustle betrayed our arrival to the enemy." It was. in fact, the story of Wolfe and Quebec, under more difficult circumstances, brought up to date. Straight before us was Monte Rosso, of which half is still in the possession of Austria. The trenches are but thirty yards apart, and from our eyrie, looking along the Italian lines, we could distinctly see in the sunshine the flashing of the bayonets and the goggles of the gas-masks.

Returning by a different road, we encountered the car of the ever-alert Generalissimo

making its way to some important part of the battle-front. Count Cadorna has been an enormous success, partly, doubtless, on. account of the almost uncanny insight he possesses, which enables him to choose the best possible lieutenants and subordinates. readers of this story may be interested to know that General Cadorna is a devout but liberal-minded Catholic, and that Baron Sonnino, Italy's other silent man, and leader on the political side, is a Protestant.  $\operatorname{The}$ fewness of Cadorna's words finds constant illustration in the brevity of his communiqués, which are generally meteorological, and in the case of Sonnino it will not be forgotten that Prince von Bülow, who represented Germany in Rome, when speaking of the negotiations between the two countries, said that in a race of chatterboxes he had to deal with the one silent man. It is just possible that we have here an instance of heredity, and that in Baron Sonnino's case an English mother is in part the explanation of his reserve.

I am not likely to forget Gorizia, for, at the time of my visit, it was being heavily shelled, and was not at all a healthy place. A friend who was invited to accompany us declined on the ground that the War was now too old for him to go out and get killed needlessly. When we entered the town, all was quiet, and the captain at once made his way to a villa tenanted then by the general responsible for the troops stationed there. Imagine our surprise, as we drove into the courtyard, at being greeted by an Austrian shell that had travelled all the way from Ternova, and now fell plump into the middle of the quadrangle, making the slates and tiles to fly about in a most bewildering fashion, and littering the whole place with all kinds of debris. untoward occurrence did not prevent our being entertained to afternoon tea, and it seemed as if the inhabitants were getting tolerably used to that particular kind of visitor—little wonder, when inquiry elicited the fact that that was the eighteenth time they had been saluted in the same violent fashion. Whilst we climbed to the higher walls, in order to obtain a better view, the town was receiving a pretty constant peppering, and one was amazed to find that old men and women were still living in some of the half-ruined cottages. Exposure to shell-fire evidently breeds fatalism of a fairly determined quality. On returning to the square, it was at once obvious that the car which we had left there had received a

somewhat unnecessary share of Austrian attention. There was a shell hole in the earth behind it, and marks of shrapnel greetings on its bonnet and elsewhere. It seemed as if it might now be time to quit a place with such a sultry atmosphere.

War is terribly democratic. In Gorizia, for instance, beautiful villas and humble cottages have shared the same fate. A big gun is no fastidious respecter of buildings. One night, in my hotel near the headquarters, I had another illustration of the same fact. Hostile aeroplanes were about, and the proprietor, in obedience to the recognised

rules, had aroused his guests and urged

Sahara is a cheerful place. Nothing but a passionate conviction as to the rights of their cause could make a people fight so strenuously for the possession of such a "waste howling wilderness" as this particular bit of Italia Irredenta. It is the incarnation of desolation. Mr. Will Irwin says: "It is a kind of desert patch . . . It is all iron-red rocks dusted with an iron-red soil in which little grows." One feels, after walking over the ground, that this description almost savours of flattery. Here I found the British batteries at work, or awaiting the word of command that would liberate a deluge of explosives upon the Austrian positions, and



TRANSPORT OF MUNITIONS

them to descend to the lowest floor in the building. Presently we assembled, a motley and weirdly-dressed crowd, in the kitchen, which, to borrow the picturesque phrase of Artemus Ward, was dimly illumined by "the gleams of a taller candle." Walking up and down was a general in pyjamas, trying to look dignified and failing utterly, and there in the very midst sat a little man who had obviously dressed in a hurry. It was Signor Boselli, the Prime Minister of the country, and beside him stood a typical Italian waiter.

After Gorizia came the Carso, compared with which I can well believe that the

here I was entertained to what can only be described as a tea de luxe—at any rate, it boasted English jam!—by a most charming and cheerful British major. To my great delight I heard that amongst the Italian and British soldiers the best of good fellowship prevails, and that some of the men who could not excel at verbal speech had become expert enough in a sign language all their own to be able to provoke in others loud and repeated outbursts of laughter. I am afraid, though, that the Englishmen are contaminating their neighbours. For instance, they have persuaded quite a number of them to indulge in afternoon tea, and I

heard bacon mentioned in connection with breakfast, so that shortly I expect to hear from our professional grumblers something more about the imposition of the tyrannical British will.

From Monfalcone I caught a glimpse of that land of promise, Trieste. Standing on the deck of an almost completed twenty-thousand-ton ship which had been intended for the Austro-Americana line, I looked across the blue waters of the Adriatic, and saw the town in which a thousand Italian hopes are centred. It is an *Italian* town, and our Allies, in taking it, are anxious to inflict but the minimum of damage upon it. Forty years ago the great liberator Garibaldi declared: "The call of the patriots of Trieste

and Trent must find an echo in the hearts of all Italians, and the yoke of Austria, no better than that of the Turk, must once for all be broken from off the necks of our brethren." It has been a long and weary time of waiting, but deliverance at last draws near. It was granted to General Raffaele Cadorna to take the city of Rome and so make "United Italy" possible; and to-day the friends of liberty everywhere confidently expect that it will be his son, General Luigi Cadorna, who will be privileged to capture the city of Trieste, and thus bring into being "Greater Italy," of which the old men have seen visions and concerning which the young men have dreamed dreams.



WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS IN THE HIGH MOUNTAINS.

# SIRJOHNNIE OF THE GREEN HOUSES

### By RALPH STOCK

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



was quite the most wonderful thing Felisi had ever seen, even in her short but eventful career. The launch—a noble affair of white enamel and glittering brass—swung gracefully into the cove, and, churning

the indigo water into a white lather with its reversed propeller, came to rest like a great hurricane bird poised on the gently-heaving bosom of the Pacific.

Out of the world it had come, the great world of Levuka, and perhaps beyond, into this little coral beach of Luana, for what purpose only the Great Spirit knew. Felisi squatted at the edge of the family taro patch, the handle of the heavy hoeing knife resting in her listless hand, watching it all wide-eyed.

"This is it," came a voice, clear as a bell, over the water. "Yes, I'm sure this is it; I marked it by the forked palm yonder."

Now, Felisi understood this, or, at any rate, the drift of it. Had she not sold imitation pink coral on the wharf at Levuka? And was not Levuka the centre of the world, where, when the steamer came in, people were so many that the wharf, the street, and the giant houses swarmed with them like fish in the rock pools at low tide? Strange people they were, especially the women, covered with unnecessary clothes and trailing brightly-hued veils in their wake. spoke in harsh, high-pitched voices, too, and seemed for ever restless; but their money ah, their money flowed from them like a stream of quicksilver, that only needed diverting into the right channels, by means

of pink coral or necklaces of seed, to make

one wealthy beyond belief.

"What a darling!" one of these women had said on the wharf, catching sight of Felisi in her modest blue wrapper. "My dear, look at the child's hair! And such eyes!" Felisi had suffered the mauling that followed—the stroking of her hair and velvety skin—with becoming modesty, but she had learnt that she was a "darling," that she possessed hair and eyes, and that they and a reed basket of worthless coral netted her matiquali (tribe) five shillings. Oh, it was wonderful what could be learnt in Levuka! After it, Luana was a tomb.

People had begun to move under the wide awning of the launch, and presently a native dived cleanly from the bows. The water was up to his neck, and he slowly dragged the launch nearer shore. When he had waded waist deep, he backed against the gunwale, and a man in white ducks, with his trousers rolled to the knee, climbed on his shoulders and was carried ashore. Another white man followed in like manner, and they both stood on the wet sand, directing the natives as they landed bundles of all shapes and sizes neatly sewn in green rot-proof canvas. It seemed to Felisi that the entire merchandise of Levuka had been shipped to Luana for some inscrutable

"I think that's the lot," said the taller of the two visitors, a gaunt man with remarkably thin legs and large feet, and a kind though careworn face.

"Yes, Sir John, that is all," replied the other. He was short and pink, and perspiring freely

"Then you may as well get on with it."

The tall man turned and strolled along the beach, stopping now and then to burrow

into the wet sand with his toes, and unearth the queer live things that lived there. Every now and then, too, he would fling his arms wide above his head, and let them fall to his sides with a sigh of deep satisfaction. It was as though he had been cramped, and was now rejoicing in his freedom. He was doing just what Felisi had seen her brother do—the one who stole the canoe—when he came out of Levuka gaol into the sunlight. Her heart went out to the tall man with thin legs

and big feet.

And the other? Undoubtedly he was He trotted this way and that in the hot sand, until his pink face turned to red and then to purple. He was trying to make the natives hurry, which, of course, was not only impossible, but ridiculous. Were there not three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, each one of which was equally suitable for unpacking green bundles? Nevertheless, he continued to hurry himself, and to such purpose that, before the sun had sunk into the sea, a green village had sprung into being on the edge of the beach under the palms nothing less. It appeared that each bundle contained a house, or something appertaining to a house, and now it was all in place.

The miracle-worker, mopping his solar topee as he went, crossed the beach to his companion, who was sitting dabbling his large

feet in a rock pool.

"All is now ready, Sir John," he said.

"Ah, good!" answered the tall man, leaning forward and picking up a soldier crab

between finger and thumb.

"I think you will find everything in order, Sir John," the other continued, standing in the sand with his fat calves pressed together, so that one bulged over the other. "The sparklets are—"

"You have shown Mandri where everything is?" interrupted the other, watching the soldier crab's ineffectual little pincer

waving in the air.

"He has arranged his own necessities himself, Sir John. The rest is as you ordered."

"Then that will do, thank you, Saunders."

"Next Wednesday, I think you said, Sir John?"

"Yes, yes." The tall man seemed irritable. He was obviously more interested in the soldier crab than his companion of the bulging calves. "Once a week will be enough. What's to-day?"

"Tuesday, the eighteenth of February, Sir John," the other answered, with extra-

ordinary promptitude.

"Then Wednesday. Yes, each Wednesday will do admirably. And don't forget the spirits."

The tall man carefully replaced the soldier crab in the rock pool and stood up. The

other backed away slightly.

"I thought I might mention, Sir John, that there will be green vegetables. I see a native girl in a small garden on the edge of the beach behind us. No doubt——"

"Ah, to be sure, to be sure," muttered the tall man, strolling across the beach towards the launch, with the other following. "Mandri will see to all that. Good after-

noon, Saunders!"

In a dignified but forceful way he herded the pink man and the natives into the launch, which was soon a glittering speck against the blue. For a while he stood with his thin legs apart and his hands behind his back, watching it go. Then he, too, went mad, or so it seemed to Felisi. He raised both skinny arms to the sunset, as though in worship, dropped them suddenly, and, turning, dashed along the beach through the ripple of a wave, sending the water flying in all directions, including over himself. Then he rolled in the sand like a dog, and rose, plastered and breathless and laughing.

"That's better," he bellowed, "much

better! Ma-a-ndri!"

A grey-haired Tongan appeared in the doorway of the smallest green house.

"I want grilled saqa for dinner," shouted the tall man, "and grated cocoa-nut and pineapple-fool!"

The Tongan made a tama (obeisance) and

 ${
m withdrew.}$ 

Presently he came out and crossed the beach to Felisi.

"The Turaga (gentleman) wishes for saqa," ne said. "Where are the fish-traps?"

Felisi rose from her heels as though propelled by some evenly-working mechanism, and led the way round the rocks at the end of the beach.

"Hi! Where are you going?" bawled the

"To get the saqa, saka (sir)."

"Good! I'm coming." The tall man walked

behind, whistling.

Felisi, in her trim white sulu (kilt), swung on in front, with her natural grace of movement slightly enhanced by the knowledge that she was being noticed. At the fish-trap—a simple affair of volcanic rock boulders built in a square, so that, when the tide receded, fish were left behind—she picked up a spear from the rocks and waded waist-

deep, holding it aloft. The tall man watched her, entranced, and Felisi knew it, and took care that the poise of her arms and head and shoulders were all that could be desired. Had she not the reputation of "a darling" to live up to?

Suddenly the spear flashed from her hand, there was a splash, a swirling of waters, and the long bamboo shaft sped round and

after it. She caught it and raised it aloft, with a two-foot saga on its barbs, flashing green in the waning "Splendid!" roared the tall man. "I say—" The rest of

whatever he was going to say was drowned by the splash that he made as he jumped down into the trap and waded over to Felisi.

"I must have a try," mumbled excitedly, taking the spear from Felisi. "Vinaka (thank you), little girl." And he was off, stalking round the trap as though walking barefoot on broken glass. What followed caused Felisi to put her hand to hysterics. But best of all was when he caught his toe on a rock. dropped the spear and sank into the water, hugging his foot and saying things that Felisi did not quite understand, but which she seemed to remember having heard in Levuka.

She went to him, but he brushed her aside and continued his stalking. "I'm



her mouth and snatch it away whenever the tall man turned her way. One is not supposed to laugh at a white chief, but, oh, it was funny! He kept jabbing at the water as though prodding a snake. Or he would throw the spear with tremendous force, so that it would stick into the sand. he would flounder after it and hold it up, with a piece of seaweed on the end, and a look of pained surprise on his gaunt face that sent Felisi into silent going to do it. I'm going to do it," he kept muttering, as he wallowed round the trap. The determination of the man! "It's thereflection," he told himself aloud -- " of course, it's the reflection. When you think a fish is there, it isn't. It's—— Let me see, where's the light? Ah, yes, to the left-no, the right, or or "

The spear left his hand. The shaft was racing round the trap. The tall man stood staring after it, spell-bound. But only for a moment; the next he was after it, yelping

like a dog after a rat.

Felisi could contain herself no longer she was after it, too. The white chief's first It must be caught, and, unless he knew the way, he might flounder round the

trap until he dropped.

"Go away—vamoose! Savvy?" he bellowed savagely, as she came near him. He floundered on like a grampus, but always the shaft of the spear avoided his snatching fingers. Then Felisi dived. She held the saqa just long enough under water for the tall man to catch the spear shaft on the surface, then she stood before him, dripping and . triumphant as he.

"You catch him, Sirjohnnie!" she panted,

in an access of enthusiasm.

The tall man took an abrupt seat in the water, and remained there gasping. His head was just clear of the surface, and his mouth opened and shut precisely free the saqa's.

"Good Heavens!" he panted at last.

Then: "What did you say?"

"I say you catch him," repeated Felisi diffidently.

The tall man seemed to have thoroughly noticed her for the first time.

"But what else? You said something else.'

"I say Sirjohnnie," said Felisi, giggling.

The tall man flung back his head, so that it was half submerged, and laughed. the Great Spirit, what a laugh he had!

"Oh, that's great!" he roared, then looked at Felisi again. He had the kindest grey eyes imaginable. "But how did you come to know my name?"

"I hear 'em talk him ongo (over there)," Felisi explained, pointing towards the beach.

"Sirjohnnie!" repeated the tall man, and burst into another hurricane of laughter.

"Who are you?" he asked, when it had subsided into occasional chuckles.

"Felisi," answered that individual, leaning gracefully on the spear.

"And you talk English?"

"Some." Felisi had learnt this remarkably useful word from a woman who she had afterwards heard came from Americania, wherever that might be.

Sirjohnnie laughed again and scrambled

to his feet.

"Some, eh?" he repeated, as though it were a great joke. "Well, Felisi, you've given me the best afternoon's sport I've had in years." He felt in his soaking duck trousers pocket and brought out a handful of silver. "What's your saqa worth?"

Felisi shook her head.

"You catch him, Sirjohnnie," she insisted. Sirjohnnie regarded her quizzically for a moment, then smiled and returned the money to his pocket.
"Yery well," he said, "you must come

and help me eat it, that's all."

Nothing could have pleased Felisi more. She was longing, with a child's curiosity, to see the interior of the green houses. Moreover, she felt towards Sirjohnnie as she had never felt towards a Turaga in her life. was he but a great child? She, Felisi, had taught him how to spear saqa. She could teach him many things. Principally owing to Sirjohnnie's ludicrous performance of the afternoon, Felisi took a motherly as well as a childlike interest in him. They are not incompatible.

They waded ashore together, the saga suspended by the gills from the spear held between them. The Tongan squatted on the rocks, smoking a saluka, as he had squatted and smoked since the beginning of the performance. If a Turaga chose to catch his own dinner in the presence of his servant and a native girl, who was he, Mandri, to interfere? There was never any telling

what they might do.

At the door of the largest of the green houses the party broke up. Sirjohnnie, who seemed to have gone into a trance—he had a knack of doing this, Felisi noticed—turned aside and disappeared into the dim interior. Felisi followed Mandri to the kitchen, and squatted outside, as a woman should. Tongan naturally treated her as non-existent. Nevertheless, a scullery maid has her uses, and he allowed Felisi to cook the saqa, wrapped in banana leaf, Island fashion. For one thing, he knew that it would be cooked better that way than in the Turaga's elaborate stove, and, for another, that it gave him the opportunity of sitting in the doorway and smoking one of Sirjohnnie's superlative cigars. The only fly in the ointment was that the pest spoke English with uncanny glibness.

"Mandri," said Sirjohnnie, an hour later--he had begun dinner with a book propped against the lamp, but in the end the dinner claimed most of his attention—"I must congratulate you on the saqa. Perhaps it's because I caught it myself, but it certainly

tastes remarkably good."

"Eo, saka," grunted Mandri, with a selfsatisfied smile.

"The new stove is a success, then?"

"The new stove is a success, saka."

Mandri shuffled his horny feet on the

matting of the floor.

"By the way"—Sirjohnnie was leaning back, smoking one of the excellent cigars— "where is that little native girl—Felisi, that's it?" He actually remembered the name, Mandri noticed.

"She is outside, saka."

"Outside? Then send her in, will you?"

"The Turaga wishes to see you," Mandri told Felisi, and gave her a warning scowl as she slipped past him into the living-room.

She sank on to the mats inside the doorway. From somewhere she had secured a red hibiscus blossom, and it now flamed against

her blue-black hair.

"Well, Felisi," said Sirjohnnie, tilting back his camp chair, "the saga was a huge

"Sucthess," lisped Felisi.

"Yes. What do you think of our new stove?"

Much clearing of the throat and clashing of pans proceeded from the kitchen.

Felisi allowed an agonised pause to ensue.

Mandri needed a lesson.

"Stove—him all right," she conceded at "By an' by plenty more saqa?"

Sirjohnnie shook his head. "Not for me, I'm afraid. By an' by plenty work."

" Work?"

"Yes. I've got so much work to do, and so little time to do it in, that it almost frightens me."

Felisi found herself on the verge of solving a problem that had always puzzled

"Plenty work, plentý time?" she suggested.

"Yes, for you lucky people," sighed

Sirjohnnie.

"Why no plenty time for-you-lucky-people?" mimicked Felisi.

"We have other things that must be done. We're not lucky. We can't do what we want to do always, you know."

" Why ?"

Sirjohnnie chuckled, then frowned.

"Oh, just because."

"Jus' becos."

"Yes. I admit it's not much of a reason, Felisi, but——" He smiled whimsically and crossed one thin leg over the other. "We've gone past ourselves 'over' there'—that's about the truth of the matter." He was speaking more to himself than Felisi. want to progress."

"Pro-gress," repeated Felisi solemnly.

"Yes, go ahead—improve, know more

and live more comfortable." Suddenly Sirjohnnie laughed. "Anyway, we call it progress. So we make law, plenty law-law written down for us by other people, and law we make for ourselves—and sometimes we obey it, because we think that is the way to progress, and sometimes we disobey it, so that we can get ahead of the other fellah. That's our life. Funny, Felisi, isn't it?"

Felisi admitted that it was.

"Law," she echoed. "Law make no

plenty by an' by?"

Sirjohnnie changed the position of his legs. "Yes," he said, "it does rather limit one's time. It is made to make us do things that we don't want to. And even you have your law, Felisi," he added quickly. "You know that you mustn't steal——"

"A canoe," supplied Felisi.

"Yes, a canoe or anything. That you must work in the taro patch, and—and marry some day."

He did not add that these were natural laws, although it occurred to him that they

were.

"Law for no plenty by an' by, no good," pronounced Felisi firmly.

Sirjohnnie laughed.

"Perhaps you're right," he said, and fell to idly turning the pages of the book that had been propped against the lamp during dinner.

"Look here, you're something of an ichthyologist, Felisi," he said suddenly. "Do you recognise any of these fellahs?"

She was at his side in an instant, clucking with wonder at the brightly-coloured pictures of fish-fish of all shapes and sizes and colours. They hung there on the white paper as though in some clear pool.

Suddenly a brown finger descended on the

"Eo," she cried excitedly, "him, an' him,

an' him!" "A compliment for the lithographer,"

muttered Sirjohnnie, smiling. "Wilkinson

and Pratt are good people."

"An' him, an' him," continued Felisi. "Him no good," she added, with a pout, indicating a rather washy representation of sea and coral at the foot of the page.

Sirjohnnie laughed.

"You're right," he said; "that part of it is very, very poor. But, you see, the people who made these pictures have never been here. They don't know, poor devils."

"Poor devils," repeated Felisi, with faithful

intonation.

At this point Mandri entered with the

coffee. Apparently he saw nothing, and placed the cup on the camp-table and withdrew. But he carried into the kitchen a mental picture of Sir John Truscott, P.R.Z.S., leaning over a lamp-lit table, his grizzled head close to a cascade of blueblack hair relieved by a flaming hibiscus blossom.

He clucked loudly twice and helped

himself from the whisky tantalus.

But the next day Sirjohnnie was a changed man. He wore nothing but a sulu, a shirt, and a pith helmet. He carried an extremely fine-meshed shrimp-net and a tin creel of water, and wandered from rock pool to rock pool in a trance that effectually excluded Felisi. She spoke to him twice, but he took not the faintest notice.

He would kneel over a pool by the hour, with his shrimp-net lying on the bottom, while the fish—some of them not more than half an inch long, but striped or mottled with every imaginable colour and shade of colour—hovered in the crystal-clear water like butterflies suspended on invisible wire, or darted in and out of their homes in the coral.

Each pool was a marine garden, great or small, but complete with swaying trees of tinted weed, coral bridges, and paths of sand, and Sirjohnnie's soul lived in them, that was plain. Then would come an upward jerk of the net, a hasty examination of its contents, and a slip-slop as the fish were

dropped into the creel of water.

This went on all day, and Felisi found it boring. She had ideas of her own on the subject, and presently proceeded to put them into execution. Some time in the afternoon—Sirjohnnie had had no lunch, in spite of Mandri's importunities—she went to the bush and returned to one of the pools with an armful of green vine. This she tossed into the water, and squatted back on the sand. Presently a fish appeared, then another and another, until the pool was alive with scintillating colour; but there was no movement—every fish in that pool, from the remotest cranny of coral, floated inert close to the surface.

Sirjohnnie, when at last Felisi succeeded in enticing him away from the net for an inspection, was overcome. He uttered little yelps of excitement as he pounced on fish that he knew to be rare specimens, and some that he had never seen before.

"But this is wonderful!" he cried. "Some more of that vine, Félisi, quick!"

Felisi obeyed instructions in every respect

except speed. Sirjohnnie was capering round the pool like a madman when she

"This is nothing short of a discovery," he told her, in a shaking voice. "What is it, Filisi? But, of course, you don't know."

He clucked impatiently.

And that was where he was wrong, Felisi told herself, squatting in the sand, triumphant. She knew—the whole of Luana knew—that it was a vine that grew in the bush, and, when flung into a pool, stupefied fish. What more did anyone want to know? The ignorance of these white chiefs was beyond belief.

Sirjohnnie was breaking the vine into lengths now, and carefully wrapping them

in a square of oiled silk.

"Crothers must see this," he muttered aloud, even as he had muttered in the fish-

trap.

The evening was undoubtedly the most pleasant time for Felisi. Mandri had come to regard her as a harmless, and occasionally useful, adjunct to the green houses; and Sirjohnnie, when he was not in a trance, seemed to derive considerable amusement from talking with, or rather at, her on a variety of subjects, ranging from ichthyology to theosophy. Also, and what was far more important, he had discovered that the girl had extraordinarily nimble fingers. As she had threaded seeds for sale on Levuka wharf, so she mounted and varnished the minutest Some were delicately stuffed with preservative cotton-wool and packed carefully in labelled departments of tin-lined chests. Others were preserved in jars of spirit. whatever was done with them, Sirjohnnie knew that he was on the way to making the finest collection of tropical fish in existence.

Why the girl did all this, he never stopped to ask himself. He was too busy. He had come to accept her as part of the furniture of the green houses—a very essential part. If he had ever guessed the true reason, he would have received the shock of his life.

On one Wednesday visitation of the launch, the pink man brought Sirjohnnie a letter. It lay on the table until evening, unopened, and when at last he had read it, he sat staring straight before him for so long that Felisi thought the trance had taken hold of him for good. But there was trouble in his eyes, and there was never that when he was in a trance. Felisi knew the cause by instinct.

"You go ongo," she said, nodding her

head seaward.

Sirjohnnie looked down at her with unseeing eyes. Then suddenly he laughed.

"How the mischief did you know that?"

he said.

Felisi wagged her head sagely.

"Law?" she suggested presently.

Again Sirjohnnie laughed, a short laugh this time, and looked at her with his whimsical smile puckering the corners of

his eyes.

"I believe you know a lot more than you pretend, Felisi," he said. "You're right. It's a law that takes me away from Luana. One of our self-imposed laws, but an uncommonly strict one." He sighed. "What a time I've had!" And again, presently: "Was there ever such a time?"

There was no need for him to say any more. "Laws are made to make us do things that we don't want to." Felisi had been at some pains to understand those words, but their meaning was quite clear to her by now. Sirjohnnie did not want to leave Luana! She hugged her feet closer under her small body, and rearranged the hibiscus blossom in her hair.

That evening, when work was done, she danced a meke for him. It was the history of a great war with Tonga, done in pose and gesture to a droned accompaniment, and Sirjohnnie smoked and watched with evident pleasure.

"Vinaka (very good)!" he cried, when she had done. "I wonder how you would take at—at the Hippodrome, Felisi?" he suggested, and fell silent again, with the same troubled look in his eyes. So Felisi danced him the love-story of the two

wood-pigeons.

Then came the evening of the Emerald Drop. Felisi half suspected it from the utter stillness and stifling heat. The glow on the western horizon—a green glow with angry slashes of black cloud across it—increased her suspicions. And as the sun sank, blood red, into the sea—just as its upper edge came level with the horizon—an emerald green ball of light shone for a moment and was gone.

Sirjohnnie was away up the coast, fishing by torchlight. Mandri was in the kitchen, quietly drunk and smoking one of Sirjohnnie's cigars. Felisi pondered what she should do. There might be time, and there might be none. It might strike the beach of the green houses, and it might not. She rose without haste.

The task that she had set herself took, perhaps, an hour. Then she squatted on the

edge of the cliff overlooking the beach and waited as only an Islander can wait.

Darkness closed down, and such darkness! One half of the sky was star-pricked, the other black and substantial as a pall. And the pall slowly encroached on the stars. Nearer and nearer it crept. There was a puff of wind, hot as the night, then another. Felisi held her breath.

Somewhere in the distance there was a mighty roaring; the whole world seemed full of it, trembling with it. The boom of the surf on the reef, changing to thunder, joined the demoniac chorus. Then the hurricane burst on Luana with the force

of a giant sledge-hammer.

Something flew at Felisi out of the turmoil and wrapped itself about her as she clung to a rock. It was one of the green houses from the beach a hundred feet below. She tore it from her, and it whirled off into the night. Palms were snapping like muffled pistol-shots, and crashing to ground with the dull thud of a falling body. The very turf was ripped from the earth and rolled into balls.

Yet it was not a really bad hurricane. It lasted half an hour at most, and cut a half-mile swathe through Luana as cleanly as a mower cuts wheat. Felisi listened to it charging madly into the distance, then leapt to her feet and ran along the edge of the cliff.

The pall had passed on, and the stars shone again. The night was cooler now, and the wind came only in gusts. Felisi ran. It was the first time she had hurried in her life. She called, and kept calling: "Sirjohnnie! Sirjohnnie!" And presently there was an answer. Sirjohnnie was snugly ensconced with his back to a rock, the tin creel carefully guarded in his lap.

Felisi flung herself on the ground beside

him and buried her face in her arms.

"Poor little girl!" murmured Sirjohnnie, putting his hand on her hair. "Frightened, eh?"

Felisi had been frightened, but not in the

way Sirjohnnie thought.

"Never mind; it's all over now," he went on cheerfully. "Whew! Come along—let's go back."

It was Sirjohnnie's first hurricane, that was clear. Go back! To what? Felisi led

the way along the edge of the cliff.

"Gad!" said Sirjohnnie, looking over at the starlit water thrashing the foot of the cliff. "It's driven the sea clean over the beach. I wonder——"

His voice trailed away, and he hurried on in silence.

At the edge of the cove they stopped and stood side by side, looking down on where the beach had been. There was none. The green village had been wiped from the face of Luana as cleanly as a drawing from a slate. The beach was now a bay of foaming water.

Sirjohnnie sat down on the edge of the cliff, still with the tin creel clasped in his

hands, and stared stonily before him. "Village, him go pouff!" Felisi explained,

squatting at his side.

"Village? What do I care about a

village?" he muttered, after a pause.
"Fish, him all right," said Felisi, looking anxiously into his face. She hated to see that troubled look in his eyes.

Sirjohnnie did not hear. He still sat

staring before him.

"And only a week more!" came from

him in a sort of groan.

"Fish, him all right," repeated Felisi eagerly, searching for an answering light in

Sirjohnnie turned his head and laughed

in her face, a bitter, mirthless laugh.

"Fish, him all right," he mimicked, with ironic cheerfulness. "They're back where they belong now, aren't they, Felisi?"

It was some time before Sirjohnnie suffered himself to be led further along the Never had Felisi found him so hard of understanding. Presently, however, he stood looking down on a hole in the volcanic rock, where were neatly packed the tiulined cases and the glass jars—every one of them—and unscathed.

He stared at them in dumb wonderment for a moment, then turned to Felisi, who stood looking up into his face with anxious

inquiry.

"Felisi," he said gravely, "you're a wonder, child!" And he lifted her off

her feet and hugged her.

The next day the beach of Luana reappeared. Save for the fallen palms, torn earth, and battered reed brakes, it was as it had been before the advent of the green houses.

"It just didn't like me, that's all," Sirjohnnie told Felisi, with one of his oldtime laughs. "But I'm still here." He

shook his fist at the Pacific.

About noon the launch arrived, and there was unusual commotion in the landing... The pink man seemed exercised, and the cause of it all was soon apparent when a

stalwart native waded ashore, bearing very gingerly the slight form of a woman. wore the same streaming coloured veil and carried the same kind of sunshade those on the wharf at Levuka.

"Great Scot!" cried Sirjohnnie, and hurried across the beach. He was hatless, unshaven, and his ducks were bespattered

with the good red earth of Luana.

"My dear John," wailed the woman, when she had been set on her feet, "what are you doing?"

Sirjohnnie proceeded to explain, with many gestures and pointings in the direction

of where the green houses had stood.

Presently another white man joined them. "Crothers," bellowed Sirjohnnie, "I've

got something for you!"

"We arrived last Tuesday," the woman continued wearily. "Another week Levuka is simply impossible."

"But you gave me until the twentieth," protested Sirjohnnie. "This place is a perfect Mecca. I've got every species——"

"And this is the twenty-fifth," sighed the

"Good gracious, no, is it? Half a minute, Crothers!" Sirjohnnie was looking from one to the other of his visitors in the same nervous way that he had speared fish in the trap.

" Look here, my dear—

"What I came to find out definitely," proceeded the inexorable woman, "was if you are coming home on the *Moultan* in time for the season, or if you intend to stay here for the rest of your life."

Felisi, lying prone in the sand, buried her face in her hair. Through it she heard

Sirjohnnie's answer.

"Why, of course, yes—that is—yes. Just

one moment, my dear. Crothers!"

Still through her hair Felisi saw him lead the white man to a tiny pool, unwrap the square of oiled silk, and toss in a piece of She heard the distant murmur of Sirjohnnie's voice discoursing gleefully on the result, and saw the white man examining the vine through a glass. The natives and the pink man were already carrying the tin-lined cases and the jars down from the cliff to the launch. Then she became aware that the woman had taken a seat on a rock, and was beckoning to her.

Felisi went and squatted in the sand before She very much wanted to see the

woman at close quarters.

"Well, my dear," she said pleasantly, "do you speak any English?"

Felisi shook her head.



before Lady Truscott. So perhaps it was as well that at that moment Sirjohnnie returned to escort her to the launch, thus sparing to Society a charming hostess and the much-tried wife of a truly exasperating man. Sirjohnnie obeyed his "law" with commendable fortitude. He forgot to say good-bye to Felisi, and was borne out to the launch, expostulating wildly with a native who had inadvertently stepped on one of the tin-lined cases. But Felisi has never forgotten him.

"' 'Well, my dear,' she said pleasantly, 'do you speak any English?'"

## "IF AT FIRST-

### By H. A. POSTLETHWAITE

#### Illustrated by Bertram Prance



₹HERE she is!" Denis exclaimed, grasping my arm just above the elbow and drawing me up sharply in the midst of the bustle of Victoria at six p.m. "Isn't she superb? Isn't she, old man?"

Second-Lieutenant Denis Jeeves is my only sister's only son.

"Mottled hat and big green coat?" I

asked.

Come on; let us see what line "Yes.

she lives on, anyhow.'

We followed at a reverential distance. The hat threaded through the crowd, paused for a moment before the platform indicator, and bobbed hurriedly towards Number Five.

"She is catching our train," I said.

goes in three minutes."

The grip on my arm never relaxed. Luckily we had our tickets, and we reached the platform only ten yards behind the

Denis was almost speechless with excite-

We walked slowly down the train.

"Her chin, my boy!" he managed to gasp, just before she vanished into a thirdclass compartment.

We found a first to ourselves, and he sat opposite me and cursed the etiquette that forbade him to travel in the more popular

He was on five days' leave from France this was the third day-and for an hour he had been explaining how unutterable life would be if he were obliged to return without at least having become engaged.

The train started. Denis took his eyes from the window and leaned back with a

long, weary inhalation.

"It was just about lunch-time the day before vesterday," he said. "I was dashing up to Headquarters, in the Underground, and she was there. You've no idea what her eyes are like, Bill-black, real black, with evebrows like a Dana Gibson drawing.

not boring you, am I?

"She got up at Piccadilly, and I followed. It was just as convenient for me, anyhow. She glanced back at something just before she stepped off, and her foot slipped; her ankle seemed to give, and she just crumpled I was there like a dart, and she let me help her up. She couldn't walk, but I gave her my stick, and we staggered to the wall. The rest of the crowd cleared away. Then she looked up at me, Bill, with those eyes just swimming, but brighter than stars when it's freezing, and she said 'Oh!' and began to laugh. You'll tell me when you're fed up, won't you?

"It was the laugh that finished me. Fancy laughing with her ankle biffed and the tears in her eyes! I helped her to the lift, got her into a taxi, and asked her for the address. 'Broadway, Westminster.' There was a quiver in her voice, but she wouldn't even let me touch her shoe. She just thanked me and said she'd look after it herself, and said good-bye before I had

my foot on the step.

"It was the bravery, the independence of it, that broke me all up and left me wobbling on the pavement like a moon-struck bulrush. But I must get to know her, Bill. It can't stop here. A girl like that is one in ten thousand."

"Her ankle seems all right this evening,"

I remarked prosaically.

Denis stared at me. "So it does," he "By Jove, I'm glad it wasn't serious. I say, d'you think I dare ask her-"

I assured him it would be fatal. argued, but the matter was settled for us. The dappled hat was still in the train when we alighted.

Denis returned to his regiment with his heart, as he told me, in splints. He left it



to my honour as a gentleman, an uncle, and a pal, he said at parting, to do my honest best for him, during his absence, to discover her identity, to make her acquaintance, and to do everything but propose on his behalf.

He kept me up to it in unusual and unexpected letters. "Do you mean to say you haven't got her name and address yet?" he wrote. "Get that, and I'll do the rest. I'm steeled to it. Try a detective agency, if all else fails."

The sheer force of his insistence kept fresh the memory of the dappled hat and the dainty face beneath it, and a week later I became aware of them opposite to me on my morning train to town. She was pretty enough, and I pardoned Denis's romantic imagination for running away with him. After all, for nine months the poor beggar

had not seen an English girl's face, and he was back again, miles away from home and

beauty, for Heaven knew how long.

The carriage was fairly full. She was near the door, and at the terminus she was one of the first to alight. As she stepped out, she glanced back over her shoulder, and thena tiny scream, a stumble, and I found myself helping to extricate her foot from between the edge of the platform and the step of the carriage. I helped her to a seat on the platform, offered to unfasten her shoe, and sat at her side, talking foolishly and making futile suggestions.

She turned her eyes full on me. Denis was not far wrong about those eyes; they scintillated like dewdrops, and I do not know yet whether it was tears or laughter that was behind their glister.

"Would you mind lending me your arm down the platform?" she said.

"A taxi?" I suggested.
"Oh, no. I'll be quite all right in a few minutes. I'll rest in the waiting-room."

To the waiting-room I conducted her, and she thanked me as she had thanked Denis. I went on my way, wondering whether I should break it to Denis, or whether I should keep silence, lest he should accuse me of having fallen a victim to his own foolishness.

It was three months from the time Denis went away with his heart in court-plaster and bandages to the time he came back with his arm in a sling and a bullet in his shoulder.

"You are a disgrace as an inquiry agent, Bill," he said, the first time I sat by his bedside in the Park Lane mansion where they had taken him in and taken the bullet out. "You never sent me a word about the angel of my dreams with the collapsible ankle."

"Collapsible!" I had not told him of

my own experience.

"Oh, I'm all right now," he said cheerily. "It only lasted a fortnight—these things usually do-and, you know, it was queer that she was walking all right two days after I had seen her hurt berself so badly."

I waited; I felt there was more to

"It was just towards the end of the fortnight," he continued, "and I was feeling about as fed up as I ever did. I had a pile of letters to censor, and the things got on my nerves. They reminded me of the score or so that I ought to have written myself, and didn't want to.

"I read about a dozen, and I don't mind admitting I was very near signing the rest on chance, when one made me sit up. It was unsigned, and I don't know the writer from Adam, but I ought to tell you that there are men serving as privates in the 29th who could buy up half London and pension off the other half without missing it.

"The letter began: 'Dear Little Black-Eyes,' which should have warned me. commenced to read odd paragraphs, skipping the moonlight and kisses, but the word 'ankle' hit me square. It was to my own Black-Eyes, Bill, from some fellow who called her darling in every second line."

"But that doesn't explain 'collapsible,'"

I pointed out.

"Patience," he objured. "Remember my Although he called her darling, it was sotto voce, it seemed. Papa—his papa didn't love her at all, and wouldn't even meet her-I got this, more or less, between the lines—for she types, which isn't the thing in his family. But she has pluck, and she determined to make papa love her. Wherefore, in the Tube her ankle collapsed in order that papa, who was just behind, might rescue her, so make her acquaintance, and repent. But it wasn't papa who rescued her, and that, by the way, explains the glance that upset my appetite at the time."

I laughed. I thought of the glance that

I had received in my turn.

"Three times did the ankle collapse," Denis went on, "and the third time-

"No, the second time——" I interrupted,

and told my tale.

"But the third time," persisted Denis, "it was papa who rescued her."





Photo bul

AN AMBULANCE TRAIN.

(Newspaper Illustration

# LIFE AND WORK ON AN AMBULANCE TRAIN

N these War times an ambulance train is often seen conveying its varied load of sick and wounded, and it is regarded with interest and pathos by many who chance to come across its path, therefore the following description of the manner in which the routine of the management of these trains is conducted will doubtless interest the uninitiated.

The train concerning which this article is written left the railway works, completed for use, in the early days of the War, in the remarkable time of nineteen days after the receipt of the Government order, and it has been running until the present time, with the exception of a short rest when an overhaul was considered necessary. Forty thousand miles is considered a fair run without any severe testing being applied to the wheels and to the springs of the The average mileage attained per month is probably about five thousand. The number of journeys undertaken in the same period of time has varied considerably, naturally depending on the percentage of sick and wounded conveyed to England. As a rule, this train has been on the road some portion of each day. The train consists normally of ten coaches. For extra accommodation for patients who are able to walk, ordinary corridor carriages are frequently added, and vestibule railway vans are utilised for additional cot cases.

The first coach contains quarters for the medical officer and for the nurses. The second coach accommodates the kitchen and the quarters for the orderlies. Seven coaches provide space for patients, one of these being the pharmacy car, where all "walking cases" are treated when necessary. This car is fully equipped with medicines, surgical instruments, and dressings, and it contains a good bathroom available for the resident staff, and an office for clerical purposes. Here all necessary documents are typed.

As regards the construction of the train, when two additional coaches are attached—which is often the case—a walk from one end of the train and back again means a distance of over four hundred yards—nearly a quarter of a mile. Telephonic communication exists from the officers' bathroom to the coach at the further extremity. Electricity for lighting purposes is manufactured by means of dynamos attached to the floors,

and it is stored in accumulators.

Gas is obtained daily from reservoirs for cooking purposes and for heating water in the pharmacy. Two water tanks are contained in each ward, situated under the roof, each having a capacity of seventy gallons. The train is steam-heated by means of pipes attached to the engine. Twenty cots are arranged in each ward or These are made up mattresses, pillows, head boards, sheets and blankets. They work on swivel joints attached to the wall, and each is supported by two oblique rods which can be fixed underneath. These enable them to be pushed up perpendicularly, and the lower cots are, when necessary, utilised as seats for "walking cases," thirty being conveyed in each ward.

Now a few words as to the train staff. The train officer, holding a commission in the R.A.M.C., is at its head. He has complete control of all arrangements, subject to the ruling of the Director of Medical Services, and naturally his word is law. It is often an invidious task on his part to deal with officials at the various places of destination, and to combine firmness with the necessary courtesy due to those anxious to help our wounded. No one can be permitted to board the train without his sanction, and no patients can be allowed to be unloaded without his supervision or that of his subordinate, to whom he may have relegated his authority. The combination of tact with urbanity of manner will always prevent friction, but a thorough knowledge of all details of the various lists of patients conveyed is also very necessary.

The officer, as regards his duties and privileges, takes the position of colonel in a regiment. He has the power of punishment, and he has the responsibility of seeing that every duty appertaining to his detachment is carried out thoroughly. Amongst his routine work is a daily inspection of every part of the train, with scrutiny more especially as to cleanliness and necessary ventilation of the wards and lavatories.

He must view the patients' rations on arrival from the A.S.C. stores, see that the cooking is carried out satisfactorily, and under his charge are placed all stores, comprising crockery, kitchen utensils, bedding, the contents of the pharmacy, and every item supplied by the Government. Deficiencies have to be reported, and stock has to be kept up, even to the small item of nail-brushes.

The nursing sisters board the train just

before the start from the sheds, and their duties end, and they leave for their quarters, on the return of the depleted train back into the docks. Their work is somewhat indefinite. Under the supervision of the medical officer, they have to dress all wounds according to the lists made out by him, to aid in feeding the helpless cases, and last, but not least, they are often of great assistance in cheering our men by their presence, by kindly words, and by many small ways of making the wounded more comfortable.

The train staff further consists of a sergeant, corporal, ten orderlies, and two The sergeant, chosen from the regular R.A.M.C., must be a man of good mental capacity, and one well used to military routine. Under the O.C. of the train, he has the supervision of the duties and the conduct of the orderlies. Amongst his various responsibilities are the care of the train stores, including the charge of the linen supply, the cleanliness of each coach, and the safe control and the distribution of the rations for officer and men patients respectively. The orderlies are, as a rule, men chosen from the Voluntary Aid Detachments, men who have, in some cases, resigned lucrative appointments in order that they might give their services in a useful capacity for ambulance work, and who, in consequence, are almost without exception willing and alert in their work. They have been through a course of first-aid, and they are specially competent in stretcher work. It is interesting to watch the process of unloading a cot ward. Three cots are emptied of patients simultaneously, and the work is done with wonderful dispatch and in good order. Here each orderly has his accustomed place and duty, and the great utility of this continued instruction is well shown in the way in which stretcher-bearers at various stations are advised what to do. Many of these are new to the work. The Army has made great demands on the various detachments for ships and hospitals, and in these ways openings have been given to every member of the Voluntary Aid Detachments of men to give assistance.

The cooks on these trains are supplied by the six great railway companies who originally fitted out the trains. Their work is often very hard. Through the day they have to cook for the officer and the orderlies, and when travelling with invalids their occupation is continuous in supplying meals for the nurses, officer patients, and men. The accommodation arranged for them is not

great, and one cannot but admire the willingness and cheerful determination with which they continue to work, often in a too-heated atmosphere, which seemingly must be very deleterious to their health. The catering for the staff of this train should be mentioned.

The ration allowance for the officer and men—namely, one shilling and ninepence a day for each—is pooled, and the mess caterer

is responsible that all food purchased is included in this amount. This is done with careful management, but it is not an easy task, as all prices have been gradually on the ascending scale.

Inquiries are made of patients in hospital ships, as England is approached, as to the locality of their homes. and cards are given to them accordingly, numbered one to five. No. 1 includes the Southern District, and embraces London. No. 2 refers to the West of England, No. 3 to the Midlands, No. 4 to

the North of

England, and No. 5 to the Scottish Districts. These blocks of numbers are wired to the disembarking authorities, and trains are arranged, if possible, to convey patients to the vicinity of their own homes. For instance, if it be known that there are nearly one hundred No. 5 labels that have been issued, a train may be arranged to go to Scotland. Such arrangement may cause a train to be sent to any part of England, as far west as Plymouth, and as far north as Carlisle, provided a military hospital

exists at the place. Towards Wales, Cardiff and Chester are the nearest approaches. Scotland receives patients as far north as Aberdeen. Discrimination is necessarily made as to the nature of the illness or the injury. Blind cases may be forwarded to London, and probably also those who are suffering from tubercular diseases.

Unfortunately, disappointment is sometimes experienced by patients who have

hopefully expected, by reason of the number of their tickets, to be located near their homes. This plan is carried out as far as it can feasibly be arranged, but not entirely. A ship may arrive with patients sufficient two trains, and the list of cards may include every number up to five. In this case it is not possible to make more than two destinations for the trains. A list of all hospitals is kept in the embarkation office, with a record of all vacancies; and at a glance it is seen where it is possible to send convoys.



INTERIOR OF A COT CARRIAGE.

An important time on the train occurs when the "M" form is received, on which is stated the name of the ship arriving, time arranged for disembarkation, destination, and the number of cot and sitting cases to be carried. The cots are arranged accordingly in each ward, and a careful inspection has to be made by the officer to see that the accommodation is properly organised, and that extra rations, if necessary, are drawn from the A.S.C. stores. For long journeys a full ration is required for each man, and

this quantity is diminished according to the length of the shorter journeys. A full ration consists of three-quarters of a pound of meat, certain quantities of bread, cheese, vegetables, jam, tea, sugar, salt, and mustard. One hundred rations are always kept in reserve, so that, when there is any likelihood of a journey, the meat is at once cooked in the form of a stew, and patients ranging in number from one to two hundred are enabled to have a full meal as soon as the train is on its way.

Each train in its turn enters the shed adjoining the berth where the ship is The term "shed" does not convey to the reader its true signification. Imagine a wooden building approaching a

quarter of a mile long and a hundred yards wide, enclosed practically on all sides, with many windows in the roof, and on the side farthest from the berth a line of rails. These sheds are well lighted by electricity. Warmth is provided by electric radiators placed in the various enclosures into which many of the patients enter before being located in the train. The train being brought to a standstill, the carriage doors of each coach are opened and the landing board is placed in position.

The officer's duty is to watch the embarking, to see that each ward receives its due complement, and to discriminate as to helpless cot cases, who have to occupy the lower beds, and those able to help themselves, who are .

placed in the upper tier.

When the trainload is complete, he receives from the inspector the tickets indicating the total number carried, and he informs him he is ready to start. The duties of the staff are now varied. The officer has to make lists of all cases requiring dressings, and to arrange the dieting. The majority of convalescents receive a full meal; those on milk diet, a due proportion of condensed milk with bread and butter; and many patients recovering from dysentery and enteric fever, who have received on the hospital ship

chicken and fish, are now fed with broth and light food. Some who are unfortunately unable to feed themselves receive the assistance of the nurses.

The first duty of each orderly is to see that all his cases are well wrapped up and made generally comfortable. Fractured legs and thighs are placed in a firm position by means of slings suspended from an upper cot, and kept steady with sand-bags at the sides of the limb, and extra blankets and pillows are used when necessary. He will make out what is called a nominal roll of the men under his charge. This includes name, regimental number, regiment, disease or injury, the division

of the Expeditionary For instance, at the this large amount being due to the fact officers France, and the

Force, and the name of the ship from which he has disembarked. As soon as the list is completed, it is taken to the office to be typed by the sergeant. These lists vary considerably in number. end of one journey to London, twentythree were handed in, that patients were received from three ships at one time, embracing and men from India, Dardanelles, and in-

cluding British, Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and Newfoundland nationalities, officers and men from each ship being enumerated separately. Thus the reader can perceive that this part of the work is not easy. The office division of the patients is not yet complete. What is called a "convoy wire" must be forwarded at the first stopping station to the hospital officials at the destination, stating the number of medical and surgical cases, cot and sitting The number of patients respectively. carried varies from one hundred to three hundred and twenty.

On long runs it is always the endeavour of the officer to induce the patients to rest, if possible. Often at night, when the sleeping accommodation is insufficient, two men may be seen sleeping in one cot.



AN AMBULANCE TRAIN PASSING THROUGH A STATION

night all lights in the ward are partially obscured, and orderlies in rotation act as night attendants, those off duty obtaining rest. The officer naturally remains at his post, and he inspects the train periodically. A journey to Aberdeen and back, with the responsibility of patients on the outward route, occupying at least sixteen hours, will be well understood to cause a certain physical strain on the system.

At the commencement of the War one often heard expressions of regret from lady

members of the Voluntary Aid Detachments that they were unable to devise active means towards giving their assistance. An observer who might at these times happen to be at a "rest station," where an ambulance train has arrived. would feel impressed with gratitude and pleasure in watching the proceedings, and it could be at once observed that here these willing workers have found a complete fulfilment of their desires. At these stations a wire has been dispatched by the ever-thoughtful embarkation staff, notifying the probable time of the arrival of the train. Just previous to that event, hand - trucks loaded with tea-urns. sandwiches, cakes,

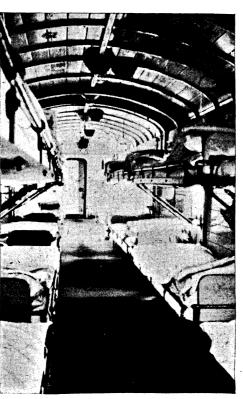
chocolate, and cigarettes, with a copious supply of fruit, can be seen under the charge of many modern Sisters of Mercy. Let the cordial thanks of the whole British Empire be voted to them for their exertions—often freely undertaken in the dark hours of the night—and for their bright and happy demeanour, which brings joy and contentment to the minds of our sick and wounded. These men thank God that Englishwomen can willingly and lovingly aid them so effectually in lightening their misfortunes. It has been my privilege to hear, during the continuation of the journey, many a remark,

aptly and honestly expressed, concerning these great acts of kindness, and I should like to add my testimony, as regards the utility of these rest stations, by observing that the whole mental aspect of the trainload is much altered for the better as soon as travelling is resumed.

The public is unaware, naturally, as to the course which the train takes on the road. Some stations are difficult to approach. The tortuous and almost circular entry to the landing stage at one port allows of some trains

only to be used for this purpose, and at one part three engines are required to draw them.

Another port requisitions some considerable ingenuity in the final stage of nearing the hospital ship. The steepness of the road over the Shap Pass causes the speed to be much reduced, and one engine at this spot is not sufficient. The speed of the trains is good, the average, including stoppages, being probably about thirty-seven miles an hour. Ambulance trains possess a great advantage in having a clear passage kept for them, chiefly on the outward journey, all traffic that might delay them being suspended for the time.



ANOTHER INTERIOR.

The destination

having been reached, the officer of the military hospital, with a detachment of stretcherbearers, is found to be waiting to take charge of the patients. Ambulances are also seen to be in readiness. These vary in appearance and capacity. Many can take four stretcher cases at one time. Some have been converted especially for the purpose, and others, through the generosity of the wealthy classes, are really luxurious motor-cars with a change of the usual body to one suitable for ambulance work. Many private cars are also utilised for sitting cases. The rapidity in unloading a train varies at different stations. At one

important centre in the county of Yorkshire this train, conveying a full load, has been emptied in twenty-five minutes; for the same number of patients at another centre—the name of which it is not necessary that I should denote—the disembarking has occupied more than two hours. In extenuation I should state that sometimes the hospital may be at a distance from the station of more than two or three miles, and there may not be a sufficiency of cars to take all the cot cases at once.

In other instances the want of constant practice on the part of the bearers may handicap their work. I must say that great credit is due to these men for the gentleness and kindness shown in their work, and their aid, which is all voluntary, is indispensable to the country.

The mixture of occupations of these

stretcher-bearers is remarkable. One often sees in this branch all classes of helpers — policemen, railway porters, clergymen, labourers, shop assistants, men of leisure, and many other contingents.

On the return journey the rest time does not come at once to the train staff. Immediately the coaches are emptied they are arranged for future work. The cots are remade, clean sheets being placed on each one, the floors of the wards

are then scrubbed, and those in which infection may have been carried are sprayed with a solution of disinfectants. Then well-earned relaxation of mind and body is indulged in by the officer, the nursing sisters, and by the men.

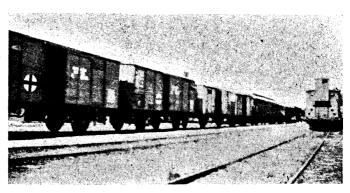
The characteristics of our fighting men are wonderful. I have found them obedient to discipline, but not servile, imbued with the fixed idea that England will win in the end, but not yet, and cheerful under their maladies. No doubt this feeling, in a great measure, is increased by the expectation of seeing their homes.

Often, apparently, rough and uncouth in daily life, unkempt and dreary through want of rest caused by relentless trench existence, I have many a time watched these men, worthy of decorations, attending with the gentleness and inborn courtesy of a skilled nurse to those more helpless than themselves, arranging the bed clothing for

comfort's sake, cheering them in their own effectual way of speaking, and quite unconsciously following out the Divine precept: "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name receiveth Me."

And the culminating point is reached when one sees the care and anxiety displayed by them so eagerly in helping our poor, hopelessly blind cases, leading them with a child's tenderness, feeding them with every attention, and heartfully attempting, often in vain, to raise them from the almost universal despondency which exists. And these, our fighting men, who do these acts, seemingly at ordinary times callous and indifferent, covertly express emotion in their voices and tears in their eyes.

Life for the present is changed for us all. You who have to bear quietly the burden of the War, lessened in means through the



AN AMBULANCE TRAIN IN THE EAST.

heightened cost of living, do not allow your thoughts ever to wander far from the bravely-carried woes of our national heroes—men who, perchance, are crippled for life, and who, nevertheless, appear happy and contented.

If out of your diminished resources you may feel enabled to help our trainloads by promiscuous gifts of literature and eigarettes, the weary monotony of many a journey may be lessened to our patients, and grateful remembrances of your kind aid will fill their minds.

Finally, amongst your acts of generosity consider foremost the needs of those who evermore are blinded, and who are never to look again upon the beauties of life, and who are on our hands as helpless babes. May you be able to render their pathetic dependence a burden of life to be carried more lightly by reason of your labours of love.

# ANN BASSETT'S YOUNG MAN

### By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Illustrated by Christopher Clark



HEN a man told Ann
Bassett he loved
her, though she
was thirty - seven
years old, and of a
homely countenance
and poor figure, she
honestly believed it.
And though she
was niece and
heiress to a pros-

perous inn-keeper, and stood some day to be worth a good few thousand pounds, that didn't shake her faith in the love Robert Blackstock offered to her. For perfect love casteth out a good many other things besides fear—common-sense, for example, and the recollection that twice two can only make four.

There was something to be said for Ann, because the man himself wasn't a figure for a statue exactly. In fact, Robert Blackstock might have been called undersized and ugly without straining the truth. It was likely enough that many a 'girl had turned him down before he came to Ann Bassett, for he wasn't for all markets any more than she was. Moreover, he was a foreigner, and came from some far-off town. He arrived at Dittisham for a week's holiday, and found the place and the people suit him so well that he stopped on from summer far into autumn.

It's nearly a hundred years now since his adventure; but the village doesn't change much, and you may take it that the church and High Street were nearly the same then as now, and that the plum orchards spread round about, and that the river flowed beneath them, where men cast their nets and caught fat, silver salmon in their season.

Dart winds about, and each bend and turn seems more beautiful to the eye than the last; but there's no fairer place than Dittisham ferry, and no pleasanter place on the river's bank from Dartmoor to Dartmouth than this hamlet and its orchards and plough-lands lifting above the water. A few miles down stream you come to the ships and the sea, though at Dittisham you'd never guess how near the blue water was, but for the sea-gulls that float overhead, or fold wing and settle when the coulter's in the earth. Then the sea birds share and share alike with the land birds, and plod at the ploughman's heels with the rooks and crows.

There was no mystery about Robert Blackstock as far as one could judge at first sight. He seemed an easy-going, good-tempered man of forty or thereabout. He liked to agree with people, and did friendly things, and was of a neighbourly sort of mind. He went to church of a Sunday, and put his silver sixpence in the dish with the best. Indeed, there was but one man in all the village never could get to like him or trust him, and, by strange chance, that was the very man with whom the visitor lived.

Aaron Wade kept "The Man and Gun" at Dittisham. He'd kept other publics in his time, but never did much good till he came to Dittisham. There, however, he'd thriven for ten years and built up a fine business. He did a bit of posting, and had some valuable horses; he rented a salmon net on the river; and he was in the plum business also, and owned two very good orchards. His house stood beside the ferry, and got the custom that came across the river; and though, as I say, these things fell out not far short of a hundred years

ago, and the old "Man and Gun" has been pulled down for half a century, neither the place nor the publican is wholly forgot. A memory will be handed down from mouth to mouth, and though I don't suppose a man in Dittisham could show you Aaron Wade's grave at St. George's, yet a few can call home stories of him they've heard from their grandfathers.

An iron-grey man with a face like a 'natomy, so thin it was. But his eyes could look pretty deep into character, and it was generally allowed he read up his fellow-creatures very certain and sure. By the same token he never married, yet had the good fortune to get a very clever woman at his right hand. For when he came to Dittisham, his orphaned niece, Ann Bassett, came also; and a very valuable hostess she made for "The Man and Gun," despite her plain face and humble appearance.

Ann was flat as a board, but she had a fine mop of corn-coloured hair and a brisk, upright carriage. Her eyes were a cold grey, and her nose weren't a commanding feature; but it was her mouth and chin that gave character to her countenance, for you never saw firmer members. In fact, her uncle used to say that it was her mouth frightened the men away from her. She was kind-hearted, however, and would have made a first-rate wife for any sensible chap; but it was took for granted that she belonged to the noble army of spinsters from the first, and until Bob Blackstock came along, none had ever offered her marriage.

The visitor lodged at the inn, and, according to his custom, sought to please A most affable person he was, and that humble that he'd give the very children in the street "Good morning." He always wore a three-cornered hat and a pair of worsted stockings, that helped to hide his thin legs. His manner was frank and genial, and his smile—so Ann Bassett thought—would have disarmed a cut-throat pirate. He was short, and had a face of such a common fashion that you forgot it the moment you'd seen He never talked about himself or his business. Indeed, he gave it out that he was a gentleman of private means. plenty of business he did, out of sight of Dittisham, and he spent a good deal of his time going and coming between Dartmouth and the village. Dittisham minded its own business also, otherwise the natives would have found out that Robert Blackstock was very friendly with the seafaring people, and often went aboard their ships, and waited on

the skippers of little craft that traded to France and the Channel Islands. But he neither smoked nor drank with the sailormen. Indeed, he hated tobacco, save in the form of snuff, and only allowed himself an occasional pinch of that, when he wanted to clear his mind. As for drink, he took a night-cap of hollands, but touched nothing else, and mixed it weak for those times.

And this excellent person it was who fell in love with Ann, who from the first returned his affection. But though they were so much of one mind, the story of their love wouldn't run smooth, for, as ill luck ordained, the only one who mattered, and whose favour was important, proved just the one that could not reconcile himself to the romance.

Aaron Wade had two very good causes against the match, and the first was that he didn't like Bob, for all his pleasant tongue and friendly manners; while the second reason belonged to himself. He had no wish to lose his niece, because he very well knew that he would never get such another housekeeper for "The Man and Gun."

When Blackstock found that he wasn't welcome in that vital quarter, no doubt he had uneasy thoughts, for he was only human, and it may well be that he hadn't fallen in love with Ann before he knew she was her uncle's heiress. But it soon became apparent that Aaron was going to make the match a personal matter; and, indeed, before the pair had been tokened a fortnight, Wade spoke very clearly to Ann. He couldn't forbid the banns, but he warned her against her lover with all his might.

"This here Mr. Blackstock's a long way short of what he seems to be, in my opinion," declared Aaron. "I can't give no particulars, or put my finger on the weak spot, but I don't like him and I don't trust him. To say more would be to risk libel, which I ain't going to do; but it's enough for you, Ann, that I'm very certain you wouldn't be happy for long with him. Therefore I hope you'll reconsider it; and in the unfortunate case of you taking him against my wishes and advice, then I must warn you, my dear, that I should have to make out a new will, because I don't intend for Master Bob to have the handling of a crown of mine."

Ann stormed at that, but Aaron wouldn't budge.

Then she told Mr. Blackstock.

"Don't think I care, however," she said.
"What's his money to me against your love?
Let him go, and his land and hosses with
him. I've won you, and you took me for

myself, not my uncle's money. And nothing will ever change me, for I'd far rather sacrifice the shoes off my feet than lose your love."

He applauded this noble outburst on Ann's part, and didn't show by a blink of his eye

what he thought about her bad news.

"Money is nothing compared to you," he said, "yet I should be very sorry indeed if my affection were to come between you and what was lawfully your right. I will speak with your uncle and strive to show him he is unjust."

Which he did do; but Aaron couldn't be convinced. In fact, he took rather a strong line with his guest at that interview, and though Blackstock was a customer, and had been paying excellent money for three months by this time, the publican thought he had better leave "The Man and Gun." Indeed, he went so far as to say he'd be glad if he would do so.

Calm and civil as ever, Bob agreed to fall in with Aaron's wishes.

"I will go this day fortnight," he answered, after a moment's reflection, and Wade thanked him. The older man hoped that out of sight might be out of mind with Ann, and trusted that, her suitor once away, she would quickly change her mind about him. But, though cute enough in most things, Aaron didn't know anything about such love as Ann's, or such craft as Master Blackstock's.

In fact, them three people were all destined to astonish each other amazingly before Fate intervened and solved their problems.

#### II.

To begin with, after the visitor heard that Ann's uncle was so set against him, he naturally wanted to know the reason why, and, being brave enough, he bearded Mr. Wade and begged he would explain his objections.

The inn-keeper saw the justice of that, and

granted he had a right to ask.

"I thought you'd want to know," he said, "but, beyond general views, I can say nought. I've always found you straw-coloured men, with pale eyelashes, to be sly and deceitful, Mr. Blackstock. It's a rule I've never known to have an exception, and though I've got no quarrel whatever with you, and you pay regular and neighbour very kindly with us all, yet—there it is. I can't say why I don't like you; but the fact is, I dislike you more than a Christian ought, and I won't have Ann wed you if I can prevent it."

"She's old enough to know her own mind, surely?" Bob asked, and Aaron granted it.

"Surely, surely; but you wanted to know

my mind, and now you do."

And then it looked as though there was nothing for it but that the visitor should depart, for it was, of course, beneath his self-respect to stop longer at "The Man and Gun."

He put it to Miss Bassett, and she agreed with him. Indeed, she spoke very sharp and bitter against her uncle, and made it clear to the other for the hundredth time that she set him first before the world.

"I'm very sorry he should so disgrace himself and show such a hateful temper against you," said Ann. "But I've done with him now, and you've only got to say the word, and I'll throw him over when you please."

After she said that, Robert Blackstock

kissed her very affectionately.

"'Tis easy to see," he declared, "that you despise money and put love before all else."

Then he explained that he meant to leave Dittisham in a fortnight, anyway, and hoped she was ready to come with him. But the manner of his leaving was not so simple as in these days of railway trains and telegrams it would have been. He made it clear there was a pretty serious problem before them yet, and he told Ann that soon she should know the strange business that brought him to Dittisham.

"Love makes all things easy," he said, "and what would have been a great difficulty for me alone, with your help will be easy enough. Had I found your uncle a different sort of man, with a livelier turn of mind and more generous ideas, I should have imparted my secret to him; but that is not possible, because he exhibits animus against me. When all is ready, however, I shall have the priceless support of my precious Ann, and, between us, we may have to make your Uncle Aaron sorry for the line he has taken."

"So we will, then," she said. "I care not how he smarts, for he has wronged you and robbed me, so he's the enemy of both of us."

Then, after two more visits to Dartmouth town, and a good deal of secret talk in captains' cabins, Robert Blackstock got his plans in order. But even yet he didn't allow Ann into the bottom of the secret, for he wasn't quite sure how far she was to be trusted.

But he explained what had to be done, and left more particulars till afterwards.

"We'll kill two birds with one stone," he said, "and since your uncle thinks I'm not good enough for you, you must come to me without his leave. We'll fly by night, Ann, and help ourselves to the old coach and a pair of his best horses. He shall have them back, of course. Don't fear I seek to rob him of anything but you."

She considered, and he found her in a

temper that suited him well enough.

"You served him very well," she said, "and since he's took back his promise to leave all his goods to me, and dared me to marry you, I care not a button for him; and if his old coach and best horses are useful to you, so much the better."

"They'll carry us to Plymouth, at least," he said, "and from there we can post again. But think not you'll have the great coach to yourself, Ann. There's more to travel in it

than you."

Then he explained the true business that

had brought him to Dittisham.

"Had Aaron Wade been a man of sense, he would have won my confidence, for I came to 'The Man and Gun' trusting to find a mind large enough to understand me, and a will strong enough to help me," he said to her. "My first purpose was to seek a man with good horses at his disposal; my second to win the man to free trade. I hoped to convince him that the laws of the land are evil and unjust—if he did not know it already. The good horses are here, but unfortunately the sensible man is not. Instead, I find you, Ann—worth a thousand men to me."

Ann's eyes grew round.

"What you call 'free trade,' Uncle Aaron

calls smuggling," she said.

"Exactly. And I very soon saw he was not a man of ideas, or had courage to flout injustice. So I proceeded alone, and during the last three months I have matured my plans and collected my merchandise. All is now in train, and, given your help, the rest will be easy enough. The stuff—tobacco and lace—is awaiting my orders. It can be here within the fortnight. It will come up the river in boats to Dittisham by night, and you will have the coach waiting on the quay for it. You see how I trust you. None else knows my plan. It would mean Botany Bay for me if it were whispered in any ear but yours."

It was a pretty bold card to play, but Robert knew the woman well enough by now. She loved him with all her soul and strength, just because he'd declared his love for her; for that any man could love such a homely creature as herself awoke a proper answering fire in Ann.

"Remember, the point of view is everything," he concluded, to make all sure. "The law may say I'm wrong to trade with France as I do. And I say I'm right, and I tell you that the Customs are a disgrace to a free country, and it behoves every true-born Englishman to protest against the highway robbery of the State. I'm an honest, plain dealer, and I believe in free trade, and I won't be bullied into yielding up my rights for any Government. And if those who think as I do were as brave as I am, we should soon have the law changed for the benefit of all honest men. And soon it will be changed."

Well, she felt quite contented to believe the rogue—poor, love-blinded creature—and the long and the short of it was that they laid their plans to have the contraband brought up the river on a certain night. The old coach would be on the wharf to meet the boats, and the flight was timed for a day three weeks hence, when Aaron Wade was going to visit a friend up the river at Buckfastleigh. For 'twas an annual thing with him to go and shoot pheasants, when October came, with a fellow inn-keeper who dwelt nigh the old Abbey of Buckfast, and

was a famous sportsman.

Meantime Bob fell in with Wade's direction and left "The Man and Gun." He expressed great regret that he should have failed to please the uncle of Ann Bassett, and then he packed his traps and went to Dartmouth; while, that further dust should be thrown in people's eyes, Ann gave out her betrothal was broken off. At the man's advice this was done, and Aaron Wade judged pretty correctly that his niece would not get another chance to wed. So he forgave her, and never dreamed the truth.

In due course he went off to his friend, and was well content to leave his house in Ann's care; while, as for Blackstock, Aaron said afterwards that, once he'd got him out of "The Man and Gun," he never gave

another thought to him.

Ann felt some pretty sharp qualms without a doubt during those days, but she was swept off her feet by the romance of helping the man she loved, and she didn't stop to think what she was doing till too late. She always said, in later years, that she deserved far worse than befell her; but that's a matter of opinion, and most people reckoned her punishment was planned by Providence to meet her crime.

At any rate, the woman hadn't long to wait, and that in itself is a blessing for the sinner, because it is better far to be found out and chastened and forced to see your errors and repent, than to be allowed the long rope, which, sooner or later, may end in the long drop.

In fact, the sequel to Ann's adventure proved a very strong argument that honesty is the best policy, and though she lived to be eighty-four, as her gravestone tells, nothing ever happened to make her doubt

it again.

#### Ш.

The great night came, and with it three boats from Dartmouth sneaked up to Dittisham steps. In the first was Master Bob himself, and he found Ann waiting under the stars to welcome him. She had harnessed the best two horses in the stables to an old-fashioned, roomy coach, that he'd cast his eyes over long before, and knew well fitted for his purpose.

While the men brought up the contraband,

Ann spoke with her lover.

"The floods are out," she said, "and there's but one danger—the ford at Cherry Creek. Our road runs there two miles below Totnes; but the mill above takes most of the water, and I hope it will be all right if we don't go in above the axles."

He didn't fear that, however, and his only care was to be gone. They loaded up, and a heavy load it was; then Ann climbed up on the box beside Bob, who took the reins, and they crept up the main street, and didn't break into a gallop till they were away past

St. George's.

Blackstock was bound for Plymouth—so he told her—and she believed him, and nestled beside him, and hoped the world would be well lost in exchange for such a valiant man. But very different must have been her feelings if she could have looked into that barefaced smuggler's heart.

He fell silent, and, indeed, wanted all his wits to drive by the rough road that ran in those days from Dittisham to Totnes. 'Twas not a matter of many miles, but of many hills and sharp turns and rough bottoms. There'd been tremendous autumn rains, too, and in one place a flood had broke up the surface till it was more like a river than a road, while where water could lay, there water was.

Ann saw the stars reflected in the pools as they passed by, and felt the romance of the situation fill her heart; but that happened soon to send her poetical ideas to the right - about. In a word, Master Bob. though well inclined to wed Ann for her fortune's sake, had made up his mind to do no such thing when he heard that her prospects would be gone if she married him. He knew she was a clever, faithful creature, and would make him a very good wife; but money was his god, and when he found that the woman's uncle saw through him, his heart was hardened against Ann. none the less, he knew how useful she could be, by reason of her faith and trust in himself, and so he used her to help his roguery; and it looked as if Providence was going to be on his side also, since everything had fallen so pat for his plans. But now Ann could be of no more use to him, and at the moment when she felt that all her hopes of future prosperity depended upon her lover, and believed that nothing was too good for the smooth-tongued scamp, he calmly gave her the slip. Indeed, he had planned to do so long ago, and knew to a yard when the moment of parting from Ann would come, for he'd mapped out that night's work in every detail.

They came to a turnpike now, and Ann alighted to open the pike, for the gate-keeper was known to her, and after she'd summoned him, he flung a key from his chamber window to save himself the trouble of getting down house to open the pike himself. And then, as Ann swung the gate wide before him, Robert Blackstock whipped up his horses and galloped off under her nose. A little parcel fell at her feet, flung by Bob from the box seat, and he shouted his farewells.

"Good-bye, Ann! There's something to remember me by," he said, and was gone! The great coach went rolling and rumbling down a bit of a hill, while she stood and gasped and saw it go. She very near fainted at the shock, but fortunately other passions swept in on her grief and disappointment. She raged with anger at his wicked insult, and saw in a flash how he'd used her for his thefts, how he'd fooled her, got all he needed out of her, and then cast her away. It seemed that he was safe enough, since no means existed for overtaking him. He would push on through the night, change horses in the morning, and so proceed beyond reach of capture to his destination, wherever that might be. He had told her that he was going to Plymouth, therefore one thing was certain—he would not go there.

Yet, though telephones and telegrams, railway trains and motor-cars, were not there

to help law and order, though there were no resources of civilisation to assist Ann, a greater power she had than these at call, and that was her own outraged and indignant Never before had she felt the demand of such inspiration, and her brains responded in the hour of need. One thing was possible. It might be too late, since he had such a start, but it was worth trying. She knew every turn and twist of the country, and every field-track round about; and now she turned to the hills and ran, as fast as she could go, to the top of a wide-mouthed combe, but half a mile above her, where a noisy stream shouted down the hillside. Above it ran a mill leat, now full to overflowing, and Ann knew that this water-flood might yet avenge her and bring her enemy's plans to nought, if she could but loose it in time.

She'd changed in the twinkling of an eye from an infatuated, adoring woman to a fury of hate and disdain. Her only thought on earth at this moment was to be revenged on the man who had fooled her and lied to her about love, and used her for his knavery. Nothing was too bad for him. With all her heart she hoped that his prophecy might come true, and that it would prove within her power to arrest his escape and help to send him to Botany Bay.

But here was her only answer—the sole force she could control, which was able to travel quicker than a pair of galloping horses. It might, indeed, be too late, but rage winged her steps, and she lost no time. The horses, she hoped, must still be half a mile from Cherry Creek, and these pent-up waters would reach the ford quicker than they. If this road were blocked, Master Bob must retrace his steps, and that meant his destruction, if Ann but did her part.

She understood the machinery that controlled the water, and began to unscrew the sluices over which the flood already poured. Soon the strain finished the work she had The old woodwork of the sluice gave way and was torn to pieces, while a huge torrent roared into the valley and filled the night with turmoil. For a moment Ann stood deafened and dazed at what she had done. It seemed that the side of the hill was being torn out, and that the mill-house above her was threatened, for the cataract shook its foundations. Ann saw lights in the windows, and heard men shouting. Then she hurried back by the way she had come, to rouse the people at the pike, and withstand Blackstock as he returned.

A man and his wife dwelt there, but the man was old, and Ann ran to two cottages hard by, and called up a stout young fellow or two in the name of the Law. Yes, in the King's name she called them, and they came in fear, for they guessed it could be no less than the press-gang from some ship of the line that had just popped into Dartmouth. When they heard the truth of the adventure, they thanked their stars, doubtless, that it was no worse, and were very glad to lend Ann their help to catch Master Bob on his way back.

Indeed, they didn't wait for him, but pushed on in the direction of the ford; and as they came nearer and nearer, with no sight of the returning coach, Ann's heart misgave her, and she fell into a torment of fear that she had been too late. If Blackstock had driven his pair through the water before the flood came down, he was safe enough, for he might be at the ends of England before hue and cry could be raised. And all that the frantic woman could see waiting for her was the laughter of the people and the wrath of her uncle, when his great loss came to his ears.

They pushed on, the men carrying lanterns, and very soon the roar and riot of the flood came to their ears. Such a thunder none had ever heard till then, for the mighty torrent of water Ann had unloosed descended the hillside, like an army on the march, and tore down trees and set rocks loose, and swept into the little combe below with terrible destruction.

They got to the brink of the ravening water presently, without any sight of the coach, and there, where in ordinary times you'd see a broad reach fifty yards across and spread below a stickle, where the trout jumped at evening time, was now a proper boiling, shouting mass of water that flashed its foam caps through the dark, and looked to be half a mile across. 'Twas but a hundred yards really, but it seemed vast in the darkness, and they could hear the shout and hiss of the spate boiling out into the greater tidal waters of the Dart below, and setting up wild waves there.

The labourers doubted their senses, and turned on Ann with many questions. For a time they feared the woman was mad to have done this rash act and loose the mill-stream; but that happened to show the truth of all she'd told them.

For then the dawn broke and the light waxed, and an angry, red fore-glow rose over the hills. It showed the fierce torrent



"A little parcel fell at her feet, flung by Bob from the box seat."

and the harm it had done, and it told the savage end of Aaron Wade's poor horses, and his coach, and the treasure it held, and the man that drove it.

Twenty yards below the ford a few big rocks extended across the channel and marked danger, for below them the stream grew deeper. And here daylight showed the coach jammed hard and fast. It was clear the flood had come down on Blackstock even as the waters of the Red Sea descended on the

Egyptians. Half across the ford he was caught, and met a terrible punishment. The man himself had clearly been swept away in the flood, but the horses and coach were caught, and when, many hours later, the torrent was cut off and the coach reached, the horses harnessed thereto were found to be drowned, and much of the contents of the vehicle destroyed.

As for the smuggler himself, his body came to light in a salmon net a week after, and it

was said that inquiry proved him a Bristol man—one very well known to authority as a rascal.

What wasn't rendered useless by the water, in that great store of contraband, the State took over, and 'twas the State, I suppose, that gave Blackstock Christian burial, when his battered body turned up in a Dittisham net. So, by the chance of Fate, it was our churchyard that opened for him, and in a place he little thought to see again he'll stop till the Books are opened and the graves give up their dead.

As for Ann, she kept the parcel he threw to her when he bade her farewell. It proved to be a bit of old Flemish lace worth five pounds; but she put it by as a curiosity and a bitter reminder. Her uncle forgave her, which was all that really mattered, and it was Aaron Wade who cheered her up and made her see sense about the tragedy. For, as time went on, Ann began to understand that she had murdered a man, for that was the plain English of it.

Considering the circumstances, however, I never heard that anybody blamed her much. Indeed, the quality and bettermost folk all congratulated her upon what she'd done, and Aaron said openly that, seeing the sinner he'd been, it was much better for Ann to murder Master Bob Blackstock than

marry him.



"COTTAGE AT HAMBLEDON." BY BIRKET FOSTER.

From the original in the National Gallery of British Art.

## THE EAGLE

By

### MAJOR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS



sat upon the very topmost perch under the open-work dome of his spacious and lofty cage. This perch was one of three or four lopped limbs jutting from a dead tree-trunk erected

in the centre of the cage—a perch far other than that great branch of thunder-blasted pine, out-thrust from the seaward-facing cliff, whereon he had been wont to sit in his own land across the ocean.

He sat with his snowy, gleaming, flatcrowned head drawn back between the dark shoulders of his slightly uplifted wings. His black and yellow eyes, unwinking, bright and hard like glass, stared out from under his overhanging brows with a kind of darting and defiant inquiry quite unlike their customary expression of tameless That dull world outside the bars of his cage, that hated, gaping, inquisitive world which he had ever tried to ignore by staring at the sun or gazing into the deeps of sky overhead, how it had changed since yesterday! The curious crowds, the gabbling voices were gone. Even the high buildings of red brick or whitish-grey stone, beyond the iron palings of the park, were going, toppling down with a slow, dizzy lurch, or leaping suddenly into the air with a roar and a huge belch of brown and orange smoke and scarlet flame. Here and there he saw men running wildly. Here and there he saw other men lying quite stillsprawling, inert shapes on the close-cropped grass, or the white asphalted walks, or the tossed pavement of the street. He knew these inert, sprawling shapes were men, and that the men were dead; and the sight filled his exile heart with triumph. were his enemies, his gaolers, his opponents.

and now at last-he knew not how-he was tasting vengeance. The once smooth green turf around his cage was becoming pitted with strange yellow-brown holes. holes, he had noticed, always appeared after a burst of terrific noise, and livid flame, and coloured smoke, followed by a shower of clods and pebbles, and hard fragments which sometimes flew right through his cage with a vicious hum. There was a deadly force in these humming fragments. He knew it, for his partner in captivity, a golden eagle of the Alps, had been hit by one of them, and now lay dead on the littered floor below him, a mere heap of bloody feathers. Certain of the iron bars of the cage, too, had been struck and cut through, as neatly as his own hooked beak would sever the paw of a rabbit.

The air was full of tremendous crashing, buffeting sounds and sudden fierce gusts, which forced him to tighten the iron grip of his talons upon the perch. In the centre of the little park pond, some fifty feet from his cage, clustered a panic-stricken knot of eight or ten fancy ducks and two pairs of red-billed coot, all that remained of the flock of water-birds which had formerly screamed and gabbled over the pool. This little cluster was in a state of perpetual ferment, those on the outside struggling to get into the centre, those on the inside striving to keep their places. From time to time one or two on the outer ring would dive under and force their way up in the middle of the press, where they imagined themselves more secure. But presently they would find themselves on the outside again, whereupon, in frantic haste, they would repeat the manœuvre. The piercing glance of the eagle took in and dismissed this futile panic with immeasurable scorn. With like scorn, too, he noted the three gaunt cranes which had been wont to stalk so arrogantly among the lesser fowl and drive them from their meals. once domineering birds were now standing

huddled, their drooped heads close together, beneath a dense laurel thicket just behind the cage, their long legs quaking at every

explosion.

Amid all this destroying tumult and flying death the eagle had no fear. He was merely excited by it. If a fragment of shell sang past his head, he never flinched, his level stare never even filmed or wavered. The roar and crash, indeed, and the monstrous buffetings of tormented seemed to assuage the long ache of his home-sickness. They reminded him of the hurricane racing past his ancient pine, of the giant waves shattering themselves with thunderous jar upon the cliff below. time to time, as if his nerves were straining with irresistible exultation, he would lift himself to his full height, half spread his wings, stretch forward his gleaming white neck, and give utterance to a short, strident, yelping cry. Then he would settle back upon his perch again, and resume his fierce contemplation of the ruin that was falling on the city.

Suddenly an eleven-inch shell dropped straight in the centre of the pool and exploded on the concrete bottom which underlay the mud. Half the pool went up in the colossal eruption of blown flame and steam and smoke. Even here on his perch the eagle found himself spattered and drenched. When the shrunken surface of the pool had closed again over the awful vortex, and the smoke had drifted off to join itself to the dark cloud which hung over the city, the little flock of ducks and coot was nowhere to be seen. simply was not. But a bleeding fragment of flesh, with some purple-and-chestnut feathers clinging to it, lay upon the bottom of the cage. This morsel caught the eagle's He had been forgotten for the past two days—the old one-legged keeper of the cages having vanished—and he was ravenous with hunger. He hopped down briskly to the floor, grabbed the morsel, and gulped it. Then he looked around hopefully for more. There were no more such opportune tit-bits within the cage, but just outside he saw the half of a big carp, which had been torn in twain by a caprice of the explosion and tossed up here upon the grass. This was just such a morsel as he was craving. He thrust one great talon out between the bars and clutched at the prize. But it was beyond his reach. Disappointed, he tried the other claw, balancing himself on one leg with widespread wings. Stretch and struggle as he would, it was all in vain. The fish lay too far off. Then he tried reaching through the bars with his head. He elongated his neck till he almost thought he was a heron, and till his great beak was snapping hungrily within an inch or two of the prize. But not a hair's-breadth closer could he get. At last, in a cold fury, he gave it up, and drew back, and shook himself to rearrange the much dishevelled feathers of his neck.

Just at this moment, while he was still on the floor of the cage, a high-velocity shell came by. With its flat trajectory it passed just overhead, swept the dome of the cage clean out of existence, and whizzed onwards to explode, with a curious grunting crash, some hundreds of yards beyond. The eagle looked up and gazed for some seconds before realising that his prison was no longer a prison. The path was clear above him to the free spaces of the air. But he was in no unseemly haste. His eye measured accurately the width of the exit, and saw that it was awkwardly narrow for his great spread of wing. He could not essay it directly from the ground, his quarters being too straitened for free flight. Hopping upwards from limb to limb of the roosting-tree, he regained the topmost perch, and found that, though split by a stray splinter of the cage, it was still able to bear his weight. From this point he sprang straight upwards, with one beat of his wings. But the wing-tips struck violently against each side of the opening, and he was thrown back with such force that only by a furious flopping and struggle could he regain his footing on the perch.

After this unexpected rebuff he sat quiet for perhaps half a minute, staring fixedly at the exit. He was not going to fail again through misjudgment. The straight top of the roosting-tree extended for about three feet above his perch, but this extension being of no use to him, he had never paid any heed to it hitherto. Now, however, he marked it with new interest. It was close below the hole in the roof. He flopped up to it, balanced himself for a second, and once more sprang for the opening, but this time with a short, convulsive beat of wings only half spread. The leap carried him almost through, but not far enough for him to get another stroke of his wings. Clutching out wildly with stretched talons, he succeeded in catching the end of a Desperately he clung to it, broken bar. resisting the natural impulse to help himself by flapping his wings. Reaching out with his beak, he gripped another bar, and so steadied himself till he could gain a foothold

with both talons. Then slowly, like a dog getting over a wall, he dragged himself forth, and stood at last free on the outer side of the bars which had been so long his

prison.

But the first thing he thought of was not freedom. It was fish. For perhaps a dozen seconds he gazed about him majestically, and scanned with calm the toppling and crashing world. Then spreading his splendid wings to their fullest extent, with no longer any fear of them striking against iron bars, he dropped down to the grass beside the cage and clutched the body of the slain carp. He was no more than just in time, for a second later a pair of mink, released from their captivity in perhaps the same way as he had been, came gliding furtively around the base of the cage, intent upon the same booty. He turned his head over his shoulder and gave them one look, then fell to tearing and gulping his meal as unconcernedly as if the two savage little beasts had been field The mink stopped short, flashed mice. white fangs at him in a soundless snarl of hate, and whipped about to forage in some more auspicious direction.

When the eagle had finished his meal—which took him, indeed, scarcely more time than takes to tell of it—he wiped his great beak meticulously on the turf. While he was doing so, a shell burst so near him that he was half smothered in dry earth. Indignantly he shook himself, hopped a pace or two aside, ruffled up his feathers, and proceeded to make his toilet as scrupulously as if no shells or sudden death were within

a thousand miles of him.

The toilet completed to his satisfaction, he took a little flapping run and rose into the air. He flew straight for the highest point within his view, which chanced to be the slender, soaring spire of a church somewhere about the centre of the city. As he mounted on a long slant, he came into the level where most of the shells were travelling, for their objective was not the little park with its "Zoo," but a line of fortifications some distance beyond. Above, below, around him streamed the terrible projectiles, whinnying or whistling, shricking or roaring, each according to its calibre and its type. It seemed a miracle that he should come through that zone unscathed; but his vision was so powerful and all-embracing, his judgment of speed and distance so instantaneous and unerring, that he was able to avoid, without apparent effort, all but the smallest and least visible shells, and

these latter, by the favour of Fate, did not come his way. He was more annoyed, indeed, by certain volleys of débris which occasionally spouted up at him with a disagreeable noise, and by the evil-smelling smoke clouds, which came volleying about him without any reason that he could discern. He flapped up to a higher level to escape these annoyances, and so found himself above the track of the shells. Then he made for the church spire, and perched himself upon the tip of the great weather-vane. It was exactly what he wanted—a lofty observation post from which to view the country round about before deciding in which direction he would journev.

From this high post he noticed that, while he was well above one zone of shells, there was still another zone of them screaming far overhead. These projectiles of the upper strata of air were travelling in the opposite direction. He marked that they came from a crowded line of smoke-bursts and blinding flashes just beyond the boundary of the city. He decided that, upon resuming his journey, he would fly at the present level, and so avoid traversing again either of the

zones of death. Much to his disappointment, he found that his present observation post did not give him as wide a view as he had hoped The city of his captivity, he now saw, was set upon the loop of a silver stream in the centre of a saucer-like valley. In every direction his view was limited by low, Along one sector of this encircling hills. circuit—that from which the shells of the lower stratum seemed to him to be issuing the hill-rim and the slopes below it were fringed with vomiting smoke-clouds and biting spurts of fire. This did not, however, influence in the least his choice of the direction in which to journey. Instinct. little by little, as he sat there on the slowly veering vane, was deciding that point for His gaze was fixing itself more and more towards the north, or, rather, the north-west; for something seemed to whisper in his heart that there was where he would find the wild solitudes which he longed for. The rugged and mist-wreathed peaks of Scotland or North Wales, though he knew them not, were calling to him in his newfound freedom.

The call, however, was not yet strong enough to be determining, so, having well fed and being beyond measure content with his liberty, he lingered on his skyey perch and watched the crash of the opposing

bombardments. The quarter of the town immediately beneath him had so far suffered little from the shells, and the church showed no signs of damage except for one gaping hole in the roof. But along the line of the fortifications there seemed to be but one gigantic boiling of smoke and flames, with continual spouting fountains of debris. This inexplicable turmoil held his interest for a few moments. Then, while he was wondering what it all meant, an eleven-inch shell struck the church spire squarely about thirty feet below him.

The explosion almost stunned him. tip of the spire—with the weather-cock, and the eagle still clinging to it—went rocketing straight up into the air amid a stifling cloud of black smoke, while the rest of the structure, down to a dozen feet below the point of impact, was blown to the four Half stunned though he was, the amazed bird kept his wits about him, and clutched firmly to his flying perch till it reached the end of its flight and turned to Then he spread his wings wide and The erratic mass of wood and metal dropped away, and left him floating, halfblinded, in the heart of the smoke-cloud. A couple of violent wing-beats, however, carried him clear of the cloud; and at once he shaped his course upwards, as steeply as he could mount, smitten with a sudden desire for the calm and the solitude which were associated in his memory with the uppermost deeps of air.

The fire from the city batteries had just now slackened for a little, and the great bird's progress carried him through the higher shell zone without mishap. minute or two he was far above those strange flocks which flew so straight and swift, and made such incomprehensible noises in their Presently, too, he was above the smoke, the very last wisps of it having thinned off into the clear, dry air. began to find that he had come once more into his own peculiar realm, the realm of the upper sky, so high that, as he thought, no other living creature could approach him. He arrested his ascent, and began to circle slowly on still wings, surveying the earth.

But now he received, for the first time, a shock. Hitherto the most astounding happenings had failed to startle him, but now a pang of something very like fear shot through his stout heart. A little to southward of the city he saw a vast pale-yellow elongated form rising swiftly, without any visible effort, straight into the sky.

Had he ever seen a sausage, he would have thought that this yellow monster was shaped like one. Certain fine cords descended from it, reaching all the way to the earth, and below its middle hung a basket, with a man in it. It rose to a height some hundreds of feet beyond the level on which the eagle had been feeling himself supreme. Then it came to rest, and hung there, swaying slowly in the mild wind.

His apprehension speedily giving way to injured pride, the eagle flew upwards, in short, steep spirals, as fast as his wings could drive him. Not till he could once more look down upon the fat back of the glistening yellow monster did he regain his mood of unruffled calm. He regained it only to have it stripped from him, a minute later, with tenfold lack of ceremony. For far above him—so high that even his undaunted wings would never venture thither—he heard a fierce and terrible humming sound. He saw something like a colossal bird-or, rather, it was more suggestive of a dragonfly than a bird—speeding towards him with never a single beat of its vast yellow wings. Its speed was appalling. The eagle was afraid, but not with any foolish panic. knew that even as a sparrow would be to him, so would he be to this unheard-of sovereign of the skies. Therefore it was possible the sovereign of the skies would ignore him and seek a more worthy opponent. Yes, it was heading towards the giant sausage. And the sausage, plainly, had no stomach for the encounter. seemed to shrink suddenly; and with sickening lurches it began to descend, as if strong hands were tugging upon the cords which anchored it to earth. The eagle winged off modestly to one side, but not far enough to miss anything of the stupendous encounter which he felt was coming. Here, at last, were events of a strangeness and a terror to move even his cool spirit out of its indifference.

Now the giant insect was near enough for the eagle to mark that it had eyes on the under-sides of its wings—immense, round, coloured eyes of red and white and blue. Its shattering hum shook the eagle's nerves, steady and seasoned though they were. Slanting slightly downwards, it darted straight toward the sausage, which was now wallowing fatly in its convulsive efforts to descend. At the same time the eagle caught sight of another of the giant birds, or insects, somewhat different in shape and colour from the first, darting up from the

opposite direction. Was it, too, he wendered, coming to attack the terrified sausage, or to defend it?

Before he could find an answer to this exciting question, the first monster had arrived directly above the sausage and was circling over it at some height, glaring down upon it with those great staring eyes of its wings. Something struck the sausage fairly in the back. Instantly, with a tremendous windy roar, the sausage vanished in a sheet of flame. The monster far above it rocked and plunged in the uprush of tormented air, the waves of which reached even to where the eagle hung poised, and forced him to flap violently in order to keep his balance against them.

A few moments later the second monster arrived. The eagle saw at once that the two were enemies. The first dived headlong at the second, spitting fire, with a loud and dreadful rap-rap-rapping noise, from its strange blunt muzzle. The two circled around each other, and over and under each other, at a speed which made even the eagle dizzy with amazement; and he saw that it was something more deadly than fire which spurted from their blunt snouts; for every now and then small things, which travelled too fast for him to see, twanged past him with a vicious note which he knew for the voice of death. He edged discreetly further Evidently this battle of the giants was dangerous to spectators. His curiosity was beginning to get sated. He was on the point of leaving the danger area altogether, when the dreadful duel came suddenly to an end. He saw the second monster plunge drunkenly, in wild, ungoverned lurches, and then drop head first, down, down, down, straight as a stone, till it crashed into the earth and instantly burst into flame. He saw the great still eyes of the victor staring down inscrutably upon the wreck of its foe. Then he saw it whirl sharply—tilting its rigid wings at so steep an angle that it almost seemed about to overturn—and dart away again in the direction from which it had come. Then he saw the reason for this swift departure. A flock of six more monsters, of the breed of the one just slain, came sweeping up from the south to take vengeance for their comrade's defeat.

The eagle had no mind to await them. He had had enough of wonders, and the call in his heart had suddenly grown clear and intelligible. Mounting still upward till he felt the air growing thin beneath his wing-beats, he headed northwards as fast as

he could fly. He had no more interest now in the amazing panorama which unrolled beneath him, in the thundering and screaming flights of shell which sped past in the lower strata of the air. intent only upon gaining the wild solitudes of which he dreamed. He marked others of the monsters which he so dreaded, journeying sometimes alone, sometimes in flocks, but always with the same implacable directness flight, always with that angry and menacing hum which, of all the sounds he had ever heard, alone had power to shake his bold heart. He noticed that sometimes the sky all about these monsters would be filled with sudden bursts of fleecy cloud, looking soft as wool; and once he saw one of these apparently harmless clouds burst full on the nose of one of the monsters, which instantly flew apart and went hurtling down to earth in revolving fragments. But he was no longer curious. He gave them all as wide a berth as possible, and sped on, without delaying to note their triumphs or their defeats.

At last the earth grew green again below him. The monsters, the smoke, the shells, the flames, the thunders, were gradually left behind, and far ahead at last he saw the sea, flashing gold and sapphire beneath the summer sun. Soon—for he flew swiftly—it was almost beneath him. His heart exulted at the sight. Then across that stretch of gleaming tide he saw a dim line of cliffs—white cliffs, such cliffs as he desired.

But at this point, when he was so near his goal, that Fate which had always loved to juggle with him decided to show him a new one of her tricks. Two more monsters appeared, diving steeply from the blue above him. One was pursuing the other. Quite near him the pursuer overtook its quarry, and the two spat fire at each other with that strident rap-rap-rapping sound which he so disliked. He swerved as wide as possible from the path of their terrible combat, and paid no heed to its outcome. But, as he fled, something struck him near the tip of his left wing.

The shock went through him like a needle of ice or fire, and he dropped, leaving a little cloud of feathers in the air above to settle slowly after him. He turned once completely over as he fell. But presently, with terrific effort, he succeeded in regaining a partial balance. He could no longer fully support himself, still less continue his direct flight; but he managed to keep on an even keel and to delay his fall. He knew that to

drop into the sea below him was certain death. But he had marked that the sea was dotted with peculiar-looking ships—long, narrow, dark ships—which travelled furiously, vomiting black smoke and carrying a white mass of foam in their teeth. Supporting himself, with the last ounce of his strength, till one of these rushing ships was just about to pass below him, he let himself drop, and landed sprawling on the deck

Half stunned though he was, he recovered himself almost instantly, clawed up to his feet, steadied himself with outstretched wing against the pitching of the deck, and defied, with steady, undaunted eye and threatening beak, a tall figure in blue, white-capped and gold-braided, which stood smiling down upon him.

"By Jove," exclaimed Sub-Lieutenant James Smith, "here's luck! Uncle Sam's own chicken, which he's sent us as a mascot till his ships can get over and take a hand in the game with us! Delighted to see you, old bird! You've come to the right spot, you have, and we'll do the best we can to make you comfortable."



#### THE LITTLE DWARFY MAN.

RUN out and see them passing, then—the yellow caravan, The baby cheetah in a cage, the little dwarfy man, The juggler who juggles with a score of china eggs, The cotton clown who spilt a pack of cards upon his legs.

I know I said the Hampshire dwarf inhabited a tower, But now he dances with the clown, his face all smeared with flour; For since he saw the tight-rope girl with roses in her hair, He's gone to beat the tambourine and lead the dancing bear.

I know I said he lived in church, and rang the noon-day chime, For dwarfs, like bats, have always lived in churches, all through time; But then the circus chanced to pass that way, and out he ran—The tight-rope dancer turned and called the little dwarfy man.

He cannot go and fight the Hun; he is too small for that— He's not as tall as Andrea without his Sunday hat. So now he drives the slow white horse, and sweeps the caravan— Run out and watch him pass our gate, the little dwarfy man.

I think that he is desolate, if only he would tell; He'd rather go and fight the Hun, or ring the old church bell. The clown has grown so old, so old, although he has to dance, And the tight-rope dancer's got a soldier somewhere out in France.

VIOLA WOODS.



SOCIALISM AT THE FRONT.

FIRST TOMMY: Bit of a Socialist, ain't 'e, Jim?
SECOND TOMMY: Not 'arf 'e ain't. Why, 'e borrows my money, 'elps 'imself to my fags, and now I'm blowed if 'e don't want to write to my gel!

### THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

#### LENTIL PIE. By Madeline M. Oyler.

"Bur you can't give it to the Smitherses," I objected. "You know the sort of man he isloathes anything to do with vegetarianism."

"That's just why we're going to have it," smiled Hilary. "This lentil pie is to convert him. If it doesn't, I'll—I'll—— But it will." She spoke with conviction. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Well, I only hope it isn't to be the pièce de résistance, because, if they happen to loathe it, things will be awkward."

Hilary smiled serenely.

"Don't worry your funny old head," she "Cook says the extraordinary part about this lentil pie is that it tastes just as if it has meat or game or something in it, and it's really nothing but lentils and breadcrumbs and tomatoes and things. You'll be surprised when you taste it."
"I hope I shall," I said gloomily, "but I

"Cheer up! There'll be soup and a pudding," Hilary explained, "so they won't go hungry.

After a strenuous day's work, as we waited for our guests, I suddenly remembered my fears about the lentil pie. I voiced them aloud to Hilary, but she was unsympathetic.

"I expect to make converts to-night," she said. "Before dinner is over, I bet the women ask me for the recipe."

"Sixpence that they don't," I said.

"Done!" replied Hilary, just as the Smitherses were announced. Dinner started well. The soup was excellent. Then came the lentil pie. As it was handed to Mrs. Smithers, Hilary and I exchanged hasty glances. It looked delicious -crisp and brown on the top, creamy inside. For the next few minutes my conversation, I know, must have been strained and unnatural, as I furtively scanned the faces of our guests, striving to guess, by their expressions, their opinion of the lentil pie.

My fears were groundless. Almost at once

Mrs. Smithers leaned towards my wife. "My dear," she said, "what a perfectly

delicious dish! I wonder—could you possibly let me have the recipe?

"Thundering good," agreed her husband. "I wish we could get this sort of thing at home." And in a moment the whole table was discussing lentil pie with an enthusiasm which in pre-war days would have been considered bad form, if not positively German.

Hilary's triumph was complete.

After our guests had gone I produced sixpence.

"An easy win," I said, "and you've certainly had a success. I've never heard old Smithers so enthusiastic about anything. He and his family are going to live on lentil pie for the rest of their lives, I gather from what he said."

At breakfast I thought Hilary rather subdued. Could the lentil pie possibly not have agreed?

But no, she looked very well.

"By the way," I said, as I was preparing to start, "could you let me have one or two copies of that recipe for lentil pie? I know some of the chaps at the office would like to have it for their wives."

"They probably wouldn't like it," said Hilary carelessly, "so it's hardly worth bothering. Not much news this morning, is

there?"

A CHARWOMAN applied to a lady for a job. "What do you charge a day?" asked the mistress

"Well, mum," was the reply, "that depends on whether I eats meself, or you eats me."



In his first week at work in the crockery shop Sam carelessly broke a large vase. On pay day he was called into the manager's office.

"Half of your week's wages will be stopped," said the manager, "until you have paid for that three-guinea vase."

Sam grinned. "It looks like I'm sure of a steady job, anyhow."



THE NEW BEVERAGE.

"From inquiries made by our representative, the general attitude of the public towards the new beer appears to be one of sympathetic toleration."— $Daily\ Paper$ .

"Not much," I agreed. "But about this recipe. Anyone would like it; even the most confirmed meat eater wouldn't know he wasn't eating meat and game."

"But we were," burst out Hilary. "Can you imagine anything so tiresome? Cook made a lentil pie, and then—she said she was busy, and forgot it—the wretched old thing burnt to a cinder. She didn't know what to do—the time was so short—so she got some of that cold partridge we left yesterday, and minced it up with tomatoes and things, and that was our lentil pie. I owe you sixpence, too," she added miserably.

"Oh, keep that," I said magnanimously. And all the way to the station I pondered as to what Hilary would say to the women who were promised the recipes.

#### THE WALK IN WINTER.

A walk in winter is a subject that The minor poet sings of through his hat; Of frost-bound roads and byways he will gush, And never mentions half a foot of slush. He brags of the agility with which He leaps with joy across the frozen ditch. We tried this once; result, an awful thud. The ice we found too thin, too thick the mud. His robin in the snow we seldom meet, 'Tis usually a chicken in the sleet. Another scene of which he's very fond Is red-cheeked boys all skating on the pond; But making slides on roads they think more proper-How often on them have we come a cropper! The ruddy light that's streaming through the blinds Of village inns, most picturesque he finds. An inn like this we once discovered, but, By order of the Liquor Board, 'twas shut!



THE EXPLANATION.

TROUBLED OFFICER: I'm hanged if I know what those confounded chimney-looking things are—they are only wells on the map.

EVER-HELPFUL TELEPHONIST: We must have blowed them inside out last night, sir!

#### s. w. o. G.

The mail was an extra large one, and I was tired and peevish. There was still a goodly pile of the ship's company's letters to censor, and, contrary to orders, many of the envelopes were sealed. This entailed much extra work for miserable me, and it was while resealing the last of these that I was tempted to commit a childish act of revenge, and—fell.

About a week later I was on leave in London, and, owing to the scarcity of taxis, had perforce to take passage in the humble motor-'bus.

Seated opposite me were two girls, whose conversation reached my ears only in fragments, until curiosity caused me to listen more intently, when the name of my own ship was mentioned.

"... in the North Sea, is he? And does he ever write to you?"

"Oh, yes. Why, I had a letter from him the other day, and, do you know, dear, there was something written on the envelope which I cannot understand. You see, he always puts 'S. W. A. K.' on the flap." "But what does that mean?"

"Sealed with a kiss, of course, you silly. Well, as I was saying, this had been crossed out, and 'S. W. O. G.' written instead, and I cannot imagine what that means. Besides, the letter had evidently been opened."

At this moment the 'bus was nearing my destination, so, as I arose, I addressed the

perplexed maiden-

"My dear young lady, may I offer you a word of advice? When next you write to your friend, tell him not to seal his letters before passing them on to the Censor. There will then be no necessity to inform you that they have been sealed with office gum."



"YE-ES," hesitated the husband, "these cakes are pretty good, but don't you think there ought to be just a little more——"

"Your mother made them," interrupted the

young wife quickly.

"-of them?" ended he.

#### THE S

It was little Jack's birthday, and amongst his presents was a beautiful box of sweets. To celebrate the day, a few of his little friends were asked to tea and games. During the party Jack's mother started handing round the chocolates. When Jack saw what his mother was about, he ran up to her and cried—

"Oh, mummie, don't waste them!"



THE CLUE.

"HAVE you been to France?"

"Yes—came back last week."
"Now, I wonder if you saw anything of that young nephew of mine out there—Smith is his name?"



THE PARALLEL.

"What sort of a man is Jones?"
"Oh, he's as quarrelsome as a pacifist."

"Is this the lawyer who is going to defend me?" asked the murderer, on trial in a far town of the Wild West, as he looked at the young lawyer.

"Yes," answered the judge, "he's your

lawver."

"If he should die," asked the murderer, could I have another?"

"Certainly," answered the judge.

"Well," said the murderer, "can I see him alone for a few moments?"



"No, suh," said a negro to a magistrate in a West Indian Court, "Ah wouldn't 'a' got into no trouble wif de constable, suh, ef it hadn't been fo' wimmen's lub ob dress."

"What on earth has dress got to do with it?"

asked the amazed magistrate.

"Well, suh, my wimmen folks, dey wasn't satisfied wif eatin' dat chicken. Dey had to go an' put de fedders on deir hats an' p'rade 'em as circumstanshial ebidence."



#### THE PRICELESS PRESENT.

They gave her Christmas presents rich and rare, Pearls of great purity beyond compare; Books bound in vellum, handkerchiefs of lace: These she accepted with a languid grace, Evincing little pleasure in them all; Till came an offering, unpretentious, small, Which every other gift eclipsed and crowned—For it was sugar weighing quite a pound!

Born 1820 still going strong.



"So many men, so many minds"— But all are agreed on "Johnnie Walker."

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

#### THE MYSTERIES OF BANKING. By R. H. Roberts.

I daresay it's all right to put your money in the bank, if you've got any, but it do seem to me there's only one thing harder than putting it in, and that's getting of it out again. remember how upset Perkins was after he'd opened an infant's Post Office Savings Bank account for our 'Erbert with a shilling, and wanted it out the next week, and found he couldn't touch it for seven years.

There was a sort of sister-in-law of mine, living down East Ham way, who came in for a bit of money from an uncle who was a master lighterman. They said he made it by pulling the cork out of his barge one dark night, and drawing the insurance money, but that's neither here nor there. It was fifty pounds, but it might have been five thousand pounds, the fuss she made about it. She wouldn't spend it, she wouldn't give it away, and she wouldn't lend it, not to me or to the Government, though we both tried to touch her for a bit.

She didn't believe in banks; she said all the banks she'd ever read about in the Pansy Novelettes, or seen on the pictures, always went broke, and she wasn't going to risk it. So, unbeknown to anyone, she put all the money in a fish basket, and hung it up in the coal shed in the garden, because, she said, nobody wouldn't think of looking for it there. But one night a tramp out after chickens found it without looking for it, and that's all the good hoarding up wealth did for her.

I only done one bit of business with a real bank in my time, and I think it added years to my life.

It happened like this. Just to oblige, I was taking a person's washing home to do



SEASONABLE.

MISTRESS: I am glad to see that you have broken

Yes, ma'am, as this is Christmas-time, I MAID: thought I ought to give you a treat.

temporary, because she'd worked her servant off her legs and into the hospital with St. Viper's A regular nigger-driver she was, and one of them sort that counts each blessed article three times over before your face, and has never got any change. I didn't see a



HE: No, he didn't exactly refuse, but his consent entailed a condition I don't care to comply with. SHE (reproachfully): Oh, Henry! HE: Well, you see, my dear, he said he'd see me hanged first.



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MIXED METAPHOR.

The Comforter: Well, Tim, why don't you speak to the sergeant about it? The Sufferer: I did, but 'tain't no good; it only goes in one ear and out the other, like water on a duck's back.

ha'penny for three weeks, and then I had to tell her if she hadn't got any change, I hadn't got any soap, and, if I wasn't feeling well, I was in the habit of running down to Southend for the day, and not doing other people's washing for nixes. That did it. She said she'd ask her husband to write me out a cheque, which I were to take to the bank and get the money—seven and fourpence.

I goes to the bank next morning, and saw a young fellow weighing up half-crowns in a pair of grocer's scales.

"What can I do for you, madam?" he ses.

So I handed in the cheque, and, just to make myself agreeable, I ses: "I want a few ounces of that stuff, if it's all the same to you, Clarence."

- "This is a crossed cheque," he ses.
- "What's that?" I asked.
- "See them two lines on it?" he said.
- "Oh, yes," I ses. "Quite spoils the look of it, don't they?"
  "Well," he ses, "I can't cash it."

  - "Why not?" I ses. "Is it a wrong 'un?"

"Oh, no," he ses. "It's quite all right, but it's crossed."

#### THE LOAD OFF HER MIND

A story of how a little wife was relieved from a great anxiety.

### By Dennis Orland

Y/ELL, Ethel, how's Jack getting along?" "Famously, Jim; got his second 'stripe' last week, and only joined up four months. I think that's splendid, don't you?"

"Yes; but then he always was thorough, and was bound to get on, whether in business or the Army. Still, I'm glad to find my opinion of him justified, and that he is moving up out of the rut."

"Oh, he deserves his promotion. thrown heart and soul into his drill, never missed a 'lecture,' and got through as much in four

months as many would in a year. He's simply 'Jack.' The one thing that worries me is the fact that his getting on so fast means that he will probably go to the Front much earlier than would be the case, and, in fact, may go any minute now."

"Why should that worry you, dear? It may give him just the chance he would want, and mean

a 'Commission.'"

"Oh, I don't worry about the fact of his going to the Front; he will gladly take his chance there, and give a good account of himself. What I worry about There's four is the 'kiddies.' of them now, and, if anything happens to Jack, I really don't know how I should be left. Life insurance is so difficult in the case

of a man going to the firing line, and if a big extra premium were required, to cover the extra risk, I'm afraid Jack couldn't afford it."

"Ah, Ethel, I can see your trouble; but I'll put it all right—don't worry. There is a new scheme just launched, devised by a well-known insurance company, to meet just such cases as Jack's. You see, it's like this: I'm fond of Jack, and want to help him, and now I can do so.

"You can pay any premium, from 20s. up to £20 per annum—that is the limit. for each yearly premium of 20s. you pay, if Jack dies a natural death any time during the validity of the policy, in England or Europe (other than in the Balkans), you get £100 straight away. If he dies a natural death in the Balkans, you get £50 for each 20s. premium. These amounts are paid even if death is the result of an accident. If he dies in action, or as the result of wounds received in action, you will get for every 20s. per annum paid as premium a sum of £5 down, and share in the total surplus funds up to 90 per cent. of such funds.

"Now, I want you to let me do my little bit, for the sake of Jack, you, and the kiddies. Let me pay a premium of £10. Then if the worst happens you will get £1,000 if he dies naturally in Europe (other than the Balkans), and £500 if he dies naturally or by accident in the Balkan Peninsula. Then, if he goes to the Front and loses his life in action, you get an immediate sum of £50, enough for emergency expenses, and will



"'I'll put it all right. Don't worry."

share in a division of 90 per cent. of the surplus of the fund. This will be divided among policy holders in proportion to the amount of premium paid, eighteen months after the signing of peace, and may prove a nice little nest egg for the youngsters in case of Jack's 'stopping one,' and will relieve you of all immediate worry, as well as doing away with the uncertainty you have feared."

"Oh, thank you, Jim; you are a brick, and Jack will feel a load taken off his mind, and

will go out with a light heart."

"Well, Ethel, I'll get the full Prospectus sent on by the Eagle and British Dominions Insurance Company, from their head office in Royal Exchange Avenue, E.C. 3, or 79, Pall Mall, S.W. 1. Jack must sign the form, and I will pay the premium. The amount is very little, and, should the unfortunate happen, may prove a great help to you just when you need it most; but we'll hope you won't need it. Still, it will relieve you and Jack from much anxiety, and it is better to be on the safe side."

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

"Look here," I ses, "I can take a joke-none better-but I came here to get seven and fourpence, not to play at oughts and crosses. If it's too big a job for you, I'd better see the guv'nor.'

Just then an old toff came out of the back

parlour and took hold of the cheque.

"This is crossed, madam," he said.

I said: "Can't you think of something fresh to say?'

"This can only be paid through a bank," he

"Well, what's this," I ses-"a fried fish shop?"

"You don't understand," he ses. do you bank?"

"If you must know," I ses, "in the vegetable

thoroughfare. Suddenly they were stopped by a shady-looking individual, who asked them

"The time?" replied the quiet-looking man, thinking it wisest not to consult his watch, and seeing no friendly clock to tell him the hour. "I should say it's about four-certainly not much after."

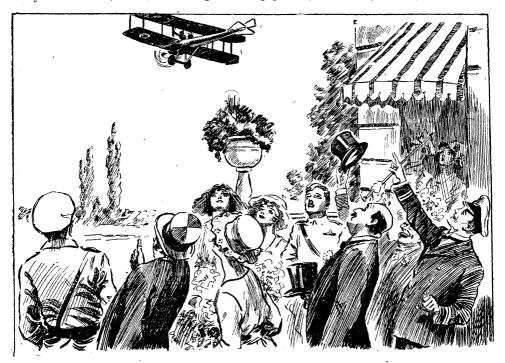
The shady-looking man thanked him and

passed on.

When the two friends had gone a little distance, the one asked the other-

"How was it you thought you knew the time so accurately without consulting either watch or clock?'

"Why," replied the other, "I heard a newspaper boy in a neighbouring street selling



THESE FLYING CORPS WEDDINGS! How to avoid the wedding guests.

dish with the blue border, on the second shelf of the dresser, but it happens to be empty at the present minute.'

"I should advise you to get one of your tradesmen to cash it for you," he ses.
"Call yourself a bank!" I ses. "Why, I

don't believe you've got so much money in the place, and I suppose all those pretty things Clarence is amusing his dear little self with is duds!'

Then the shopwalker in the brass buttons opened the door, and I marched out all of a tremble. My grocer got it out of them, after all, but it took him three days to do it.



IT was a lovely afternoon. A quiet-looking man and a friend were walking down a London a 6.30 edition, so I knew it was about four o'clock.'



We can't be too careful about our spelling. See, for instance, what sorrow has descended upon the innocent by reason of an editor's carelessness. We quote from a country newspaper item-

"We wish to apologise to Mrs. Orlando Overlook. In our paper last week we had as a heading, 'Mrs. Overlook's Big Feet.' The word we ought to have used is a French word, pronounced the same way, but spelled fête. It means a celebration, and is considered a very fashionable word."

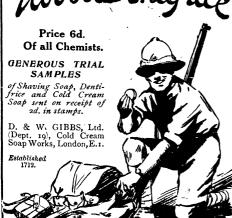




A soldier writes from Salonica: "Tommy prefers Gibbs's Dentifrice because of its economy in use, the fresh and clean sensation it imparts to the mouth; it keeps the teeth sound and of good colour, and, moreover, being a solid cake, can be stowed away in the haversack without risk of damage to other contents. I have seen fellows' haversacks in a terrible mess through a tooth-paste tube having burst, or powder tin falling open."

"Like a Breeze in the Mouth."

# Gibbs's Dentifrice



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#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

Long had he worshipped her at a distance, but his shyness prevented him from proposing. Then, one evening, for the sake of sweet charity, a theatrical performance took place, in which the charmer was leading lady, and more adorable than ever. Afterward the shy admirer drew near, his love made valiant by the sight of her beauty. "You are the star of the evening," he said, as they stood alone in a corner.

"You are the first to tell me so," said the damsel, with a happy blush.

"Then," he retorted promptly, "may I not claim my reward as an astronomer?"

THE great man was very politely saluted by a little boy of eight as he got out of his motor-car one day, and the little fellow's act struck his attention.

"You're a very polite little fellow," the owner of the car said. "Do you salute all the strangers who pass in the same way?"

"No, no, sir, only motorists," the boy stammered. "Father says I've to be polite to them, because motor-cars bring him trade."

"What is your father's trade, my little man? Does he repair motor-cars?"

"No, sir," said the little fellow. "My father is an undertaker."



NO SLACKING!

SMITH MINOR (to Smith Major, V.C., D.S.O.): I say, pater, I wish you'd straighten your hat and chuck that cigar away. Here comes Jephson; he's captain of our school rifle club, and he's aufully particular.

The lady looked puzzled. "What reward?" she asked.

"Why, the right to give my name to the star I have discovered!"



The teacher was giving a talk on coins of the realm, and they had been through the entire range from pennies to sovereigns.

One little girl was singularly inattentive. Her gaze was fixed upon a playful sparrow on the window-sill, and she had no thought for coins.

Suddenly the teacher placed a coin on the pupil's desk and demanded—

"What's that?"

"Heads!" came the instantaneous answer.

The class were supposed to know the story that when Oliver Cromwell entered the House of Commons, he said, on seeing the mace: "Remove that bauble!"

An inspector of schools asked one of the boys who said these words.

"Henry the Eighth when he saw his fourth wife," was the astounding reply.



"What would you do with your money? said the friend of the family to a small boy who yearned to be rich.

"Buy a motor-car," was the reply, "so that I could fly my kite out of it without running my legs off."



# Some Old-Fashioned Beauty Recipes

Simple and Effective.

By MIMOSA.

The Magnetism of Beautiful Hair.

BEAUTIFUL hair adds immensely to the personal magnetism of both men and women. Actresses and smart women are ever on the look-out for any harmless thing that will increase the natural beauty of their hair. The latest method is to use pure stallax as a shampoo on account of the peculiarly glossy, fluffy, and wavy effect which it leaves. stallax has never been used much for this purpose, it comes to the chemist only in 1 lb. sealed original packages, enough for twentyfive or thirty shampoos. A teaspoonful of the fragrant stallax granules, dissolved in a cup of hot water, is more than sufficient for each shampoo. It is very beneficial and stimulating to the hair, apart from its beautifying effect.

#### To Have Smooth, White Skin, Free From Blemish.

OES your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth, and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at the chemist's, and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough, discoloured or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp, only in almost invisible particles. Mercolised wax simply hastens Nature's work, which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

Permanently Removing Superfluous Hair. OW to permanently, not merely temporarily, remove a downy growth of disfiguring superfluous hair is what many women wish to know. It is a pity that it is not more generally known that pure powdered

pheminol, obtainable from the chemist's, may be used for this purpose. It is applied directly to the objectionable hair. The recommended treatment not only instantly removes the hair, leaving no trace, but is designed also to kill the roots completely.

Blackheads Fly Away.

PRACTICALLY instantaneous remedy for blackheads, greasy skins, and enlarged pores, recently discovered, is now coming into general use in the boudoir. It is very simple, harmless, and pleasant. Drop a stymol tablet, obtained at the chemist's, in a tumbler full of hot water. After the effervescence has subsided bathe the face in the liquid, using a small sponge or soft cloth. In a few minutes dry the face, and the offensive blackheads will come right off on the towel. Also the large oily pores immediately close up and efface themselves naturally. The greasiness disappears, and the skin is left smooth, soft, and This simple treatment is then repeated a few times at intervals of four or five days to ensure the permanence of the result.

Don't Have Grey Hair.

REY hair is often a serious handicap to both men and women while still in the prime of life. Hair dyes are not advisable because they are always obvious, inconvenient, and often downright injurious. Few people know that a very simple formula, which is easily made up at home, will turn the hair back to a natural colour in a perfectly harmless You have only to get 2 oz. of tammalite concentrate from your chemist and mix it with 3 oz. of bay rum to prove this. Apply this simple and harmless lotion for a few nights to the hair with a small sponge, and the greyness will gradually disappear. The lotion is neither sticky nor greasy, and has been proved over and over again for generations past by those in possession of the formula.

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

IT was in the days when theories were potent and experiments alluring that a certain class of youthful pupils wondered why Columbus didn't fall off when he got to the other side of the earth. They couldn't see what held him to the earth. With hollow spheres, magnets, and needles, the teacher tried to explain gravity.

The next day he asked them to write about what they had discussed. The cork penholders compressed by determined fingers. Anxious voices asked for the spelling of this

word or that.

Surely the lesson had been a success. They understood gravity. They worked every day and all day, these patient little plodders, yet none of them got from this lesson as much as of voice, "open a couple of windows on each side of the hall, please.

"Beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed the man. with a look of great surprise. "Did I understand you to say 'Open the windows'? It is a very bitter cold night, sir."

"Yes, I am well aware of that," was the reply of the clergyman, as he gazed around the hall, "but it is not healthy to sleep with

the windows shut!"

At the railway station a father and his eight-year-old son were purchasing some fruit. The boy wanted two oranges, but his father would only consent to one.

"Father," said the youngster persuasively,



A LOT MEANT.

PASSENGER (deep in conversation): I believe in calling a spade a spade. WAR-TIME GARDENER (joining in): You've never 'ad an allotment, guv'nor.

Roy, big of eye, ponderous of body, slow of wit. He made inky scrawls, the first unforced work he had ever done. His heavy hand, inkblackened with earth stains, rose

"How do you spell poverty?"
"Poverty, Roy?" The master could not

understand why he wanted this word.

"Poverty," he repeated, proud that at last he had remembered something—"the thing you told us about, the thing which holds a man 'down to the earth."



THE vicar of a certain parish had a ready wit. One evening he was addressing his congregation, at the local mission-room, on the beauty of leading an upright life, when he suddenly paused, glanced around the mission-room, and beckoned to the attendant.

"Brown," said he, in a clear, distinct tone

"if I were twins, would you buy the other boy an orange, too?"

'Certainly, my son."

"Well, father, you surely are not going to cheat me out of another orange just because I am all in one piece!"



To the pupils in a natural history class the

teacher put the following question—
"What creature is it that has a very long neck, has something to do with trimming big hats, does its fighting by scratching and kicking, and often gives cause to men to be afraid?"

After some reflection one of the pupils replied-

"I know."

"Well, what is it?"

"An old maid!"



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"MISTER! Have you seen our cat anywhere? We must get her in."

A famous artist once invited Mark Twain to visit his studio to see a new painting he was The humorist examined the just finishing. canvas for some time in silence, then said, "I'd do away with that cloud, if I were you, and extended his hand carelessly towards one corner of the picture, as though about to smudge out a cloud effect. The artist cried out nervously: "Be careful! Don't you see the paint is still wet?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Mark; "I've got my gloves on."



THE family consisted of five girls, all of them beautiful, with the exception of Mabel, the eldest, who easily made up in capability and good sense what she lacked in looks.

A worthy young man was a frequent caller at their home, but seemed unable to decide

which one he wished to marry.

Facing Third Cover.]

Mabel, however, had ideas of her own, and one evening when he called she appeared with arms bare to the elbow, her hands white with "Oh, you must excuse my appearance," she exclaimed. "I baked cake and bread in the kitchen all the morning, and the cook was ill, so I prepared dinner afterwards."

The young man was deeply impressed. After

a moment's thought he said-

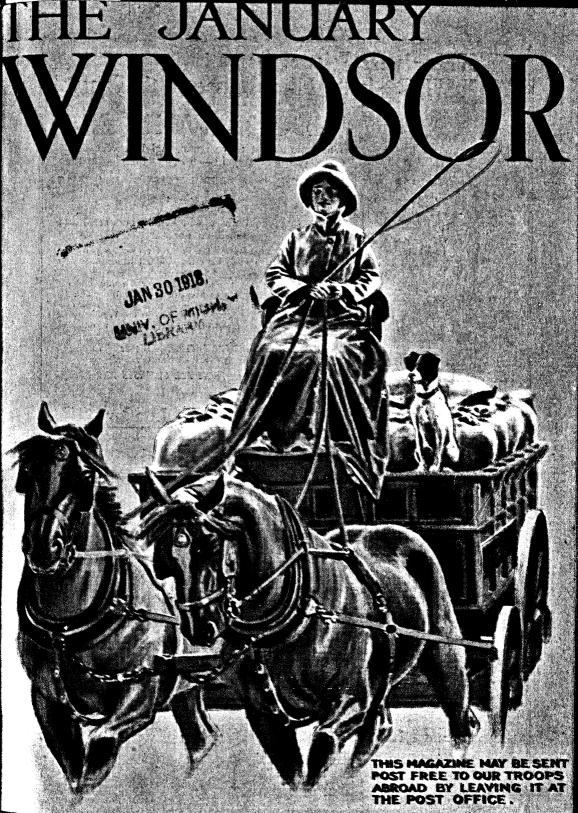
"Mabel, there is a question I wish to ask you, and on your answer will depend much of my life's happiness.'

"Yes," she murmured.
"Mabel," said he, in a deep, earnest voice, "I am about to propose to your sister Grace. Will you make your home with us?"



"What is an optimist?" asked a small boy.

"An optimist, my son," answered his father, who knew, "is a man who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him.



Nº 277 NINEPENCE NET Vol.47

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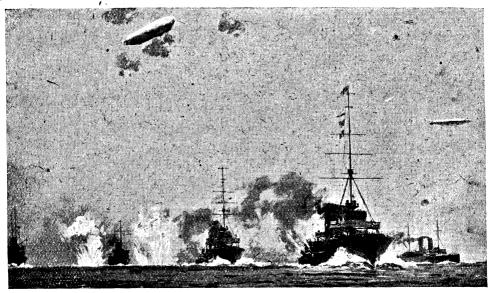
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WATCHING A GERMAN SUBMARINE FROM A SEAPLANE.

From a painting by Charles E. Turner.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN BRITISH CRUISERS AND GERMAN AIRCRAFT DURING THE SEAPLANE RAID ON CUXHAVEN: TWO ZEPPELINS PUT TO FLIGHT BY THE NAVAL GUNS.

Drawn by Norman Wilkinson from a sketch by a naval officer who took part in the action.

## BLOCKADE BY AIR

By H. C. FERRABY

TE who believe in the future of aircraft smile to ourselves when we think what our toys will do in a few years, both on sea and land."

These words of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, one of the leading aeronautical experts in Great Britain, voice the opinion of many naval students. They see, from a score of isolated instances in the operations of this War, possibilities for the future use of improved aeroplanes and airships which are at present undreamed of by the general public.

One direction in which a great change is expected to come over war at sea within a very few years is the institution of a blockade by air. At present the thing sounds fantastic, but attempts at it have actually occurred on a small scale in this War. It will occur more frequently in future, when aerial cargo carriers become practical facts and not

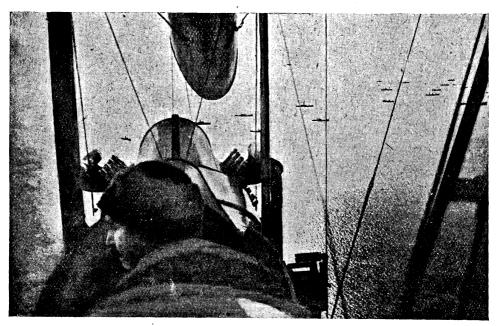
Blockade is one of the most powerful

weapons that can be used by a nation at war. If it can be used effectively, it can squeeze the breath out of an enemy. It may not actually strangle, but it does enormously lower the power of resistance. Even a blockade that is not wholly effective, like that which the Germans have attempted to institute, by means of submarines, round Britain, can cause considerable No Power is likely to inconvenience. abandon the use of such a weapon. Every effort will be made to strengthen it by all the latest devices.

The German flying service has to its credit the first recorded instance of the capture of a merchant ship by aircraft. This was in September, 1914. Seven German aeroplanes suddenly swooped down on the Dutch trawler Martha, while she was peacefully fishing in the North Sea, and one of the aviators questioned the skipper as his machine slowly flew round and round the little fishing vessel. The skipper's answers were satisfactory—he was engaged in no warlike operations—and the aeroplanes climbed into the air again. A few minutes later the Dutch skipper saw them encircle the Swedish steamer Bodel. They swept round her in circles, their machine-guns trained on her bridge, and under this threat the captain was compelled to obey their orders. He had been steaming away from Germany, but he put his ship about, and, with six of the aeroplanes accompanying her as escort, the Bodel chugged her way to Heligoland as a prize of war.

The incident passed almost unnoticed by the world at large, amid the welter of big Helena's bridge, her bulky envelope towering above the steamer's masts. In the foremost gondola a gun's crew stood by the quick-firing gun. The Zeppelin flung out a little string of flags—the international code signal "Stop." The steamer's engines ceased their thud. A strange silence followed, and then a German voice bellowed through a megaphone: "What ship is that?"

The Dutch captain answered this and other questions, as to his cargo, his starting point, his destination. The commander of the Zeppelin was satisfied; he made no attempt to board and examine the ship. At that time, indeed, it is probable that the



A SCOUTING NAVAL DIRIGIBLE PASSING OVER A ROADSTEAD.

From a photograph.

events that were happening in that first September of the War, but thoughtful men pigeon-holed the fact in their memories. It was a portent for the future.

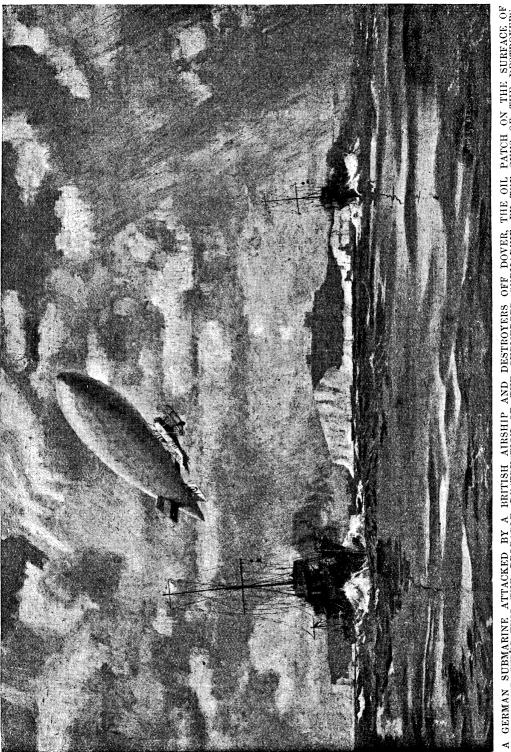
There was nothing illegal in such a capture. If it had been effected by a torpedo-boat, it would have been a commonplace incident of war, not worth remembering.

It was five months before any further instance of aerial blockade occurred. Then in February, 1915, the Dutch steamer *Helena* was held up in the North Sea by the Zeppelin L5. The great gas-bag dropped slowly down from an immense height until her gondolas were on a level with the

idea of proceeding to that length had not entered the mind of anybody. He just took it for granted that he had been told the truth, and allowed the steamer to proceed.

But the incident evidently set the Germans thinking. In the course of that year Zeppelins several times held up vessels in the North Sea and questioned them. The procedure was always the same—the dirigible dropping down nearly to the water-level, and the cross-examination being conducted by megaphone.

During 1916 no instance of this legal form of aerial blockade is recorded, but in the spring of 1917 a sudden stride forward was made. On May 2 a Zeppelin

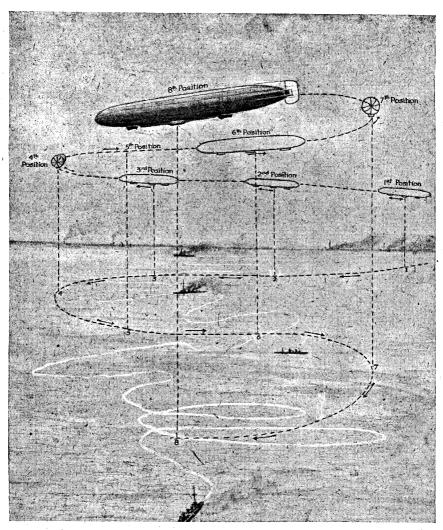


A GERMAN SUBMARINE ATTACKED BY A BRITISH AIRSHIP AND DESTROYERS OFF DOVER, THE OIL PATCH ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER INDICATING THE PROBABLE DESTRUCTION OF THE SUBMERGED SUBMARINE BY THE GUNS OF THE DESTROYERS.

Drawn by Charles Pears.

over the North Sea signalled to the Norwegian barque Royal to stop. The neutral hauled to while the airship came down, lower and lower, until her gondolas were all but touching the water. The Norwegian captain watched in silence,

the ship's papers, declared her a prize, and threatened to shoot anyone who opposed him. Then he took up a position on the bridge, and gave orders for the barque to set sail for a German port, while the Zeppelin rose again in the air and vanished.



OUTMANŒUVRING A ZEPPELIN AT SEA: THE ABOVE DIAGRAM SHOWS ONE METHOD OF ELUDING A ZEPPELIN. THE LONG-HULLED AIRSHIP TURNS SO SLOWLY THAT A SHIP OF REASONABLY HIGH SPEED CAN OUTMANŒUVRE HER, AS SHOWN BY THE WHITE LINES ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER.

Drawn by G. H. Davis.

wondering what would happen to him. A small collapsible boat was suddenly hoisted over the side of the gondola, and several men from the Zeppelin jumped into it, carrying rifles. They pulled across the water to the barque and scrambled on board. The German officer in command examined

An even more remarkable instance of capture from the air, however, was recorded by two Russian aviators. They were in a seaplane, engaged on a raid on the Turkish coast, and they were brought down in the Black Sea, off Derkas, by engine trouble. Their machine floated, and at a little



ENEMY AEROPLANES ATTACKING A BRITISH STEAMER.

Drawn by G. H. Davis from material supplied.

distance from them they saw a Turkish schooner. The observer was one of the "Never say die" school, and he opened fire on the schooner with his machine-gun. Turkish crew promptly tumbled into the boats and pulled away. The young Russian flying-men saw a faint chance of escaping capture and internment in Turkey. took the compass and the machine-gun and other useful things from the seaplane, and swam with them to the schooner. pilot, being a navigator, took the bridge, while the observer constituted himself the watch on deck, and so these two adventurous spirits set sail in their captured schooner for a Russian port. As if they had not enough on their hands, a heavy storm broke over them before they were even in sight of land; but they ran before it as best they might, and when they made a landfall, it was at the Djarelgatch Peninsula in the Crimea. There they handed over the prize to the authorities, and proceeded by destroyer to Sebastopol, their base. It was one of the most romantic stories of the War, and if ever men earned prize money, those two young Russians did.

German methods of blockade by air have only taken the form of legal capture on rare occasions. Their more favoured habit of sinking at sight has been followed far more frequently. And this brings us to another question of the future—the duel between the armed merchantman and the aerial raider. For it stands to reason that if a peaceful trading vessel may carry a gun to defend herself against attack from under the sea, she may also carry a gun to defend herself

against attack from up in the air.

My records of the war at sea since August, 1914, contain notes of twenty-seven unprovoked and murderous attacks on merchantmen on the high seas by bombs and other means from German aircraft. This kind of thing is just as piratical as torpedoing in intention, though in result it has fortunately been less successful. The German disregard of the customs of honourable warfare in this respect, however, has been useful in that it has shown us what threats may be effective in compelling a merchant ship to obey orders sent to it by a patrolling seaplane or airship.

This can be illustrated by reference to one or two actual happenings in the War. In October, 1914, the steamer Avocet, of Manchester, was attacked by a German battleplane in the North Sea. The airman took up a position off the port beam of the vessel, and, flying slowly round and round, swept

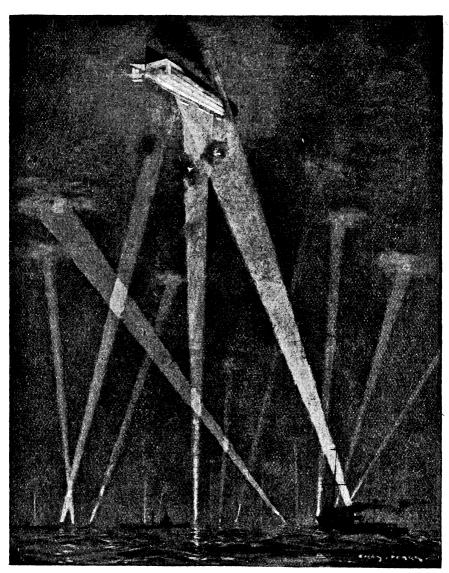
the bridge of the steamer with a stream of machine-gun bullets. The captain of the Avocet zig-zagged about, partly to disturb the aim of the gunner, but more to avoid the bombs that were being dropped at him by other seaplanes. The unequal contest lasted thirty-five minutes, and, strange to say, the unarmed ship escaped at the end of it. What made the enemy aircraft abandon the attempt has never been clear.

Then, again, the steamer *Teal* was attacked by an aeroplane in the North Sea. The airman dropped aerial darts, besides firing at the steamer with a machine-gun and dropping bombs. Two showers of darts were released, steel projectiles, which fell with such force that they penetrated the deck to a depth of two inches. Again the steamer escaped.

The Germans realised that bomb-dropping and such-like devices had not reached the stage of accuracy necessary to make them deadly, and, profiting by the experience which befell the Türks, who had some ships sunk by Allied airmen who came down to the water and fired torpedoes at them, they set to work to evolve a torpedo-dropping gear that would be workable. By the early part of last year they were able to put this idea into practice. A German seaplane came down to the surface of the water and launched a small torpedo at the British steamer Gena, off Aldeburgh, on May 1, and sank her. This is the only case on record in which aerial attack has sunk a vessel. The incident, however, has another side equally instructive. The Gena was armed, and her gunners succeeded in bringing down a second seaplane which was taking part in the attack, and captured the two aviators. So in the one case we have both the offence and the defence scoring.

The only thing that will serve to defend merchantmen against this sort of attack is an anti-aircraft gun. British captains have managed to improvise some ingenious methods of counter-attack during the War, but in future all ships will have to carry an anti-aircraft equipment. One of the most amusing encounters between ship and aeroplane was that in which Captain J. A. Smith, of the Pandion, figured in March, 1915. He was on a course in the North Sea, between the Galloper Lightship and the North Hinder Light, when a German aeroplane dropped a bomb at him from a height of eight hundred feet. It fell into the sea so close to the stern of the vessel that it carried away the patent log line. Captain Smith was not the man to take that sort of thing lying down. He had no gun on board, but he had an ingenious mind. He promptly aimed and fired at the aeroplane two distress rocket signals. They soared up into the air, and the German airman, probably suspecting some ingenious new device of the British mind, fled to a safe distance. There he hovered about

was beyond the range of the rockets, and dropped more bombs. Nevertheless, Captain Smith let him have a couple more rockets, and then calmly sniped at him continuously with a rifle. The German used up all his bombs fruitlessly, and made off to the east.



AIRCRAFT AND WATER-CRAFT TOGETHER: ZEPPELIN RAIDERS ACCOMPANIED BY SUBMARINES.

\* Drawn by Charles Pears. \*\*

for fifty minutes, thinking things over, and when he had recovered from the shock, he probably guessed what sort of "armament" it was that the *Pandion* was carrying. So he swooped back again to the attack. He kept at a height of a thousand feet, which

In the same month another sea captain neatly foiled an attack. The steamer *Dalblair* was about twenty miles off the coast of Essex, when she was attacked by two seaplanes. The captain promptly sounded his siren, in the hope that some of the patrolling British

warships in the neighbourhood would hear it. The seaplanes did not wait to see the result. They saw the steam escaping from the siren, even if they could not hear it, and they knew what it meant, so they beat a retreat.

Zig-zagging to avoid bombs is a method of defence that the German airmen found a way of countering. They took to attacking in pairs, one on either side, and as the ship swung about on her course she was almost bound to be under one or other of them continually. Rifle-fire has been very effective, however, on more than one occasion in making enemy aircraft give up the attempt, and on one occasion at least it is on record that a counter-attack by British seaplanes saved a ship from danger.

These, however, are but the beginnings of ockade by air. The case of the *Gena* is as blockade by air. important a milestone on the way as was the original overhauling of a steamer at sea by seaplanes. Rifle-fire is of no use against a séaplane that can come down to the surface a long way out of rifle range and fire a torpedo that in a few minutes will reach the ship and blow her sides in. Improvements . will be doing the real work of blockade in in the accuracy with which bombs can be

dropped are on the way, too, and then the merchant skipper will think twice before he defies his aerial challenger. Speed is already on the side of the aircraft. She can move at least twice as fast as the fastest ship affoat, and nearly three times as fast as the average As to the cargo tramp, her ten knots are totally eclipsed by the hundred miles an hour of the seaplane. As a blockader, moreover, the airman has a great advantage He can see so much over the seaman. further over the water from his perch in the A vessel that might, with luck, slip through the meshes of a naval blockade would almost inevitably be seen by an aerial scout, and would be rapidly overhauled.

This War may be the war that is going to end all war; but if it is not, it is certain that the lessons of the past months will be put into practice and carried to perfection. The blockade of twenty years hence would be a very different thing from the effort of The armed merchantmen that have to-day. patrolled the seas in search of contraband will probably then be seaplane mother-ships acting only as arks of refuge for the men who

the air.

#### DOWN DEVON WAY.

T seems that only yesterday We listened to the blackbird's song, The roses bloomed down Devon way, Our hopes were high and love was strong; The joy of living filled my heart (Oh, that such joy can never stay!) We made a little world apart, For hearts are true down Devon way.

I know that, when the blackbird's song In sweetest silence died away, The nights grew very sad and long, But hearts are loyal down Devon way. We lost our little world apart-It seemed the joy was only lent— But there's a memory in my heart That lingered when the roses went.

I think that, when the roses blow Down Devon way, I'll go again To some dear, quiet place I know, And hear the blackbird's sweet refrain: There, when the western shadows fall Around my world at close of day, My heart will understand it all, And find sweet peace down Devon way.

RAYMOND HEYWOOD.

# THE MADNESS OF VALENTINE

#### By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.



ISS VALENTINE
DECARRON was
one of those people
who speak their
minds, which
practice argues
either financial
independence, unusual business
capacity, or, in a
woman, remarkable

personal attraction. For only the wealthy, the capable, or the pretty can afford the luxury of saying right out just what they

think, and blow the consequence.

Miss Decarron—pronounced Dek-a-run—had the inestimable advantage of being well off in her own right, of being immensely capable, self-sufficient, and beautiful. She had wonderful grey eyes, very large and shaded with thick curly lashes. She had a milk-and-rose complexion, a somewhat retrousse nose, and a perfectly-modelled mouth and chin.

She lived with a maiden aunt, who was in awe, but disapproved of her. The maiden aunt's sister had been Valentine's mother, and when the late Mr. Decarron had also passed from the scene, Miss Pennyworth had transferred her tacit antagonism to the orphan and heiress of John B. Decarron's four hundred thousand dollars, for Mr. Decarron was a veritable American, in spite of his Heathside estate and his Thames bungalow at Bray.

Valentine did not resent the sniffs and shiverings of her aunt, and, strange as it may appear, but little exercised her candour at her relative's expense. She realised, in her decisive way, that maiden aunts, whether they were English or American, had certain definite privileges, not the least of which

was the right to sniff at the goings-on of modern youth. It is impossible, within the limits imposed by circumstances, to enumerate all the things of which Miss Pennyworth disapproved, but it may be said that, when Miss Pennyworth was a girl, young ladies did not wear pyjamas, or smoke eigarettes, or ride astride, or punt, or use slang, or meet men without a chaperon. From which it may be gathered that Miss Pennyworth's youth was spent in the dullest period of British history.

Valentine Decarron did all'the things which produced a crepitus in Miss Pennyworth's nerves. There was a certain war in Europe which was responsible for many changes in the social order. It enriched its thousands and impoverished its millions, and was responsible for many remarkable and interesting innovations, ranging from poison

gas to the lonely soldier.

Valentine had some ten lonely ones on her books before the authorities came down with a heavy hand upon the advertisers for reasons not wholly unconnected with enemy agents.

Valentine's list dwindled, but she retained to the end one correspondent, whose tragic lot, whose valiant and hair-raising adventures, whose modesty and whose power of description—albeit his spelling would have disgraced the Third Form—held and fascinated her, for this man gave her pictures of a new world, a world peopled with savage and remorseless cannibal tribes, a world of dark, grim forests, of sunlit rivers, of mystery lands which the foot of all other white men than the writer had never penetrated, a land of terrifying storms, of gorgeous flowers, of vivid birds, and of silent and noble men.

One morning she sat in the pretty drawing-room, which overlooked a gay lawn sloping

down to the river, a letter upon her knee. She was dressed for the river, and the disapproving Miss Pennyworth stood outside the open French windows, with downy punt cushions under each arm and her head held at such an angle that even the Recording Angel could not miss the fact that she was no party to the frivolity which Valentine had planned.

That young lady, with pursed lips and knitted brows, read the letter again.

"Dear old unknown friend," said the letter, "once again, amidst the turgid emotions following a narrow squeak, squeak, which nearly brought an end to my young life, I take up my pen to send a few lines, a few lines, across the sea! Little you know, dear old miss, what joy I feel in writing to my unknown friend! Little did I think, when I put the advertisement into The Wildford Chronicle, nine long months ago, that I should discover, as dear old Shakespeare says, 'a sympathetic and understanding heart'! Picture me writing this in the midst of the jungle, jungle! As I dip my pen in the ink, tigers come and go; but my trusty rifle is by my side. Elephants, crocodiles, etc., etc., fill the forest . . . "

She raised her eyes from the letter and looked again toward the river. An electric launch, filled with laughing girls and young officers, passed slowly upstream. She sighed. It somehow seemed almost dreadful that people could laugh and be happy . . .

"Some day, perhaps, I shall see you, if ever I return alive, which is extremely doubtful." (The latter sentence was heavily underlined.) "But it may be a pleasure for you to know, a great pleasure for you to know, that there is one who thinks of you, and who would delight to honour you, who would build a great house for you, overlooking the sea, and would make you queen of a million loving cannibals, who call me—I am sure I don't deserve it—'The-Eye-That-Never-Sleeps.'"

Miss Decarron folded the letter and put it in her little bag. She thought a while, then rose with determination.

"I am not going on the river, auntie," she said; "I am going to London."

It was a custom of Mr. Commissioner Sanders to distribute the mail after breakfast. The mail boat usually arrived, and the Residency post-bag was put ashore, soon after

dawn had broken. The bag was then carried to Sanders's office, and the official tares separated from the private wheat. breakfast, and particularly the colonial breakfast, was designed to be a cheery and a sociable meal, Sanders made it a strict rule to postpone the distribution of the correspondence until after breakfast was finished. For when three people say "Excuse me!" in unison, and read letters with one hand, and grope blindly for their cup handles with the other, the fourth of the party, who is not so favoured with private correspondence, is apt to feel a little out of it, unless he takes refuge in long official documents which address him as "Sir," and begin fulsomely enough with the altogether untrue statement that they "have the honour" to address him at all.

Sanders had few letters from the homeland. He had friends who loved the shy, taciturn man, but he did not encourage them to write. Letter-writing worried him, and, besides, his friendship was of that kind which did not require a stimulation.

On a morning in October the mail was rather a heavy one. The activities of the enemy were largely responsible for the somewhat irregular arrivals of mails, and when Sanders distributed the letters, he found he had more than twice the ordinary number to sort. In fact, three weeks' mails

had arrived by this packet.

Breakfast being over, he proceeded to his Hamilton had the two letters which usually came to him—one from a friend in France, and one from a mysterious person whom the young captain of Houssas seldom mentioned, but who was occasionally referred to by Patricia Hamilton in such general terms as "Is Vera well?" or "Is Vera still in Scotland?" Sanders never asked any questions, and Hamilton never advanced explanations. Only Bones, who made a practice of dashing madly along all the paths which the angels had marked verboten, would occasionally offer a bland inquiry after "jolly old Vera," an inquiry which was met by a stony and solemn stare which would have disconcerted ninety-nine men out of a hundred and reduced them to a. pulp. Bones was the hundredth, and would shrug his shoulders, raise his eyebrows, and address himself to his own correspondence, or, what was worse, would offer an apology in a set little speech.

Patricia's share of the letters was a heavy one, but Bones invariably monopolised fifty per cent. of all the mail matter which arrived. There were books and pamphlets and circulars on "How to improve your memory," and "How I make fifteen hundred dollars a year on a five-dollar outlay"—Bones was an assiduous reader of the advertisement pages of magazines—and generous offers of encyclopædias, which are yours for the prepayment of a ridiculously inadequate sum, and thereafter of regular instalments for the rest of your natural life. In addition to these, there were the dozen letters which he never read in public, but which he put into his breast pocket and carried away with him to the secret places of his hut.

It was estimated that Bones spent not less than half his military income upon postage stamps and courses of training. They had an irresistible attraction for him, and either the prospectuses or the courses themselves arrived with every mail. He had learnt law in twelve lessons. He had become an aviator by correspondence, and an electrical engineer in twenty-four lessons. There were very few courses which Bones could not master, and about his hut were the framed certificates of innumerable correspondence colleges, testifying alike to his versatility and his unconquerable optimism. He made two little heaps on the table, the one of his private letters, the other of prospectuses and text-books, and Hamilton, who noted out of the tail of his eye a certain familiar mauve envelope, launched an innocent inquiry.

"Everybody at home all right, Bones?"
"Thank you, dear old officer," said Bones

cheerfully, "everybody is in the pink."

"And in the mauve?" demanded Hamilton archly.

Bones blushed, picked up the letter, and hurriedly placed it in his uniform pocket.

"Between gentlemen, sir," he said a little stiffly, "such inquiries are rather unusual. Far be it from me, dear old sir, to reprove you or to suggest that your jolly old manners—"

"Don't be peevish, Bones," said Hamilton, possibly with the memory of certain references to the mysterious Vera, "and don't be a humbug. He has half a dozen letters a week"—he turned to his sister—"each from a different girl. It is my opinion that young Lothario Bones is getting more than his share."

Bones giggled, became instantly self-conscious, and smirked from the girl to Sanders.

"Who is she, Bones?" asked Patricia.
"I also have seen those manye envelopes."

Bones cleared his throat.

"The fact is, dear old Miss Hamilton,"

he said, "I have a sort of aunt."

"Now, Bones," warned Pat, raising her finger, "you know that isn't true. You've told me about everybody, your mother, your auntie—the one with the funny voice—I know all the girls you write to—Grace Middock, Ethel Baymore"—she ticked them off on her fingers—"Queenie, Mildred, Agnes, that Stallington girl—"

"Ida," suggested Bones complacently.
"Ida, Gwennie, Madge, Irene—that's the

lot, isn't it?"

"Billie Caslon, Mary March, Madge Broadward, and Cissie Fairfax," said Bones rapidly, "Gertie Boyd, Phyllis Martin, bourne——"

"Phew!" said Hamilton, rising, and for the first time in his life he regarded Bones

with admiration and respect.

"Anyway, I don't know Miss Mauve," said Patricia.

"Ah, well," said Bones, gulping down his coffee, "live an' learn, dear old miss."

Bones did not immediately open his letter. It pleased him to carry it about with him until he attained to a fitting condition of mind.

That afternoon he secured the necessary atmosphere. He sat in a deep cane chair on the shady side of his hut. He held in his hand, the fierceness of his grip testifying to the art of the writer, a pleasant volume entitled "Saul Sure of the Secret Service."

Bones was blessed with an imagination

of a peculiarly luxuriant type.

Ever and anon he would lower the book to his lap, and, squinting across the crater of the huge pipe which he affected in moments of intensive brain culture, would riot in a visionary world, where mysterious men met in unlikely places, and slipped into one another's hands documents which caused or averted terrible wars. Sometimes they wore masks, and occasionally they were the butler who stood behind the chair of the foreign spy, and saying "Hock or Burgundy, sir?" leant over and snapped bright steel handcuffs on the miscreant's wrists.

Across the straggling smoke—he had never mastered the art of lighting his pipe so that it "drew" evenly—he conjured to his vision midnight meetings in churchyards, distressed damsels falsely accused, who in the end owed their lives to the handsome young Secret Service man—for Bones was never a common detective.

Now and again Bones would put down

his book and extract Romance from his pocket—Romance written in a sprawling hand on mauve paper faintly scented with

There was this point in common between Valentine Decarron and Lieutenant Augustus Tibbetts—that both wrote a vile hand, and were superior to certain rules of orthography, a fact which had caused Bones considerable

misgiving.

There were horrid moments of doubt and of self-reproach—moments when he "took his pen in his hand" to break off this queer And yet there was a certain friendship. clean charm about the correspondence, a freshness of view which went beyond the independence implied in the original spelling, that attracted him, even as the dogmatism in the letters irritated him.

He laid his book down for the twentieth

time and took out the letter.

"Sweet little child of Nature!" he murmured, as he opened it. It was dated six weeks before.

"DEAR FRIEND (it ran),

"I simply can't bear to think of you too vivid—too depressing—alone under the stars, exposed to the elements and all that sort of thing. So I'm just going to give you a surprise——"

Bones smiled.

- "Aunty thinks I'm mad, but I've always wanted to do it, and I'm just going to !!!!"
- "Impulsive child!" murmured Bones indulgently, as he turned the page.
- "By the time you receive this I shall be on my way out to you-"

Bones stopped smiling.

"I am writing this to catch the fast mail. I am leaving Tilbury to-morrow."

A tiny bird, brilliantly blue, alighted almost at Bones's feet and dropped his head first one side and then the other, eyeing Bones with some uncertainty, as if he mightn't be a worm, after all.

"'I am leaving Tilbury to-morrow,'" read

Bones slowly.

"Tchwitt! Chee!" piped the little bird.

"Yes, sing, you little blighter!" said Bones bitterly. "There's a fat lot to sing about!"

He read the letter again, then rose unsteadily.

"Hello, Bones—ill?"

Hamilton came down the steps of the verandah to meet his subordinate, and his tone betrayed concern.

Bones shook his head, staggered to a seat

and collapsed into it, an inert heap.

They gave him a cup of tea. "I hope it isn't bad news?" Bones nodded his head.

"Nobody-ill?"

Bones shook his head.

"Out with it, Bones!" demanded Hamilton

"Chuck it off you!" sternly.

Bones swallowed, waggled his head, looked pathetically from Sanders to Patricia, from Patricia to her brother, clasped his brow, and

"Dear ol' friends," he began, "in this jolly old world a feller does perfectly disgraceful, naughty things without thinkin' what a low-down rascally wicked old officer he is. Everybody does 'em-Ham's done

'em-

" If it makes your confession any easier to bring false accusations against me, go ahead," said Hamilton. "Now, what is it, Bones?

Own up!"

"Of course, it was conduct unbecomin' to an officer and a gentleman," continued Bones incoherently. "I suppose I ought to resign my commission, on the threshold of my career"-he gulped-"but, dear old Ham, not the slightest intention of playin' fast an' loose with the tender affections of the workin' classes——"

"A breach of promise!" yelled Hamilton.
"Oh, Bones, you gay dog!"

Bones raised a feeble hand in protest. "No, sir, no, sir—lonely officer."

Hamilton stared.

"No harm meant, dear old sir," Bones went on rapidly. "Did it for a lark."

"Do you mean to tell me, Bones," said Patricia, in shocked tones, "that you inserted

an advertisement in a newspaper, describing yourself as a lonely officer and asking nice girls to write to you?"

Bones hung his head.

Pat smiled.

"Well, it isn't so very dreadful, after all unless you made love to them."

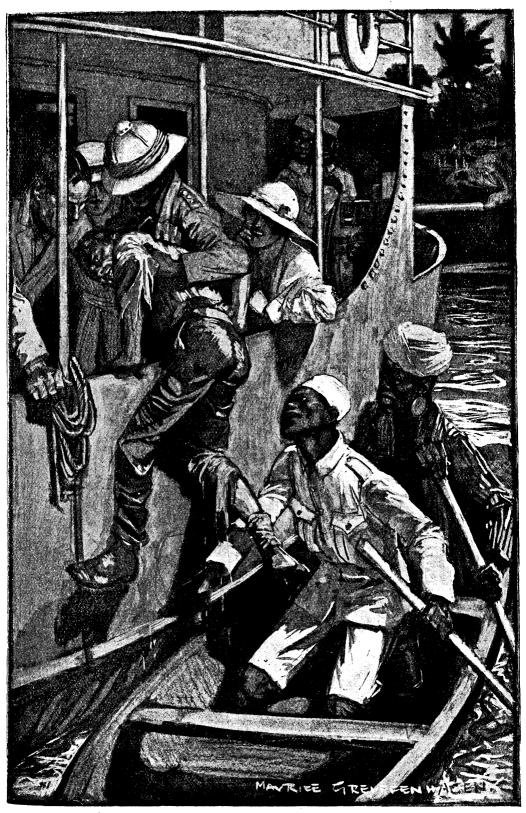
The young man handed the letter to the girl.

"Read it," he quavered; "there's nothing private in it."

Patricia Hamilton read and gasped. "She's coming out to you—here!"

Only Hamilton retained his presence of mind when the bombshell burst.

He called the bouse orderly, though he



"A minute later Bones was hauled on board."

knew that the visitor could not arrive until the next day.

"O Abiboo," he said, "lay another plate

on the table and put another chair."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a family conference held after lunch.

"It's a very nice address," said the girl; "I know Riverwood House."

"She's probably a lady's-maid!" groaned

the young man. "Oh, lor, oh, lor!"
"What makes you think that?" demanded

Hamilton.

"Look at the writin,' dear old sir, look at the spellin'—she spells 'simply' without an 'e'"

"That, I admit, is eccentric," nodded Hamilton, unmoved, "and there's only one 'p' in 'depressing'; but, after all, spelling isn't everything, Bones. The question is—what are we going to do with her?"

Sanders—who knows what chuckling joy was hidden behind the set mask of concern?—had been a silent listener, and now, when with one accord all faces were turned to him

for a solution, he spoke.

"Obviously she must not find Bones living in the lap of luxury. We can't disillusion the poor girl so rudely. Bones will leave to-night for the Lower Isisi. There the conditions fulfil all requirements. If we cannot get rid of the lady by persuasion, we can send her along to find him."

"It seems fair," said Bones, brightening up. "Shall I take the Zaire or the Wiggle,

sir?'

"You will go by canoe," said Sanders.

"You will have four paddlers, and will take a rifle, ammunition, some canned beef, and a waterproof sheet. The rainy season has already started, and I have a feeling that, if the lady does insist upon going up country, she will find you in a condition which justifies her worst fears."

"Good lor,' sir, can't I take a tent?"

"'Alone under the stars, exposed to the elements and all that sort of thing,'" quoted Hamilton.

It was a very sad young man who paddled away at dawn next morning. A thin drizzle of rain was falling, the dawn wind blew in chilly, thoughtful gusts, as though the directing force were waiting for favourable opportunities when rubber coats gaped at the neck, the river was choppy, and Bones managed to get one boat full of water before he eventually stepped into the canoe. It was the oldest dug-out on the station, and

Hamilton, who had chosen the paddlers with great care, had selected representatives below

the average of decrepitude.

Even the luxury of his servant and bodyguard, the English-speaking Ali, was denied him, and that stout man sat shivering on the quay, wrapped in an Army blanket and his native profundity.

"Good luck, Bones," said Hamilton at parting. "Shoot a brace of tigers for me—

I'm making a collection."

Bones had not the spirit to frame an

adequate reply.

At four o'clock that afternoon the supplementary mail stood in from the sea and hoisted the signal "Send surf boat."

Sanders, Hamilton, and Patricia waited

on the beach for the visitor.

"I do hope she isn't too awful," said the girl. "I expect a pert little Cockney, wearing one of Bones's uniform buttons made into a

hatpin."

"I don't think you nee' worry," smiled Sanders; "a lady's-maid isn't so well off that she can indulge in an expensive whim of this character. It is more likely that she is a determined spinster of uncertain age, with a parrot and a Persian cat that has taken prizes at all the local shows."

"That's curious," mused Hamilton. "I think you will find she is rather a stout widow, with a cameo brooch containing a

photograph of the late lamented."

The surf boat came dancing landward, switching over the glassy rollers, and finally beached in a white froth of tumbling water. One of the rowers lifted out a girl and deposited her upon the sands—a trim, neat figure of a girl in white.

"Bones's luck!" murmured Hamilton.

"She's as pretty as a picture!"

"And a lady, I think," said Patricia.

Sanders had walked down to meet the girl. She met him with a little nod and a quick smile.

"You're Mr. Commissioner Sanders, aren't

you?" she asked.

"That is my name." He took the proffered hand.

"I'm Miss Decarron," she said. "You

have probably heard of my coming."

Sanders introduced his party, and the two girls having discovered one another in an exchange of glances, they moved up the beach to the Residency.

"I'm afraid you think I'm awfully unconventional," said Valentine, and stopped to laugh. "Forgive me—I'm thinking of my aunt! I've been doing things I wanted to

do for so long, and I didn't quite realise how terribly shocking my behaviour was until I was at sea. Mr. Tibbetts is not here, of course?"

She seemed to take it for granted that they knew all about her, and equally that Bones would not be finding a resting-place in such pleasant surroundings.

"Oh, no," said Hamilton; "Bones is up country."

"Bones?"

"We call him Bones," explained Hamilton quickly, "because—er—it's—er—short for Tibbetts."

She looked round at the neat Residency gardens, the big white house with its cool,

purple, shadowed stoep.

"No, he wouldn't be here," she said again. She was a very pretty girl—Hamilton forgave the implied reproach for that. She had a bubbling sense of humour—Patricia forgave her more readily for that. As for Sanders, very little offended him, and he was fond of clean-looking white people who looked him straight in the eye and spoke their thoughts.

"You see," she explained at tiffin, "I felt it was a great adventure—dropping from the blue upon someone I had been in correspondence with—a lonely officer on the outposts of things. I felt I was doing

my bit."

"Exactly," said Sanders. "It's a thousand pities you've missed him. I suppose you will go on by the next steamer?"

She looked at him.

"If I see Mr. Tibbetts before the next steamer sails, I may go on," she said, "but——

Oh, I forgot!"

She opened the little moire bag she carried, and produced a long blue envelope which she had folded into four. An official envelope which has been folded and rolled and creased, to reduce its dimensions to the capacity of a lady's bag, is an unimposing exhibit. It was addressed to Sanders, and the Commissioner extracted a single sheet of white paper which commended Miss Valentine Decarron to the care and guidance of Mr. Commissioner Sanders, C.M.G.

"What would you like to do?" asked

the Commissioner.

"I want to go up country to visit Mr. Bones — Tibbetts," she corrected, because—— Do you mind if I am frank?"

"Go ahead," encouraged Sanders.

"You don't see things as we see them, Mr. Sanders—you are too near and too intimate with the conditions. You don't realise what a difference there is between even this life, where you have comfortable surroundings, and the life a lonely man lives in the—the——"

"Forest?" suggested the Commissioner.

"Think of it—you must know what it is—in all sorts of peril by day and night, surrounded by savage tribes and wild beasts, eating your heart out for want of companionship! I suppose he comes down here sometimes?"

"Sometimes," said Sanders gravely.

"How the poor fellow must revel in the change!" she said, with tears in her eyes. "I want to bring a little joy into his life. I know it's awfully impertinent of me to tell you all this, but I'm not censuring anybody—I realise that officers must do this work. I am only justifying myself and my rudeness."

Sanders patted her hand. (Patricia Hamilton at this point looked through the window without any expression whatever.)

"My dear young lady," he said, "a kind heart carries its own justification. Tomorrow we'll go in search of Bones and rescue him from his deadly peril."

"You're laughing at me!" pouted the

girl.

"Only nicely so," said Sanders.

"We shall overtake Bones on the river," he explained later, when the girl had gone to her room. "He ought to be looking unkempt enough by now even to fulfil her worst expectations."

"Bones is rather a nuisance," said Patricia Hamilton coldly. "She's much too nice a girl to be fooled. Don't you think she's

very pretty?"

Sanders's unaffected surprise was very cheering.

"Pretty? I suppose she is," he agreed; "she's quite a pleasant young lady."

"But isn't she pretty?" insisted Pat.

"Yes, I should say she is; but I have a standard—Heaven knows how I found it!" he smiled. "I like a girl to be tall and fair, I like eyes that are a darker grey, and that smile readily, and——"

"I'm afraid you're exacting, Mr. Sanders,"

she laughed.

"Is this room hot?" asked Sanders, when she had swept out. "I thought your sister was looking rather flushed."

"'Blushed' is the word, sir," said Hamilton dryly. "You see, you described her rather

faithfully."

It was, for Hamilton, a day of gasps, but

also a day of preparation, for the trip up river was to be in the nature of a picnic. There were fowls to be roasted, blancmanges to be made and cooled, savoury dishes to be prepared. Never had the Zaire slipped from her mooring-ropes and faced the river currents with so gay a party on board. She left an hour after sunrise, and she tied up

News of Bones was scanty. They had found his camping-place of the previous night, but by the time they had reached this spot, the day was well advanced, for the heavy rains up country had swollen the river, and the little Zaire, breasting the mid-current, went very little faster than Bones's canoe had gone through the slack water under the river's banks.

So that the dinner-party was rather subdued, although one at least of that party had never expected to reach her objective on the first day, and was content with the fascinating novelty of her surroundings.

She shared the best cabin with Patricia Hamilton, and it had been arranged that the girls should not be called until after a start had been made in the morning. woke expecting to hear the thresh of the paddle-wheel, but there was no sound save an occasional footfall on the deck outside. She looked at her watch; it was eight o'clock. She rose from the settee and dressed quickly, and the girl who occupied the bed turned.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. "I don't think so. Perhaps they haven't been able to get up steam. You see, the fuel is all wood; and sometimes they have a difficulty to get the right amount of heat. I will come back and tell you."

She found her brother and Sanders in earnest conversation with a native, and by the seriousness of their faces she guessed

that something out of the ordinary had happened.

"It's the quaintest development," said

Hamilton. "Come here."

He led her to the side of the ship and The big river is pointed across the water. a mile broad at this point. Usually the banks are fringed with tall grass, and behind this is a jungle of undergrowth and bush which hides whatever features the country holds. But here the grass had disappeared, and the brown earth was clearly visible, and one looked across a park-like plain to a belt of distant trees.

"Take my glasses," said Hamilton, "and look just to the left of that big clump of

gum trees. Can you see anything?"

"I can see some things moving," she said.

"How many?" asked Hamilton.

"About a dozen," said Patricia. are they?"

"Look closely," warned Hamilton; "you will see, not a dozen, but two or three hundred."

"Why," said the girl excitedly, "they are elephants! I have never seen them before.

Are you going to shoot them?"

"It would be very difficult and very dangerous to get up to them," he said; "the ground looks smooth, but it is broken, and we are to windward. Now look far away to the left—you will see one tall tree.'

"I see it," she said. "There is a big bird or something on one of the top branches."

"That is Bones," said Hamilton grimly. "So far as we can make out, the elephants have been raiding a village and trampling down the gardens, so that, when Bones arrived providentially on the scene, the villagers hailed him, and Bones went ashore with one express rifle and no carriers worthy of the name, and took on the herd. From what we learn they chased him for about five miles, until he found a tree they couldn't uproot."

"Why didn't he go into the forest?" asked the girl. "Couldn't he have got away?

These forests are dreadfully thick."

"The forests," said Hamilton cheerfully, "are filled with little fellows about so high, whom we have never quite tamed. use a blowpipe and a poisoned dart. They are not true pygmies, but they are true enough for Bones's purpose."

"Poor Bones!" said the girl sympathetically. "He is having a rough time,

after all.

"You had better get some breakfast, and wake Miss Decarron," said Hamilton; "we shall clear for action in ten minutes."

Valentine came on deck and heard the story, which was told in a manner very creditable to Bones, and left her with the impression that he had chased the herd, and gone up the tree to observe their retreat, and that whilst in that unhappy position he was surprised by large reinforcements.

She went very white.

"How dreadful!" she said. "Can't you

send somebody to shoot them?"

"I think the elephants would send them back," said Sanders gently. "You see, these are not tame elephants. There is only one thing to do, and that is to shell 'em, and give Bones a chance of getting away."

For the next quarter of an hour Miss

Valentine Decarron witnessed a curious combat (she in her mind had already decided that this was an everyday incident in bush life). The guns crashed incessantly, the deck was a litter of empty shell cases, and the plain above the herd was white with puffs of bursting shrapnel.

"They are moving," said Hamilton, whose eves were glued to his glasses; "they are going off to the right." He turned his prismatics upon the tree. "Bones is down. If they don't wind him, and we can keep their young minds occupied, we can get

him away. Carry on, Ahmet!"

The guns pounded furiously. The grey mass of the big brutes moved very deliberately to the north, but there was no sign of Then suddenly the orderly moving herd broke.

"They have smelt him," said Hamilton.

"Shorten your range, Ahmet!"

More furious became the fire of the little Hotchkiss gun; but though shrapnel was now bursting between them and their prey, a group of a dozen bulls were trotting furiously across the ground, their trunks swaying, their trumpets of rage sounding above the din of the guns. Nearer and nearer they came.

"He is coming along the little river bed," said Hamilton. "There he is!"

The foremost elephant, fifty yards ahead of his fellows, was gaining upon the flying figure. It seemed that Bones and the elephant reached the edge of the bank together. Then Bones leapt, and the swinging trunk of the big beast missed him by inches. Straight into the river he dived.

"Get away that canoe!" yelled Sanders, and paddlers tumbled into the dug-out, which

was roped by the side of the Zaire.

"All right now!" said Hamilton soothingly. "What is that?" asked the frightened

girl by his side.

"Oh, that," said Hamilton, with a smile,

"is just the current, the——"

By his side was a stand of rifles. He snatched up one and rammed home a cartridge, brought it to his shoulder and fired, for abreast of Bones was an unmistakable ripple of water.

"A croc!" shouted Hamilton.

The canoe was now in midstream, the

paddlers working furiously.

The girl saw the bulging forehead of the crocodile as it came up, and hid her face on Patricia's breast.

"Got him!" said Sanders.

An explosive bullet hit the head of the great reptile, exploded with a blue flash, and he sank with a mighty churning of waters.

A minute later Bones was hauled on board. He had lost a boot, one of the legs of his trousers had been torn off to the knee. He had thrown away his coat, and his shirt was in tatters and black with mud. A lank lock of hair reached half-way down his nose, and Valentine Decarron eyed him with awe and wonder.

"This," introduced Hamilton gravely, "is your lonely officer, Mr. Tibbetts."

She put out her hand and took his damp

"I am so glad," she breathed.

"Glad to meet you," said Bones cheerilyit took a lot to upset Bones. "Hope you weren't alarmed. Little things like this are all part of the jolly old day's work."

"Every day?" she asked, open-mouthed

in surprise.

"Every day except Saturday," said Bones.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.



and the same of the same

# THE POACHERS' FIND

#### By JAMES BLYTH

Illustrated by Wal Paget



WHERE in all the fat acres of Norfolk is there a more beloved Squire than old Simon Partridge, of Oatacre Hall. For years the old gentleman had struggled against hard times. Every

cottage or shed he and his family had owned for three centuries, including even the manor house and the superb collection of family portraits on its walls, had been hypothecated

to Sir Berkeley Axminster.

It was known among the villagers that the Squire even let his own table be sparely provided so that he might keep up his charities to the poor, sick, and aged of his people. The village of Oatacre is as beautiful an example of the old system of rural life, when the Squire loved and succoured his people in a patriarchal community, as can be found in these days of stockbroking landowners and City occupants of halls and manor houses, which, in the opinion of the villagers, resent their degradation as heartily as do the tenants of the parvenus' estates.

Simon Partridge was never hard on a man for killing a rabbit or two, or a wood pigeon, provided that his game was not disturbed. Consequently the labourers told his keepers when they found a partridge or pheasant nest, instead of trampling on the eggs, as was their wont when Sir Berkeley had the

shooting rights.

Alas, for some years even the rabbits had become Sir Berkeley's property, and, while the law of the land allows certain rights to tenants in the matter of ground game, Sir Berkeley knew well enough how to drive his motor through the Act of

Parliament. If a tenant took advantage of the Ground Game Act, Sir Berkeley found some reason other than the true one for getting rid of him. He did not like the way he parted his hair; he considered him an insolent, ill-mannered brute. And one must admit that the villagers, so long accustomed to the kindly rule of Simon Partridge, did not exhibit much civility to the baronet, whose grandmother they remembered as a washerwoman, and whose grandfather had made a fortune out of a shuttle.

One of old Simon's greatest griefs was that he could no longer protect his people from the parvenu. He was now entirely thrall to the millionaire, and was only allowed to remain at the manor house on sufferance. For some time the interest on his mortgages had always been overdue more than six months, and now foreclosure was certain. Process had been issued, and the old gentleman saw no future ahead of him but exile from the estate which the Partridges had governed so kindly and so well for centuries.

Things were at this stage in the late autumn of 1916. The Squire was on his last legs, and all the village suffered with him.

For three days the weather had been so bad that work on the land was impossible, and farm labourers are only paid for the hours they put in on the land, not weekly or

by any regular system of wage.

On the night of a November day, which was the third of "downfall," Jim Pope and Sam Corner sat in the kitchen of "The Otter and Eel." Jim was a tall, lean, wiry man, with grey hair and whiskers, and a face crinkled up into brown ridges by exposure to the weather. He and his companion Sam were well over military age, and their wages had risen in consequence of the scarcity of

skilled labour; but they had not risen in proportion to the rise of the cost of living, and three days' "holiday" meant something very like starvation to the men and their wives. Fortunately for them both, they had no young children. Their sons were in the Army, their daughters at work; but they both had wives who could speak up for themselves, and urge their men to do "some'at" to procure something to put in the pot.

"I don't half like a-poachin' the old Squire's rarbuts," said Jim. "He niver minded a shot rarbut or tew, and was allust open-handed. But the missus, she say—"

"They bain't Squire's rarbuts no longer," said Sam. "That there old Ax-my-foot own the lot on 'em, and they do say as the Squire 'ud be only too playsed to have one or tew in his own pot nowadays. We shan't be adoin' him no onfairness, and that's a fact."

"Well," said Jim, thrusting the tin bootshaped receptacle into which he had poured his beer deep into the glowing fire of coke and coal, "the sky ha' cleared, and the moon will be nigh at the full and high up come 'leven o'clock time. Did ye ax young Gilbert?"

"Ah," said Sam. "He's ready and all. He'll come willin' and welcome. We shall want his lined ferret if we try the sandpit agin the old well. From what I see o' the feetin's there, there's a sight o' rarbuts."

To the uninitiated in the art and craft of ferreting by night, it may be as well to describe the method followed by its practitioners

A number of doe ferrets, usually whitey-yellowish creatures, are taken. These are all "coped." The fashion of coping has changed of late years, but in such out-of-the-way places as Oatacre, in marshland, the old system of sewing the lips of the ferrets together with needle and thread is still followed. A more modern way is to pass a piece of tape through the jaws, bring it round the lower jaw, and then round over the upper jaw across the snout, where it is tied, effectually muzzling the ferret. A still more modern and humane method is to use real leathern muzzles; but this only obtains with those who have money to burn.

In addition to the does, a buck is usually taken. He is left uncoped, but is confined by a leathern collar, to which a long and stout line is attached, with a knot in it every yard, so that the ferreter who holds the line may judge how far in the burrow the ferret has penetrated when he comes to a stop.

The idea is that the coped ferrets may frighten the rabbits from their warm homes by "scrabbing" at them with their sharp claws, but may not be able to get their teeth into them and be induced to "lie up" for a meal.

The unmuzzled buck is used when the does have not sufficed to drive out the rabbits. An examination of the claws of the ferrets on their emerging always shows if they have brought away any "pelt," or hair; if so, there is a rabbit inside. The buck is allowed to get his teeth well fixed in the rabbit, and is then hauled out by the cord, bringing the rabbit with him, for he clings to his prey with bulldog tenacity.

Where the burrows are in a hedge, and there are many roots about, the cord often gets entangled. Then ensues vituperation, and finally a spade is brought into play, and the run of the line followed by the digger till both ferret and rabbit are exposed.

But in the sandpit to which reference has been made there were no roots, and a "gaff"—similar to a salmon gaff, but longer in the handle—and a "draw spade," a small instrument about a foot or eighteen inches long, and not more than six wide, are wont to prove adequate to recovering both ferret and rabbit.

At ten o'clock Fatty Blunderfield, the keeper of the hedge ale-house, entered the kitchen. He sighed as he saw the two men. He had been used to turn out a dozen or more at ten o'clock; but now there were only two, and their pints had to be "chalked up" till they were in funds.

"Good night tee ye, bors," said Fatty,

"and good spoort."

It had been necessary to take the innkeeper into the secret in order to obtain the pints. But Fatty could be trusted in all poaching matters, and, indeed, in pre-war times, had done a secret but profitable business in buying pheasants and partridges, hares and woodcock, "on the quiet," and selling them to customers "he could trust" at Yarmouth market at a comfortable profit of a hundred per cent.

"Good night, bor," said Jim.

"Ah, dear, ah, dear!" groaned Fatty.
"I reckon as things fare all upsy down nowadays! You'll mind and bring them rarbuts to me, and not to Smiler at 'The Swan'?"

"You don't want to fret yerself," replied Sam curtly. "We hain't never been a loss to ye yet."

The two men slouched off down the

muddy by-road till they came to three dilapidated cottages. From the smallest of these a boy of sixteen emerged in corduroys and a fisherman's jersey. He carried two small bags, in one of which squirmed half a dozen does, the joint property of Jim and Sam, and in the other was his beloved "Jack," the buck, with the collar and line.

"Ha'e ye coped them does, Gil?" asked

Jim.

"Ax me another," replied the boy indignantly. "D'ye think I don't know nothin'."

Sam, who was stouter and shorter, and who shaved his cheeks and chin about once a week, chuckled. He was of a less despondent spirit than Jim. "Tha'ss all right, then," he said. "Come you on."

The moon was now well above the tops of the trees of the woods towards which they

were to wend their way.

"You walk a bit stiff," said Jim.

"Tha'ss my gun," replied the boy. "I ha' got the barrel down my leg and the stock in my pocket. Maybe we may see some'at perkin' as we come home."

"We don't want no guns," began Jim.

But Sam interrupted him.

"Why, you know all the best o' the keepers ha' gorn," he said. "If so be Gil see an ole ph'asant on the perk as we come home, why shoun't he kill't?"

"We may ha' to run for't," objected Jim. "How can he run with a barrel down his

leg?"

"Lave that to me," said Gilbert Heron cheerily. "I'll see you don't come to no harm. Why, there's on'y ole Snipey Flack and his gal as keepers now. You don't want

to fret yourself."

Although it was not yet eleven, there was no light in the village street as the three slouched through it. Past the ultimate cottage the road rose in a narrow hill, and at the top of this bent sharply to the right. On the left, at the angle, was a wicket-gate, with a notice against trespassers fixed to a branch of a tree above it.

It was too dark to read the words, but all three nightfarers knew them by heart and

never passed them without a curse.

"Tha'ss ole Ax-me-foot's doin's," said Gil.
"Tresparsers will be prarsecuted! You ha'

got to cop 'em fust."

They proceeded through the gate and made their way alongside an extensive wood, some of the timber of which dates back to Saxon times. In no other wood I know are there to be found such glorious yews and hollies.

But the poachers passed the long stretch of timber. At the end of the dark shadow thrown by the trees they emerged on to a grassy hillock, which was the home paddock. The sky was now beautifully clear, and in the light of the moon the Tudor chimneys of the manor house loomed up so plainly that the fretting of the brickwork was visible to eyes which were trained to see as far by moonlight as most townsfolk can see by day.

There was no more light in the manor house than there had been in the village cottages. Noble and majestic the old pile rose from the terraced summit of

the hill.

"Not a deen now," said Jim, bending to

the ground as he crept upwards.

Within fifty yards of the residence, near some fragments of rains which were older than the Hall, they came to a circular sandpit, some fifty yards in diameter at the top. It had long been disused as a source of sand supply. Around its summit broom and gorse mingled with dead bracken. Between the pit and the Hall was an old well, at one time the sole supply of drinking water for the village, but for many years deserted by the underground stream which once fed it with that bright, cold, sparkling water which is still to be found in the sixty- and seventy-foot wells of the district, water which has no equal in purity and coolness.

Beneath the shelter of the summit of the pit the three poachers knew they would be invisible from the Hall, even in the improbable event that anyone was waking

within its ancient walls.

They clambered down, the boots of each covered by a piece of sacking, so that the shape or peculiarity of the nails should leave no clue for identification.

On one side the moon shone brightly, and

this was the side nearest to the well.

"Lor a massy me!" whispered Jim, as he put his head close to the innumerable rabbit-holes which dotted the side of the pit. "There's a sight o' rarbuts' feetin's."

"Well, didn't ye see 'em scurryin' in?" asked Gilbert. "I tell ye, bor, as their tails looked like a fall o' snow a-blowin' 'crost the

land. I heerd 'em patterin'."

"You'll hear an ole hare a-breathin' next," said Sam. "But o' course I see 'em ascuttlin'. Blarm them birds!" he added.

"They wholly made me jump!"

A covey of partridges had snuggled down in the pit after feeding on the remaining barley stubbles near. Whir-r-r-r! Br-r-r-r!

went the birds, with their quick little cries

of complaint.

Presently they settled, and their call "Che-dack, che-dack!" sounded sweetly to the ears of Gilbert, who loved his gun more than the nets.

"Where shall we turn 'em in?" asked Jim, taking the bag with the doe ferrets.

The three heads came close to each other

as they inspected the holes.

At the mouth of three of these a regular track of "feetings" showed that the burrows were well frequented. The freshness of the stamped and tossed sand betrayed the fact that "Johnny rarbut" was at home in force.

The draw-spade and gaff, which Sam had carried from Gilbert's cottage, were laid handy. The bag containing the buck was rested lovingly by the ferret's owner on a little platform of sand at the entrance to a deserted burrow, and then the mouth of the does' bag was untied, and the six writhing vermin crawled out. At once they started nosing about, and presently each entered a hole. From their voluminous pockets the men produced a number of string nets, about three feet square, with a slight bagging in the centre.

"Find the bolt-holes quick," said Jim, "else they'll be a-startin' fore we're ready."

To their skilled eyes it was not difficult, even in moonlight, to guess at the holes used for exit. Some were on the land outside the pit, amongst the brambles, broom, and gorse. Gilbert had reconnoitred the place often, and knew exactly where the nets should be fastened by their little pegs.

One bolt-hole was near where the buck lay, and before long there was a quick bulge in the net spread over it, and a rabbit was struggling in the meshes. It was taken silently, and its neck broken by one swift

stroke of the side of the hand.

Time after time this process was repeated, till at last over a score of rabbits lay dead

along the sides of the pit.

And then all the does emerged, still sniffing on the track of their prey—all save one. Those which had come out were for the time replaced in their bag.

"Wha'ss come with t'other?" asked Jim dolefully. "If she lay up, she may keep us

here till mornin' time!"

"I'll turn in ole Jack," said Gilbert.

"He'll soon see wha'ss up."

The buck ferret—twice the size of the does, a handsome, browny-tan, silken-coated creature—was taken from the bag and the line fastened to his collar.

"Tha'ss the hole she's in," said Gilbert, who, for all his youth, was the most skilful of the party. "I watched and seed."

The buck, put down at the opening of the hole, sniffed once and then wormed his way swiftly into the darkness of the passage. Presently Gilbert leant his ear to the sand above the hole. "Lor," he said, "I can wholly hear 'em a-tumblin'!"

The sound he heard was a tumultuous throbbing, the noise made by rabbit and ferret struggling and kicking in the confined

passage of the burrow.

"Here come the doe," said Jim, catching hold of the whitey shape as it issued. "I reckon she ha' had enough o' the rumble-cum-stumble inside there. Lor, look at her! She ha' a'most got her copin' off."

Indeed, the torn lips of the ferret showed where, in her eagerness to fasten her teeth into her favourite prey, she had actually cut

the thread through her lips.

"She'd ha' laid up if ta hadn't been for

the buck," said Sam.

"But lor," said Gilbert, as again the line he held began to leave his fingers as the buck proceeded further into the passage, "he hain't got hold of it. Look at the doe's feets for pelt, Sam."

"Tha'ss too late," said the latter. "I can't tell t'other from which, now they're all

togither in the bag."

"Well, he keep a-goin'," said Gilbert, with a chuckle. "Should I let him go? He's ten yard in now."

"If that run straight, he must be pretty

nigh the old well," remarked Jim.

"You'll feel him drop somethin' sudden if he come to that," said Sam, with a chuckle. "Mind he don't hang hisself, Gil bor."

"Don't they say as there's pounds and pounds hid away somewheres hereabouts?" asked Gilbert. "That 'ud be rum doings if we come on it!"

Indeed, there was a tradition in the village and in the Partridge family that, at the time of the coming of William of Orange, the Partridge of that period, who was a strong supporter of the Stuarts, and who had followed the family tradition in all but in sacrificing his goods to the royal cause, had hidden much treasure somewhere near the old Hall before he fled to France. He died abroad, ignorant of the mercy which that great king William III. showed to those who had been faithful to the old dynasty, and no record of the hiding-place had been found by his successors.

Search after search had been made. Simon

himself had searched, in a half-hearted way, in the hope that, by finding the traditional treasure, he might be able to foil the machinations of Sir Berkeley Axminster. But to no avail. And it seemed as though, if the treasure were indeed hidden on the lands of the Oatacre Manor, it would presently pass, with the rest of the property, to the man whom the village called "old Ax-my-foot."

"He keep on," said Gilbert, growing excited. "Hullo," he said, fingering the

line, "he've got hold o' some'at!

When the holder of the line finds that it no longer runs inward, and that on a pull it does not give, he assumes that the buck at the other end has his teeth into "some'at," and is holding on.

After a few minutes Jim said: "Here, gi'e me the line—you don't pull hard enow."

"You ain't a-gooin' to break my ole Jack's neck, I thank ye!" retorted the boy. "You lave it to me. Get the draw spade and ease the 'arth a trifle."

The drawing spade was used, and removed the sand round the line till it was evident, by the light of a lantern which had now been lit, that the burrow was extraordinarily straight, and that the yard or two which had been enlarged by the draw spade only showed the line still running straight ahead.

"How far is he in?" asked Sam.

Gilbert looked at the knots in his line. "He's close on thirty-six feet in," he said.

"Le'ss go atop and see if we can hear aught," suggested Sam. "If so, that 'ud save time to dig straight down on 'em, for we bain't far below the edge o' the pit."

"You wait a bit," said Gilbert; "I'll hev

the ole warmin' out."

He drew harder and harder, but with a very gentle increase of force upon the line. Presently it began to give, and then the buck was drawn fairly swiftly from the depths to which he had penetrated.

"Look for the pelt," said Sam. "I never knowed a rarbut as would stand ole Jack's teeth afore. That must be a funny Johnny

rarbut."

Gilbert had not waited for this advice, but was already inspecting his pet ferret's claws. He gave a shout, and was at once cursed and suppressed by his poaching partners.

"Well," he whispered, "I reckon as you'd

have hollered. Look you here!"

He held up the buck, exhibiting its right foreleg.

Round the foot, above the spread of the

claws, was a dirty circle of metal, which gleamed here and there in the moonlight, and in that circle were three or four objects which sparkled in the moonrays far more brightly than any glow-worm.

On the claws was a mass of black threads, evidently torn from some stuff such as

satin

"Good land!" cried Sam. "He can't ha' found the Squire's tr'asure! I'm iggerant of such things, but that look to me like a gold ring and di'monds. Tarn him in agin, bor, and we'll dig over him. Blarm! Why didn't we bring a proper shovel?"

"I'll get one out of Bob Bee's tool-shed," said Gilbert, "if you'll hold the line and

prarmuss not to pull till I come."

"Right you be, bor," replied Sam, while long Jim stood with his mouth "agarp."

He was slow-witted, was Jim.

Gilbert ran up to the tool-shed in which the Hall gardener kept his spades and other paraphernalia, and presently returned with two digging spades.

"Have he stopped?" was his first question.
"Ah!" said Sam. "Lor a massy, if we

should find the tr'asure!"

"Gie't to me," said Gilbert. He took a pull on the line and found it held firm. He looked at the knot nearest the hole and saw it was the same as that at which old Jack had stopped before.

He crept above the pit, handing the line again to Sam, and, measuring his distance, put his ear to the ground and listened.

"Tha'ss here," he called, but in a low voice. "I can hear 'em thumpin' a rum un right underfoot."

"But we shall be seed if we start a-diggin'

on the top."

"Seed your granny!" cried Gilbert.
"Would th' ole Squire say aught if we find his tr'asure?"

"Wha'ss he to hev it?" asked Jim.

Sam cuffed his lanky partner gently. "We ha' got a score o' rarbuts and more," he said. "You wouldn't rob th' ole Squire o' what might able him to free hisself from ole Ax-my-foot and make all on us in the village happy agin? Ye greedy warmin'!"

village happy agin? Ye greedy warmin'!"
So the two men started to dig, while
Gilbert held the line. As the hole grew
deeper beneath the spades, Sam knelt to
listen. "We're right above 'em," he said.
"But I reckon tha'ss on'y a rarbut, arter all."

"Then what about this here gold ring and the di'monds?" asked Gilbert, from the lip of the pit. "Dig you on, but mind you don't strike the shovel on my ferret."

The men dug and sweated, and Jim cursed, till at last, as Sam thrust down his spade, the earth fell in a circle and left a cavity visible, in the midst of which the buck ferret thrust his head through the sand, still holding the head of a rabbit.

"Now," said Sam, "le'ss see what there be in this here hole! Why, blarmed if it bain't bricked!"

To be brief, an examination soon proved that the rabbit first and the ferret after had made their way into a small bricked-up



"'That look to me like a gold ring and di'monds.'"

"Come you out, Gil, and take your buck," said Sam, while Jim began to cheer up. "He ha' got the rarbut."

Gilbert hastened to the spot, caught up his buck, still clenching its teeth in a wriggling rabbit, dispatched the rabbit, and drew the line through the hole. chamber or partition, from which a brick or two had fallen on the side of the sandpit. From a glimpse nearer to the Hall this appeared to be connected with the sides of the old well.

In the hole lay a heap of gold pieces, jewellery, jewelled stuffs, swords with

diamond hilts—in fact, a treasure of a value inconceivable by the finders.

"Le'ss go and tell the Squire," said Jim.

"He may come down handsome."

"No," said Gilbert. "We don't want to wake the old gennleman; 'sides, I ha' got my gun down my leg. Cover it up. And we'll come in the mornin' and tell him. We ha' got enow rarbuts."

So, content in a way with their rabbits, and hardly appreciating the value of their find, the three wended their way back to their homes, laden with the grey-pelted sportsmen they called "Johnny rarbuts."

On the morrow they all three went up to

the Hall.

"We ha' found yar tr'asure, Squire," said long Jim, as the eldest. "If you like to come alonger o' us, you can see't. Here's a bit on it." He showed the ring.

It was some time ere the old gentleman

could believe in his good fortune. But at last he followed the three poachers, wise enough not to inquire too closely as to the manner of the discovery.

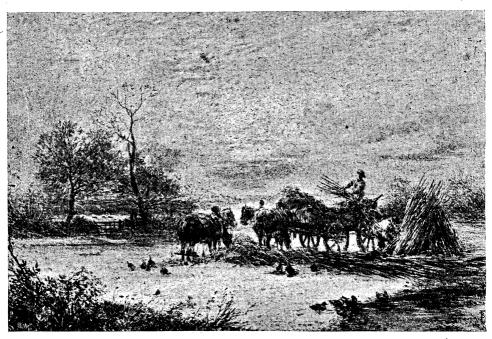
With the aid of a spade or two the hole was reopened, and presently the long-hidden

wealth lay exposed to view.

It was sufficient to clear the fine old family of Partridge from the claws of Sir Berkeley Axminster.

"Help me up wi't," said the old gentleman. "And as for you, you're free to kill rabbits, pigeons, or any flighting fowl on any land or water of mine while you live, any one of ye. I don't know yet if it will clear all the land, but it will clear the home farm and woods. And, by Jove, my men, you're what I thought ye—you wouldn't rob the old Squire."

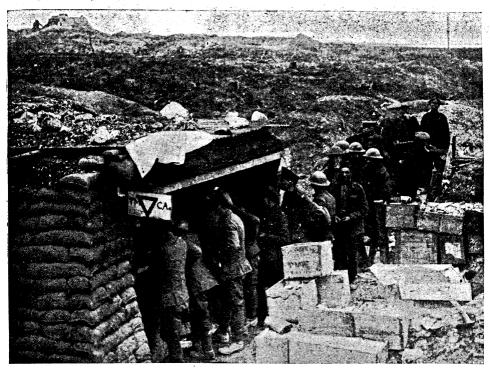
"We wouldn't ha' took so many rarbuts from you, Squire," said Sam, "on'y we didn't care a sight for Sir Ax-my-foot."



"GATHERING STICKS."

BY BIRKET FOSTER.

From the original water-colour at the British Museum.



Y.M.C.A. STORES IN A TRENCH.

From a Canadian official photograph.

## THE RED TRIANGLE IN THE WAR

#### By JESSIE J. WILLIAMS

of mercy and loving-kindness round the world which will stand to its credit as long as the memory of this War exists," said Lord Curzon of Kedleston, in his address at the opening of a Y.M.C.A. hut at Derby last May, and it is a truth borne in upon one afresh as Mr. J. J. Virgo, the National Field Secretary of that organisation, tells the story of his journey round the world, which he has just completed, and during which he travelled about sixty thousand miles. He went in order to strengthen the Empire Movement of the Association, to fuse a union of purpose, heart, and desire, and in a sense to prepare for that United Empire Conference after the War, at which proposals can be formulated for

submitting to the various National Councils. This trip enabled him to see what was being done at various fronts and in base camps and training camps.

It was on July 15, 1916, that Mr. Virgo started on his tour, speeded by the good wishes of the King and the Prime Minister, who, on hearing of Mr. Virgo's special mission, made him the bearer of their congratulations to various Y.M.C.A. organisations in other countries on their successful work during the War.

Prior to starting on his journey, Mr. Virgo had an exceptional opportunity of seeing something of the work of the Grand Fleet, and he describes this as one of the most interesting experiences of his life up to that time.

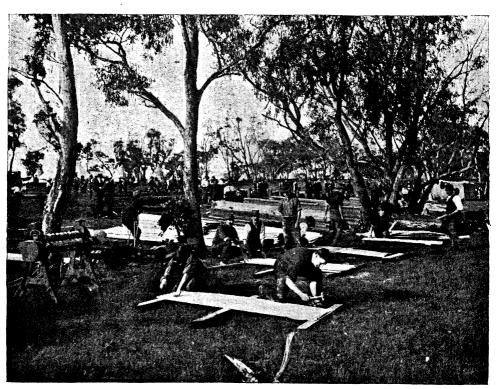
The Admiralty feel so much the importance of the Y.M.C.A. work that they release the men on stated afternoons to come ashore expressly to spend the time at the Association's huts.

At one place, on Wednesday afternoons, there is usually a concert-party; but on the particular afternoon that Mr. Virgo walked into the hut there he found the concert-party had been cancelled, and there was a dance on.

"I looked round for the girls," said Mr. Virgo, "but they were all busy at the

he had long been wishing for—to be once under fire, to know what it was our lads have to bear. That feeling had been keen with Mr. Virgo, but it is so no longer—once was enough. He has had sufficient to last for a lifetime. "Jack, this is hell!" one old friend had written to him, and he now got to know for himself what that really meant.

Shortly after arriving in France, Mr. Virgo had to visit a small dug-out—the foremost Y.M.C.A. dug-out to the German trenches at that time—where everyone told him he



BUILDING A Y.M.C.A. HUT IN AUSTRALIA.

counter, with Lady Beatty to look after them. Then the band struck up, and I saw that the Jack Tars were going to be altogether superior to the absence of the ladies, and that some of them were going to represent ladies themselves. The peculiar situations thus created were indeed laughable, and as they passed round I had an opportunity of chipping them. 'I hate to see women smoking pipes,' I said, which greatly amused the boys. Their own many jokes were made and taken in good part."

France was the first objective of the traveller, and here he had an experience

would have the most dramatic experience of his life. His own words best express this. "We travelled along a road I had not been on before. The chauffeur was driving at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and the old car was shaking about in grand fashion, while I hung on to H—— one side and the car on the other. I called to the chauffeur: 'Do you think it necessary to travel at this rate?' But there was no reply. Again I asked the question, but he went steadily on. Presently he said: 'Do you see that hessian there along the road? That will not keep German shells from



A GARDEN-PARTY TO MEET MR. VIRGO AT MOUTON'S HILL, SINGAPORE.

hitting you, but it is to prevent the Germans from seeing you. It is the first time I have been along this road that it has not been under shell-fire.' Then I said: 'Why did you not travel at seventy-five miles an hour?' Such wonderful escapes our fellows have, it is amazing to me that we have not more killed."

After this exciting drive he started off with two fellow-workers for the dug-out that

has since been destroyed. "You can just picture us walking along a road in darkness as black as an Egyptian night, stumbling over some Royal Engineers working on a new dressing-station which they thought might be required soon. One could not light a match for a cigarette or pipe, and the tension was awful." As they went up the communication trench, his thoughts went out to the boys in No Man's Land, mending



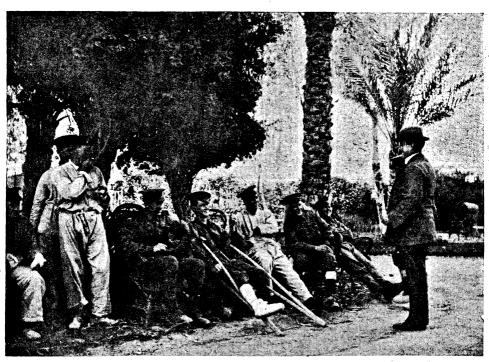
A GROUP OF WOUNDED SOUTH AUSTRALIANS AT MENA HOUSE HOSPITAL.

wire entanglements under shell and rifle fire. Suddenly the whole place was illuminated as though by electricity. Star shells had been let off, and the party moved on and got into the little wood they were aiming for. When one of the friends asked, "How do you feel, Virgo?" he said, "I don't!" For when the shells are dropping round about the dug-out, you're past feeling—past speaking, too, he explains.

"Twenty yards from here," continued his friend, "there's a Belgian 75. When it speaks, we needn't." "He had scarcely spoken

doors widely to men of every creed with one thought—the desire to worship."

While in France Mr. Virgo held conferences with the workers and meetings with the soldiers. Pleased as the men were at one place, when a route march was abandoned by the O.C., in order that Mr. Virgo might talk to them, the latter felt even more pleasure, for it indicated to him at the very start what he was to find all through his tour—that the military authorities appreciate the work of the Y.M.C.A., and are willing to facilitate it in every way.



MR. VIRGO VISITING THE WOUNDED AT MENA HOUSE HOSPITAL, AND DELIVERING MESSAGES TO THEM FROM AUSTRALIA.

when off it went, and our fellows had to get to work. Then the British artillery joined in, and it was like hell let loose."

To this little Y.M.C.A. dug-out had come a Jewish Rabbi, and asked the privilege of conducting a Jewish service there. The Y.M.C.A. people said "Certainly." There, too, a Roman Catholic chaplain had celebrated Mass, the Church of England had occupied it for Holy Communion, and the Nonconformist minister had also conducted services.

"I feel proud," said Mr. Virgo, "to belong to an organisation that, without sacrificing any of its principles, can open its On August 2 he sailed for Egypt, and his journey was accomplished safely, though with the usual excitements attendant on voyages now. Ships were blown up near Malta the day before Mr. Virgo arrived, but he got safely into port. A very kind reception was given him by all workers there, and Lord Methuen, the Governor, who happened to be in the interior of the island, came down to the port specially to meet him and to pay his tribute to the value of the work done by the Y.M.C.A. The position of Malta makes it a most important centre for that work.

At Port Said, which holds the key of the



Photo by]

[Reginald Haines.

East, and brings to travellers the babel

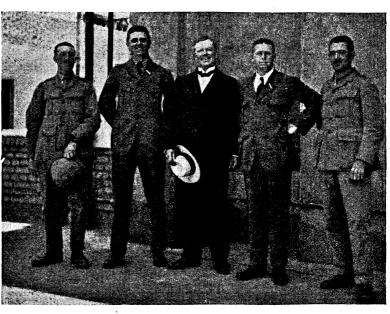
of the hucksters of Oriental wares, Mr. Virgo met the Egyptian workers. A great change had come over the situation since his former visit. that time there were Indian troops stationed along the Canal, but the Y.M.C.A. were refused permission to work amongst them. This time it was one of the gladdest sights of the tour to find the Y.M.C.A. everywhere at work in Egypt. At twentyseven spots along the Canal, that stretches forth to the heart of the

desert, they are established; and well they are appreciated. A great welcome he got from the Australian boys. "I gave them the 'Coo-ee,'" he said, "and they cheered and cheered back again."

No place in the world is in greater need of the work of the organisation than Aden, and the mental attitude of the Irishman, who wondered why Adam and Eve made any fuss at being turned out of Aden, is easily understood. The Egyptian National Committee are deeply sensible of the need for extension of the work here, and are making arrangements accordingly.

Over in Egypt, Y.M.C.A. boys are working under conditions that are very hard and trying. The sun sheds down his rays with tremendous force, and there is sand, sand, sand everywhere. Then the Egyptian flies, Mr. Virgo declares, are real pals—they stick to you. "The boys say there is no fly like the Egyptian, except the Gallipoli. But I have a sample from Mesopotamia that for 'stickativeness' I can put against flies of any other country.

"Mesopotamia! Ah, that is different to anything I have seen," is Mr. Virgo's experience. Intense cold by night and unbearable heat by day. Men wake in the night to find water lapping over the beds in which they lie, and when it is wet there is mud everywhere. Then the mud dries, and in the holes made by the horses' and



MR. VIRGO AND FOUR OF THE Y.M.C.A. WORKERS IN EGYPT.

cows' hoofs you may easily break your ankle walking around at night. To men living in such lonely and cheerless places it meant much to meet someone from home.

One gets glorious sunsets and moon risings in Mesopotamia. On one occasion Mr. Virgo was travelling on a railway in an open truck, and darkness came on very Suddenly Mr. Virgo said to a revenue officer who was with him in his truck: "What is that over there? from a boat on the Tigris?" "Dear me," he answered, "that is the moon." Then suddenly the moon caught the river and tinged it with colours, and lo! a magnificent sight like a gorgeous waterfall was unfolded to view. Then the telegraph wires intervened, and their regularity bestowed the impression of a stairway covered with a gorgeous coloured carpet of varied hues. Again it was lost, and suddenly all the date palms came into view between the travellers and the moon, and the scene was one of truly Eastern magnificence. "I left Mesopotamia, said Mr. Virgo, "the day on which our soldiers entered Bagdad, and the first men to enter after the soldiers were Y.M.C.A. workers."

Ceylon, sandy-beached and girt with palms, is always an important centre. It is now packed with troops and men, because it is a port of call for ships from China, Australia, and the Canal. At Colombo a rickshaw boy offered to take Mr. Virgo to one of several evil resorts. There were no public ones left, the rickshaw boy said: "Y.M.C.A. everywhere." He was rather taken aback, therefore, when Mr. Virgo turned on him and said: "Well, take me to the Y.M.C.A." The fact is that in this matter the Association have done a fine piece of work in Colombo. They got together and cleaned up the town, and provided decent places of recreation for our soldiers. In the barracks they have a beautiful place, teeming with soldiers and From the troopships they have had testimonials to the value of their work, and the Government has purchased the old building and given them a splendid site in the city for a new one.

Now across to Australia, and the things Mr. Virgo says about Australia are these: First, that practically all the Y.M.C.A. buildings in both Australia and New Zealand are modern buildings, in every city and in most large towns, and that they are all actually free from debt. There is not a Y.M.C.A. building in New Zealand that has a penny of liability on it at present.

Perth, Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle, Sydney, and also in the ports of New Zealand, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, the very best provision is now being made to meet the needs of the man who comes from this side, in order that he may have a really good start in the new land. The Association's Employment Bureau is indeed doing excellent work.

Naturally the messages sent by the King and the Prime Minister aroused great enthusiasm, as also did those delivered from Lord Kinnaird and Mr. Howard Williams. At Perth the public were asked to put up £21,000 for the work of the Association, and the day before the campaign was closed, the Government asked: "When do you close this campaign?" The reply was: "At midnight to - morrow." Government said: "You will close it tomorrow at midday-you are getting too much money." The people, in fact, were lined up in a queue, eager to get their money in before the fund had to close.

So the Association obtained £30,000 instead of the £21,000 asked for, so greatly is its

work for the development of man—mind,

spirit, and body—being appreciated.
In India Mr. Virgo was received in Delhi at the Viceregal Lodge, and in Lucknow by Sir James Meston, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces. In Bombay Lord and Lady Willingdon received him, and he had what the newspapers called "the most representative of all meetings ever held in the city." But his tour was not confined to the capital cities. "It was great to see the old Y.M.C.A. right away up at the frontier." He visited schools where young Mohammedan and Buddhist boys gathered in hundreds. At Lucknow he addressed six hundred such boys, at Lahore eight hundred, "eager lads, who are looking to us for leadership." The opportunity in India is magnificent, but the responsibility is also tremendous. Mr. Virgo tells of the fine work being done in South India under Indian leadership, where Swami Das and his band of university men are establishing co-operative banks among the villagers.

Right away up to the Afghanistan border went the traveller, and to the Khyber Pass, and saw something of the effect of the raids by the hillmen. No one is allowed to go through the Khyber Pass except on certain days, and then only if accompanied by soldiery. Everywhere he found the spirit of inquiry abroad, and India eager to listen to and to examine the truths of the Gospel.

In Malaya a programme had been arranged, which included speaking at a luncheon at the Consulate given by the Chinese Consul, and at luncheons at other centres given by Chinese merchants. The Y.M.C.A. representative stayed at Government House, Singapore, and in the theatre at Penang he addressed seven hundred Chinese boys. The importance of Malaya, from an economic point of view, lies in the fact that half the world's tin comes from this quarter, and three-quarters of its rubber supply. what was more significant was the quality of its human material. Malaya was full of rising lads of the finest class of Chinese. Wealthy, too, for from this non-Christian public gifts to the extent of £15,000 have been made to the Y.M.C.A.

"You don't learn much when you go to Japan," said Mr. Virgo; "they learn it." The Japanese are difficult to get to know, and will give you as little information as they can. But they ask you all sorts of questions. "Who are you?" "Where are you going?" "Where were you born?" "What is your object in life?" With the keen, questioning mind of young Japan he is greatly impressed. At the Y.M.C.A. college in Kobe, out of eight hundred and twenty-three students eight hundred meet in classes for the study of the Bible, and the Y.M.C.A. is well equipped to meet the situation. In Honolulu they have secured the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, one of the most

magnificent buildings in the city, for Army and Navy work, in addition to their splendid central building.

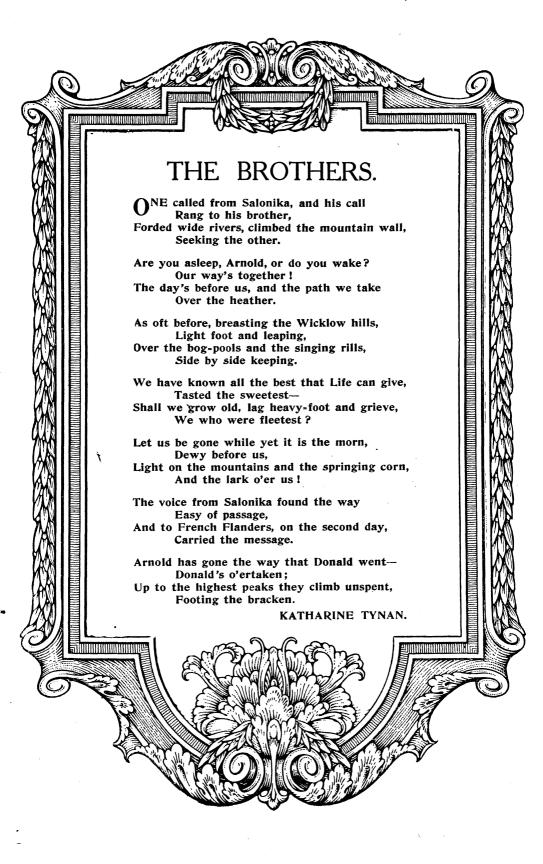
The Association in America set out to raise three million dollars, and got four million. Wherever Mr. Virgo went his message was received with interest. At Philadelphia he went, by special invitation, to a business men's luncheon, and was rather taken aback to find only six men present; but these men, he found, would contribute twenty thousand dollars. Money is coming in wonderfully in America, and it is evidence of the desire to do things perfectly, as we have endeavoured to do among the British troops.

"I have travelled 60,000 miles on this trip, making altogether 250,000 miles travelled in the interests of the Y.M.C.A.," said Mr. Virgo; and though he was not out on a money-making tour, probably £120,000 came his way, making a million that he has had the privilege of helping to collect for the Association in his thirty years of service.

Apropos of work in the United States, it may be added that the Americans set themselves to raise seven million pounds for Y.M.C.A. work among the French, Italians, and Russians. In response to an urgent request, Mr. Virgo went to America to help in raising this huge sum, and latest dispatches received from him state that the necessary seven million pounds have now been raised, and twenty thousand pounds more.



INTERIOR OF A Y.M.C.A. HUT IN FRANCE.



## THE INHERITANCE

### By M. L. C. PICKTHALL

#### Illustrated by Wal Paget



ARY ALLISON came down the stairs quickly, the crying of that tremendous voice in the upstairs room urging her on like a gale of wind. She paused beside her bicycle in the hall, but she

knew the lamp was empty, and thought of the flints on Applespill. She swung the front-door wide and plunged out, the voice baying at her heels. As she shut it behind her, she had the sense that she was shutting a door between two worlds.

She was not frightened, but she was breathless and watchful as a hare. always, the night, in its approach on the New House, seemed to have brought the downs with it; they hung close, almost fluid in the dark and the wind, as if they were waves—waves poised to fall on the New House and wash out its outrage. Mary ran down the path between the rows of speckled laurels, out of the white gate, and down the chalk road. She was wondering how long she would take to get to Bingham's, and how she would wake old Bingham when she did get there. The voice still seemed to go with her: "I can't go-I can't go before the Lord till I've made restitootion! Go and fetch Simley, and I'll leave ye twenty pound." But some alert faculty in her brain found occasion to wonder at the different nightnoises of trees in the wind—the surf-like oaks, the higher rustle of ash, and the falling water of the white poplar at the turn before the bridge.

But she was not frightened. She was not frightened even when a man rose from his seat on the pile of whitewashed flint that marked the turning, and stood before her in the road.

"Don't stop me," she said, and though

she spoke with difficulty, because of the breathlessness, her voice was steady. "Don't stop me. I'm going an errand for a dying man!"

She saw the man only as an outline on the curved glimmer of the chalk. He was a soldier—she guessed from the camp across the hill. Well—— The thought flickered in her mind like a will-o'-the wisp that she wouldn't have had any trouble with him by daylight.

"Goin' for the doctor?"

His voice was pleasant, with a twang in it that she guessed was not a native one. Her breathing instantly slowed. She answered, with that dry quickness which had lost her three cases: "No, for the lawyer. As he can't save his body, he's beginning to think of his soul."

" His?"

"Farren's. The butcher. A—a suety soul." She caught herself together and made to pass him with a swift "Good night! I mustn't stop."

He did not move. He said slowly: "It's —it's a dark night, and rough, for a lady to be out alone. I know these parts. If——Would you mind if I came along with you?"

She said instantly, "I can't prevent you, can I?" and moved on. He fell into step beside her. She liked his long step, the yard of interval he kept between them, above all, his silence. Mary Allison was twenty-seven, and she had seen enough of life to make her hard.

Was she frightened? No. She told herself so again. But her straight, wiry body was vibrating like a keyed string.

"Is the doctor there now?"

The question came suddenly. The voice was pleasant. She nodded an answer: "Yes, since the afternoon."

The soldier turned to her. "And he let a lady come out in the dark alone?" he drawled slowly.

"I'm not a lady. I'm a nurse-and not

a pretty one at that." The wind closed like a sigh on the end of her sharp voice, and she felt vaguely sorry she had spoken. "But that'll shut him up," she told herself

It did not. He went on: "And you'll be going to Bingham's, for Mr. Walter

Simley?

"How do you know?"

"I know these parts—or I used to." The twang was dying out of his voice; he spoke as one whose thoughts were far off. Mary Allison knew in a moment they were not "Do Mr. Walter and now on her. Mr. Harvey still live at Bingham's?"

"Yes. And old Bingham still does for them. I must get them both—Mr. Walter for the will, and his brother for a witness. There's no one at the house but the doctor. He'll do for one. We want another."

"It's a brave thing of you to come out a

night like this."

She laughed. "I'm to get twenty pounds for it," she told the unknown shadow beside her, "perhaps!" She felt his grave eyes on her, and something she guessed in the face she could not see made her silent.

On the slope of Applespill Hill the wind The whole night poured and rushed across twenty miles of turf, sweet and strong as the sea. Mary Allison had almost forgotten the man beside her—he he was so quiet, so much a part of the night, so like a dream of it. Her mind was on the twenty pounds, too. If the old wretch gave it to her, she'd have a holiday-good lodgings and breakfast in bed every morning. Her foot slipped on the rolling flints that every rain washed loose, and instantly a hand was under her elbow, steadying her.

"Thank you," said Mary, after a pause, rather breathlessly, into the night. She did not know how her voice had changed. She was not used to giving thanks for small

attentions.

"It's a rough night. But it's not far now."

The hill dipped to a long valley, full of water-meadows and many small streams. The wind sang above them, strong and Against two or three large stars rose a plume of elms, their tops in turmoil, their lower branches quiet, and behind them lay square shadows of buildings.

"That's Bingham's."

The soldier turned in beside her; he seemed to know the way as well as she, and the three bricked steps leading upwards to the level of the door. Here they stood,

and knocked and rang helplessly; the house fronted them implacable as the dark.

Mary turned to the soldier. better shout——"

The quiet shadow behind her instantly let loose a mighty voice. It pleased her, somehow, too; it was as strong as his hand. But it dimly reminded her of something unpleasant. A shutter clanged back overhead, and an old voice whimpered peevishly at them.

"For Mr. Walter Simley. He's wanted ... Yes, at Farren's. At once, the doctor

advised . . . Yes, I'm the nurse.'

The shutter clanged to. They stood and waited. Mary leaned against the porch and shut her eyes. She could smell the thyme in the wind, stronger than the breath of the wet meadows. The whole night was full of strength and sweetness . . .

The door opened. There was a light, and the vision of the old lawyer in a testy temper. "Wants me at last, does he? And high time, too. Should have done it ten years ago . . . The commonest justice and decency. Come along, nurse. My only regret is that Farren'll never live to feel how I'll make him pay for this!"

"He said I was to get your brother to

come as a witness."

"He's at Bristol, my good lady."
"Oh, bother!" said Mary Allison flatly. "The time we've had with him! I don't know whom to get!"

"Bingham's too old—Farren'll be dead before we make Bingham understand what's

wanted. How about you?"

"I benefit," said Mary curtly, "to the extent of twenty pounds—if we get back in time. I—don't want to lose it."

The lawyer glanced at her, docketed her in his mind, and then said: "Who's this?"

Mary smiled. "I don't know. I suppose he can tell you. He met me at the bridge, and thought it too dark for a lady to come on alone."

The lawyer grunted. He had slipped a black coat over his nightshirt, and as they all stood in the porch, the wind wrestled with it, till it looked to Mary's tired eyes as if hundreds of black mice were running all over him. He said: "A soldier from Foxcover Camp?"

"That's right."

"A Canadian?"

"When I'm at home."

"How long have you been there?"

"Eight months, trainin'," said the full voice from the night.

"Well, perhaps we could make you do. We've no time, I gather, to be particular. Will you come?"  $^{\circ}$ 

"What am I wanted for?" said the man quietly.

she got back. Heavens, how tired she was of cases! Her last three had all died.

Between gusts of wind she heard the lawyer talking to the soldier. Simley's voice was friendly and warm with feeling.



"To witness a will—to help in an act of justice, if you like it better."

They set off together, the lawyer, the nameless soldier, and Mary Allison. She was tired. The night was unreal about her. She wondered if Farren would be alive when

(How did men always know each other's kind, even in the dark?) She heard him dreamily. "Is there any tyranny like the tyranny of some Christian parents? Young Walter Farren was a good boy; but his mother had a streak of the gipsy in her, and

he was restless. She died, you see, and Farren didn't understand. 'Feed them well, but work them always,' was his motto with a boy and a horse. That lad had no youth at all; it was work, work, work, pinch, pinch, pinch. And for what?" She heard the old man laugh angrily. "Perhaps you've seen it in daylight—that square red-brick house with the geranium beds and the concrete footpaths? There are concrete pigsties, too, I believe, and a bathroom that Farren keeps the key of. Well, it was for that. Farren denied himself even a glass of beer, and all but broke his boy's spirit, just to be able to build a finer house than his neighbours."

"What's become of—the boy?"
"Oh, he saved his soul alive. Went off somewhere—Canada, I think. You've never met him? He'd be nearly thirty now, young Walter Farren. He was a boy with a gipsy face and queer, wide-apart light blue eyes.'

"No, I have never met him. Canada's a

big place."

"So I've heard, so I've heard. having built this house—out of the very blood of the boy's youth, I say—what does old Farren do but want to leave it to his nephew at Coombe, so that it'd be in safe hands? 'Walter may be dead, and he was al'ays wild,' he had the face to tell me. told him a few things—the result of which is apparently that he's going to do justice to his son at the last minute, and leave him the place. I hope he'll be alive to get some good of it. I always fought for it."

"You're a good friend to the absent, sir." Old Simley chuckled. "Oh, he's frightened now. The doctor only gives him till morning.

Isn't that so, nurse?'

They turned to her at the white gate in the hedge of speckled laurels. She took command—she, the intimate of death.

"Go in quietly, please. The hall is dark. It puts him in a fuss if we light the big

lamp."

Within the door, however, the doctor met them with a night-lamp. "That you at last, Simley? Yes, you're in time." They went

up together.

The big room where old Farren lay reflected the warfare of his life—hard meanness warring with a harder ostentation. There was an elaborate grate veiled in green paper, a rococo mantelpiece, and a really fine mirror above it sunken in the wall. the bed where the owner rested—his last bed but one—was of cheap yellow iron, hideously grained to represent wood. The floor was dusty and painted. Fronting the bed was a fine mahogany wardrobe, and at this the sick

man was staring.

"I bought it for my clothes," he said suddenly, in his great, baying, discontented voice, "but I never had any to put in it. It went to my 'eart to buy new clothes. There's nought in there but the blacks I'm to be buried in. It's al'ays stood empty." As Mary Allison sat down quietly in a corner, she had a brief vision of how much else had stood empty in that house.

She was very tired. She leaned her head back in the shadow. The lamp had a dark shade. It lighted the floor and the ceiling, left a great mourning band of shadow round the walls. She saw the soldier standing, tall, near the door, his cap off, but little more clear than he had been in the dark outside. She saw the doctor and the lawyer busy with stimulants and papers. She shut her eyes. She was sick of the whole business savagely sick. If she got that twenty pounds—— Her mouth set like steel; she would see that she got it.

"You had it all ready, then, Mr. Simley?" "All ready for two years, Farren, till you

came to your right mind."

A growl from her patient. Time passed how much she did not know-but suddenly she heard Farren's voice change.

"Now I've signed that, will you shake hands with me, Mr. Walter? You ain't shook my hand ten years back, and I al'ays

thought the world of you."

Something broke a little within her; her eyelids stung. The pity of it! It had touched the lawyer, too. "Your doing, Farren," he said sadly. "I had to stand up for the boy. He was a good boy, and you used him hardly."

"No harder than I was used. Heaven knows what'll come to the pigsties if he has the place! My nephew at Coombe, now, he'd do it justice."

Yes. And humour treading hard on the heels of pity. She would smile over it to-morrow, perhaps. Now she was too tired. It was a case for two nurses, really, but the old miser would only have one—preferred to get his full money's worth out of one.

"Now, Cloke, if you please."

The lawyer seemed to have learned all about her friend of the night. He stepped forward from the door. The doctor asked a question, was testily answered by Simley, and shrugged himself into silence. The soldier stooped above the bare little deal table to sign his name as witness to the will which would insure Walter Farren of his own, and tilted the shade of the

lamp

His face sprang clear from the shadow—lean, dark as a gipsy's, with light blue wide-set eyes. She saw it for one unforgettable moment, as something she had long expected to see. She saw Simley half-risen from his chair across the table. Then the soldier quietly put out his hand, pulled the shade level, and signed his name.

There was a queer, short silence, broken only by the sick man's querulous breathing.

"Are you sure," said the lawyer at last, staring through the renewed shadow, "that that name you have just signed is your own?"

"Quite sure," the soldier answered. "Shall

I add my number?"

"You have not-forgotten?"

Again the silence. Then "I have forgotten a good deal," said Cloke quietly, "though not as much as I'd like. That name is mine—all the name I've any use for.

I've put in everything, sir."

He withdrew again to the door, took up his cap from the chair where he had left it, stood for a long minute looking at the old man growling restlessly in the bed, and went out. Mary, in a dream, followed him. Old Farren's voice followed them gustily down the dark stairs: "Ay, my own flesh and blood, but al'ays wild and a poor worker. What'n—earth'll become o' my new pigsties? ."

At the door she stood to open for him

Mary spoke.

"Are you going away—just as you

came?" she said calmly.

She saw in the dusk his odd light blue eyes turned gravely towards her. "I shall go as I came," he agreed, after a pause.

"You are Walter Farren, of course."

He answered again, after a long pause, neither assenting nor denying: "There was a poor child long ago called that—a child in hell—the hell of a man's greed. That's forgiven now. But it can't be forgotten. Jim Cloke's a happier man than Walter Farren ever looked to be." He laughed shortly, softly, and went through the door. Again she followed him. The door shut behind them. The great wind out of the hills poured upon them in its sweetness and strength.

Mary Allison was so tired she could not think clearly, but she felt a great impulse to hinder his going. She said: "And you are not going to claim your inheritance? All this'll be yours before daylight, I should say."

He swung on his heel, looking keenly about him in the dark. "What would it be worth, now?" he asked indifferently.

"A clear three thousand, I should say.

The house——"

"No, I shan't claim it. Let t'other chap have it." And he threw his head back and laughed, full-throated, a great merry roar. Mary Allison, who thought three thousand pounds would have bought her soul, said

as much, bitterly.

"No, it wouldn't." The man she had first seen two hours ago, a shadow in the night, turned on her with assurance. know your kind. It's only courage gone to seed. Listen, now. What do I want with a red-brick house in a tidy little field, and a new pigsty, and—p'r'aps the parson's wife speakin' to me as if I was almost a gentleman? Listen, now. When I go back home after the War, I go back to a place I've made. Made! My land's raw yet, but it's good—it's good! the Little Fountain to the Silver Plate it runs, and there's grass on the bottoms all winter for my cattle. I've only five hundred head yet, but they're mine, made out o' my faith an' my sweat, and not that of others." He glanced at the dim window overhead, and his voice softened. "There's room there for a man," he went on, after a silence, "and there's a wind from the foothills."

After, as it seemed, a long time, Mary Allison moved. "No," she said wearily, "what would you want with—this? Good night and thank you."

"Listen, now." He came a step nearer.

"Well?" She spoke fretfully, her small, sharp face rigid in the ghostly light that runs before the dawn.

"If—if you weren't a lady——'

"I'm not a lady. I'm only a nurse. My people kept a woolshop. Though what all this has to do with you——"

"This! There's room there for a man, and there's room there for a woman, a brave

woman."

A small, wistful, frightened voice cried in the wind: "But you are mad, and so'm I! And—and I'm not a bit pretty in the daylight!" Mary scarcely recognised the voice for her own. Then the doctor called her. But, as she fled back up the stairs, she carried somewhere within her the knowledge that Cloke wouldn't go—not quite yet.

She had forgotten all about her twenty

pounds.

# THE MAN WHO FOUND GOLD

## By JAMES B. HENDRYX

#### Illustrated by Dudley Tennant



OHN DENNIS
stared gloomily at
the blue print
spread before him
upon the flat-topped
desk. Minutes
passed as his gaze
strayed through the
open window and
rested upon the
little cluster of

wooden buildings and the black ore dump that scarred the long sweep of green hillside.

"The Bramble Patch is beginning to make 'em sit up and take notice." The man spoke to himself aloud, as is the way "It's the best of the men of the open. proposition in the country—now. I'm tired of it! It's always the way. As soon as the game is won, the excitement's gone, and——" He picked up a pencilled memorandum. "The Trust ain't overlooking any bets. They have allowed me a good margin of profit, and—— Well, I can go and hunt up another sick one and doctor it back to life, or I can tell 'em the Bramble Patch ain't for sale." The corners of the man's mouth twisted into a grim smile as his eyes once more rested upon the little group of wooden buildings. "I guess, as a sporting proposition," he muttered, "you ain't dead yet.

"Telegram!" The operator from the little station across the gulch laid a yellow envelope upon the table and shuffled from the room. Very deliberately Dennis slit the envelope and glanced at the brief message:

"Think I have located J. W. Will you prosecute?

(Signed) Downey.

Dawson, Y.T."

"Will I prosecute?" A short, hard laugh rasped from the man's throat, and for a long time he sat with his eyes fixed on the far hills. Then, opening a drawer in his desk, he took out some photographs, and as his glance passed from one to another—from dog trains labouring over the snow-trails, to squat log cabins and rude sluices, into which bearded men shovelled gravel, a great longing possessed him—an urge to travel once more the long trails and to eat his meat with tillicums.

A breath of soft spring air wafted through the open window and rustled the yellow paper upon his desk, and the man breathed

deeply of its fragrance.

"Just getting ready for the clean-up up Heavens, how I used to hate it! How we all did! And how our backs and shoulders and fingers used to ache!" He glanced at a smooth palm that had once been a calloused one. "How we used to curse the country and ourselves, as we fought the gravel way up there on the edge of things! Copper's a banker's game. Gold's the real mining. I'd like to take a hunk of sourdough bread and mop up the grease from a half-dozen slices of limber-fried bacon right now. No one that hasn't gouged gravel knows how to eat! And, by Heavens, I'll do it!" He returned the photographs to the drawer and closed it with a bang. "I'll do it," he repeated. "It's a long way to Dawson, but I'd go half-way around the world to see Jess Ward get what's coming to him. I've waited a long time for this." He reached for the receiver of the private telephone connected with the mine. "Tell Mr. Goodwin I want him," he ordered.

"You've got to run this outfit till I get back," he explained, as the engineer stepped into the office. "Going North. Keep on with the construction work, and——"

"But—" objected the other.

"No 'buts' about it!" snapped Dennis, as he jammed on his hat and crushed the telegram into his pocket. At the doorway he turned. "By the way, when that man Ainslee, or whatever his name is, comes back for his answer, you tell him I say the Morman-Gugenspiel crowd can go to the devil! 'The Bramble Patch ain't for sale."

Two days later John Dennis stood upon the deck of the *Dolphin* and idly watched the passengers file up the gang-plank—the van of the flood of summer tourists that the exigencies of the Great War had turned from

the beaten track.

"They'll get the surprise of their life when they find out they've been overlooking the one best bit in the way of scenery just because it's so close to home," he muttered to himself.

"What ju say?" asked a voice at his side. Ignoring the questioner, Dennis suddenly leaned far over the rail as his eyes followed a trim figure in a grey travelling suit, whose face had been momentarily raised to his.

momentarily raised to his.

"It looked like—her," he exclaimed, as the figure disappeared below deck. "But—pshaw!"

"How?"

Dennis favoured the chatty one with a level stare. "I said, some folks grow old minding their own business, and some don't," he growled, and, turning on his heel, hurried below. All that day and the next he scanned the faces of his fellow-passengers without so much as a fleeting glimpse of the face of the woman in grey.

On the evening of the second day out from Seattle, with Ketchikan left astern, John Dennis leaned upon the rail and watched the mighty giants of the coastal range fade sombrely into the gloom. Unconsciously his thoughts followed the back-trail of the years. With vivid distinctness came the memory of that other trip into the North, when he had leaned upon the rail of another steamer and gazed in fascination upon those self-same mountains. He remembered even the feel of the throb of the engines, as the rickety little steamer ploughed northward, her deck piled high with packs and outfits of the stampeders — remembered the hotchpotch of humanity that rubbed elbows at the rotten rail. Citizens of the world, thosethe foot-loose, the drifters, the good and the bad, the manicured and the horny-handed. And all—the age-grizzled, the youthful, the sober, and the drunken—answered the call of gold, and their eyes burned deep with the lure of it. As vividly as though it lay before him, he saw the freight-cluttered Dyea beach, with its rabble of howling, whimpering curs that later were to die like flies on the Chilkoot, or be knocked on the head or pitched into the icy black water of Linderman and Bennett and Labarge to lighten ice-logged boats.

It was at Dyea he had thrown in with Jess Ward. He remembered the hell of the storm-ridden Chilkoot Pass, with its long, thin line of pack-laden men. It was there he bit into the raw-learned the feel of pack-straps that cut to the bone, and the crushing, muscle-tearing weight of one hundred pounds sweated up the side of a mountain to a quarter of a mile above the timber line—learned to sleep wet in the snow, with the thermometer at zero, and to wolf down raw bacon. He remembered the Box Canyon, the wreck at White Horse Rapids, the fight with Skookum Johnson and his outlaw Swedes, the long stretch on the Yukon, the strike on Willow Creek, and, last of all, the treachery of Jess Ward, who had decamped with the dust when the claim petered out. The man's jaw clamped hard. The North had taught him to live and to hate. Then came Nome, his great strike on the third beach line, his fruitless search for Jess Ward, his return to the States, and the year of restless wandering before he purchased the Bramble Patch. The corners of his mouth twisted into a grim smile. He, John Dennis, had inscribed his name upon the foreshortened scroll of the lucky ones. He had found gold-had found, also, that there was no joy in the possession of gold. There was something he had missed. Other men were contented, and he had never known contentment.

"It's Jess Ward!" he gritted. "But I'll get him! It's knowing that a man lives who has double-crossed me and got away with it!" And then the figure of Jess Ward faded, as his mind drifted backward, far backward, before Dyea beach, when Alaska was only a name. He flung his half-smoked cigar viciously outboard, and turned impatiently from the rail—turned to meet squarely the eyes of the woman in grey. She was seated in a deck-chair a half-dozen paces from where he stood, and she was alone.

"So I was not mistaken," he said, after

what seemed an interminable period of "It—it's been a—a long time, silence. Laura!"

"Yes," answered the woman, in a low voice that the man thought trembled ever "Yes-John-a long, long so slightly. time."

The man removed his hat awkwardly as he offered his hand, and at the clasp of the soft fingers the years rolled backward. In all the world there was no such thing as gold—only a country town in a far-distant State, broad maple-lined streets, trim wooden houses, and well-kept lawns that showed green and cool beyond their painted picket fences, a big red-brick schoolhouse, a prim little park beside a lake, and——

"You have grown older, John, and, somehow, you have changed. I have been watching your profile as you stood there staring at the mountains. There's a kind of-what shall I say?-of hardness in the lines of your face that did not use to be there." Her eyes rested for a moment upon the uncovered head. "And, yes—there are

grey hairs, too."

The man drew a chair to her side. "Yes, I suppose I've aged some—most folks do that ain't good and die young. And as for the lines and the grey hairs—I've lived hard. But you haven't changed much, Laura. little stouter, maybe, and a little more serious. But you always did take things serious — folks and — and things." woman remained silent, her eyes on the dimming skyline. "How's the old town?" he continued, with an obvious attempt at conversation. "Same old folks doing the same old things, I suppose. I've been meaning to go back ever since I struck it lucky; but-well, somehow I never could quite make up my mind to. You see, I never let on, but it hurt mighty bad when you—when we—busted up. And—well, if you'd married one of the other fellows, I didn't want to know it, that's all. They're good folks, back there. They miss a lot by spending their lives in the same little town; they never get rich—nor poor, neither and they get to know each other so well that they can tell what their next-door neighbour is going to think about next week. But they're satisfied and they're happy, and that's what makes life worth living. You can't buy happiness. The man that's learnt to live and be happy on a hundred a month is a heap richer than the man that ain't learnt to on a hundred thousand. But tell me," he asked so suddenly that his voice sounded

harsh, "you didn't marry one of 'em, did

The woman's eyes turned slowly from the distant mountains. "No," she answered, "I didn't. We moved out to the coast the year after you went away." She noted the look of relief-of almost boyish eagerness —that greeted her words, and was about to continue, but he interrupted.

"And so we meet again!" he breathed. "Men have told me I was lucky, and I've sneered at 'em. But tell me, how's the old world used you? Somehow you don't look as if life had been one continual round of frivolity, as the saying is. Is there something you have missed?"

The woman turned her face seaward. "Yes," she answered, "I guess there is a whole lot I've missed. There's a whole lot anybody misses who teaches school for— How many years is it? No, don't let's count them—just years and years. I didn't know what it was until-

"Until you decided to throw over your job and travel!" Darkness had followed the twilight, and the man failed to notice the puzzled expression that greeted his interruption, nor did he notice that the woman's lips smiled.

"Yes," she answered, "until I decided to

Dennis shook his head. "It's no go, Laura," he said, after a moment of silence. "It won't work. You'll take your trip and enjoy it, but when you get back you'll find yourself right where you started. travelled. I've knocked around Alaska and gouged for gold-found it, too-lots of it. Then I travelled all over the country for a year, but-"

"You, too, have missed something?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the man gravely, "I have missed something. And, like you, I didn't know what it was. For years the only times I've been satisfied was when I've been fighting against odds to keep what I've got, and get more. But as soon as I get it, it's no good. I've told myself all along that I'd be satisfied if only I could take out my revenge on Jess Ward. But it ain't that. I knew the answer the minute I caught sight of you, back there in Seattle."

The woman rose abruptly. "It's getting cold, John," she said, "and the sea-breeze

makes me sleepy. Good night."

The man escorted her to the head of the stairway. "Good night," he said softly, and walked forward, to stand for a long time

leaning upon the rail and watching the white water curl back from the bow.

During the remainder of the voyage to Skagway the two spent many hours together, and always the woman managed to turn adroitly the conversation into impersonal channels. It was the same on the train to White Horse and the Yukon River steamboat, and not until the last evening of the journey did the man succeed in speaking of the thing that was uppermost in his mind.

"Look here, Laura," he began bluntly, as they found themselves in a secluded corner of the deck, "we've wasted the best part of a week talking war, and votes for women, and the fate of the Chinese Republic, and we haven't neither one spoke a word of what we're thinking about. To-morrow this boat ties up at Dawson. It's the end of the trail. To-night we're going to do some back trailing—me and you. We're going to talk about ourselves."

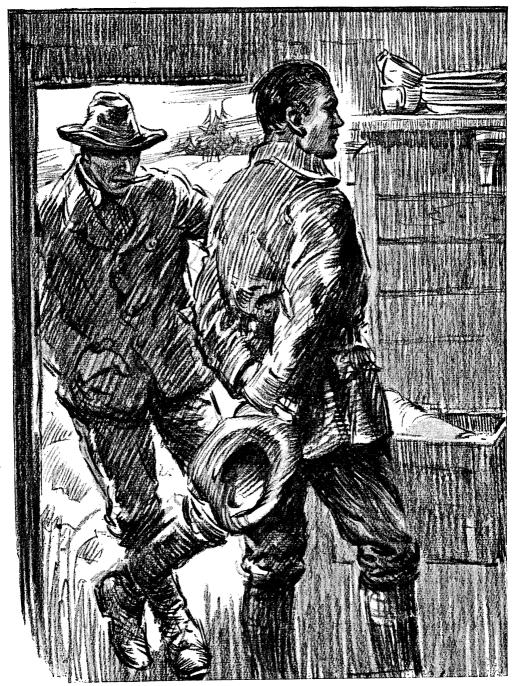
The wind blew chill, and he drew the chairs into the shelter of the cabin. "It's a queer world, isn't it, John?" said the woman, after a long silence, during which daylight slowly faded. "You have been successful. You say you are rich, and yet your gold has not brought you happiness."

"No," answered the man. "Gold don't bring happiness. I ain't been successful. And I'll never be happy till I've got you." In the deepening twilight he failed to notice that the woman shrank from him at the words, but continued, speaking rapidly, with his eyes on the skyline of the far hills. "It's this way, Laura. Ever since webusted up I have been restless. I told myself I didn't care, and there were times I believed it. I set about deliberately not to care. I told myself that love was rot, and I started hunting for something that would take its place—that would fill my life and drive the thought of you from my mind. I tried the booze game, but it didn't work, and I quit just short of the jimjams. Then I drifted to the gold diggings. As long as I had a fight on, I was all right. Me and Jess Ward hammered our way into this country over a trail that got good men, and lots of 'em. We beat the trail and staked a claim on Willow Creek. We was hogs for work, and was doing fairly well, when the claim petered out, and Jess Ward double-crossed me. I couldn't follow him then, because I was broke. And that year Alaska was the worst land in the world to be broke in. There were hundreds of others

in the same fix, and some of 'em didn't winter through. I did. And after that came Nome. I located on Anvil Creek, and when my claim developed into a sure thing for about ten thousand a year, I lost interest in it. I got restless—wanted something bigger. Then someone discovered the Ruby Beach sand, and men went crazy. I jammed in my stakes on the third beach line, and started shovelling out more gold in a day than I had in a month on Anvil. I guess I was nearer happy then than I've ever been since way back yonder. But it didn't last. The game's the same, no matter what the chips are worth. I rolled up half a million and quit. I thought I was satisfied, and went back to the States. I got the travelling bug then, same as you have now. That's why I told you it wouldn't work.

"I had to be doing something, so I hit for the West, and began nosing around for a mine. There were lots of good mines I could have bought, but I turned 'em down. You see, I'd kind of got acquainted with myself. There is no fight to a good mine—one that couldn't help but roll up profits—so I began hunting for a rotten one. Found lots of 'em, but they didn't suit me. Either they never ought to have been dug, or they was worked out. At last I heard of the Bramble Patch. The ore was there all right, but the men that owned her had got cold feet. They couldn't keep her pumped out, and a half-dozen other little things ailed her—things that make vellow men quit. I bought the outfit, hired the best engineer that was loose, and went at

"She's dry now," he continued, after a pause, "but we had to drive a four-foot tunnel through a rock mountain to drain her. All her other little ails are cured, too, and her dump looks like a million dollar certified check. Just about the time I began to lose interest, up pops an agent of the Trust with a proposition to sell out. I came pretty near doing it, till I happened to think that, if I sold out, I'd just have to hunt around for another mine to whip into shape—I'd have to go and hunt for trouble, whereas, if I didn't sell, I'd have a scrap on my hands without moving out of my chair. Then came the telegram from Downey that he'd located Jess Ward. I've always swore to get him, if he's still alive. So I told Goodwin to tell the Morman-Gugenspiel crowd to go to the devil. You see, they have been in the habit of reaching out and grabbing everything that looks good to 'em,



You here!' he rasped harshly."

and bucking 'em will get under their hide. They may get the Bramble Patch at that, but, if they do, they'll earn it." Dennis held a match to his dead cigar, and the strong, hard lines of his face stood out with startling distinctness in the flare of the tiny flame.
"You see how it is with me," he resumed.

"I never get anywheres. I take hold of a proposition, and work and plot and fight twenty hours out of twenty-four to put it through, and when the game is won—when any other man would sit back and look with pride on the work of his head and hands, and enjoy its benefits—right then I lose interest



"'Why, yes, John,' she answered, in surprise; 'this is my home.'"

in it. I've worked all my life for something I've never got—for something I know I will never get—by work. There's only one measure of work—money. I use to think it was money I wanted. I got it, and found there was no satisfaction in the possession of it. I turned for satisfaction to winning out

where other men failed. The satisfaction ain't there. I've beat men at their own game, and I've piled up more money than I can ever spend, and I'm right where I started."

For the first time the man withdrew his gaze from the hills. He leaned close to the

woman, and his eyes sought hers in the darkness. "But no, I ain't where I started, because I've found by accident what the years haven't taught me. I've found what I've wanted all along. I ain't going to make you any pretty speech. I'd be a fool to try. The gold country roughens a man. It's what the writers would call the irony of Fate, I guess—this finding out by accident that the thing I've wanted and worked for through all the years was the thing I once had and never appreciated, because I took it as a matter of course. I mean love—your love. For we were happy back there. Do you remember? I do. I haven't thought of it for years, because I haven't let myself think. But now it seems like it was only a little while ago—a week, maybe, or a year. You remember that night in the little park on the shore of the lake, with the lights twinkling on the opposite bank, and the moon-path stretching away like a trail of gold across the black water, and over the marsh at the mouth of the creek a million fireflies flashing, and the bellow of the frogs in the sedges, and the soft slap of the waves when the night wind rippled the water? May it was, or June."

"It was the third of June." The woman's

voice was very low.

"You remember?"

"Yes, I remember. The night was cool, and you took off your coat and threw it over my shoulders."

The man nodded. "We were happy that summer we were engaged," he said gruffly.

"We missed our chance for happinesstogether." There was a note of finality in the voice that struck a chill to the man's heart.

He interrupted her almost fiercely. "Yes, I was a fool, and all that. I know I was wild, but maybe you took it too serious. When I found it was getting me, I quit. But it ain't too late yet. Our best years are ahead of us. We'll start in where we left Or, better yet, we'll begin where we began that night there by the shore of the lake. See, the night wind is cool. I'll take off my coat and—

The woman laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "No, John, not that. Don't you know that, even if we wanted to, we couldn't drop out the years, nor live years over again? Lives are not like that. They go on and on, and the years change them."

"You mean that you don't want tothat there's someone else you love?"

"Yes," answered the woman, as she drew

the glove from her hand and exposed the plain gold ring that encircled the finger, "my husband."

For a long time John Dennis stared at the dull yellow band that encircled the white finger. Neither spoke. At length the man rose slowly to his feet. "I guess you're right," he said in a dull voice, as he extended his hand, "about lives moving on-that

The woman took the hand. "I am to join my husband in Dawson. I should like you to meet him."

"No," answered the man curtly. "I wish you luck. And—I won't be seeing you again. Good-bye!"

"Well, you sure come a-runnin'," grinned Corporal Downey, as he greeted Dennis at the headquarters of the Mounted.

"Yes, and I'd have come twice as far to square my account with Jess Ward. And, besides, I wanted to see the cold side of sixty again. I'm an office miner now, you know.' He shrugged expressively. "But you bet a man never forgets the big country, and when I got your wire, it didn't take me long to make up my mind to come."

Downey nodded. "It gets into your blood—the North. I never know'd a tillicum yet which, if he left the country, he didn't come mushin' back on some pretex' or another—if it wasn't only just long enough to cock his lip over a big hunk of sourdough bread, an' cuss the snow or the gravel-or the mosquitoes, if he come in summer. An', now you're here, you're goin' to have to do some little trailin', John. Our man's up on Many Lodge Creek. It's a feeder for the Upper Chandindu. Started an independent tradin' post in a new camp."

"How do you know he's Jess Ward?" asked Dennis. "If I remember right, you didn't get transferred to Dawson till after he'd beat it."

"No, I never seen him," answered the officer, "but I run on to a fellow prospectin' that's been in the country for years, an' he happened to mention that this fellow— Harkness he calls himself now-looked uncommon like Jess Ward. Said he know'd you and him both over on Willow Creek, so, when I got back here, I wired you. you'll know him if you see him?"

"You bet I'll know Dennis nodded. him!" he ground between clenched teeth. "The coyote! He's the only living man that ever put anything over on me and got away with it. When can we start for Many

Lodge?"

"That depends," answered the officer.
"I've got to hike up the Klondike and straighten out a little matter. You can wait here till I get back, or you can come on along, an' we'll cross somewhere about the head of North Fork, an' slip over on to the Chandindu from there."

"Suit me to a T. When do we start?"

"First thing in the mornin'. You don't need to bother about any outfit—I've got all we need."

During the days of the trail Corporal Downey wondered much at his companion's taciturnity. They had become great friends, these two, in the lean year that followed the disappearance of Jess Ward. The officer fell to studying the man whose silence at times amounted almost to moroseness.

"They say you struck it big over to Nome," said Downey one evening, as they

ate their supper beside a little fire.

Dennis nodded. "Yes, I took out a lot

of gold."

"You sure are lucky, John. Not that you didn't earn it—I don't mean that," the officer hastened to add, as he noticed the other's lip curl into a peculiar smile. "Because you always was a hard worker, even workin' for wages. But hard work won't get you nowheres unless you're lucky along with it. Take that winter around Dawson. Why, who'd ha' picked you, without no claim, an' workin' with your two hands for a bare livin', to be one of the lucky ones? There was other fellows workin' that winter—plenty of 'em—but they didn't none of 'em get rich. No, you're just naturally lucky, John." The other made no reply, but continued to stare moodily into the fire. "Why, the sourdoughs are tellin' round here yet how you barely wintered through, an' a few years later pulled out of Nome with half a million. That's what I call luck!"

Dennis's lips twisted into an ironical smile. "And when you do," he answered bitterly, "it shows that you don't know a thing about what luck means!"

With the passing of the days Dennis fell under the spell of the hills, and became more like his old self. His taciturnity left him, and the two sat late over their campfires. But whether the talk was of mines, or politics, or growing things, Downey perceived a deep-seated pessimism — an underlying bitterness—in his friend's viewpoint that invariably found outlet in the damning of

Jess Ward. Revenge had become an obsession.

"You're a good hater, John," observed the officer, at the end of one of these jaundiced tirades. "But hate needs a balance. Too much of it makes a man lopsided, an' lopsided men ain't happy. Trouble is, you ain't never learned how to enjoy yourself. I've knowed lots of men in my time-rich ones and poor ones—poor ones that was happy, and rich ones that wasn't. You're one of them last. I've been studying over what you said the other evenin', about me not knowin' what I was talkin' about—about luck, you I guess you're right about that. 'Tain't how much a man gets that makes him lucky-it's knowin' how to enjoy what he has got. You're restless, John. What you need is a wife." Dennis's only answer was an inarticulate growl, nor did he speak again that evening.

"Thought I'd prod round till I found the sore spot," mused Downey to himself, as he drew the blankets over his head. "I've been wonderin' what put the acid in his heart. It's a woman—an' that settles it. Trouble with men is, they get it into their head there ain't but one partic'lar woman that's fit for 'em to marry. Which it ain't reasonable, an' it ain't accordin' to facts. Then, if somethin' turns up so's he can't get her, he goes mopin' round like a dog that's lost his last flea. An' there you

are!"

The police business that took them up the Klondike required more time than Downey had anticipated, and it was three weeks from the time they left Dawson that the two paused before a log trading post near the headwaters of Many Lodge Creek.

Stepping in front of the officer, Dennis threw open the door and entered. A man was arranging a pile of blankets upon the end of the rude counter. He looked up as the other advanced into the room. Corporal Downey leaned lightly against the jamb of the door and surveyed the scene with interest. The keen eyes, trained to detail, noted his friend's clenched fists, and the thickening cords of his neck, and the lips pressed to a thin, cold line of cruelty; noted also the swift look of terror that flashed from the eyes of the trader, the chalk-white face and the fingers that groped nervously at the counter's edge, as the man's mouth sagged slowly open. No word was spoken, and Downey could distinctly hear their breathing, as the fear-widened eyes of the man at the

counter stared into the narrowed eyes of the other. After what seemed an interminable silence, the sagging jaw moved, and the man moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue. He was about to speak, when a door at the rear of the store opened, and a woman stepped into the room. She paused uncertainly, as her glance swept the faces of its three occupants. Dennis's narrowed eyes flashed her a swift glance, and the next instant he stepped backward.

"You here!" he rasped harshly.
"Why, yes, John," she answered, in

surprise; "this is my home."

The man beside the counter stared uncomprehendingly from one to the other, as the woman continued: "It's rough and all that, but we are happy here, and already I am learning to love it. This is George Harkness, my husband." She advanced to the side of the trader. "I met him six months ago in San Francisco, when he

came down to buy his stock, and we were married."

From his position in the doorway Downey watched Dennis's eyes travel slowly from the face of the woman to the face of the man at her side. He saw Dennis's shoulders suddenly stiffen as he faced the woman. "I'll be going now," he said, in a low, hard voice. "I told you on the boat I didn't want to meet your husband, and I meant it." Abruptly he turned on his heel.

Outside the door Downey hailed him. "Hold on, John," he said; "this is police business. What you going to do about

him ? "

"About whom?" asked Dennis, in the same hard tone.

"Why, the man, Jess Ward, of course?" John Dennis raised his eyes to the officer's face and fixed him with a level stare. "We're wrong, Downey," he said simply; "that man ain't Jess Ward!"



"WINTER SNOW." BY BIRKET FOSTER,



"WAYSIDE PRAYER." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A. From the original in the National Gallery of British Art.

## PRAYER IN ART

#### By AUSTIN CHESTER

TELIGION obviously is in no need of Art, since religion rests on its own inspiration. As Goethe points out, ethical matters are outside Art's province, and Art exists for Art's sake, and with no ulterior didactic purpose. But although form is an end in itself, after which Art constantly strives, yet, incidentally, pictorial Art acquires force from the spirit of the subject with which it is penetrated. Art has, therefore, inevitably concerned itself with various themes from Religion, among them that of the act of Prayer, which has always belonged to religions, true or false, revealed or natural, polytheistic and monotheistic, whether the prayer opened a service of sacrifice, or was a vow taken, with perhaps a votive offering made, at the beginning of an enterprise or in some time of need. Looking at religious matters as themes, painters have found them fair, and undoubtedly the public find, not only pleasure, but help toward understanding, in passing through the stiff boundaries of a picture's frame into its spiritual atmosphere. Rembrandt's, "Disciples at Emmaus," for instance, one must hold to be a greater work

than his picture of "A Burgomaster"; while, to come to modern men, we can support this axiom by means of one of the pictures which illustrate our particular theme—Prayer in Art—the "Victory, O Lord!" of Sir John Millais, since it is a far greater work, in consequence of the dignity and spiritual significance of its subject, as well as in the skill of its rendering, than is the same artist's popular "Bubbles" or "Cherry Ripe." It illustrates the moment in Holy Writ when—

Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand.

So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill.

And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand Anglek prevailed.

hand, Amalek prevailed.

But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.

And Joshua discomfitted Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.

Of the attitude of prayer in the earliest classical times, no more simple and beautiful

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example can be found than in Flaxman's illustrations to Homer. Curiously enough, the sculptor avoids the great prayer of the priest Chryses, at the opening of the Iliad (possibly because he sought groups of figures, whereas Chryses went apart by the shore of

tongued chief of Pylos," stands before the altar, with hands and eyes upraised to heaven, while he "prayed much to Athena," who, disguised as Mentor, the counsellor of the young Telemachus, herself drew near to the sacrifice. The hands upraised in



"THE INFANT SAMUEL KNEELING AT PRAYER." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. From the original in the National Gallery, reproduced from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

the loud-sounding sea to make his supplications to Apollo), but in the exquisite drawing "Nestor's Sacrifice," for the Second Book of the Odyssey, Flaxman has given perfect expression to the Greek sentiment of worship and devotion. Nestor, "the venerable sweetsupplication are mentioned in Horace in his song of rustic Phidyle, praying beneath the young moon, and the full passion of that attitude, with the added grace of the bended knee, is seen in Leighton's "Clytie," where the maiden invokes the sun, her lover. The



"VICTORY, O LORD!" BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, P.R.A.

From the original in the Manchester City Art Gallery, reproduced, by permission of the Corporation of Manchester, from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

votive offering of classical religion has been treated in pictures by both Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema and Herbert Schmalz.

Of pictures upon Bible themes which deal actually with the office of prayer, Sir

hood which contributed so largely to make him the most brilliant figure-painter that English art can claim. "Speak, for Thy Servant Heareth," by Mr. James Sant, takes for illustration that same moment in

> Samuel's life when he was first called to the service of God—

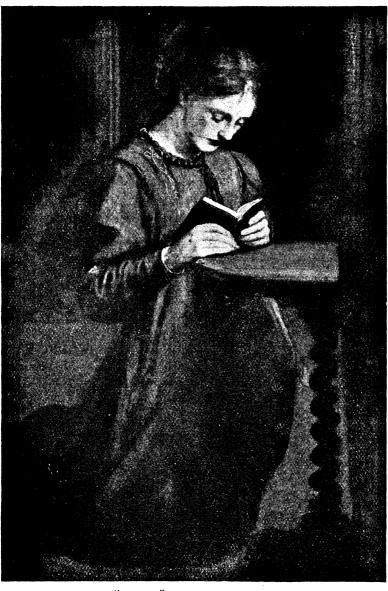
And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child.

Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou'shalt say: Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place.

And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth.

Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the child Samuel in kneeling attitude, but kneeling in prayer is not spoken of till the sixth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles. Solomon, however. "kneeled down upon his knees before the congregation of Israel and spread forth his hands towards heaven.". Ezra says: "I fell upon my knees and spread out my hands unto the Lord my God." David called upon his people: "Come, let us worship and bow down: let us

kneel before the Lord our Maker"; and Daniel, we are told, "went into his house, and his windows being open in his chamber towards Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed," probably at



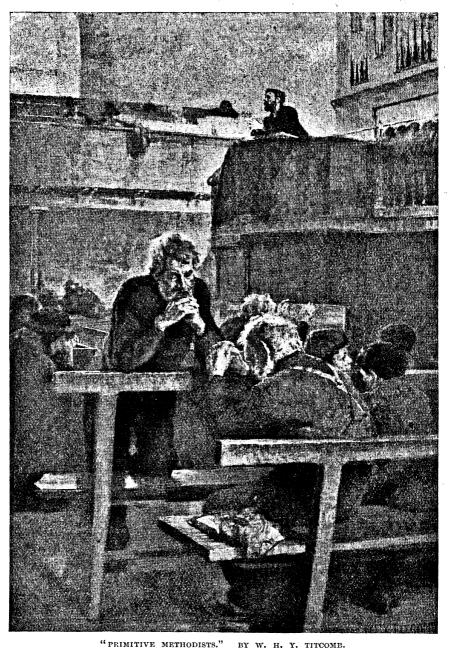
"PRAYER." BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

From the original in the Manchester City Art Gallery, reproduced, by permission of the Corporation of Manchester, from a photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

Joshua Reynolds's "The Infant Samuel" is, perhaps, one of the best known. It is a subject this great artist repeated several times, and always with that insight into the soft, fragrant beauty of child-



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From the original in the permanent collection of the Dudley Municipal Art Gallery.

regular hours. St. Peter, we know, chose the sixth hour for prayer, while St. John devoted to it the ninth.

Turning back to the Books of Kings, we may pause over two moments of prayer expressed in two of the noblest of Lord Leighton's pictures, even though they do not adopt the traditional kneeling attitude for the protagonist in the tense emotions of each scene—the prophet Elijah in the

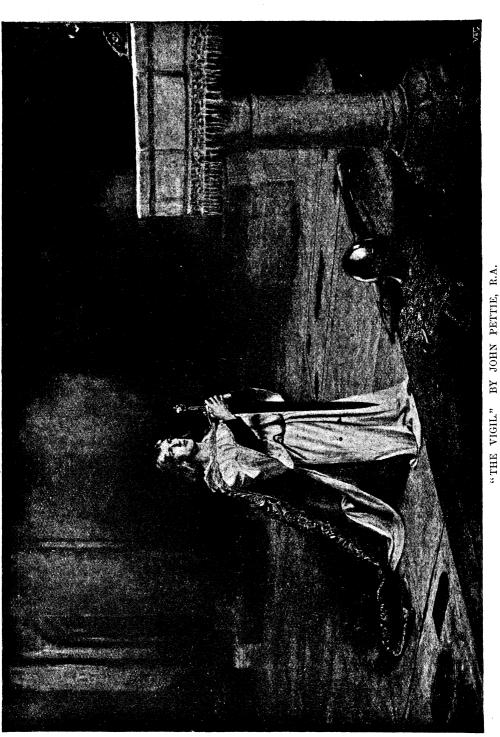
wilderness, after his prayer, "It is enough; O Lord, take away my life," and his successor, Elisha, raising the son of the Shunammite from death after praying to God to restore the child's life.

From the New Testament we have pictures of the Adoration of the Magi which express homage rather than prayer as a petition, and pictures of the episode in which Our Lord first gave to the world what has since been



"THE RED MAIDS OF BRISTOL." BY W. H. Y. TITCOMB.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.



From the original purchased for the Nation by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest, and now in the National Gallery of British Art. Reproduced from the plate processing the plate plate.

known as "The Lord's Prayer"; but the principal moment of actual prayer depicted by Paul Delaroche and a number of other painters of sacred themes has been the

keeping solemn watch through the night after the Crucifixion.

In "The Daughter of Jairus," by Herbert Schmalz, we have a presentment of the little

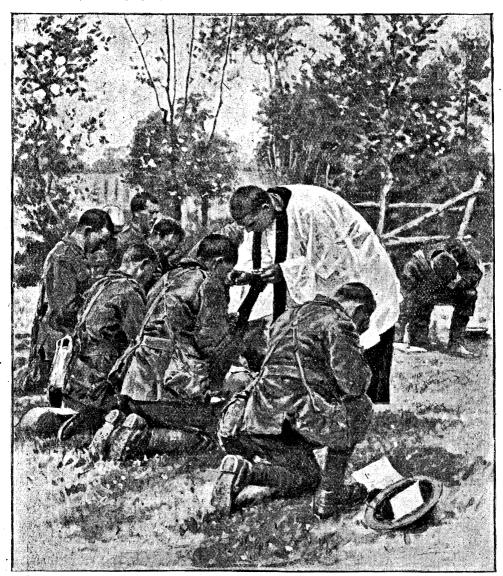


"BRITISH SOLDIERS ABOUT TO RETURN TO THE FRONT, PRAYING IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, ON THEIR WAY TO THE TRAIN." BY S. BEGG.

solemn scene of Christ's own prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. Prayer is also suggested in Delaroche's finely emotional picture "Good Friday" and another of his paintings showing the Mother of Our Lord

maid in the attitude of prayerful thanks for the miracle of her recovery. The same artist, advancing into the ages, shows us Monica praying for the regeneration of her son Augustine; and to her patient prayerfulness

is attributed the conversion of the dissolute youth into the famous fourth-century saint, the greatest of the four Fathers of the Latin Church whose teaching was to make such lasting impression upon Christian thought. St. Jerome praying as he is saved election, kneeling at the high altar of a church, keeping his vigil preparatory to a life of knight-errantry. His armour, dedicated to the service of chivalry, lies on the step of the altar before him," and he is praying, in accordance with the rules of his order, that



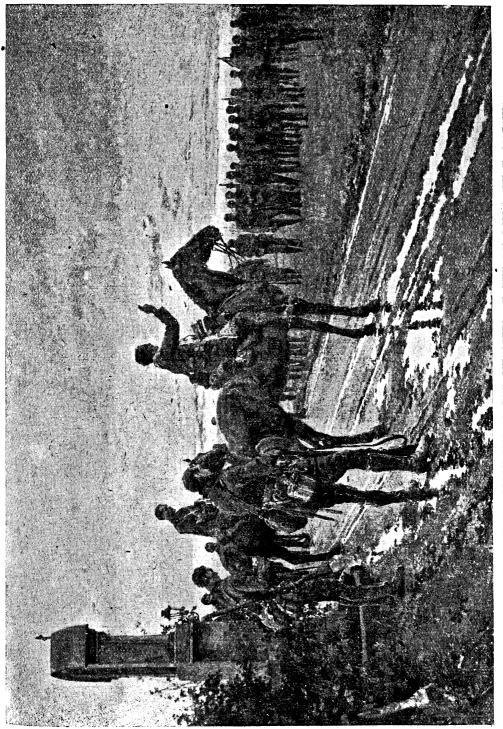
"A CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY COMMUNION BY A NEW ZEALAND CHAPLAIN NEAR THE FIRING-LINE."

Drawn by S. Begg from a New Zealand official photograph.

from death forms the subject of an impressive picture by Lord Leighton.

In John Pettie's picture "The Vigil" we see, to quote from the official catalogue of the National Gallery of British Art, "a newly-created knight, in the robes of his

valour, chastity, loyalty, courtesy, modesty, self-denial, and other virtues may be the guiding spirits of his future life. There is a deeper appeal for us to-day in this scene of vigil than ever before, owing to its close parallel to the lofty spirit in which our own



"THE LAST GENERAL ABSOLUTION OF THE MUNSTERS AT RUE DU BOIS." BY F. MATANIA.

young knights have dedicated their lives to God and the Right in the present War, and it is interesting to place opposite to Pettie's fine picture from mediæval chivalry, in our present series of reproductions, Mr. Begg's solemn scene of a latter-day "vigil" by two brave-hearted boys on their way to their train for the Front.

"A Dedication," by Mr. E. Blair Leighton, is charged with similar sentiment. Full of strange contrasts must have been these

mediaval chivalry one may group subjects of prayer from history and literature, such as the "Joan of Arc," kneeling in self-dedication, of Millais, and pictures by several artists of Shakespeare's Henry V. offering up his passionate prayer before the battle of Agincourt.

Mr. Seymour Lucas's powerful picture of "Philip II. of Spain Receiving the News of the Defeat of the Armada" breathes other than a chivalrous spirit. "I sent my ships



"THE ANGELUS." BY J. F. MILLET.

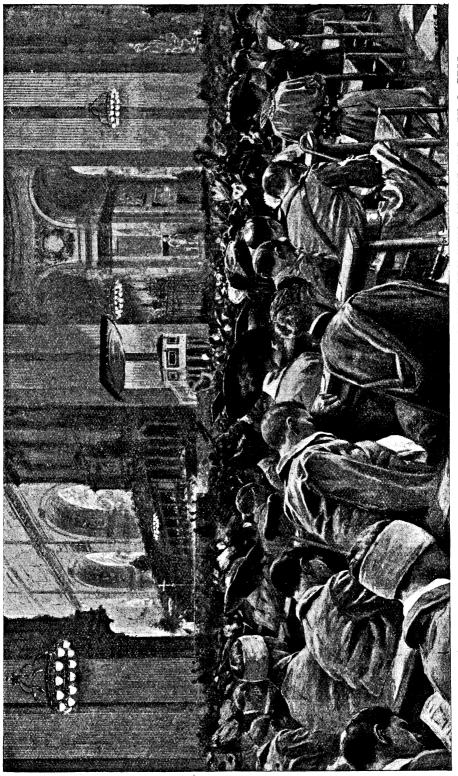
Reproduced from a photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

cloistral thoughts, entertained on the eve of entering a career of struggle. Sans peur et sans reproche, it must have been a hard task for these mediæval knights, and a paradox, to keep their eyes upon the Cross as they hewed their adversaries down. And now what deeper emotions still are stirred by the several pictures of Prayer under the War-time circumstances of to-day, here reproduced alongside the traditional themes of earlier artists!

Next in chronological order to pictures of

against men, not against the billows. I thank God that I can place another fleet upon the sea," was, if historians are to be believed, the sentiment that inspired him even when upon his knees.

In the two paintings "The Shadowed Face," by Mr. Frank Dicksee, and "Piloting Her Home," by Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb, we have two pictures of prayer 'curiously divergent in atmosphere. In Mr. Dicksee's picture we see the interior of some side-



THE INTERCESSION SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR. BY S. BEGG.

chapel in a great cathedral, which the echoes of the "Gloria in Excelsis" seem to pervade. It glows with artificial hue, as light enters from the stained-glass windows, the gorgeous colour from which floods the smoothly-polished marble. Nothing is omitted of ornate beauty by which imagination can be stirred. We have the sculptured pediment, piers, arches, ambitious monuments, the bold curves which lead from the pierced hand of the figured Christ to the hem of the kneeling nun's drapery, the concentrated prayer adroitly suggested in the action of the nun's hands crossed upon the Christ's feet.

The other, strong in faith that she is going home to Him

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean, and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Yet the belief and the appeal are in both cases the same.

There is a slight work which deals with prayer, by Sir William Quiller Orchardson, entitled "The Shrine in the Forest," and it is especially interesting as being an early picture by that distinguished artist.

Of that one form of prayer which, as Montaigne says, was by an especial and



"THE PRAYER." BY HENRY HENSHALL.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

But in Mr. Titcomb's work we have nothing but a rude simplicity, for we are taken into the interior of a little, humble, white room, and the clear, clean light of morning and the fragrant, frugal breath of the sea filter through the muslin curtains which half shroud the small dormer window. Strongly contrasting are the two streams of impressions that flow to us from such opposing forces. We have concentrated sorrows against concentrated joys, the inward gaze against the open vision, one

... weak, Like plants in mines which never saw the sun, But dream of him, and guess where he may be, And do their best to climb and get to him. singular favour of God's Divine bounty, and by His very mouth, word by word, prescribed and directed unto us for our use, we have several illustrations in modern art; and it is most certain, as the great French essayist writes, the Lord's Prayer "containeth whatsoever we want, and is most fit and effectual in all events. It is the only prayer I use in every place, at all times, and upon every accident; and instead of changing, I use often repetition of it: whence it cometh to pass that I remember none so well as that one."

Mr. Lee Hankey places the sentence from this prayer, "Give Us This Day Our



"A RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN A RUSSIAN FIELD HOSPITAL." BY F. DE HÆNEN.

Daily Bread," below the picture of a queue of people awaiting some charity dole. Mr. Stanhope Forbes has sought inspiration in the same phrase, and Mrs. Seymour Lucas, in her "For Ever and Ever, Amen!" has used another sentence as a vehicle for giving us some of her charmingly portrayed children, who, with clasped hands and open eyes, lisp words the meaning of which they do not comprehend.

To illustrate the verse of St. James "And the Prayer of Faith Shall Save the Sick," one may recall the graphic cartoon, by Mr. Linley Sambourne, which appeared

in Punch some years ago.

Perhaps one of the most convincing pictures of prayer ever painted is J. F. Millet's "The Angelus." The effect of this picture is ethical as well as plastic; it is, as W. E. Henley declared, a lay sermon in paint.

There are many other pictures which feed our imagination as with the very essence of prayer, without actually representing the traditional attitude or act of praying, such as "A Hopeless Dawn," by Frank Bramley; "The Lord Gave and the Lord Hath Taken Away," by Frank Holl; "Convent Thoughts," by Charles Collins; and Mr. Henshall's "The Old Book" and "Words of Comfort."

Over Mr. Titcomb's picture "Primitive Methodists" close and brooding is the spirit of prayer. The appeal of it is curiously affecting. These old folks and young, gathered together in a small meeting house, assume spiritual qualities under his suggestive treatment. We even glean some heavenly vision from the lambent light which enters through the window—something, at any rate, which moulds our mood, in studying the picture, to reverence.

Even simpler in the means by which it achieves its spiritual effect is the "Wayside Prayer" of Erskine Nicol, one of the best of the serious works of a skilful artist more generally remembered by the humour of his pictures of everyday life and character. In the same vein of homely simplicity, but more essentially poetical in feeling, are three admirably expressive paintings of children at prayer by Mr. Henry Henshall. More poignant in its pathos is a picture of a middle-aged man praying at a church service, isolated, as it were, from his neighbours by the intensity of his own prayer, for which

that gifted woman-artist, the late Nelly Erichsen, took as her title the Psalmist's words "Out of the Depths."

Prayer gave both theme and title for one of the finest of John Phillip's pictures of Spanish life, which hangs in the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy; and another English artist identified with Spanish themes, J. B. Burgess, painted a pathetic picture of a widower and his motherless children at

prayer.

Allusion has already been made to some of the pictures of prayer inspired by the present War, of which the titles and subjects, for the most part, speak for themselves in their searching appeal to our deepest emotions at the present time. Notable among such recent works on canvas or in black-and-white art are Mr. Begg's touching scene of two young soldiers praying in an empty London church, on their way to the train for the Front, as well as the same artist's solemn rendering of a celebration of the Holy Communion in a meadow behind the firingline, and Mr. Matania's impressive painting of "The Last General Absolution of the Munsters at Rue du Bois," on their way to take their place in the trenches. Less familiar ritual is represented by Mr. de Hænen's rendering of a religious service in a Russian field hospital. Mr. Titcomb's picture of Mass behind the firing-line will be long remembered by visitors to the Royal Academy of 1916; nor will one soon forget the pathos, ennobled by true patriotism, of a recent work by that gifted artist Lucien Jonas, showing French parents of the peasant class at the grave of their soldier son.

To the list of pictures representing moments of prayer in the Jewish ceremonial of the Old Testament, already mentioned, must be added an allusion to the several important paintings, by Isaac Snowman and other modern artists, which illustrate the act of prayer in the Jewish life of later generations.

Prayer as an act of Mohammedan faith has inspired a number of picturesque paintings, such as that by J. F. Lewis with the title "The Prayer of Faith Shall Save the Sick," Frederick Goodall's "The Head of the House at Prayer," now in the Guildhall Gallery, and the same artist's "Evening Prayer on the Banks of the Nile," which hangs in the National Gallery of British Art.

# MR. BAGHOT'S **ADVENTURE**

## By LAURENCE NORTH

Illustrated by Norah Schlegel



ISS FORTNUM to see you, sir,' squeaked the officeboy.

"Show her in," said Mr. Baghot, rising from a wide writing table littered with documents. "Ah, Letty, my dear,

two visits on two successive days—this is too much good fortune for an old solicitor-" He paused and came near blushing-absurd at his years—most unprofessional. He held out his hand and tried to compose himself. Miss Letitia Fortnum assailed him with eyes, complexion, hair, and costume, with a delicate whiff of perfume, with, in a word, all that made up her own indefinable, incalculable, and irresistible self. She gave her trustee her finger-tips and sat down.

"Good fortune, eh, Baggy, dear? Don't flatter yourself. I'm not going to let you

kiss me to-day."

"Not a saint's day, then—a fast day, perhaps? Ah, Friday, I see. We must

mortify the flesh sometimes."

"Not bad for a riposte. I hope I'm not disturbing you. I just ran in to tell you Aunt Maria is as pleased as Punch that you persuaded me to stay on with her in dull old Kensington for a little longer." Letty made a grimace, in remembrance of her last visit to her guardian's office. Weary of her Aunt Shackleton's prim abode in South Kensington, she had claimed control of her own fortune, and had dreamed of a bachelor-girl's flat. But Mr. Baghot, working diplomatically, had postponed for a little what Letty's aunt regarded as an evil day. "You can meet her without fear of a

wigging. She's written asking you to dine on Saturday, if you can."

"Delighted! Thank you very much. Lovely weather, isn't it?"

"Top-hole! It makes one live. Dear, jolly old spring-time London! By the way, Baggy, another thing. Have you an up-todate 'Burke'? Aunt Maria's copy is primeval. She says the latest editions are a mere parvenu chronicle, but I'd like to glance at it."

Mr. Baghot stretched out both hands towards his books of reference in a revolving case, pulled out Society's Bible, and gave it to Letty. She opened the heavy record on her knee, turned it over rapidly, ran her finger down a page, smiled, nodded, and became absorbed. She read for a considerable time, and seemed to get through a long pedigree. Presently she frowned and murmured: "Not good enough. Have you a current 'Who's Who'?"

Again the legal adviser supplied his client's wants. Letty studied the fat, squat

book with evident satisfaction.

"I see," she said. "I see—that is, I don't quite see. What's the Hertford, Baggy, and the Ireland?"

"Two of the plummiest plums of scholar-

ship at Oxford."

"My word! Did you get them, Baggy,

"What does the book say?" said Mr. Baghot, off his guard.

Letitia opened her eyes and hastily turned over the leaves.

"Oh, I wasn't reading about you. But I will now. Let me see—here we are. 'Baghot, Charles Vernon, born 1862, s. of, etc., etc.' By Jove! 'Winchester, New College, Oxford, B.A., 1885; M.A., 1888; B.L., 1888; 1st Class Mods., 1st Litt. Hum., 1st Class Law.' Whatever's Litt. Hum.? 'Hertford Prize. Ireland. Univ. Prize.' Goodness gracious, Baggy, what a pot you were! 'Admitted Solicitor, 1888.' How dull! What a downcome! 'Pub'—oh, I see, next line—'Publications.' Whatever next? Sounds dissolute! Pub.!—'A Digest of the Law of Entail,' 'Observations on Gavelkind and Borough English.' Oh, my godmother! Baggy, you're overwhelming! And you hide all that behind a nice, kind, uncley sort of exterior! I'm crushed. I must fly. Bybye! Thanks ever so much for showing methe booklets. Most interesting and useful. See you on Saturday."

She kissed her hand and was gone. Emptiness and musty legality descended once more upon the room in Lincoln's Inn Fields. What was that mercurial creature up to, and who was she reading about?

Again, as at Letitia's departure yesterday, the lawyer turned away from the window with a sigh, and tried to take up the threads of work. It was his usual lunch-time, but Letitia's visit had hindered him a little—one or two questions in an urgent court case remained to be settled before afternoon. If he left them over, Deacon, his managing clerk—an ancient and punctilious person whom Mr. Baghot found it well to consider —would be upset. It was an unwritten law of the office that Deacon must not be upset, even by the sole surviving partner in the firm of Baghot, Baghot and Craven, for, if that happened, things were quietly unpleasant for everybody all the rest of the day. Deacon said nothing overt on such occasions, but he looked many things, and he raised difficulties where none need be found on points of routine business. The junior clerks called him "the boss," their chief they referred to merely as "the governor," wherein is a distinction and a difference, the one term being active, the other passive. Mr. Baghot, therefore, having the fear of Deacon before his eyes, returned to his desk

and his papers. Lunch might wait.

But between him and the nice sharp quillets of the law something had intervened. He could make no progress. As often as he glanced at the document before him, it vanished away, and in its place he saw a willowy girl crossing Lincoln's Inn Fields with a step like a young goddess. He tried to thrust the image aside, and told himself he was an old fool. Besides, why should Letitia, whom he had known from her babyhood, suddenly thrust in upon him thus? She was no different to-day from

what she had been these nineteen years, and yet there was a difference. He could not define it, but it was there. Somehow he had caught sight of Letitia from a new There was a difference. yesterday he had always thought of her as a child. Now he knew her for a woman, and that knowledge had altered everything. It had even made him a little unhappy. At least, it had awakened feelings which might cause unhappiness. He tried once more to fix his mind on the dry formalities before him—a nice point of conveyancing, which at other times he would have tackled with zest, for Mr. Baghot liked to unravel a knotty question of the law. On the present case he and Deacon had a slight difference of opinion, and the master was anxious to have his own way, if possible. He was not sure if he could succeed. Deacon had such a plaguey well-informed obstinacy that would often, at the very tail of a debate, upset his nominal chief's argument with a skilfully reserved trump card; but to-day he had felt more than usually determined to win. And now this! His wits had gone wool-gathering, his power of concentration was dissipated by the flutter of a petticoat, the glance of a pair of roguish eyes, the frank and innocent badinage about a kiss, such as Letitia might have given to her grandfather. It meant nothing but very dear friendship, as Mr. Baghot well knew, but none the less it had set his old parchment heart jigging to an unfamiliar tune. It was very thoughtless of Letitia; she really oughtn't, and he really oughtn't, to have let it disturb him. It could lead nowhere, and yet it had made him see visions and dream dreams quite unsuitable to his age. His age! Confound his age! She knew it. Was she shocked? Confound the law! Hang Deacon! Yes, hang Deacon! Deacon would have to win to-day, for Mr. Baghot couldn't see sober daylight. He had been dazzled and blinded by a flash of spring that set his old pulses throbbing to a wild measure. In the spring a young man's fancy—— A young man's—yes! There was the rub.

But was he, then, such an old man? Surely a man is as old as he feels? Mr. Baghot rose and locked the door. Then he opened the cupboard where he hung his hat. Behind the door was a strip of looking-glass, hitherto useful for mere reassurance of tidiness. Now he consulted it on a more confidential matter. He saw reflected there a face that was still handsome and well preserved, a legal face, but not of the hardest type—Deacon's was

of the hardest type—he saw greyish hair a little thin over the temples, eyes clear, bright, and kindly, only faintly crow's-footed, complexion fresh, teeth excellent and all his own-no, not an aged man, but then not a young man. He would face the facts. Still, he had known even older men who had

as his were not to her interest—they were almost a breach of trust. Not for this had George Fortnum appointed his old friend Charles Baghot trustee. A breach of trust! Shocking! Mr. Baghot winced at the thought. But he must hold to it, disagreeable as it was, for that way safety lay. Come,

come, an end to this! He deserved to be struck off the Rol's.

He closed the capboard door and sat down again at his desk. As he did so, a knock sounded. "Come in!" he said, forgetting that he had locked himself in.

The handle of the door turned and rattled vainly, and a discreet voice outside said: "Oh, if you're busy, sir, later will do."

Mr. Baghot sprang up rather guiltily and turned the key. "Come in, come in, Deacon, come in!"

"I hope I didn't disturb you, sir." Deacon came in, a compact, four-square body of the Law. clean - shaven, steeleyed, with a thin, compressed mouth. He was a bald, sagacious - looking man, whose respectful subservience was but a cloak to a masterful character. He advanced into the room.

"Those papers, sir. But perhaps you have not had time?"

"Oh, yes, certainly, Deacon—" Mr. Baghot paused, a little confused.

"I know you were hindered this morning, sir. Miss Fortnum stayed quite a while-

"Oh, not long, Deacon.'

"An hour, less ten minutes, sir."

"Really, really? I didn't notice exactly. However, no matter. I didn't go out to lunch."

"I hope you took your biscuit and glass



risked the great adventure and had come off triumphant. Perhaps he was not such a fool, after all. No, no, best put this inappropriate nonsense aside, crush it, be done with it, take it not tragically, but in the comic spirit—laugh it out of court, as Letitia herself would laugh it aside, if she knew. She must never know. Such dreams

of wine, sir. If I may suggest, it's not prudent, sir, to neglect bodily sustenance

at our age."

"I'm afraid I forgot, Deacon. anxious to let you have those particulars." Mr. Deacon took a keen look at his master and bowed. "As it turns out, Deacon, I think you're right, after all, and I am wrong, about the precise interpretation of the Lothbury infeftment."

"I am glad to find my humble opinion in agreement with yours, sir. I'll just give Jones the papers, and write a line with them to Mr. Brace, whom I've already retained, sir, believing you would wish me to do so."

"Quite right, Deacon. He can have all the rest of the papers to-night. And now, Deacon, that that's out of the way, and there's a moment of comparative leisure, I'd like just to run through Miss Fortnum's securities with you. It's really time we had everything completed."

"Is she impatient, sir?"

"Yes and no, Deacon. But she wants control of her money soon. She's turned twenty-one, you know, and my duty as trustee practically expires, except as regards-

"The Helford property and the Butler Trust and the Egerton residuary legacy," Deacon chimed in, vindicating himself as

the man of ready information.

Mr. Baghot smiled and nodded. at your finger ends, Deacon."

One becomes

exact by habit, sir. No great credit. just give Jones the papers, then, and-

"And bring in the Fortnum box, Deacon,

as soon as you can.'

"Certainly, sir." Deacon turned away

and closed the door softly.

Ten minutes passed. A quarter of an hour. Mr. Baghot, rather surprised, rang. "Tell Mr. Deacon I'm quite ready," he said to the boy.

"Mr. Deacon's gone out, sir, to see

Mr. Brace, K.C."

"Dear me, I thought Mr. Jones had gone."

"No, sir, Mr. Deacon went hisself."

"Well, ask Mr. Jones to bring in the Fortnum papers at once. Mr. Deacon

can't be long now."

Jones appeared with a deep tin box, set it on a side-table, and retired. Mr. Baghot took out his keys, unlocked the case, drew up his chair, put on his pince-nez, and took out a bundle of papers. "Aye, aye, Letty," he murmured, "you're richer than you

know, my dear. I wonder how you'll take it when I tell you exactly how things stand?" He undid the elastic band and looked at a docket. Great Heavens! Oh, that ass Jones had brought in the wrong box! Mr. Baghot peered at the white painted lettering on the outside. "G. R. Fortnum's Trust." All right, so far. these papers? Old rubbish! into the box again. More and more rubbish. Not one bond, not a scrap of the scrip he expected to find. Mr. Baghot trembled. Only the Helford, the Butler, and the Egerton documents intact-a mere bagatelle, almost unproductive, upon which Deacon's knowledge had been so minute and precise—the one little part of Letty's possessions not easily convertible into cash. Horrible! He rang furiously.

"Has Mr. Deacon returned?"

"He has not, sir."

"Telephone to Mr. Brace's chambers and see if he's there." Mr. Baghot waited in agony. In five minutes he had an answer.

Deacon had not called at counsel's chambers. Nor could word be had of him in any likely quarter. Mr. Baghot feared, hoped, despaired. He cursed the easy confidence that had led him to permit Deacon to "sign the firm." It was all too plain. He rushed to the bank and caught the manager just going. For months past, at intervals, Deacon had been realising on Fortnum scrip. From the bank Mr. Baghot rang up the firm's broker. The same tale. Oh, Deacon, trusted Deacon! He returned to the office, locked up the Fortnum rubbish, and went home, looking very grey and old.

"You're tired, sir," said his man William,

as he took his master's hat and stick.

"Am I, William? It's been rather warm for April."

"Warmish, sir. Nothing extraordinary." "The master's upset," he told cook. "Hope you've something extra nice for him. That's right.

But Mr. Baghot hardly touched his

dinner. William was concerned.

"I fear, sir, you are ill."

"Oh, not at all, William. Merely a trying day's work." Mr. Baghot rose and went into the library, where he took out his personal papers, his pass-book, his private investment book, and began a long stocktaking of his affairs. At one o'clock in the morning William came in and asked if he could do anything more to-night.

Mr. Baghot looked at his watch. "Bless me, William, is it that time? I'm sorry to have kept you up. I didn't realise. Go to

bed, go to bed!"

William took a long look at his master, and without remark set down a tray with sandwiches and a glass of old port. "Good night, sir!"

"Good night, William!"

Mr. Baghot pushed away his papers and stared in front of him. Part of the anxiety had lightened from his eyes. Yes, he was a substantial man, rather more substantial than he had believed. He could do it—at considerable sacrifice, but that was called for. He was responsible. He would not flinch from the responsibility. But it meant an altered way of life for some time to come, perhaps for the rest of his days—the years were creeping on. No matter.

He swung his chair round and laughed quietly at the remembrance of his gay mood that morning. An old fool! Yes, an old fool to dream such dreams! Well, Letty would be none the worse, and she should never know. Perhaps it was as well that this disaster had intervened between him and his folly. For he had been quite resolved to put his fortune to the touch to gain or lose it all. She had not understood that she was playing with fire, when she came in with her impulsive affection one day, and her equally bewitching teasing the next. What had May to do with December? Nothing in the world. May would mate with May or June, all in good time. Already, as he had foreseen in his saner mood, someone was in the field. Why that sudden study of "Burke" and the other public biography? Only one reason, in all likelihood. A little stab of natural jealousy sharpened Mr. Baghot's He recalled Letty's questions, and began to put two and two together. An old Hertford and Ireland man himself, he knew the Hertford and Ireland men for years back, as well as sporting men know the Derby and Oaks winners. Now, who had pulled off both events in recent years? There was Philips. No, too far back. Gray? No, he was married. Ha! Young Raeburn, three years ago. In "Who's Who," certainly, for his Fabian essays and various other literary indiscretions. Likely enough. All the more likely because Mr. Baghot knew Algernon to be in Miss Shackleton's bad No surer way of firing Letitia's madcap fancy. "Burke" and "Who's Who" conspired to supply proof. Well, bless the children, it was no bad match. Mr. Baghot liked the lad, while he abhorred his politics, but that was only a phase. A smart young

man indeed! To-morrow—no, to-day, at Miss Shackleton's dinner-party, he would

keep an open eye and ear.

The clock struck three. Mr. Baghot got up, feeling rather stiff, sipped William's thoughtful glass, nibbled a sandwich, and went to bed. A shadow still lingered about his eyes, but his heart was curiously light. His sudden flame of untimely passion had given place to a glow of quiet satisfaction. He remembered that old poet who rejoiced to be freed from love as from the rule of an imperious and savage master. Mr. Baghot was going to be a poorer man. What matter? Dear Letty would be none the poorer. Thank Heaven, he had the wherewithal to make amends for his virtual breach of trust.

He slept well, and next morning he was up betimes. As he shaved he whistled, and William, hearing him, rejoiced greatly. "Only a touch of liver!" said William to himself. "But I did get a turn. I really thought Baghot, Baghot and Craven had gone broke. But that's humanly impossible. Even if the master is a bit easy-going, there's always Mr. Descen."

always Mr. Deacon."

Mr. Baghot walked to the office. Among his letters was one in a familiar hand. He tore it open eagerly.

"Sir," it said, "it is no use searching for me. I have laid my plans carefully for a long time, and am beyond pursuit. I could not help myself. Rubber differences did for me. I have not profited so very much, but I have sufficient for my modest wants. Your best plan would be to marry the young lady yourself, and say nothing about this incident, for the credit of the firm. She seems not indifferent to you. And promote Jones. He is a little forgetful, but of a plaguey integrity, as I have reason to know, to my cost. Farewell, sir."

"Original being!" murmured Mr. Baghot, making a wry face and crumpling the letter in his hand. "No, I shall not pursue you. Go in peace." He reflected for a little, and called Jones in. They had a long conference behind locked doors. The legal world heard only that Mr. Deacon had retired, after long and honourable service, on account of his health. The elimination of a dweller in the outer suburbs, who had always kept himself to himself, called for little remark in the vortex of London. Even his daily train soon forgot him.

That Saturday evening, at eight o'clock, Mr. Baghot, very fresh and genial, entered

Miss Shackleton's drawing-room and made his greetings with debonair lightness.

"You are looking well, Charles," said his

hostess.

"A perfect 'buck,' Baggy, dear," chimed in Letitia, "the old word of the Regency, the only possible——"

"You have always the mot juste, Letty."

"Have I? I assure you I can't help it. I don't scramble after it, like the minor poets.

It must be genius."

"We shall leave it at that," Mr. Baghot conceded. And, dinner being announced, he gave his arm to Miss Shackleton. Letty, unbidden, took the other, and so they went in.

The guest outdid himself in entertaining talk. Letty and he sparred very prettily, and even Aunt Maria was pleased to unbend, for reasons of her own, and did not rebuke her niece's most outrageous sallies more than very mildly.

"Baggy, dear," Letitia cried, apropos of nothing, between the soup and the fish, "are

my affairs getting nicely settled?"

"Oh, all but a few minor details. I said three months, Miss Impatience."

"Am I very rich?"

"As rich as is good for you."
"As rich as you, par exemple?"

"Well, it's hard to say. I'm no mark. Like Dogberry, I have had losses."

"So you lawyers always say. But, seriously, shall I be able to keep a husband?"

"Oh, two, if you like, I think, if they're moderate in cigars."

"That's comforting. I don't think I like the idea of only one. I'll have an old one for wisdom, and a young one for amusement."

"Letitia!" cried Miss Shackleton, but she condescended to a wintry smile. "Best adhere, dear, to the old—that is, the mature one, for wisdom. You require ballast sadly."

"No, Maria," said Mr. Baghot, "let her choose the young one. They'll ballast each

other in time."

"But I don't want one or the other, really," said Letty, making a moue. "It would be too much bother—and bondage," she added. "I'm a bird of freedom, like the American eagle. Don't marry me off yet awhile, my dears. I can wait."

Dinner came to an end. "Smoke, if you like, Charles," said Miss Shackleton, rising. But Mr. Baghot, knowing the greatness of the concession—for Aunt Maria abhorred tobacco—declined with thanks and accom-

panied the ladies.

On the way upstairs Letty disappeared.

"I have asked her," said Miss Shackleton, as they entered the drawing-room, "to give us a few minutes to ourselves. I have something important to say to you, Charles. Sit here, please." Miss Shackleton sank with a sigh into a deep chair. "That young woman is becoming a handful. I wish the right man would come along."

"All in good time. But he may appear any day, perhaps in force. I fancy there

will be many. Any appearance?"

"I fear there is, and not reassuring. My dear Charles, I found her in the Gardens, the day before yesterday, on most familiar terms—with whom do you think?"

"Algernon Raeburn?"

"How ever did you guess?"

"A bow at a venture. I know nothing, but a chance indication gave me a hint."

"It is disturbing. He is scarcely——"
"I don't know, Maria. He's not a bad

fellow, and very clever."

"Too clever, and such views!"

"They'll tone down. If I may advise,

I'd say, no opposition."

"I shall watch, however. But, Charles, don't you think—you'll laugh at me, but really it has occurred to me that there's someone else most suitable and fairly sensible—mature, but not too old, not really old, most fitted, I think, to guide and control Letty. She's not indifferent, not indifferent at all to—yourself, Charles."

"Great Scot, Maria! You are joking!"

"I mean it. There are a thousand good reasons—good for her and good for you."

"I'm an old codger, my dear friend, in her eyes. She loves me as an uncle. She'd be horrified."

"Try the experiment, Charles."

Mr. Baghot shook his head. "Quite out of the question, I grieve to say. Age apart, do you know, Maria, I'm not in a position to marry."

"Impossible and surely absurd! After your long years of successful practice! And your two fortunes would make a handsome competence. Besides, as I have not told you yet, Letty inherits my little luck-penny. Be a wise and prudent man, Charles."

"When I say I cannot, it is true. I have lately had severe losses. Vigorous retrench-

ment is my first duty."

"I'm truly grieved, Charles. Can I be

of use?"

"Thank you very much, but I can pull round unaided in time. Still, I've had a nasty jar financially."

"You bear it wonderfully. To-night I



"Letty saw him to the door. She helped him on with his coat."

thought you the picture of a prosperous and happy man."

"Happy, yes; prosperous, not quite. So that, Maria, ends it. Please say no more."

Miss Shackleton sighed and played with her fan. Letty came in and made some music. But the evening closed with something less than the hilarity of dinner. Miss Shackleton did not like to see her pet schemes crossed.

When Mr. Baghot rose to go, Letty saw him to the door. She helped him on with his coat and stood before him with a laughing

question in her eyes.

"Did Aunt M. propose to you at your private conference, and get an answer in the negative, as they say in Parliament? She looks so chastened, Baggy, dear."

"Wild horses," said Mr. Baghot, "will not drag from me such a betrayal. But no, you wicked girl, of course not."

"Why not?" said Letty. "It would be *most* unsuitable, and that's an unanswerable reason.

Most marriages are unsuitable."

"I'm sure yours will be, at any rate, and therefore a complete success. Good night! I've had a delightful evening."

Letty seized him by the lapels of his coat, tip-toed, and gave him an assailing kiss.

"Baggy," she said, "you are a dear! Come

often."

It took all Mr. Baghot's philosophy, as he walked homewards, to keep him firm in his resolution and hold vain imaginings, and perhaps regrets, at bay. But no, he reflected, the field is to the smart young fellow.



#### EVENING.

THE sun sinks low. Long shadows to the east Like bridges span the realm 'twixt night and day; Sad, weary eyes catch last low, slanting ray; Yet tears remain, though toil and strife have ceased, And sorrow broods as mourner at a feast. Life is far more than idle, passing play, Than jollity, and dance, and roundelay; For sympathy grows less where pain is least.

Sorrow, unbidden, knocks at every door; But fools cry out, not knowing that she brings Life's richest gifts in most abundant store; That sweetest song she most divinely sings. When Pity pleads, as Love's sweet counsellor, Life smiles triumphant over meanest things.

PAUL DERRICK.

## HIS PATRIMONY

## By MICHAEL KENT

#### Illustrated by Harold Copping



HOUGH Matthew
Finch had been but
three days in St.
Saviour's Hospital,
he was already no
stranger. He reflected on this with
pride, as he ambled
statelily along the
trim gravel between
the commoners'

plots. There was a very good reason for it. He was, after all, "a son enjoying his patrimony." The words were those of Canon Mitchel, chairman of the Hospital Trust, and old Matthew liked them well. He paused at the corner of the lawn to look up at the founder's gallant figure above the porch, and repeated the phrase: "A son enjoying his patrimony."

About the little plots his fellow-commoners were busy between the rows of lettuces and onions. Here and there, on seats, old men sat and talked. The devlins, new-come from overseas, cried shrilly as they sought their prey in the still, clear evening air. The old folk greeted him, as he passed, with a trifle of respect, as though he were not quite one of them. "A nice day, Mr. Finch, sir." "A pleasant evening, sir." It was a pleasant evening—a pleasant evening to life.

It seemed to the old man almost as if he dispensed hospitality to these others, all of whom were senior to him in point of residence, for beneath the figure in the niche above the porch, the grey stone man, moss-grown, bearded, ruffed, and armed, these words were engraved in long-tailed Jacobean script—

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND
THE LASTING MEMORY
OF
OHANNES FINCH, ARMIGI

JOHANNES FINCH, ARMIGER OBIIT 1577.

"A son enjoying his patrimony," quoth Matthew Finch. The foundation of St. Saviour's Hospital had, in fact, been hedged by a condition which marked the ancient founder's piety with a quaint human touch of shrewdness—

"Provided that there be set aside in perpetuity within these walls such chambers furnished with such moneys as may amply nourish and maintain any descendant of my body who being of good conduct and repute and still resident within this said borough Bishopstone to wit may by ill-hap which God in his mercy forbid fall into a condition of necessity that thereby his necessities (or in the case of a spinster still bearing the family name her necessities) may be assuaged lest in aftertime these provisions benefiting others become as a thorn unto my proper kin"

There had been little need for Matthew to prove his descent. The very house from which he had moved, the purple thin-bricked house in Silk Lane, behind the diamond panes of which the old man had kept his little dark apothecary's shop, was still known as the Knight's House. It was still told in the city how Matthew, pacing the aisle of St. Eadhelm's, deep in thought, hat in hand and but shabbily attired, had attracted the sympathy of a generous tourist, who had dropped a half-crown in the old man's hat, mistaking his attitude of reverie for appeal.

"What, sir—what!" he had cried, awake at once and militant, so that the cavernous roof of the cathedral tossed back his words in thunder. "Would I whine for pence beneath mine own ancestor's nose?"

Then, seeing how his patron's kindly heart was hurt, he had pointed out the Finch tomb, in black marble and rusty alabaster, where the knight, in cuisses and cuirass, knelt stonily in prayer before his sculptured wife, while behind him, doll-like, graded in size and uniform in dress, his five sons knelt and faced a similar platoon of six daughters at the back of Lady Avice. He had pointed out the arms in dingy blazoning

above, vert between a chevron or three finches proper, and shown how his own signet-ring displayed the self-same coat. Then he had singled out the third son. "This, sir, is Nathaniel, from whom I myself am sprung." With his guest's permission he had placed the half-crown in the box at St. Eadhelm's gate, and finally he had carried the visitor off to the Knight's House, regaling him with rare wine and rarer lore of ancient, holy Bishopstone.

That was long ago, and the practice of hospitality was no longer a pleasure within the old man's grasp. Yet the episode is illuminating as showing why Matthew, fallen at last on evil times, could seek his ancestor's bounty without shame, with only a quiet pride, "a son enjoying his patrimony."

Matthew, indeed, had fallen on evil times. The apothecary's shop in Silk Lane had not kept pace with the march of time. The old man had been wont to compound his own remedies, and that does not make for business in modern days. Drugs laboriously distilled and sedulously pounded in the dusty laboratory behind the shop might exercise a virtue which escapes the wholesale manufacturer-many people, indeed, still said that they did—but the heedless multitude sought the cheaper article, and put their trust in nostrums more widely advertised.

The old man saw this and despised it, while he still worked on. With the advent of the multiple drug shop he had neither years nor inclination to cope. Then came the failure of a local scheme to revive the ancient craft of the Huguenot potteries a forlorn hope in days when little that is not cheaply produced is attractive to the general run of people. It swept away the modest fortune he had been able to garner. With little regret he gave up a fight, not of his own seeking, with weapons which did not come readily to his hand, and in lists wherein his heart took little pride. with the slenderest means when all his debts were paid, he put his case before the guardians of the Trust. The Founder's Chambers stood empty, and the Trustees did not hesitate. In a few days he had left the Knight's House, abandoned his gallipots and stills, and the beetling, timbered brows of Silk Lane would know him no more.

He was part of the quiet, slow routine of chapel, genial talk, and easy sleep of St. Saviour's Hospital—a pleasant evening He was very content that Silk Lane would know him no more. He was very certain of it, too, though he had in his pocket, as he paced the flagged path beside the little mullioned windows, a letter from the district manager of Good's, asking him to stay with them and make those secret, indefinable essences which had earned for him more than a local renown. Good's had taken over the shop. Good's were the Goods, as their flaming signs throughout the shires proclaimed—

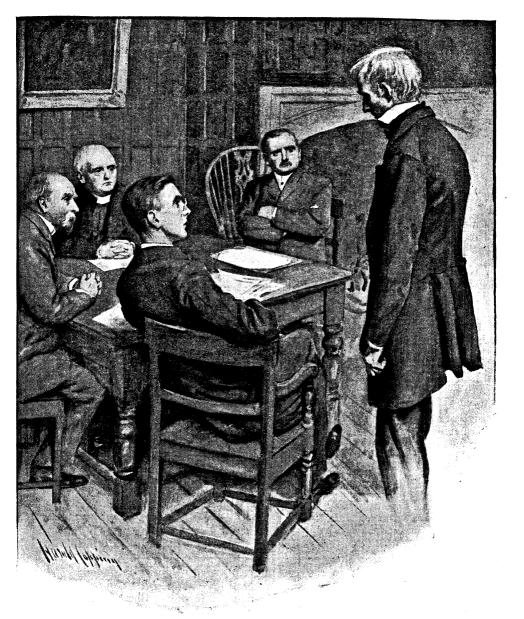
> We are the Good's! We sell the goods! Good's goods are Good Goods!

They were busy replacing his leaded diamond panes with plate glass, eliminating the gallipots, substituting the bright brass of a more strident age for the careful classic mouldings of the days when Adams wrought.

Yet Good's had not been blind to the financial value of Michael Finch. They did not trust the magic of his secret compounds, for it is an article of belief with Good's that it is always possible to supply for everything a cheaper substitute which is just as good. But they knew that the absence of the old man, with his long memory and his deliberate. courtly manner, would alienate the precinct's connection, the county trade, and most of the medical interest. The district manager, weighing the matter up with a bottle of Matthew's Oleum balsamum sambuci, which he was sending to the central offices for analysis, had valued Matthew's presence at two hundred a year. He therefore wrote and offered him thirty shillings a week to

Matthew, reading the letter in the quiet parlour of Founder's Chambers, had laughed scornfully. He had conned the treasures of the room, spoil from the Knight's House the oaken bureau and the books atop, Black's "Annals and Breviaries of the Cathedral Church of St. Eadhelm," Sidney's "Bishopstone Worthies," Hastings' "History of Brant." His glance lingered on the autographs in passe-partout about the walls. To the Founder, Bishop Cumnor, in his heavy military fist, was "Yours very sincerely, F. Storrs Cumnor." Matthew knew well that to most correspondents he had been "Fr. Lapid. Epis.," in the grand ecclesiastical There was Dean Sidney, Egyptologist; and Dean Knox, "Yours in all sincerity"; Canon Endersby, "Heartily yours," and a host of others.

So Matthew, at heart's ease, had put up the letter of Good's who were the Good's, and gone out into the level sunlight and the sage



"'And the condition, Mr. Finch?' asked the Canon again. 'That I appoint my successor, gentlemen."

talk of his placid fellow-commoners. Not thirty shillings a week, not double that, could call him back, an old man, to the thraldom of the Good's. Here was quiet such as he craved, respect and dignity; he wished for nothing more.

The thought of himself as Founder's kin was very strong in him. There was about him a certain air of hostship as he returned the greetings of his fellows. At the corner of the lawn an old woman was hobbling by on two gnarled sticks. She was great and gaunt; arthritis had lain a heavy hand upon

her—a twisted colour tube that once had made brave pictures. Matthew, in the midst of a regal gesture of greeting, noticed that she did not wear upon her cape the silver clasp of the St. Saviour's commoners. He regarded her more closely.

"Why, Mrs. Boree," he exclaimed, "what are you doing here this lovely evening, if I

may ask-if I may ask?"

Mrs. Boree had cleaned and mended for him for thirty years down in Silk Lane. Tom, her son, had risen from delivery basket to counter before the War came to send him soldiering. Things had not gone well with Mrs. Boree. One son had died, another was in Canada. Her lodger had got into khaki, and her rooms had been vacant many months. Then Tom had come back after a year in France, with pneumonia that had left him with the dreaded tubercle. He had gone out in a Her allotment month like melting snow. ceased. It was all very commonplace.

She looked at the old man with questioning,

watery eyes.

"Thank you, sir," she said, out of pure habit, "I come up to see the Gov'nors

about a place, like."

"To see the Governors about a place?" the old man boomed benevolently. "Here, you mean, Mrs. Boree—a place, a commonership

of St. Saviour's Hospital?"

"That's it, sir, thank you, sir," she returned, vaguely regarding her distorted knuckles, which could hardly grip her sticks. "Me feet is that bad that it's either 'ere or the Big 'Ouse, an' I don't want for it to be that."

Poor folk ever paraphrase the workhouse. In Bishopstone it is "top o' th' 'ill," "Monastery Fields," or "The Big House."

"But I did not know that things were as bad as that," said Matthew, shocked. put his hand to his pocket and withdrew it again, remembering that what he could give now would only humble, and could not really help.

"It's very bad since my Tom's 'lotment stopped," said the old woman. "Not but what there's lots worse off than me," she

concluded, out of dutiful habit.

"Oh, we must find you quarters here," said Matthew grandly. "We can make room for you. Just trot along and see Blackman is at the office the almoner. now."

He dismissed her with a wave of the hand and passed on, saddened that a faithful servitor had come to such a sorry pass. did not occur to him that there were limits to his ancestor's bounty within the walls of St. Saviour's Hospital. He looked up at the statue of the founder as he passed, and nodded approval.

Tom Fowler was thinning out a row of onions on his little plot, and Matthew paused

to watch him.

"How are the onions, Tom?" he asked.

"Good enough, sir," said Tom, straightening a back grown stiff over many generations of onion beds. "That little shower of yestiddy swelled 'em fine. I'm givin' of 'em room.'

"Do you plant them out—those you pull

up?" asked Matthew, ignorant of garden

Tom chuckled. "Law, sir, no," said he. "They're no good now for nothing but supper. Do ye take a few—they go tasty with a bit o' cheese."

He gathered up a handful.

"Just you have 'em for supper wi' a bite o' cheese," he reiterated.

"It's very good of you, Tom," said Matthew.

"Law, no," returned the old man. "They're no good, ye see. They're crowded out-they'll only die."

Matthew took the bunch and passed slowly on up the garden to the boundary wall, then back towards the house. Beside the chapel he met Mrs. Boree emerging from the office.

"Well, is it settled?" he asked her

cheerily.

The old woman blinked at him in the level western light; her jaw had dropped, and her arms wavered on her sticks.

"They ain't got no room, he said," she answered him-"ain't got no room, nor like to 'ave. Mr. Blackman, 'e said they're crowded out." Her lips mumbled on without

"They're crowded out—they'll only die," repeated a moment monotonously Matthew's ear like a voice in dreams; he could not remember why.

"I counted on St. Saviour's," the worn old dame resumed. "There ain't nothing

but the 'Ouse.'

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Matthew

slowly. "Are things so bad?"

"They was bitter bad before I come at all," she returned wanly. "Bitter bad they is, and no mistake."

"Oh, we must do something," said Matthew warmly. "Something can be done, I'm sure. Cheer up, Mrs. Boree! My ancestor never meant to turn away good honest folk like you."

"Thank you kindly, sir," the old woman answered, as she hobbled blindly on. "Seems we're all poor together now, like. But I counted on St. Saviour's so. Thank you

kindly, sir."

He watched her, black against the primrose sky, her sticks faltering on the cobbled walk, and her head nodding this way and

When she had passed from view, he went very thoughtfully into his parlour and closed the door. He had just remembered it—the phrase "They're crowded out." It was old Tom Fowler but ten minutes before.

had the very onions in his hand. Something final and immutable seemed foreshadowed in the old gardener's words, something that made Matthew sigh as he sat down and pulled out his pouch.

With the pouch came a paper—the letter from Good's. He held it a moment in his

hand, then put it hurriedly away.

He slept badly that night, for over and over in his mind the same images recurred in a vicious, maddening circle. There was old Tom Fowler brushing the earth from his palms, with "They're crowded out, ye see, sir—they'll only die." Then came Mrs. Boree, frail on her sticks: "There ain't nothing but the 'Ouse now." And finally himself, large looming in the ancestral glamour: "Something can be done, I'm sure." That "I'm sure" reproached him, calling for justification, if it were not to be just an old man's vain conceit. Under all these, what he resolutely strove to forget, the letter he had pulled out with his pouch, the letter from Good's, troubled him and would not be stilled.

He had no slightest thought that he could be worth more to Good's than that bare thirty shillings. He would never bargain. But to go back as a mere cog in the wheel, where he had been the whole machine, to be just a decoy for county and cathedral patronage, was to him vulgar to the point of nausea. What was this old dame to him, to oust him from his patrimony?

"I counted on St. Saviour's so," Mrs.

Boree had said.

He gagged that impertinent memory. Had he not deserved well of his city? Was it to be asked of him to peddle meretricious mixtures across a counter, with the vision of his pleasant past to gibe at him? there not a dozen houses in the city where poor folk might find rest?

"They're crowded out—they'll only die,"

mumbled old Tom.

Who, then, had greater right to this calm place than he? Was he not just in holding that the knight of long ago had left it to him? He had shouldered the burden of his name through the heat of the day, loyal, compassionate, honest. Now he came into his patrimony. Before he fell asleep there came a vague thought that the ancient knight had left him more than a set of chambers—a charge and obligation. "His patrimony!" That phrase which had fallen so pleasantly upon his ears became a menace. The strident motto of the house of Good's buzzed in his brain. What

was it just to be "the goods"? Oh, goodman Finch slept ill!

The next day the Governors of the Hospital held their weekly meeting. Matthew dressed early and in his best, and applied to Blackman for an interview.

He found the four trustees sitting at an ancient oaken table-Canon Mitchel, Alderman Devries, the Rector of St. Alphege, and Councillor Barnes. They greeted him well.

"I have come," said Matthew slowly, "I have come, gentlemen, to ask your permission to give up my position as commoner of St. Saviour's Hospital, if you will be so good as to grant me one condition."

The words fell like a bomb among the

Governors.

"But, Mr. Finch," said the Rector, "you have not been here a week. You will settle down in a little time, I am sure."

"Believe me, sir," said Matthew earnestly, "it is from no want of consideration, no discomfort, or anything of that sort."

"And the condition, Mr. Finch?" asked

the Canon, in a level voice.

Devries interrupted. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Dull out of harness. Want to be back, eh, Finch?"

"And the condition, Mr. Finch?" asked

the Canon again.

"That I appoint my successor, gentlemen."

There was a pause.

"There is nothing we can do," asked the Rector—"nothing for your further comfort?"

"It would ill become me," returned the old man distantly, "to turn from the kindness of my own blood and appeal to strangers, even if there were need. I have had every comfort here."

"But who is your nominee, Mr. Finch?"

the Canon asked.

"There is an old widow without means, a Mrs. Boree."

"Why, she worked for you for years!"

said Devries.

"Yes," said Matthew gravely, "she worked for thirty years for me. Her son died in the War."

"But what will you do?" the Rector asked. "You are not a young man, Mr. Finch."

The old man flung back his head. "There is Good's, sir," he said; "I can go back."

"Will you like that?" the Canon asked

"I would like it well," said Matthew stoutly.

"The old lady may live for years," said

"That is as I should wish," cried Matthew Finch.

The Canon looked round the table.

"I do not think we ought to dissuade you from a course so"— he paused—"so concordant with the spirit of your race." Matthew bowed. "I think we can arrange it—not in a day, you understand, but in a week at most. We hope to see you back."

He shook hands with Matthew as the old man withdrew, and the conclave fell silent.

"The old chap hasn't a penny to bless himself with," said Devries, after a minute or two.

"Has he need of blessing?" asked the Canon. "We are honoured, surely, in that we have known him."

Half an hour later Matthew went out. His stick was on his shoulder like a sword, and as he passed the statue in the porch, he turned his face toward it as in salute; then, pacing proudly, with his head held high, his gaze distant as on far-off clouds, he strode down into the town and up Silk Lane. He turned into the new, brassy shop of Good's, who are the goods.



"THE KEEPSAKE."
BY LUCIEN DAVIS.

# TRAMP LIFE IN WAR-TIME

### By J. E. PATTERSON

Photographs by the Author.

THE pilot has come aboard, red-faced, keen-eyed, and quiet, his great navyblue coat buttoned up against the raw air of this foggy autumn morning. After a few low-spoken words with the master he goes on to the upper bridge. Now a queer, bubbling, choking-like noise issues

from somewhere near the funnel. Then, blatant and imperative, the siren screams out hurriedly the tidings that we are moving towards the dock - gates. The only sign of war that we can see, hear, or think of, for the time being, is a cargo steamer here and there with a gun

mounted aft.

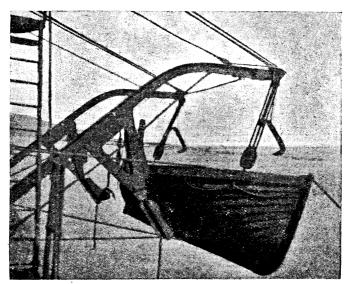
The s.s. Tramp is flying light, and two diminutive tug-boats manœuvre her to the lock-pit, saucy in their ability and perky in their movements—Cockneys in every sense and particular, the gamins of London's greatest highway. Here we see another evidence of war—men in khaki doing sentry-go on each side of the lock-pit. More warnings are shrieked out to the river beyond. Then out we go, stern first—superstitiously a most fatal thing to do in the old windjammer days. We are swung around by the tugs, and a sort of dithering begins to run through the vessel. She is

moving under her own steam. The tugs drop off. Our towlines are hove in by clanking, clattering, steam-spitting winches. One tug remains in attendance; the other turns about, flings out a snort from her hooter, and disappears in the fog, now thick fog, through which we creep down the river,

screaming defiant, getout-of-theway notes as we go; whilst, to all visible and audible intents and purposes, our country is at peace with the world.

After changing pilots at Gravesend, we leave the fog away astern and steam ahead into the sunlight, for which happy chance we

chance we say a sailor's Amen and prepare for what may be. This is first done by serving out a lifebelt to every man, then provisioning the boats and lowering the patent davits that hang the boats out over the "harbour" deck, which might just as well be known as the "overboard" deck. (Our packet, by the by, is what is termed a "turret" ship, a fearsome-looking, harmless cargo tramp that was designed to cheat the rates of the Suez Canal, but didn't. Hence, as a form of marine architecture, they are now obsolete.) The next piece of preparation is gained by placing and lashing lifeboats on the harbour



BOATS HALF LOWERED FROM THE PATENT DAVITS, IN PREPARATION FOR A SUDDEN HEAVE OVER OF THE VESSEL.

deck, from where one or the other will launch itself practically, as the vessel's side goes down in the water. This is because she is flying light—i.e., empty. When she is loaded, those boats will be berthed on the hatches, ready to float over the bulwarks.

Very shortly we know that we are at war. Loud, insistent, and menacing comes the sound of great guns—really big ones, for their "Boom! Boom-boom! Boom!" follow us well down the Channel. We Britishers know where they are and what the firing means, so we take no heed. But the neutrals and the coloured men amongst us snap occasional glances of interrogation at each other, not of alarm, however. Sea-

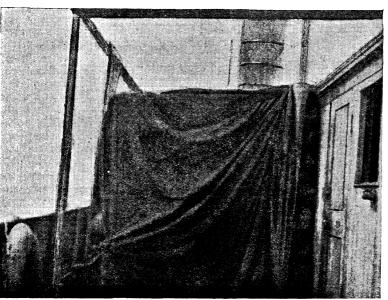
would let her go. Now, however, here. there, or yonder—wherever the Admiralty directs—she must put down her "mud-hook"—by landsmen, amateur yachtsmen, and others of the laity termed "casting the anchor." And there she must stay till the order is given to get under way again, proceed to So-and-So, anchor once more, remain till the specified time comes to resume her voyage; and so on until the danger zone is past, and the good old packet is on the open seas, where no German flag flies to-day, and where these lines were scratched originally in a moderate nor'-east gale, four points abaft the starboard beam, and an occasional leeward roll of twenty-five degrees. Thus we plug

away down Channel, against a freshening westerly breeze, and come to our first anchorage at sundown, one of a fair-sized fleet of tramps, whilst ahead and astern patrol-boats and more formidable grey craft steam to and fro, shepherding us in from the cowardly enemy who refuses to meet his legitimate opponents and seeks only the defenceless.

Morning — at first dull, grey, misty, and portentous of bad weather, then

clearer, as "Old Jamaica" climbs from the horizon astern; and sticking up from a protective sand-bank we see the foremast, with lower topsail and topgallant-sail yards still across, of a fine full-rigger that struck there seventeen years ago. And on the further edge of the bank a steamer, that has "bumped" in the night and is now nearly high and dry, reminds us—as if we needed such reminders!—that this old, old sea has still her ancient methods of punishing those men who venture into her hidden ways, whether or not they be tyro bunglers against her known and her secret laws, or initiated trespassers.

We were to have been plugging away again by this time, but the patrol-boat keeps



BARRICADE OF WHEAT-SACKS TO PROTECT THE WHEELHOUSE.

dogs, like ourselves, men whose calling has many a time compelled them to hobnob with Death, even to run cheek by jowl with him for days on end, they are not perceptibly affected by either the ominous booming or by the fact that it is pretty near to us—only a few miles away in the haze, first on our port beam and then astern.

But there are other things that make us know of war being in progress—new, hampering, and mysterious regulations of which the public already knows as much as I am telling here, because it has already been in the daily and weekly press. In the old time, when a ship had left her port of departure, she was free to proceed wherever her master, depth of water, or hard "blows"

us anchored by her signal. Those grizzled men and hardened youths of the shallowerseas—fishers by calling in peace-time—have not yet completed their sort of housemaid business of the Channel ahead, if you can imagine a housemaid sweeping a floor of powder kegs on their ends, with here and there one that has a percussion cap in its head.

At last the gateway is open; these marine sheep are liberated. Our look-out man goes to his crow's-nest—what an innovation on a tramp!—and Catherine's Point and light-

house go by in a temporary splash of sunlight. Portland Bill we leave frown-. ing in shadow, our minds too much on the freshening wind and the chance U-boat to give a thought to the appropriate, menacing look of that bluff, inshore of which are interned so many men who have made such fearful leeway from their proper compass course through life.

Wherever a ship is, and whatever be her temporary set of circumstances (barring, of course, such things as entering or leaving harbour, and a few other imperative happenings and routine - breaking affairs), the work of

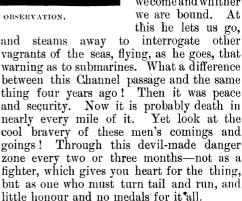
the vessel must go on, U-boats or no U-boats. The housekeeper (i.e., the chief mate) and his satellite, the head housemaid (surnamed bosun) see to this, largely under the old-time and still governing notion that "if Jack has nothing to do, he's planning trouble." It is a sort of sea-going rendering of that shore proverb "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." So, as chipping rust from the iron decks and bulwarks is as handy and easily-dropped an occupation as any, the spare hands of the watch are set to this task; whilst near by, and heedless of the incessant blows of the men's chipping

hammers, some of the "fresh meat" of the passage dozes comfortably.

Eddystone goes by, an exclamation-note sentinel in granite. Mid-afternoon comes, and we cannot reach a certain point at which our orders say we must be at sundown. So a sheltering bay is entered in fine weather, and down goes the "mud-hook" again, with a clanking rattle that disturbs the Sabbath calm, in which we can see people taking the air on the promenade of the town that gives the bay its name.

Daybreak again, and a fine one, for which

we are duly thank-The dreaded Manacles are passed, then the Lizard, finally the Wolf, four miles or so north of us, and we are out on the open sea, but not out of the danger The strict zone. look - out is now doubled. independent of a patrolboat's signal that "submarines are about." The patrol steams down from his weather berth, asking who we are. He rounds our stern and hangs on under our lee, as a greyhound would round that of a lumbering mastiff, whilst we answer his question, also inform him, at his request, whence we come and whither we are bound. At this he lets us go,



Mid-afternoon once more. We arrive at



TAKING A SOLAR OBSERVATION.

the appointed place, and I look forward to the renewal of an oceanic intimacy that has been held in abeyance these twenty odd years. Here we box about till the specified time comes, then away on "our own"—away, lightless, into the wind, night, and peace, despite the lurking danger, into the monotony of watch-and-watch, and the hard mothering of the great, man-making, insatiable seas.

Being now on the open seas—revisiting these "glimpses" of the life I lived in that vigorous past which cannot be repeated—I turn me naturally to ascertain what changes have taken place in the life, and I find them to be both more and greater than I had expected. Since I was last out this way, the Board of Trade's antiquated scale of

provisions has been improved. Perhaps I should say that I was one of the agitators to that desired end, also for compelling sea - cooks to know how to do more than make peasoup. In the bad old days gone by it was a common

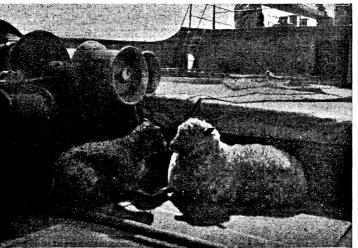
and a true saying that "the cook was more of a seagoing man than a cook." "He can't cook a potato," and "He can't boil salt water properly," were other daily and more or less true complaints, whilst a Scandinavian shipboard proverb ran: "Heaven sends food, but Satan sends the cooks to help men's souls to hell." Then there came the East End School for Sea Cooks, and, I believe, the compulsory condition that every cook under the Red Ensign shall have a certificate of competency.

However, I had nothing to do in the compiling of the present scale, with its dainties and appetisers, which, if I could, I should certainly give masters the power to hold back in certain cases. Before the change came, one of the chief causes of

grumbling at sea—aye, and of very legitimate complaint, as well as grumbling—was "the grub," and to-day, in spite of the great improvement, it is still the same. Verily, human nature changeth but little.

I am here reminded of a "grub" deputation to the "Old Man" aboard a certain Aberdeen-owned windjammer. When the men appeared before the master, with the mess-kids containing the source of trouble, he, having looked at the meat, etc., asked: "Well, what's the matter with it?" "Oh, it's aal reit, sir, whaat there's of it," answered the grizzled and elderly Tyneside spokesman from for'ard. "Why, isn't there enough, then?" came the next question. To which the shellback replied: "Yes, sir—such aas it is, there's more 'an enough."

Twentyfive years ago a sailor or a steamboat-man would have thought the millennium had come if the cook had handed him a made dish for his tea. Ιn those more competent and disciplined times he not only considered himself to



EVEN THE "FRESH MEAT" TAKES ITS SIESTA AS USUAL.

be well off if his appetite at noon had spared him a small slice of "salt horse" to eat with his biscuit at tea-time, but he never thought of answering an officer without the proper and customary "sir," nor did he ever dream of being allowed to get drunk in harbour and be off work a day or two without having to pay for it by the way of a logging. Now he is well fed, gets his Sundays and Saturday afternoons off work, no matter what imperative thing is calling to be done, and is paid nearly double the wages.

After seven gales of wind—one of them so severe as to make us heave-to in mid-Atlantic, and that, too, in the dead o' night—we find ourselves in the same hole as a number of other tramps, British and foreign

—i.e., with insufficient coal to take us to our loading port. For, mind you, we have crossed—or nearly crossed—the Atlantic "flying light"—not quite an excursion at this time of year. Yet I, who was ordered here, a medical imperative, have enjoyed it, and benefited from it so much that I felt as Tell did when he looked up at his native mountains and cried: "Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again; I hold to you the hands you erst beheld, to show they still are free!"

But heroics don't do at sea. They are like the plum duff batter with which the drunken cook stuffed the baked duck—out of place. The gales and the rollers claim

the monopoly in that way, except what our fat, elderly cook takes unto himself when a roller causes his pots and pans to go sliding along the top of the great stove, and buckets of water, etc., are sent hurtling against his legs.

Well, being short of bunkers, we turn aside to obtain that necessity at Bermuda. After the usual examination, I go ashore on what is surely one of the isles of the blest, the world around.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has a house about half-way along the island (or I should write "islands," for there are over three

hundred of them, covering about fifteen miles by three or less), so I hasten to pay my respects, but find that she is in England, doing war-work. I try to console myself with a side-track to what was the house of Tom Moore, when political friends gave him a living by sending him here as a sort of Exciseman, just as was done with Burns in Scotland. I reach the private way to it, and am disgusted to learn that the house has been exploited as a place of lodgings and "eats" by an American, who put a great board, blatantly yelling (if any painted words could yell): "Visit Tom Moore's House—Delusion Shore and Chicken Dinner. Buffet Con." Aching and angry,

I say to myself: "Cæsar dead and turned to clay may stop a hole to keep the wind away." Then I start for the house, find it, and nearly yell myself on discovering that the Yank failed in his purpose of making dollars out of British poetic sentiment and associations.

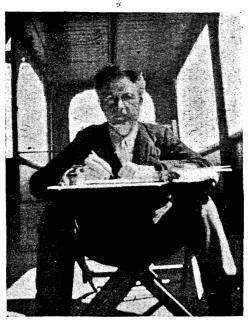
It is empty and rather dilapidated, but capable of being easily made habitable, and with what a position! One blue lagoon at the front door and another at the back, with fish springing from the glass-like surface, blue birds and red birds—real blue and real red—skimming across, sub-tropical vegetation on all the land you can find, and here and there juniper trees nearly as big as oaks, and each

one a mass of pinkyred blossom in the spring. Given all this, his loaf of bread, his gourd of wine, and she singing beside him, and how could even a flowery poet  $\mathbf{Y}$ et want more? that tradition says Moore was not happy Perhaps he lacked the last item in Omar's trinity of satisfactions.

I wriggle a small cactus from the loose soil by the side of the neglected drive, with the intention of potting it as a memento, then hie me away to the towns of Hamilton and St. George's, to learn how the people are taking the War, have my best glasses

mended, and buy mementoes for the officers who cannot come ashore.

As to the people's attitude towards the War, like Cæsar's wife, it is above suspicion. They call themselves Bermudians, white and black, and add: "But we are British also." And British they are, more patriotic than many of our people at home, from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet. I would have written "from their hats to the soles of their shoes," but these things are mostly American. In fact, everything in the shops is priced in both dollars and shillings—except where it is dollars only. In justification, however, they depend—or did before the War—largely on wealthy



THE AUTHOR AT WORK ON THE LOWER BRIDGE.

citizens of the States, who flock down here in thousands to spend the winter. islands have sent a satisfactory contingent to France, and those who are left behind are cheerfully and continually working for some Red Cross Fund or other kindly purpose.

With a hold full of grain for "a port in Italy," we come back across the Atlantic, get a fourteen days' taste of summer, then into the danger zone again and bitter weather, seeing once more to our lifebelts, etc., with a double look-out going, and with

our provisioned lifeboats now on Nos. 2 and 4 hatchesbefore the bridge and abaft the engineroom. This is because the harbour decks are not now practical for the stowage of boats, and the latter being berthed on these hatches makes them handy to all concerned.

After the usual detention at Gibraltar, we "proceed to our destination." Now it is a time of keen expectation, high hope and preparedness. Every man and youth is on the alert. are in the U-boats' most happy huntinggrounds, and daily becoming "hotter," as they say in "Hunt the Slipper." But is it seen in the crew's faces, as they go about their humdrum daily routine?

Not a scrap, scallywags of the ocean though many of them are. Even when we suddenly come upon a spar sticking upright some three or four feet from the water, shakingly like a periscope, and at first beyond the officer's power to say what it is, there is On the contrary, everyone no fright. laughs immediately on discovering what the object is. Thus we "proceed to our destination," seeing here and there signs of the U-boats' work. But I may not say where, or I shall be having the Censor put a shot

across my bows, or, worse still, scuttling my harmless "tramp" cargo of reading matter on its way to the port of distribution.

"See Naples and die," said a certain American "globe-trotter." See Sorrento and live, say I; or, better still, if you can compass that great desideratum, go and live there, and so let a fraction of its beauty become a part of yourself. I make a vow to come here to live as soon as fortune permits. The whole forty miles or so of this bay, from west of Naples yonder around

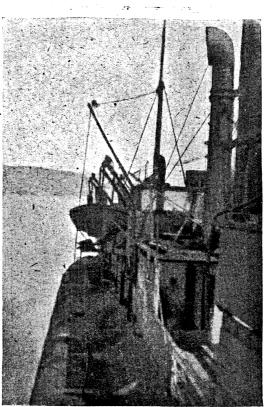
to Sorrento here and beyond, is either grand, beautiful, or picturesque, providing that, at places like Torre Annunziata and Castellamare, you allow the necessary distance that lends enchantment to things that are vile at close

quarters.

But Sorrento (the birthplace of Tasso, as the inhabitants rightly assure you here in the main square, and for a long time the residence of Marion Crawford, which fact is honoured by the Corso Crawford) Sorrento has beauty and grandeur, picturesqueness, the romance and the poetry, the cleanliness` and the quietude of

mountain-side, olivegrowing terraces. orange and lemon groves, vineyards, gorges and ravines, neat though narrow ways, white and colour-washed villas and private hotels, and all the greén, sloping expanse, from the top of the upright cliff of rock to the almost inaccessible mountain background, dotted with red roofs, pink, cream, and white.

So a certain class of well-to-do tourists knew it before the War, especially Americans. So it is to-day, short only of the extra life and commercial activity that tourists gave to it in pre-War times, and so it will be



LIFEBOATS LASHED ON THE HARBOUR DECKS READY TO HAVE THEIR LASHINGS CUT AND FLOAT AWAY.

The Huns could when the War is over. destroy Malines and other such places of Flemish beauty, because they were so close to them, but the beauty of Sorrento is like that of Heaven to the Devil—out of reach.

Yet what are these tourist huntinggrounds like now, after more than three years of war? With the exception that nearly all men of apparent military age are in uniform, there is no perceptible change.\* By the

help of the women, elderly men. boys and girls, work goeson much the same as ever. A noticeable. feature in the industrial life is that a number of younger men wear some sort of uniform or the national service star on their collars. I am told that these are all men who have been recalled because of their exceptional skill at work, or have been wounded and sent back to their former occupations.

I leave my informants chatting and

smiling in the Piazza Tasso, go away to where I can take in deep draughts, ocular and mental, of Sorrento generally. Then I make my vow again to come and live here—when I can—and think what an ass I was some thirty years ago, in not coming around from Naples to see and feel all this. But then at that time I should have had to

walk this ten-mile scenic tram journey from Castellamare. Next I find my way back to the square, buy a bronze bas-relief of Petrarch, a tiny beautiful Neapolitan casting of Diana—apparently old—and the remains of a long-buried dagger that probably took many a life in its days of blood and brightness. Now the square is full of locals, who chatter and gesticulate

in the sunlight as though the War were over. In Naples itself the only wartime difference appears to be a little less nighttime gaiety, a lessening that is caused by a reduction of light. Coals are now too precious in this part of Italy to be burnt for the mere purpose of producing light, either for late revellers abroad or late burning at home. Hence all is quiet and dark by 10.30 p.m. In the city and around it, out Sorrento way and in the country beyond Pompeii, there INTERIOR OF LIFEBOAT, SHOWING WATER-KEG AND STORES. appear to be

plenty of young men who have neither uniform nor collar-star. So that, as far as one can see, Italy has still a good reserve of men.

As to food, there are two meatless days a week; but food is plentiful, and there is always fish to take the place of meat. The war-bread is more nutritious than our former pure white, partially-baked bread was; there is just enough rye in it to make it very slightly bitter-pleasantly so-and

<sup>\*</sup> All matters dealt with in this article are such as I found between December, 1916, and May, 1917.

there is no limit to it; whilst for fruit—well, the country is Italy, where all the year round fruit of one sort or another is ripening on the trees.

On a fine Sunday morning, whilst on our way back to the west, I am awakened to learn that at daybreak a patrol-boat met us away off Cape Bon and sent us fifty miles out, to clear some U-boat work that was going on inshore of us. But for him, we should have been in it. I go to breakfast, thinking of "that sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, looking out for the life of poor Jack." In fact, I make a reference to him; but as I am asked seriously if I mean the man in the crow's-nest, I say no more.

Along the coast we see, and get pretty close to, more pirating, of which enough here. Then for our port of bunkering, Algiers, where I meet a skipper who has had his vessel torpedoed twice and mined once, and swears he will "carry on to the end, in spite of the German

pigs!"

Algiers the beautiful, where business goes on just as ever, the same as it does in Naples up to ten o'clock at night. The only surface changes are more uniforms, deep mourning clothes here and there, the gold marks on sleeves that indicate spells at the Front and

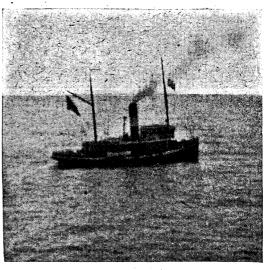
wounds received in action, medal ribbons, war restrictions as to personal liberty, and a general sense of the War being in progress. In and around Naples there was not nearly so much of this "sense of war" in the air, in face and speech and in things generally.

As for war restrictions, I try to land without a permit. That document is awaiting me at the agent's office, and, having waited a day for it, I am trying to avoid further waitings. I am kept down on the tiny landing-stage of the quay, with two gendarmes guarding me with revolvers.

All the officer wants is my permit, and all he will take is my permit, which I haven't got. Look at my English papers and Italian passport he will not, any more than he will hear any explanation. He orders me back on board. I point to the office, up on the Boulevard de la République, there where my permit is, and I refuse to go. Now he eases himself down by "going for" the boatman who has landed me, and confiscating some of his papers. Finally I am marched off to the police quarters between gendarmes, and a crowd of nondescript Moors and half-castes behind. They

are all doing their duty, I reflect, but, oh, for a little less red tape now and then!

There I find more willingness to look at my papers. A note to the agent brings more satisfactory evidence of identification, and lo! I am free to go whither I list—without the permit—but I must have it to display to the police on the quay when I go on board again. When that time comes,



OUT TO SEA.

I have the slip of paper. I also have passed the same gendarmes, boarded a boat at the same landing, and have come away without being asked for the permit, which they should have taken from me then, but which I still retain.

Much the same formalities—less the being arrested—occurred at Castellamare, for permits which no official asked to see within fifteen miles of the vessel.

As to life in Algiers and business as usual, like Naples and Sorrento, it has suffered something by the two and a half years' dearth of tourists. Shall I ever get away from their tracks? But Algiers has not gone under for lack of the dollars. Happily it finds that it can live very well without them. Its Boulevard de la République, which extends along the front of the city and well above the quay, its fine shopping centres, like the Rue d'Isly and the streets right and left of the theatre and the Place Brisson, its offices and its restaurants, are all just about as busy, as bright and attractive as they would have been at this time of the year—beginning of March—if there had been no War. I find all the main pleasure parts of the town, like

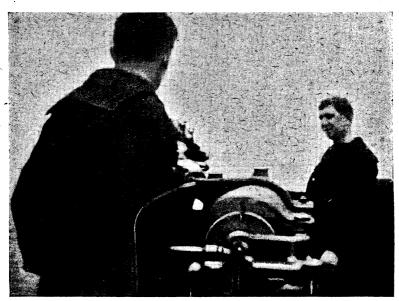
those just mentioned, alive and seething with bright faces, bright costumes and uniforms, from six o'clock or so in the evening till the houses of entertainment close.

In the principal thoroughfares of Naples and its neighbouring towns matters were much the same—there also was plenty of colour. But here, with complete bonhomie, white faces and brown, flowing robes and French-made garments, turbanned heads, close-cropped heads under uniform caps, bright eyes peering over yashmaks, and French faces under Parisian hats, all go shouldering along together, or sit side by side in a house of amusement, as if their forbears had done the same whole-heartedly for hundreds of years past. What an eyesore to German officialdom, if it could only see all this! Truly the French are splendidly successful as colony-makers.

The food question hardly exists, only so far as the two meatless days are concerned. Everything else seems to be as plentiful as ever, although certainly dearer, as it is the world around; and the bread—there appears to be no rye in this. It is just that excellent, easily-digested French bread which some of us know so well.

And so we work our way back to the Rock, seeing no more of U-boats, but hearing there of one of our submarines that came up unexpectedly and was potted—happily not sunk—by one of our own patrol-boats.

However, after further delay, we are once more released, and away we go, light ship again, boats on the harbour deck, gunners at their posts, the double look-out going, man aloft to boot, handbags packed, lifebelts at hand, and the dull routine of shipboard life going on as ever. Out of the Straits we go, by devious ways to the open seas, where U-boats have no lurking-places, and so on for a southerly port and another cargo of foodstuffs, to the despite of a nation that has not honour enough ever to understand the real ways of the sea.

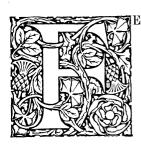


THE GUN AND HER MATES.

## THE RULES OF THE GAME

## By RALPH STOCK

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



ELISI was hoeing in the family taro patch, when the white man crawled out of the green cavern of the bush on to the beach of Luana.

There was blood on his face, his ducks were tattered

and besmeared, and his left hand trailed lifelessly in the sand at his side. moment he stared along the stretch of glistening beach, like an owl strayed from its cranny in the light of day, then quite suddenly he collapsed in a little heap and

lay still.

Now, the way of the white man is beyond belief. Felisi, who for many months had lived amongst him and his women, while selling imitation pink coral on the wharf at Levuka, had learnt this great truth from the bitter-sweet experience that goes to make up life-even the life of a South Sea Islander. She had studied the white man in his love and in his hate, in prosperity and poverty, peace and war, and at the end of an eventful seventeen years she found herself no nearer discovering the cause of his ineffable conceit, colossal ignorance, monumental selfishness, and undoubted greatness, than she had been as a tiny bronze infant playing under the bread-fruit trees of her native village.

Wherefore the genus white man claimed a good deal of Felisi's attention. His antics interested her in the same way that her own life and habits interested some white men, though, of course, it never occurred to the latter that while they were studying "the quaint customs of a quaint people," they

themselves were being studied.

For instance, when the dear old gentleman on the wharf at Levuka had patted Felisi's head and bought a shilling's-worth of spurious coral for the sake of studying the texture of her hair, he had not the faintest idea that the soft brown eyes that wandered langourously over his superannuated person had noted that tufts of hair grew out of his ears in a most comical manner, that his false teeth moved when he talked, and that, save for his red skin, he was the living image of a doddering lunatic that Felisi knew of in a certain village up the coast.

But there it was.

And here was another case—a white man lying in a limp heap on the beach of Luana. He was quite young, as white men went, and when Felisi had climbed a palm and given him a drink from a green cocoa-nut, he sat up with startling abruptness.
"Where am I?" he demanded.

"Luana," Felisi answered, squatting in the sand and watching with interest the contortions of his pink face, as he tried to lift his left arm.

"Luana! Ouch! Yes, I seem to have been on Luana for the last twenty years.

what part? Ouch!"

"Senai Keba," said Felisi.

The white man whistled.

"Great Scot!" he muttered. "The north I must have-

But Felisi was thinking of this gentleman Scot. He was so universal, and always so great. Who was he? She determined to find out at the first opportunity. At the moment she became aware that the white man was staring at her with suddenlyawakened interest.

"You speak English!" he exclaimed, as though this accomplishment of Felisi's had

just reached his notice.

"Some," she answered glibly, using the word she had learnt on the wharf at Levuka, and always found so useful.

"Thank Heaven!" muttered the white

"Have you seen anyone—a white man, I mean, a large white man who limps when he walks, and carries a rifle under his arm?" He was looking over his shoulder now, and when he turned there was a furtive look in his eyes.

Felisi shook her head.

"Then you soon will," snapped the white man. "Get me out of here, kid, somewhere safe, and—and you shall have all I've got. He's after me—they're all after me. I haven't slept for three nights—the bush—I can't stand it any more!" He moaned and

pitched face forward into the sand.

It was an interesting phenomenon that, when the white man is strong and well, he is a god in his own estimation, infinitely removed above the Polynesian race; but when he is sick or frightened, he is as humble as a child. It was as a child that Felisi saw this white man. She knew of a place, a perfectly safe place, and when she had brought him round for the second time, she guided him to it. The Buli of Senai Keba had built a new look-out on the edge of the beach, but the old one still remained up amongst the branches of a giant dilo tree. It was a big business getting the white man up the broken ladder of liana, and he had no sooner crawled on to the platform of woven branches than he collapsed again.

He was very humble.

Felisi brought him green cocoa-nuts and cooked taro root, and while he ate, in great hungry mouthfuls, she examined his arm. There was a clean hole on one side, just above the elbow, and a rather larger one on the other.

"So long as it hasn't got the bone it's nothing," mumbled the white man, with his mouth full; "but I rather fancy it has ouch!" He leant back against the dilo trunk while Felisi bound the wound with a strip torn from her salu. "It was a good shot," he continued to mumble reminiscently, between munches at the taro root—"five hundred yards, if it was an inch. I was crawling up the other side of the valley, the only bit of open country we'd seen forhow long was it?—four—five days . . ." His voice trailed off into silence. He was asleep—asleep with the half-eaten taro root in a hand lying limply palm upwards on the platform.

He slept for a day and a night and nearly half a day, and when he awoke he ate until Felisi thought he would burst. He seemed to swell with the food, just like a Buli at a feast; his eyes grew brighter, and he was not so humble. He laughed.

"We've diddled 'em, kid," he said, yawning and stretching luxuriously. "This is great!"

Felisi squatted on the platform and watched him in silence. Suddenly his hand went to his hip pocket, and he drew out a joint of bamboo corked at one end. He extracted the cork with his teeth and poured out on to the platform a stream of pearls. He hummed a little air as he sat looking at them.

"Worth a bit of trouble, aren't they?" he suggested.

Felisi nodded, though personally she preferred imitation pink coral. It was easier

to come by, and more colourful.

"And there was trouble," he added reminiscently. "Crane didn't play the game by me. Partnerships again! Never did believe in partnerships, but what's a fellow to do when he's got the will, and the knówledge, and the muscle, and no dibs to back 'em up?"

Felisi shook her head and looked sympathetic. Amongst her many other accomplishments she was probably the best listener in the world. Her attitude appeared

to encourage the white man.

"Such a time!" he breathed. "First chance I've had of thinking about it or having a look at them," he added, rolling the pearls to and fro under his lean brown fingers. "First of all in the cutter. You get to hate the way a man hangs up his hat if you're alone with him long enough. Heavens, how I came to hate that man! mean—dirty mean in thought and action and he was one of your oily sort until something went wrong, then he was peevish as a sick child, and with as much to back You couldn't hit him. you were up against a man you couldn't hit—and that was the worst of it, you know."

"Me know," Felisi thought fit to inter-

polate.

"It was after we got to the lagoon," the white man went on—"after the third pearl, to be exact. The whole lot weren't worth twenty pounds, but we were gloating over them on the cabin table. Crane would pick 'em up, then I would. We were talking some bosh about the biggest being worth a possible fifty pounds. Fifty pounds, when it was as

deformed as a hunchback! But we liked to talk big. It kept our pecker up. I looked at Crane suddenly, and I saw his eyes by lamplight. They were fastened on me, and they hated me. They hated me as much as I hated him, but for a different reason. The pearls were the reason in his case. I laughed—I couldn't help it. It struck me as so darned funny, us two sitting in a cabin twelve feet by ten, hating one another."

Felisi laughed, too. It was white man's

joke.

"I think Crane must have mistaken my Anyway, we both knew what we thought of each other as surely as though we had spoken. It got worse. We did quite well, and Crane's hate increased with the quantity and size of the pearls. Mine couldn't get any worse than it had been at the beginning, so I was out of the running. But do you suppose we said nasty things to one another? Not a bit of it. For sheer politeness you couldn't have equalled us south of the Line. It was 'An uncommonly good day, Jim,' from Crane, and 'Good enough,' from me. 'I think we can crack a bottle over this one, Jim,' and 'Right O,' from me. 'If we go on like this-' from Crane, and 'Touch wood!' from me. It came to being polite at meals in the end, and I didn't laugh. I must have lost my sense of humour those days."

Felisi nodded her head understandingly. The white man might have been talking to the lady with the gold hair behind the bar in Levuka, for all the difference he seemed to find in his audience. Felisi took it as an unconscious compliment, which indeed it

was.

"Then came what I'd been expecting. But I'd hidden the dinghy oars, and hadn't given him credit for the pluck of swimming a hundred yards through sharks. He did It's wonderful what fifty first-grade pearls will do. Luckily it was a mangrove country we were anchored off, and there were three miles of it before you could get to real solid earth. I tracked him as easily as you would an elephant, and just before nightfall something approaching white moved on the other side of a gully. fired, and went over. It was Crane, lying on his face, with his fat legs sprawled, dead as meat; and the pearls were in the corner of his beastly bandana handkerchief, that hadn't been washed for months."

The white man sat propped against the dilo trunk, staring out to sea with a

disgusted expression still lingering on his face, presumably at the thought of the bandana handkerchief.

Felisi neither moved nor spoke. She knew by instinct when to do either, and presently the white man went on, though

slower-

"It's the first man I've killed. I'm not used to shooting at men, much less killing them. But I wasn't sorry. It rather surprised me how I took it when I found him Somehow it never struck me that I couldn't go out into the world and get on with life as I had before. It seemed to me that I had rid the world of something dirty mean, and that was all there was to it. The other came later—in the bush, and especially at night, when the mist rises and the tree fungus glows through it like a lamp in a London fog. I came to know what it is to have killed a man, and what it is to be the pet of a man-hunt. Heavens "—he glanced over his shoulder, then laughed nervously-"it's worse than playing spooks with the lights out! They haunt you all right. You think you've done with them—thrown them off—but you haven't; they bob up again and come creeping on through the bush. I don't know, but I think it must be Hanson that's got my track. He's a good shot—that was a classy shot, five hundred yards, and I was moving—the only man of them worth thinking about, middling tall and chunky, with a toothbrush moustache. You're sure you haven't seen him?"

"Sure," mimicked Felisi.

"I got him, though, through the leg—waited behind a lantana bush until he was on top of me, and then hadn't the pluck to shoot him anywhere but in the leg. I'm glad I didn't, too; he's all right, and he's got to do his work. It's queer, but you positively get to like a man that sticks to you the way he's stuck to me. It becomes a sort of ghastly game, with unwritten rules to it—through mangrove swamps and mazes of underbrush, up over volcanic rocks and across rivers with the worst sort of shark in them. I was lost, properly lost, and I know he was, but we kept on. He never left me—day and night he never—left—me—"

The white man's eyes were suddenly alert and staring fixedly at the reed brake on the far side of the beach. His voice had dropped, then ceased altogether. His jaw hung down. Out of the reed brake on to the beach limped a man with a rifle under his arm.

He was a hundred yards away, and looking



"S-sh! Lie down!" he breathed.
"You all right," whispered Felisi reassuringly.

The white man seized her roughly by the

wrist and jerked her down beside him.
"Lie there!" he hissed. "It is Hanson! How's the beach?"

"Beach, him all right," quavered Felisi, looking out through the branches. The white man forced her down to the platform.

"You little fool! I mean, is it dry where we came over it—powdery? Will it show the difference—difference, savvy?—between a naked foot-your foot and mine?" The white man indicated his long-legged boots

with a slight movement.

"Beach, him all right," pouted Felisi, with the air of one defending her personal property against unfair aspersion. "Him no show diffrence."

"What's he doing now?"

Felisi could feel the white man's body trembling against her own. She peeped out and saw the man on the beach bending over the disturbance in the sand where the white man had fallen. Felisi was at a loss. The very humble child lying beside her needed soothing.

"What's he doing?" it repeated peevishly.

"Him go so," said Felisi, drooping her head with the pantomimic art of the meke

dancer. "Him very tired."

"Ah!" muttered the white man, and

smiled grimly.

Felisi knew that she was committed beyond recall. She had taken sides, and she did not regret her choice. The heart of a woman instinctively goes out to the fugitive—he is the weaker—and when once the Polynesian has taken sides, there is no turning back.

Presently she had to tell him—

"Him come close up."

The man on the beach was limping along its edge, peering into the reed brake. He would come directly under the dilo

The white man at Felisi's side lay as still His jaw was set, his muscles Felisi's hand went out as stealthily as a snake, drew the revolver from its holster, and placed it in his hand. The white man seemed not to notice it, and still lay motionless, staring into the twisted branches of the dilo tree, but listening—listening with every nerve to the soft crunch of approaching footsteps in sand. They ceased directly under the platform. Felisi could hear the beating of her own heart. A minah bird squawked shrilly in the branches overhead, and she felt her wrist crushed in a vice-like There was the click of an opening lid. A match was struck. The pleasant smell of good tobacco smoke floated up to them on the still air; then the footsteps passed on.

"Wonder he didn't smell me," grinned the white man. "It's Hanson all right; he smokes Heraldic—Heraldic in a good airtight box, and a woody briar." He smacked

his lips.

"Why you no shoot?" demanded Felisi.

"Pouf, bang—him finish!"

"Not till I'm cornered," answered the

white man. "I don't want to kill Hanson. He's a good fellow. I've got nothing

against him."

Felisi scrambled into a squatting position to think this out. Her small bronze face was puckered with bewilderment. Here was one man chasing another man to catch him and have him killed, yet the pursued "had nothing against" the pursuer! Was there ever such an amazing state of affairs? "A sort of ghastly game with unwritten rules to it." Then there was no need to make the suggestion that had been in her mind—namely, that she should dispatch the man on the beach herself in one of the many ways that she had at her command.

"Besides," the white man went on, with a hint of apology in his tone, "it wouldn't make any difference. Have you ever heard

of the law?"

Felisi nodded vigorously. She happened to know something about this thing called "law."

"Well, there it is. It never stops. The law says that I shall be strung up by the neck until I'm dead, and Hanson is the law. If I kill him, another man takes his place, and so on for ever. The law never stops."

"Him big fellah, law," mused Felisi.

"I should just say he is," muttered the white man, leaning limply against the dilo trunk and looking out to sea with melancholy eyes. "He's a bad fellah to bunt up against, too, but sometimes—sometimes he can be given the slip. Look here," he added, with sudden eagerness, "Hanson may have gone on, and he may not; I wouldn't trust him a yard. There's only one way out of this thing. You be fishing in a canoe—a canoe with a sail in it, mind you—off the beach to-night. I'll swim out...all I've got," he ended abruptly.

Felisi nodded.

"Bless you, kid!" said the white man, and

fell to collecting the scattered pearls.

On her way up to the village she met "the law." He was sitting on a fallen palm beside the track that commanded a view of the beach and the village.

"Siandra," was his cheerful greeting, though his brown face was haggard with

exhaustion.

Felisi giggled and squirmed in the approved fashion of Island girls who have never had the opportunity of studying white human nature in Levuka.

But "the law" did not smile. His steady grey eyes seemed to burn holes in Felisi's face, and he spoke sharply, with the air of a man who is used to receiving prompt answers.

"Have you seen a white man about here?" he demanded, in her own tongue.

Felisi continued to giggle and shuffle her feet in the red earth of the track.

"Answer me!" snapped "the law."

"No, sir," faltered Felisi.

"Where have you just come from?"

The question came so quickly that the answer was out of Felisi's mouth before she could properly form it.

"The beach, sir."

"Then why didn't I see you on the beach

just now?"

But Felisi's mind was nimble enough when it was alert. She giggled, though it was an effort, with the awful eyes of "the law" upon her.

"Answer me," he boomed.

"I was bathing, sir," she simpered, with long, blue-black lashes sweeping her cheeks.

"Well, what of that?"
"I hid myself, sir."

"The law" laughed—he actually laughed, though it was a mirthless sort of sound.

"There, run along to the village, my girl, and tell the Buli that Beritania Levu (Great Britain) wants him here at once. And tell him to send down something to eat and drink in the meantime."

"The village is quite close," suggested Felisi diffidently, "and the guest-house is cool." A wild scheme flitted through her mind of launching the canoe while "the law"

was in the village.

"Thank you," he answered, and his eyes resumed the burning process, "but I shall

stay here."

As Felisi turned to go, these same eyes were sweeping the beach. They seemed to see all things.

She felt them at her back as she swung on towards the village. "The law" was

certainly a "big fellah."

Not long before sunset Felisi was fishing in the canoe perhaps fifty yards out from the beach of Luana. It was very simple, very unexhilarating. If you dropped an old boot on the end of a string over the side, you would catch something off the beach of Luana; but Felisi's hand trembled as she continued to land fish after fish. The sun kissed the sea and went to bed, and Felisi continued to fish, with her eyes on the shore. There was no moon, and there were few stars, but there was the vague half-light that never deserts a tropical night, and presently a shadow flitted across the beach and

dissolved into the sea, but not entirely. A still smaller shadow, and round, was gliding on the surface of the water. Nearer and nearer it came, until it was possible to see the spreading fan of ripples in its wake, and something on its summit that gleamed even in the half-light.

Then the silence of the night was split asunder by the crack of a rifle, and a bullet plashed into the water a foot from the moving shadow. It vanished, and silence closed down, but only for a moment. It was clear that the eyes of "the law" saw all The next bullet was nearer, and each time the shadow vanished, it was for a shorter time, and there was a shorter silence. Felisi strained her eyes into the darkness. and at last there was a long silence—a very long silence. Her clasped hands were pressed down over her heart. And still the silence continued. She held her breath, and presently, above the beating of her heart, she heard another rifle-shot, but further away, up the beach. She paddled swiftly in its direction, and as the canoe slid gently on to the sand, shots came muffled from the bush. The shadow had missed the canoe, then, and returned to shore.

They were fighting in a palm grove now—the shadow and "the law"—still fighting. Would it ever cease? Felisi wondered, as she followed up the sounds of conflict. Truly "the law" never stops. From palm trunk to lantana bush they flitted, the shadow always retreating, "the law" always advancing. A tongue of flame would be answered with a tongue of flame, report with report. It was an argument in flame and lead. Then quite suddenly there fell a silence—a silence that lasted an unconscionable time, and out of it came a voice in breathless jerks—

"What's—the use—Lucas?"
And an answering voice replied—

"That's—my business. You'd—have—shot him yourself—Hanson."

"I dare say; but—I must warn you—that anything you may say—will——"

A breathless laugh came from somewhere.

"You can get all that—off your chest—when you've got me."

"You're out of ammunition."

"Don't be too sure. You are. I know the Government ration, and I've counted."

There was a short silence, then—"What's more, I'll prove it."

The shadow emerged from behind a lantana bush, evolving into the form of the white man. He stood quite still out there

in the open, his white ducks looming clear against the inky background of the under-The revolver was levelled from his hip in the right hand. The other hung inert at his side.

"Now," he said, "will you let me go without killing you, Hanson? I don't

want to."

"Let you go!" snapped the voice of "the law," and a glint of white showed behind a palm trunk not forty paces distant.
"Don't come out!" cried the white man,

as though afraid. "Don't come out without

your hands up, Hanson!"

For answer, "the law" came out from behind the palm trunk. He carried his rifle clubbed, and, though he limped painfully, he came straight on.

"You're out of ammunition, Lucas," he said, as he advanced, and he said it as though. trying to convince himself that it was true. "You know you're out of ammunition." The revolver was pointing directly at his chest, and he still came on. "It'll save no end of trouble, both for you and me-"

He was not more than five paces distant now, and he was staring at the muzzle of the revolver as though fascinated. Just so had Felisi seen fish come up out of the depths of the rock pools to see the light of the torch, and be speared. The white man stood quite still, as though thinking what he would do. Then, in a flash, he raised the revolver to fling it in the face of "the law," and the butt of the clubbed rifle fell. Both missed their mark.

"Didn't I say-" grunted "the law," and the rest was lost in the impact of their bodies. The white man had but one arm, the other could scarce stand for lameness, yet they rocked in one another's embrace for what seemed minutes to Felisi, before crashing to earth in a writhing heap. They were on the bank of a stream that ran through the grove, and Felisi caught her breath as they rolled nearer and nearer the edge. It was a four-feet drop at most, and the water was shallow, trickling slowly over the bed of powdered coral sand. But Felisi knew that stream. There were many like it on Luana.

Here, on the ground, "the law" had the upper hand, for he had the use of both arms, and his lame leg was not such a handicap. He was strong, too—stronger than the white man, though both were pitifully weak from their exertions. Would it never end? They jerked and strained.

Suddenly the white man lay still, staring

up into the roof of palm leaves with agony written on every line of his haggard face. It was as though he had been seized with sudden paralysis. It was paralysis, for "the law" had a hold on his arm—a certain hold. Surely this was the end. But Felisi had taken sides, and the Polynesian never turns "The law" uttered a stifled cry as her teeth sank into the back of his hand. The hold was lost, the arm free. The white man kicked out with all his strength, and "the law" tottered for a moment before rolling down the bank into the stream.

The water was not two inches in depth, yet when he struggled to rise he sank knee-Another supreme effort, and the glistening white sand was about his waist. After that he sank by inches, his stern grey eyes turned towards firm ground, not three

yards distant, but uttering no sound.

The white man had fainted, and when his eyes opened, Felisi was bending over him. "Come quick!" she said. "You all right.

Come quick! Canoe, him-"

"Where's Hanson?" muttered the white

Felisi pointed towards the river bank. The white man's eyes opened wide.

"In the river—drowned?"

Felisi shook her head.

"Him go long road, all the same, pretty quick," she told him reassuringly. But for some strange reason it failed to reassure. The white man crawled to the edge of the bank and lay there in the grass. hear his voice.

"What about it, Hanson?"

There was no answer.

"It'll get you in less than an hour. be a fool."

Still no answer, and a long pause, during which the white man could have reached the canoe. Felisi could have shaken him.

"I must get out of here, Hanson. I shall The girl has a canoe. get clean away. Whatever difference will it make?"

Another pause.

"What about it, Hanson?"

There was actually a pleading note in the voice.

Was this one of the rules of the game? Felisi gave it up. Her white teeth snapped together in sheer exasperation.

"Good-bye, Hanson!"

The white man staggered to his feet and stood upright, swaying for a moment, then lurched off towards the beach, leaning on Felisi's shoulder.

Twice he stopped dead in his tracks and

listened intently, but no sound came to them except the soft breath of the trade wind

amongst the palm leaves.

They launched the canoe in silence. Felisi hoisted the sail, and presently the ripple of water past the canoe's side told that they were under way. The dark line of the shore grew slowly fainter. The white man sat in the stern, steering with the paddle, and staring straight before him. He was heading for the open sea and freedom, yet his face was a grim mask, and there was no joy in his eyes.

Felisi did not speak; she sat-watching him from the main thwart and noticing many things. A frown had come to his forehead, and his eyes were restless, casting this way and that at nothing save the dark waters slipping past the canoe. Sometimes, too, he would hold the paddle under his arm and pass his hand over his eyes, as though trying to brush aside some vision that haunted

them. But slowly she saw change steal over him. Set purpose came into his eyes, the grim mask of his face gave way to animation

— eagerness. He muttered a curse at failing wind, and Felisi became aware that their course had changed, with his mind. The canoe no longer headed for the open sea, and a little later she saw the wellknown coast-line of Luana looming over the bows. He had

put back. The canoe had no sooner grounded than the white man leapt ashore and ran up the beach. Felisi found him at the bank of the stream—the sand had risen to the chin of "the law" tugging and straining with his one hand.

It took them fully half an hour of such work to extricate "the law," and at the end of it the two men lay side by side on the river bank, too exhausted to move or speak.

spoke. Rolling on to his side, he said: "I arrest you, in the name

of the King, for the murder of Wilton Crane."

The white man lay on his back, with closed eyes.

"Give me a fill of your Heraldic, Hanson," he said.

Even this was not all. Felisi was dispatched



"It took them fully half an hour of such work.

to the village by "the law," but before going she waited for confirmation of the order. The white man gave it by opening his eyes and nodding wearily. The two men were carried to the guest-house on litters, and a guard of native police—very smart in their blue tunics and fluted sulus—stationed itself outside the door.

It was two days before the white man could walk. And when he crossed the room, trailing Heraldic tobacco smoke in his wake, he caught sight of the guard and turned back.

"Hanson," he said, "won't you get rid of

this pantomime?"

The guard was dismissed—very smartly.

"The law" was undoubtedly the stronger man. In one night his vitality returned, and, when the white man was up and about, he sat talking with him in the guest-house. Felisi heard the white man tell the story of the cutter and the pearls and the hate. And when it was done, "the law" nodded slowly and said: "Yes, I knew Crane."

That was all.

Later that evening he went to the door and stood looking out over the green hills that tumbled to the sea. "It's going to be a dark night," he said absently.

The white man was lying on a pile of

mats, and did not answer.

"A deuced dark night," repeated "the law"—"one of those nights when things happen."

The white man lifted himself on to his

elbow, but still remained silent.

"And there's a fair northerly breeze,"

added the other irrelevantly.

The white man was staring fixedly at the broad back of "the law," silhouetted in the doorway. An eager light flashed into his eyes and was gone.

"Yes," he said slowly, and lay back on

the mats.

In the morning he was gone.

So was Felisi's canoe. But "the law" made that good, even as he scowled his

displeasure at the escape.

In the taro patch Felisi often puckers her brow over the problems of an eventful life, but in this particular case she can get no further in her deductions than that "the law" is a "big fellah," and the way of the white man beyond belief.

#### A FANTASY.

I SAW Winter 'neath a spindle tree;
She plucked berries bright to crown her head,
She was singing little robin's song,
While wild beech-leaves round and round her sped.

I ran home into my little room, Pulled-to the shutters, barred up the door; I knelt down to blow the fire to flame, Great dark shadows danced upon the floor.

Long-legged shadows came from corners dim, Leaped up white walls, fell, and climbed again; I hear north wind pushing at the gate— I won't open, not for wind or rain.

Run home, wee ones, lest the whirling leaves Blow ye far away, fairy folk to see. Crowning her dark hair with berries red, I saw Winter 'neath a spindle tree.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

## MARGOT AND HER PRESENTS

### By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

#### Illustrated by Gladys Peto



OOK'S toothache's better," announced Margot, entering the morning-room.

"I'm glad of that," said I. In-deed, I was glad; Cook, poor woman, had had two wretched days.

"So she says she

won't have it out," pursued Margot. "I knew she wouldn't. Mummie made me."

"Made you what?" I asked. looking through Christmas catalogues, and bent to pick up one that had fallen on the floor.

"Made me have my tooth out," said Margot. She came round the side of the table toward my chair. "And it had stopped aching, too."

"I expect she knew it was the kind of tooth that would start aching again," I said, feeling that it was always wise to back

grown-up judgments.

"Cook's is that kind, too," declared Margot. "I know-I saw the hole in it." I said nothing, and her mind quickly veered. "Cook says when you are stopping in a wee cottage in the country, and if you are 'nomical on account of the War, the best way is to make your Christmas presents," she said.

"I expect it is the best way, if you have

time," I agreed.

I thought Margot was reflecting upon me and my study of catalogues, but it appeared that her thoughts were concerned with nearer home.

"I've got quite a lot of time—I'll show you how many days," said Margot. She ran to fetch the calendar from my desk, laid it on my knee, and ticked off the days till Christmas.

I simply had to listen—Margot has a way of claiming, and getting, one's undivided attention that ought to be useful to her later on in life.

"I have quite a lot of time, haven't I, Aunt Margaret?" asked Margot earnestly.

I agreed that she had. And for Margot to make the gifts she wished to bestow wouldn't be a bad idea; a great deal of energy went into her mode of living, and my cottage

Margot went away to replace the calendar. When she came back, "I know what I'll make for you!" she announced triumphantly. "You couldn't guess a bit what it is, could you?"

"I'm sure I couldn't," I said. I didn't mean to try; those guessing competitions with Margot are much too strenuous. She has an unhappy knack of seeing through mock guesses, and it would be odd if she had not noticed the state my blotter was in when she paid her visit to my desk.

Margot, flushed with that first successful idea, again disappeared. I had settled upon purse-bags—of a rather more useful description than I would have considered a year or two ago-for all my older nieces, when she reappeared. Margot regarded me and my catalogues with a kind of gentle pity—the pity of the owner of several brilliant ideas.

"Jane says Cook would like a pair of mittens, not ugly big ones, but dear wee ones. I know how to make mittens-I've made about eleven pairs for the soldiers."

"Seven pairs," I corrected gently. "My dear Margot, you are most fortunate. I only

wish I knew what people wanted."

"It's quite easy. I asked Jane, and she knew 'bout Cook," explained Margot; "and Jane says the nicest kind of presents is the presents people makes for you."
"They are very nice," I agreed.

Margot's face clouded a little. "But I've got a green bottle with a lot of scent in it, what I bought at the bazaar, for Jane," she said. "Mummie said, when I bought it, it would be a nice Christmas present. I asked Jane if Cook would like it, an' she said Cook wouldn't. Then I went and asked Cook if Jane would like it, and she said Jane would."

"I expect Cook's right," I said consolingly.
"She's a wise woman, Cook is. And I dare say she has noticed that Jane uses

scent."

(No one could help noticing it!)

"But I haven't made it," Margot said dubiously. "P'r'aps I'd better wait and think of something else for Jane."

"Make all the other things first, and then see what is left over," I suggested, "though I shouldn't wonder if Jane were quite pleased with the bottle of scent."

Margot seemed uncertain, but a shifting of the subject said that it was left for future

consideration.

"I've got to make something for Uncle John," said she, "'cause he's far away, miles 'an miles 'an miles, where there are

camels 'an—'an things."

"I'm sure he'd like you to," I said. But I reminded her: "It had better be something small, Margot, since it has to go through the post and ever so far. You'd better make it first, too, or he won't get it on Christmas Day."

Margot nodded. "I'll make him a dear little weeny box, like the one you've got your stamps in," she said, after a pause.

I didn't know how she was going to do it,

but I meekly agreed.

That afternoon Margot and I made an

expedition to the village "Stores."

Margot carried a small basket, and a sheet of paper on which were various signs and some extraordinary drawings (anything that Margot cannot spell she draws). She called the paper her "list."

When she bought half a dozen balls of bright pink variegated wool, I knew these

were for Cook's mittens.

"Don't you think she might like some other colour better, Margot?" I suggested, in a casual tone. "This nice crimson, or that blue?"

But Margot, weary of khaki and all sombre shades, was firm. "She'll like this," she said confidently. "She's sure to—it's just lovely. She's got two pink flowers in her bonnet, too—I saw them. That's why I knew the likes pink. Her bonnet has only

been rained on once, and that was when her sister's new baby was ill, an' Cook ran for the doctor, an' she took up the first thing that was near, an' it was her bonnet with the dear weeny pink flowers in it, an'—— Oh, Aunt Margaret, do you think them six balls will be enough?"

"I don't know, but you can easily get some more if you need more," I told her.

Margot agreed that that was so. I don't know whether I still looked doubtfully at the pink balls; she seized them in a kind of panic and stowed them away in her basket.

I told her I had knitting-needles that she could use, and she started out in a new direction—scraps—gaudy scraps—flowers, and half a dozen or more wonderful blue birds, a vivid edging of blue forget-me-nots, and

a huge dog's head.

Margot sighed her satisfaction when these were detached and laid aside. "They're beautiful," she said solemnly, and bought gum and a brush. She wanted to try the brush in the gum before buying it, but I put a stop to that—Margot is allowed to be sticky in pinafores, but not in cloak and furs. She gave in quite sweetly. "I know it's a nice brush, anyway—I sucked it," she said.

I had to feign interest in some embroidered Christmas cards at the back of the shop, while Margot bought blotting-paper, coloured cardboards, and some gummed binding.

I had transferred my attention to some cruder specimens in a box, when Margot came to my side to see what I was looking at.

"They are rather pretty," she said.
"There's a nice little girl skating! And, oh, Aunt Margaret, do look at that little wee house with lights in all the windows! How nice! And they don't have no dark blinds."

I was looking at it with a feeble hatred when the shopwoman approached. Margot, jumping up and down, cried excitedly: "I'll have them two, please. Oh, do look at the weeny house with the lights in all the windows! Oh, how lovely!"

"They're for Mummie and Daddy," she confided to me and the shop in general. "They'll like them ever so. I'll give Daddy the house, and Mummie the dear wee girl."

Margot's parents were moving about, for health reasons, and had postponed all presentgiving until their return.

"They'll like them cards ever so," said

Margot.

She seemed to have completed her

purchases. From a small string purse she produced half-a-crown, and received her change with indifference.

Her satisfaction continued until we were half-way home, then it abruptly died.

Margot stopped in the middle of a hop.

"Oh, dear!"

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

She looked away, and I knew the affair was

"But nobody ever does," said I. "People make their Christmas *presents*, but they buy their Christmas cards."

There is an odd streak of conventionalism in most children. Margot was impressed by my argument. "Don't they make them—don't they really?" she asked.

"It's a thing that isn't done," I assured her.
"Oh, well," said Margot—she gave her

basket a happy swing
—"they'll like what
I bought ever so.
Mummie'll say: 'I
wonder what this is?'
And Daddy'll burst
out laughing when
he sees that dear
little house."

Margot began her labours that same evening. I advised her to finish one masterpiece before starting another, but I knew well that advice so distasteful would never be taken.

Before she went to bed Margot had knitted a round or two of the first of Cook's mittens, had unearthed from the kitchen quarters a somewhat disreputable box, and covered two of its sides with smeary paper as a background for scraps, and had retired into a corner by the window for ten minutes with blotting-paper, cardboards, and gummy binding.

She was not as reluctant to depart bedward as I had

expected she would be, and I imagine her varied labours had tired her.

"I've done such a lot, Aunt Margaret," she told me, giving her flushed face to be kissed. "I shall have lots an' lots an' lots of time to finish everything before Christmas."

"I expect you will," I said.

"An' I shall give my money—what I



"She called the paper her 'list."

serious. After a moment, "I could have made them Christmas cards," she said huskily.

I was rather nonplussed. "Do you think you could, Margot, dear? I'm not at all sure about it. Besides, you are making such a lot of things—Cook's mittens and—"

"I could make them quite easily," said Margot decidedly, "with some of that car'board an'—an'——"

saved to buy presents—to the soldiers' puddings," she announced.

"An excellent idea," said I.

For a week Margot's enthusiasm over her labours remained at white heat. At the end of that time the greater part of Cook's first mitten had to be unravelled, owing to the tragedy of three dropped stitches, which Margot had believed herself able to cope with—a case of misplaced confidence—only three sides of the stamp-box were covered to be sure, one side was already brilliant with scraps—and Margot assured me, in a wearied tone, that gummy binding wasn't any good for joining cardboard covers.

I sympathised over the knitting and boxpapering, and was careful not to inquire too deeply into the tragedy of the guminy

binding.

Margot, I fancy, like many people, was a little too much aided by sympathy. When I had finished consoling her, and had set the knitting right, she felt that her tasks were advanced several steps—were borne well toward completion by my helpful remarks.

It was unfortunate that the period of lagging activity that ensued should be followed by the finding of The Treasure. The Treasure was an indisputable mongrel which followed Margot home from one of her walks in Jane's company. He was lame, battered, and destitute of "points," and, of course, lacking a home or means of subsistence. The Treasure, naturally, was adopted.

After that I had several times occasion to remind Margot that Christmas-time approached, and that her presents were not Matters became serious when I was about to dispatch a packet to John.

"Margot, I am sending your Uncle John's parcel off to-morrow morning. Is your

stamp-box ready?" I asked.

Margot had been warned several times of the nearness of this event, but she contrived to look surprised.

"To-day isn't Wednesday, Aunt Margaret,"

she complained.

"No, but to-morrow is," I told her.

Margot looked hurt at my fussiness in hastening her; to-morrow, in her reckoning, is always at a respectable distance.

"The box must be finished to-night, dear, since the parcel goes to-morrow," I told her: "but, from what I saw of it last Tuesday, it must be nearly ready now."

Margot brightened. "It is almost ready, Margaret," she said, and added wheedlingly, "If you was to finish putting the wee bit of paper inside, an' I was

"Bring it here," I said.

Margot ran away, to return with the stamp-box, The Treasure trotting at her

I discovered that to finish putting the wee bit of paper inside was to paper the inside of the box from beginning to end, since Margot had done no more than cut the paper and place it inside.

"Margot!" I said reproachfully.

But Margot was so blissfully happy, having supplied me with brush and gum, and so loud in her explanations of all that she had done to the box, and her satisfaction in her handiwork, that I had not the heart to daunt Meekly I lined the box, while Margot taught The Treasure to waltz, with the aid of a piece of bright wool.

When it was finished, the small girl beamed

"I'll go an' fetch your stamp-box, then you'll see!" she said triumphantly.

I didn't know exactly what I was to see, and I thought it a pity any comparison should be made, since disappointment must But I had not taken into be the result. consideration the beauty that lies in the eyes of the creator. Margot looked from my neat box to her own effort, a little battered and uneasy at the corners, very sticky, and the edges of its border of forget-me-nots curling raggedly upward.

She said blissfully: "There, now, you do

see, don't you?"

I did, and I envied Margot.

A day or two later she was again playing with The Treasure, and I noticed the wool with which she was enticing him. "Isn't that the wool for Cook's mittens, Margot?" I asked. "I suppose they are finished."

Margot looked uncertain.

After a pause, "Jane's doing a wee bit for me," she said.

"Oh, Margot, I thought you were going to make them yourself!" I exclaimed. "I am making them," said wonderingly. She added: "Jane likes doing a wee, wee bit—she told me she did."

Margot's days continued to pass happily

until Christmas Eve.

On that morning she was somewhat In the afternoon she withdrew to the kitchen, emerging pink and almost tearful, with two broken-edged coloured cardboards.

"What's the matter, Margot?" I asked.

"They won't stick together, Aunt Margaret, an' Cook—Cook can't sew them! They keep on breakin'. Cook says she can't think what is the matter with the dratted things." She pushed the cardboards into my lap. "Couldn't you sew them, dear, dear, sweet thing?"

I took the cardboards from her. "Margot, you aren't to repeat all the odd words Cook uses," I said firmly. "Some of them aren't suitable for little girls to use. You know

quite well which ones I mean."

"Dratted," whispered Margot, I fear with delight in the repetition.

"Yes," I said, with severity; "I don't

want to hear it again."

I knew very well to what use the cardboards were destined, and sewed a tape down their backs, joining them. Margot accepted this help without suspicion of my knowledge.

"Why, that's quite good!" she cried gleefully. "I'll show Cook—yes, I will. Cook'll be ever so surprised to see what I've

done now."

"But, Margot, you didn't sew them," I

remonstrated.

She smiled, a radiant smile. "Not that wee bit; but then I'm making it, don't you see."

I gave it up.

Late that night I had the pleasure of finishing Cook's second mitten. I really couldn't let that child sit up any longer. As she kissed me good-night, she whispered: "I'm going to give Jane the dear little bottle of scent. P'r'aps she won't mind that I didn't make hers."

Margot got up early on Christmas morning, in order to place her gifts on the kitchen

breakfast-table and on mine.

My blotter had a neat—and not unfamiliar—tape binding down the back, it had a large dog's head pasted on the front of it, and I guessed at once that the blotting-paper had been fastened in by Jane's deft hands.

The slip of paper inside bore this legend, in printed letters: "For Darling Aunt Margaret, maid by Margot. A Mery 'Xmas."

Margot came into the room as I was examining it, I hope with the right amount of appreciation. She cried as she flew toward me: "Jane doesn't really mind 'cause I didn't make hers, an' Cook says she can't really b'lieve that it was me, little Margot, what made them beautiful mittens."

She caught sight of the blotter in my hands, and, nodding, "That gave me a lot of

trouble," said Margot.

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

O<sup>H</sup>, thrush—dear sulky thrush—hid in the bay tree, With fast-closed beak beneath a crumpled wing, A ray of sunshine slants across the may tree—

Come out and sing!

A little tit was perching there this morning,
When someone whispered, in a far-off voice:
"Spring's coming soon—I've given you fair warning—
Sing and rejoice!"

Then, though the wondering bird could scarce believe it, She preened her pretty feathers and she said:
"A song, indeed! Well, since I can't achieve it,
I'll chirp instead."

Don't let that sweet example pass unheeded.

If, chilled by Winter's cold, you cannot sing,

Just preen your pretty feathers, sir—as she did—

And chirp of Spring.

LILIAN HOLMES,



BADLY EXPRESSED.

ARTIST: I'm doing a few cartoons to help the Allies. CANDID FRIEND: Heavens! There seems no end to the awful things used in modern warfare.

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

PEACE AND PLUM-STONES.

By D. H. Lewis.

"Plum tart for supper!" exclaimed Mr. Gilbreth, addressing his daughter, but gazing fondly at the sweet in question. "You're a good girl, Alice, to remember your father's little fancies. If there's one thing I do like, it's plum tart!"

"Yes, I know you like it," replied Alice,

"but it wasn't only because-

A knock at the door interrupted Alice's explanation, and she proceeded to answer the

Next minute Mr. Gilbreth heard sounds that reminded him of someone withdrawing a cork from a bottle. He frowned as the reason for the plum tart flashed to his mind.

"Good evenin'!" exclaimed a cheerful voice at the parlour door. "'Ow do, Mr. Gilbreth?" "Good evening, Mr. Spink," replied Mr.

Gilbreth.

The welcome could hardly be called cordial, but what Mr. Gilbreth failed to do in this respect was thoroughly made up for by Alice's hospitality.

"I'm sorry you can't stop to supper," suggested Mr. Gilbreth. He considered himself a genius in the art of giving a gentle hint, but this effort fell decidedly flat.

"Now you mention it, I think I will,"

replied the visitor, pulling a chair up to the table and making himself comfortable.

Mr. Gilbreth hastily moved the beer jug out of his reach.

"I'll 'elp meself to a bit o' tart," Mr. Spink, suiting the action to the word.

Mr. Gilbreth glared.

"Have some beer, too?" suggested Alice.

"Thankee,"

Mr. Gilbreth reluctantly passed the jug, and anxiously watched his unwelcome guest fill his glass to the brim.

"There's nuthin' like plum tart and beer, Mr. Gilbreth," he said appreciatively, "an', what's more, there's nuthin' more wonderful than 'ow you can look into the footure wi' plum-stones."

"I'm surprised at a man of your age indulging in such childish games, George Spink!"

Mr. Gilbreth's remark was intended to crush, but it had no effect.

"You'll hexcuse me sayin' so, I'm sure, Mr. Gilbreth," he replied, "but it's hignorance of facts, or lack of heddication, or summat, that makes you say that. I 'appens to know as 'ow plum-stone prophecy is an hart, an' no childish pastime, neither ! "

Mr. Gilbreth gasped.

"Wot's more, I'll prophesy the comin' of peace to-night!"

"You ought to be downright ashamed of

yourself," roared Mr. Gilbreth, "pushing yourself into a respectable home, the worse for drink! This'll be a warning to Alice."

Mr. Spink ignored this altogether.

"Wot's more, I'll back it up wiv a bet, just to show as 'ow I believe in it meself!"

Mr. Gilbreth gulped at his beer. The fellow must be mad, but here was a good chance to get a little extra pocket-money. He decided to appear interested.

"Well, you may be right," he admitted, "and I'm always willing to learn. How much are you prepared to stake? Ten pounds?"

"I'm willin' to stake more'n money," Mr. Spink replied dramatically. "I'll back up plumstone prophecy with my footure happiness!" The plum tart attracted his attention for a

minute. Five stones were already congregated on the edge of

his plate.

"Ere's my terms," he continued. "If I tells you the hend of the War correct, with the 'elp o' these stones, I marries Alice. If I'm wrong, I clears hout for good!"

Mr. Gilbreth stared thoughtfully at his beer jug for a moment. The idea of foretelling the end of the War with plum-stones was absurd on the face of it. It really was a good chance of disposing of Mr. Spink for ever

Mr. Spink for ever.
"Done!" he exclaimed.

The two shook hands solemnly. Alice stared incredulously. Mr. Spink proceeded to push a sixth stone to the side of his plate. Mr. Gilbreth watched interestedly. A seventh stone joined the others, and a large piece of

pastry disappeared into Mr. Spink's mouth, followed by a copious draught of beer.

"This year, next year, some time, never," he droned at last, pushing the stones aside as he spoke. "This year, next year, some time—Mr. Gilbreth, the plum-stones tell me peace will come some time!" There was a pause. Mr. Gilbreth stared ahead of him dully. There was a chill in his blood.

"Done!" he gasped at last. "I've been done! My daughter to marry a rogue!"

Mr. Spink began to move his chair nearer Alice. "Stop!" roared Mr. Gilbreth suddenly. "How do we know this is true? You can't touch my daughter until peace is declared!"

After ten minutes' argument, Alice and Mr. Spink eventually convinced him that the

War must end some time. His reputation as a sportsman was at stake, they assured him, should he fail to abide by the conditions of his bet. This argument was successful, and he reluctantly gave his consent.

The wedding was arranged for the following Wednesday—in case Mr. Gilbreth should change his mind, as Mr. Spink told Alice afterwards—but had to be postponed, at the last moment, owing to the bridegroom unfortunately contracting appendicitis. Alice went to see him in the local cottage hospital a few days after the operation.

Mr. Spink was explaining the cause of the

"I simply 'ad ter swaller the eighth stone!" he said.

WAR NEWS IN THE VILLAGE.

"What's your brother Alf doing now, Emily?"
"I did 'ear father say he was putting Germans into nks."

A CHINAMAN was asked if there were good doctors in China.

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great—save life to me!"

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Doctor Han Kon. Giv some medicine. Got velly, velly ill. Me callee Doctor San Sing. Give more medicine. Me glow worse—go die. Blime-bly callee Doctor Hang Chang. He got no time; no come. Save life."



A LITTLE girl wrote the following composition on men—

women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would. They are more logical than women, also more zoological. Both men and women sprang from monkeys,



but the women sprang farther than the men.

VICAR: I was so sorry for your wife during the sermon this morning, doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon her.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry to hear it, but not alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time.

THE MATCH SHORTAGE.

Why does that man produce a pipe, Well filled with choice tobacco ripe, Regard it with a heavy frown, Then heave a sigh, and put it down?

No matches.

The ancient sport who once was found On every famous cricket ground, And loved to see the counties strive--Why does he hate to be alive? No matches.

was whitewashed and clean. The mountaineer and his family sat on the porch. Several children played in the yard. The stranger arrived at the gate and was invited in, and sat down on the porch with the family,
"Stranger," asked the mountaineer, "are
you interested in our oil up here?"

"Well, no," said the stranger, "I haven't much faith in oil. I hear of these people who suddenly strike it rich, but I never find them."

The old man chuckled and said: "I am one. Yesterday I was poor; to-day I am rich. I



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Owing to the absence of posters and the increased cost of newspapers, people are discovering new methods of keeping in touch with passing events.

That fond mamma who, far and near, Seeks husbands for her daughters dear, Why, at the season's end, enraged, Does she behold them disengaged?

No matches. R. H. Roberts.

GWENDOLYN: I hear that good old Fanny is to be married at last. Who is the happy man?

GRACE: Why, her father, of course!



On a clear, cool evening in the early spring a man on a horse crossed the ridge of a mountain, and, seeing a cabin in the valley, turned his horse in that direction. The cabin

was just asking my family, now that we could have things, what they would rather have. Now, John, here, he wants a horse, and Molly wants a new dress, and Susie says she'll take books. By the way, wife, what would you rather have?"

The old lady never hesitated a minute. "Well," she said, "I'm pretty tired of cutting wood with a blunt axe; I'll take a new axe."



A FAVOURITE story of old school days tells of a harassed master who, after an altercation with a particularly restless pupil, roared at him: "All I want from you is silence, and very little of that!"

Born 1820 still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "You can't judge a man by his clothes."

MAN (making-up): "But you can always judge 'Johnnie Walker'
by its 'small label' with a big reputation—always tops
the bill."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

## SEED-TIME. By Madeline M. Oyler.

GARDENING, I am convinced, is inborn. You are a gardener or you are not.

I most emphatically am not.

In pre-war days I knew nothing about it. I didn't know the different kinds of potatoes—I didn't even know there were different kinds of potatoes, which alone shows my appalling

ignorance — and I believe that the only product of the vegetable garden I could name at sight with any degree of certainty was mustard and cress.

All that is changed now. Under Vera's vigilant eye I dig, delve, and plant, my nails are never clean, my boots are always muddy, my back is seldom straight.

Once a week we are helped with our labours by one, Weldon by name, a most villainous-looking old man. who, so Vera candidly informs me, has more knowledge of gardening in his little finger than I can ever hope to acquire in my allotted span of life.

"Weldon can't come to-day," Vera informed me at breakfast. "It is a nuisance, as it's my dayat the Red Cross Depot; and he was going to bring some young onions to plant, so you'll have to plant the onion seed instead."

I protested weakly that I had no knowledge of planting onion seeds, and suggested that tomorrow, under her supervision, I should make a far

better job of it; but I was overruled.

"We're a week late as it is, and it may rain to-morrow; it can't be put off any longer. It's quite easy, you know. You get a line and draw the drills with a hoe; you'll find all the directions on the packet," she finished carelessly.

"But where shall I find the packet?" I asked anxiously. "And what part of the garden

do you want them? Far better wait till you are at home to-morrow."

"I've planned it all out, so you needn't worry—that bit of ground beyond the rasp-berries. It's all ready; you can't go wrong. Good-bye." And she started off.

I wished I was as confident as Vera that I could not go wrong. I have a quite remarkable capacity for going wrong whenever it is



A FAMILY MATTER.

BERTIE: Mother, am I descended from monkeys?

MOTHER: I don't know, dear. I've never met any of your father's relatives!

humanly possible to do so. However, I made dejectedly for the garden; it seemed no good putting off the planting.

I found the bit of ground at once, and, as Vera had said, it was prepared and ready. So I cheered up slightly; perhaps all would go

In the potting house I met with my first check. I found the line all right, and a hoe

#### THE CURE CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH.

#### THE DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE TREATMENT.

For some time past public notice has been directed to the "Alabone" Treatment for Consumption, which, it is averred, has been successful in restoring to perfect health many persons in all grades of life who had been pronounced incurable by the highest authorities. So many supposed cures have been vaunted for this dreadful malady, only to be used for a short time, and then to sink into oblivion, they being utterly useless as a cure, that it is only natural we should view with a certain amount of mistrust such a claim as has been made for the "Alabone" Treatment unless such claim can be fully substantiated by the highest authorities and by the most indisputable evidence.

It is, therefore, a great pleasure to be able to inform our readers that such evidence has been and is forthcoming, and it is an absolutely undeniable fact that the treatment under consideration has done all that its originator claimed for it. The "Alabone" Treatment is not infallible, and does not profess to work miracles, although, seeing some of the cases were actually at death's door, it seems almost miraculous that they should have completely recovered and still remain in good health; yet such is the case, and the enormous value of this specific treatment, which has been instrumental in restoring to perfect health some thousands of persons who, but for its aid, would have met premature death from phthisis, lies in the fact that the inhalations, which play such a prominent part in the method of treatment, penetrate to the actual seat

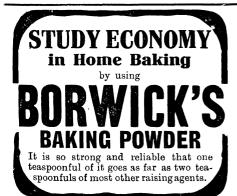
of the disease, and consequently treat it locally, which in by far the greater number of cases means complete eradication.

One cannot do better than advise any reader desiring further particulars regarding this successful treatment for the cure of consumption to communicate with the Secretary, the Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.,

who will gladly answer any inquiry.

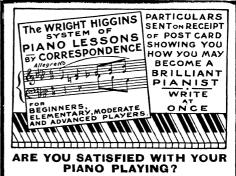
Up to the present time an incalculable amount of permanent good has been accomplished by the use of the "Alabone" Treatment, not only in instances of persons suffering from actual consumption, but also in cases of bronchitis, asthma, and similar ailments, and there is no doubt that as time goes on the treatment recommended by Dr. Alabone (known as the "Alabone" Treatment of Consumption and Asthma) will become still more extensively employed.

The important treatise on tuberculosis, entitled "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex.M.R.C.S.Eng., is worth a careful perusal. It is illustrated by numerous cases pronounced "incurable" by the most eminent physicians. Now in its 49th edition, 174th thousand, and it can be obtained for 2s. 6d., post free, from Lynton House, 12, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5. The volume contains invaluable information upon this vital subject.



## DO YOUR BIT!

You can help to win the War by saving your Waste Paper and selling it for munition making to George W. Chapelier, Government Permit Holder, 101, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. Any quantity is wanted, any grade (from common clean mixed papers, cardboard, to best ledgers, books, &c.). Write to-day for particulars and price list, and help at once in our paper-saving campaign.



If not, and you would like to become a brilliant Pianist, a good Accompanist and Sight-reader, write at once for particulars of the

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Lishall be pleased to send you full particulars. including my booklet, entitled "Training varsus Teaching," upon receipt of a postcard. Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

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for drawing the drills, but where, in the name of goodness, did Vera tell me she had put the

seed?

I looked on the shelves, I looked under the shelves, I looked in stray flower pots and under stray flower pots, I looked in all the possible places that might harbour a packet of seeds, and then I started looking in all the impossible, improbable places. I will swear that there wasn't an inch in the whole of that potting shed that I hadn't personally inspected, but there was no onion seed. What would Vera say?

I went to the door and looked out, hoping for inspiration. The sun was shining, but lurking sullenly on the horizon lay a threatening bank of clouds, which clearly meant rain

before long.

still had some left over, on my own initiative I filled up an odd space the other side of the path—it seemed a pity to leave it vacant. This done, I awaited Vera's return without misgivings.

She came back only a few minutes before

dinner.

"Will you see the garden before or after dinner?" I inquired anxiously. "Perhaps you're tired?"

But to my relief, for I was eager to show off my gardening, she voted for seeing it at once, and proudly I led the way. We came to the

odd bit first.

"There," I explained, "are a few I had left over, so I thought I'd better use 'em. The main crop"—I rather liked the phrase "main crop"; it sounded intelligent—"the main crop



TRAVELLER of un-military appearance: Hi! Porter! Hi! Stop! Ha-a-alt!

Feverishly I returned to the search. If the onion seed was not planted before nightfall, I should meet Vera a dishonoured man. It came to me suddenly in a flash. It must have been onions, Vera said, not onion seed. Therein lay the solution. I remembered distinctly, on reflection, her saying at breakfast something about Weldon bringing onions for planting, only I was not paying much attention.

There they lay, almost asking to be planted—good brown onions, with crackly skins, not so large as those one sees in shops; but doubtless seed onions, like seed potatoes, are those of

moderate size.

Without delay I set to work, and by luncheon-time the whole of the patch selected by Vera was planted up with onions, and, as I

is in the piece beyond the raspberries, where

you wanted it."
There was a silence. The eager praise I had

expected was slow in coming. Then-

"I've got beetroot seed planted here," said Vera slowly. "And what—what have you planted?" And she stooped and inspected the onions I had so proudly put in not many hours earlier.

"Why. onions, of course," I replied. "What do they look like? At first I thought you said onion seed, and I hunted all over the show for it. Then I remembered you said Weldon had brought onions, and I found 'em at once, and there they are. I thought I'd c'one them rather decently, for me," I added, in an aggrieved tone.

Vera straightened her back and stood up.

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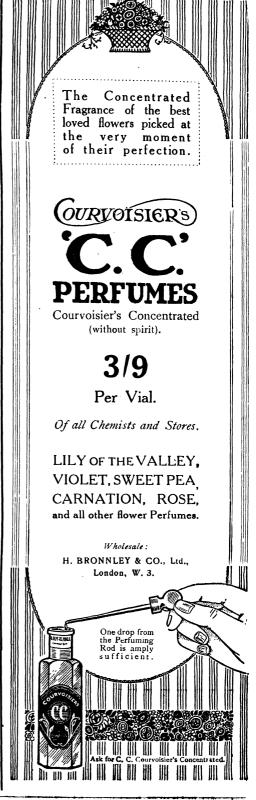
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#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

"Narcissus," she said gently, "every one of them. Drying off for next year, you know. The onion seed, I meant to tell you, is on my writing-table."

That is what I mean when I say some people

are born gardeners, others are not.

I most emphatically am not.



Mrs. Clancy lived in an apartment house just over the rooms of her friend Mrs. Murphy. For a long time these ladies were the best of friends, but at last they quarrelled. One day, as Mrs. Murphy was sitting in the window, Mrs. Clancy called down: "Faith, now, and why don't yez get in out of the windy and let your old cat sit there a while? The naybors

JOHNNY was a typical boy, and full of excuses for any wrongdoing. One day he whistled aloud in school, and his teacher asked how he happened to do it.

Johnny said: "I—I didn't mean to. I had a little air in my mouth, and I wanted to push it out. I didn't know it was going to make a

noise."



On the occasion of the death of the head of a big firm a clerk on its staff was dashing madly down the street, when he was stopped by a friend, who asked: "Why are you in such a tearing hurry?"

"I am going," explained the clerk, "to the funeral of the head of the firm, and there is

nothing he hates like unpunctuality."



HOW INCONSISTENT!

"I SEE it was the French seventy-fives that drove the Germans from their trenches." "There now, and they said that men over forty were not much use to the Army!"

would be after getting a rest from yer homely ould face."

"Well, now, Mrs. Clancy, it was only this morning that I did that same, and the polaceman came along, and when he saw the cat he bowed and smiled, and said: 'Why, Mrs. Clancy, when did yez move downstairs?'"



"Он, if—if—if!" exclaimed the husband angrily. "You remind me of what the fellow who got lost in the woods said to his companion."

"Well, what did he say?" retorted his wife.

"He said: 'Now, if we had some ham, we'd have some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs.'"

"John, John!" whispered an alarmed wife to her sleeping husband. "Wake up, John! There are burglars in the pantry, and they're eating all my cakes."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the

house."



Said the inquiring civilian to a soldier home on leave, after listening to a stirring experience at the Front—

"So that was your baptism of fire?"

The old-timer glanced scornfully upon the questioner.

"No fear!" he said. "It was more like a blooming golden wedding!"



#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

A CAREFUL mother had repeatedly cautioned her six-year-old daughter against handling any object that might contain germs. One day the little girl came in and said-

"Mother, I am never going to play with my puppy any more, because he has germs on

"Oh, no," replied her mother, "there are no

germs on your puppy."
"Vos there are," insisted the child. "I saw one hop."

THE average traveller's difficulty, in comprehending the huge area of the United States, is well illustrated by a story about an Englishman a sixpence. Then he found a shilling. he found a florin.

"By Jove," he said, "I've struck a silver mine!" And, straightening up, he felt something cold slide down his leg. Another shilling lay at his feet. He grasped the truth. There was a hole in his pocket.



LATE one night, on a West Indian estate, an old negro was found in his employer's barnyard.

"Why, Uncle Rastus," said the owner, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.



THE BETTER WAY.

"Why do you shut yer eyes when you're drinking, Bill?"

"Becos I reckon yer lose arf the enjoyment when yer see yer beer disappearing!"

and his valet, who had been journeying due west from Boston for five days. The traveller found his servant gazing thoughtfully out of the window. He said to him-

"William, what are you thinking of?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did 'e, now, sir? After all's said and done, how could he help it?"

A young man was busy cultivating a vegetable garden of his own. He had been digging for about an hour, when his spade turned up a threepenny bit. Ten minutes later he found

"Doctor's orders? Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Rastus; "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

Mr. Spuffinstein and his little son were walking down the main street the other day, when a large side show poster caught the eye of little Ikey.

"Fader," he cried, "give me a penny to go and see the sea-serpent." "Vasteful poy," exclaimed his parent, "vanting to pay a penny to see a sea-serpent! Here's a magnifying glass; go and find a worm.

Facing Third Cover.]

FIE FEBRUARI

# WINDSOR



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VOL.47

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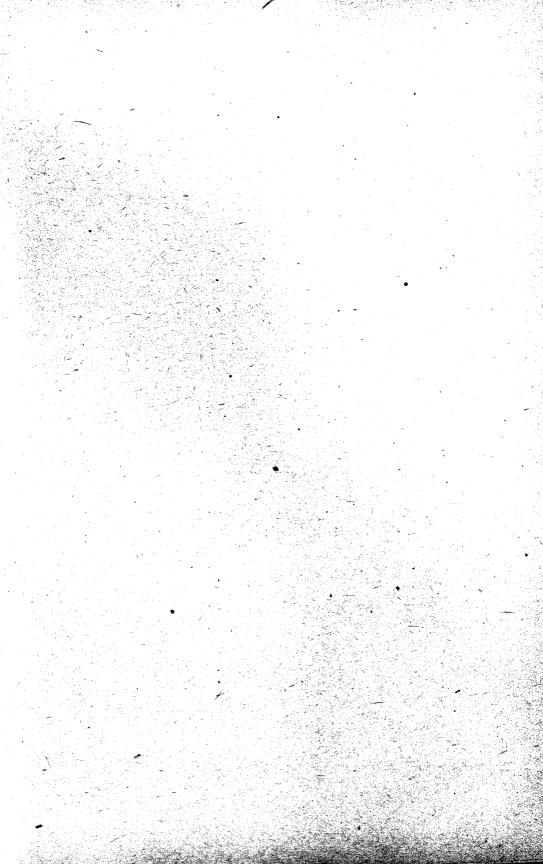
One lady asks: "Does this polisher put the Ronuk on the floor as well as do the polishing, and do you wash it when dirty?" Another writes: "Have you a device for putting the RONUK on with? This seems to me the hardest part of the work, as you have to kneel to rub it in."

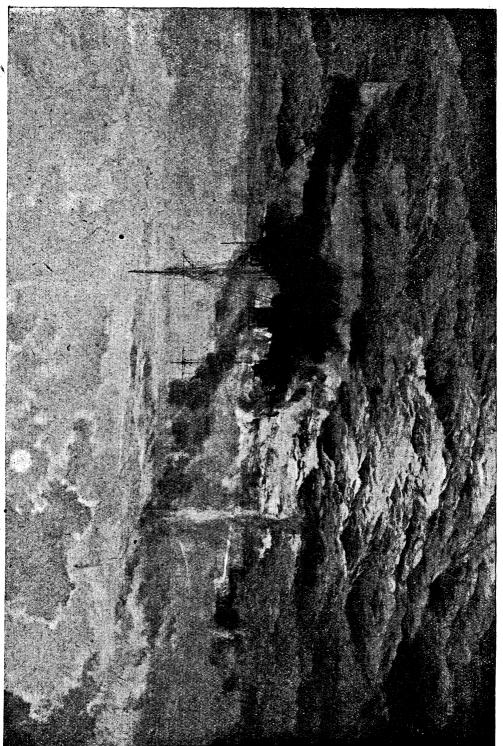
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DESTROYER WORK: A STERN CHASE BY MOONLIGHT.

From a painting by Montague Daisson.



BRITISH OFFICERS ATTACHED TO THE BELGIAN BRIGADE OF COLONEL MOLITOR.

# A RECORD OF VALOUR THE BELGIANS' PART IN THE WAR IN AFRICA

By LÉON VAN DER ESSEN

LTHOUGH on August 7, 1914, the Belgian Government had proposed to proclaim the neutrality of the Conventional Congo Basin, in order to spare the natives the sad spectacle of a war waged between Europeans, the Germans suddenly attacked the Belgian Congo. On August 22 the German armed steamer Hedwige von Wismann bombarded the Belgian port of Lukuga, on Lake Tanganyika.

Belgium immediately took up the challenge, and prepared the defence of the eastern and western frontiers of the colony. In the east the Belgians faced German East Africa on a frontier of nearly 600 miles, running from the northern end of Lake Kivu to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika. In the west the Germans from the Cameroons could attack along the two stretches of territory which, since the Franco-German agreement of 1911, cut the French Congo in an easterly direction, and reached the Belgian frontiers at Bonga, on the Congo River, and at

Mongamba, on the Ubangi River.

The Belgians could, however, rely on a very fine army of native troops. troops were merely a police power in peacetime, for keeping order within the frontier of the colony, but on a war footing they would reach some 23,000 men, and they were, moreover, very well trained. The privates had been through five to seven years' service, and the non-commissioned officers sometimes reached fifteen years' service. Those black non-commissioned officers were sturdy, intelligent fellows, and all through the campaign displayed a sense of duty and a cleverness which were beyond all praise. At the beginning of the campaign, when there was a lack of European officers, it frequently happened that they skilfully led their men against superior German forces and put them This was actually the case with the to rout. native sergeant Otohu, who, on September 2, 1915, holding with only thirty of his men the much-exposed post of Mount Lubafu, found himself attacked by four German columns, composed of 120 natives and

6 Europeans. The Belgian sergeant repulsed the first column, and then turned against the three others, which had succeeded in getting past his positions. The Germans were routed, and fled.

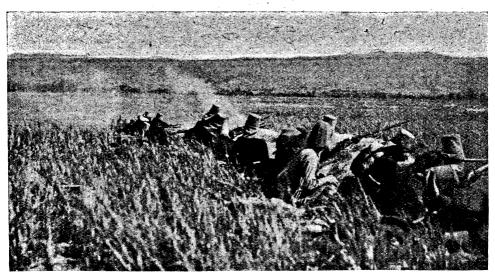
The devotion, courage, and self-control of the native troops have been one of the

marked features of the campaign.

The Belgians took part in the expeditions of the Allies in the German Cameroons, proved themselves a providential help for the Rhodesian police forces, and finally took a brilliant share in the conquest of German East Africa. When the War broke out, they were not sufficiently prepared to meet the large German forces of German East Africa, and from August, 1914, till

launched against the Belgian posts in the Kivu region. They had to be ready to meet the frequent attacks on their small posts between the lakes, and the sudden bombardments by the German armed steamers on the Tanganyika, sometimes covering plans for a raid on the Belgian shore.

On both sides the defences were strong, bristling with skilful devices, blockhouses, trenches, and in many a fight deeds were performed worthy of the Victoria Cross. In the bamboo forests or on the rugged and lava-covered slopes of the mountains in the Kivu region, Europeans and natives fought like tigers, always on the alert against the cunning enemy. On the top of the German blockhouses, in the light breeze of Ruanda,



BELGIAN TROOPS IN ACTION.

April, 1915, were forced to remain on the defensive along their eastern frontier. In the Cameroons a Belgian contingent, assisted by the armed steamer *Luxemburg*, fought during fifteen months (1914–16) through unhealthy marshes and dense forests, and entered Yaunde, the war capital, together with the Franco-British forces, on February 28, 1916. The Belgians likewise played a great part in the defence of Saisi, in N.E. Rhodesia (June-August, 1915).

While they were then gallantly helping their Allies, the Belgians had to strain every nerve to defend their eastern frontier, on a front of nearly 600 miles, against repeated German attacks. They had to repel, from the very outset, an invasion of the fiery and warlike tribe of the Watuzi, whom the Germans

waved side by side the German Imperial flag and the green standard of the Prophet. Although despising the Mahommedans, the Germans had enlisted them under cover of a "holy war."

Meanwhile the Belgians were preparing the invasion of German East Africa, this operation being regarded as the best means of protecting the territory of the Belgian Congo itself. The preparations lasted twenty months. No wonder. The Belgian troops, being only a police force, had to be organised in big tactical units, provided with all the means for waging warfare in foreign territory. An appeal was made in the trenches on the Yser, especially for machine-gunners, as it was clear that the Germans in East Africa were particularly well provided with this

deadly weapon, and would have to be attacked by the same means. European officers had to be recruited among the Belgian Army in Flanders, machine-guns, bombs, mortars, grenades, companies of pioneers, had to be brought over the sea to Africa. Munitions, food, sanitary material, camping outfits, wireless installations, had to be concentrated and provided for, and all this was to be done in the heart of Africa, beyond the limit of the caravan routes, more than 250 miles away from any good means of communication. Nearly 800 miles of telephonic wires had to be put up. The base for the troops concentrated in the Kivu region was

an armed tug, not only kept the mastery of the waters, but frequently bombarded the ports on the Belgian side of the lake. Since July, 1915, they used the light guns of the *Koenigsberg*, destroyed in the Rufiji River, and were manned by part of the crew of this cruiser.

There remained for communication only the few caravan roads and the volcanic region of the Kivu, with its rugged plains of lava, its deep excavations, its bamboo forests. During a journey of forty days, all stores had to be carried on the back by natives, and an idea of the task may be conveyed by the fact that from January,



A BATTERY OF BELGIAN QUICK-FIRERS CROSSING A RIVER.

established at Stanleyville. Therefore the guns, machine-guns, munitions, all the material coming from Europe and arriving at Boma, had to be carried by river, rail, and roads over a distance of 1250 miles, while the British base at Mombasa, where some of the material and the officers arrived, was nearly 875 miles away. This is not all. The difficulties of transport and revictualling were great, for the Germans had gained from the outset the mastery of Lakes Kivu and Tanganyika. On Lake Kivu they had sunk the Belgian steamer Alexander Delcommune, and occupied the Kidjwi Island. On the Tanganyika their armed vessels Kingani, Hedwige von Wismann, Graf von Goetzen, and

1916, till the end of May, not less than 66,000 loads of stores and material were in this way forwarded to the Kivu front.

Finally, in April, 1916, all was ready.

The German forces in East Africa were numerous—they included not less than 5000 German officers and white soldiers, and about 30,000 native troops. Some companies were entirely composed of Europeans, and the forces included also the officers and crew of the *Koenigsberg*, a contingent of the German Continental Army, disembarked at Dar-es-Salaam in July, 1914, on the occasion of the opening of the Tanganyika-bahn, the German traders considered as reservists, the crew of German merchant ships sheltering

in the harbours. These troops were well provided with ammunition, as they could draw on the stores of the *Koenigsberg* and those brought from Germany by two raiders which ran the British blockade. They had some seventy-five guns, including the heavies of the *Koenigsberg*, and about 100 machine-

The main features of the campaign, and the co-operation of the British and Belgians, are known. The plans laid by the Allies provided for the hemming in of the German forces along the Central Railway, running from Dar-es-Salaam to Ujiji, on the Tanganyika. The British, under General Smuts, struck from the north-east and east, the Belgians from the north-west and west, while a British force, under General Northey,

brought in March from Lake Albert Nyanza after enormous transport difficulties had been overcome. The northern brigade was faced by the very strong German position of the Sebea, extending between Lake Kivu and Lake Bugara, and barring the northern entry to the German province of Ruanda. Here the Germans were entrenched along three ridges of an average height of 6500 feet, Mounts Kama, Nyondo, Nungwe, rugged volcanic formations, where all the depths and ravines had been taken advantage of for strengthening the defence.

The plan of campaign was to seize Kigali and Nyanza by a rapid concentric movement, Kigali by the Molitor brigade coming from the north, Nyanza by the Olsen brigade coming from the west. Other forces, under



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR E. CREWE VISITING THE BELGIAN FORCES CONCENTRATED AT KAMWEZI, UGANDA.

came from the south-west, starting between Lakes Tanganyika and Nyasa.

We have now to deal particularly with the part played by the Belgians under the direction of General Tombeur.

The invading forces, some 12,000 men strong, with about 20,000 native carriers, were divided in two columns or brigades, the northern one under Colonel Molitor, the southern under Lieutenant-Colonel Olsen. The offensive began on April 18, and the first phase of the operations terminated by July. Big obstacles rose before the Belgian forces. The southern brigade had to cross the torrential Ruzizi River, connecting Lake Kivu with Lake Tanganyika, while the mastery of the latter was still in German hands. Lake Kivu, however, fell into the power of the Belgians, owing to the presence on the waters of the gunboat Paul Renkin,

Major Rouling, would assail by a frontal attack the positions of the Sebea, while the two brigades Molitor and Olsen would close their forces in the rear of the German defenders. The operations, begun in April, were entirely successful.

Marching in the season of the heavy rains through a very mountainous country, cut by large rivers and rapids swollen by the rain, skirting the Lake Mohasi, a part of the Molitor brigade arrived on May 6 at Kigali, the German Imperial residence of Ruanda, with its white boma, typically German by its distasteful and monotonous symmetry of construction and architecture.

On May 19 the Olsen brigade, on its side, arrived at Nyanza, the native residence, the capital of Musinga, the powerful feudal King of Ruanda, acknowledging German suzerainty. Once the boundary of the



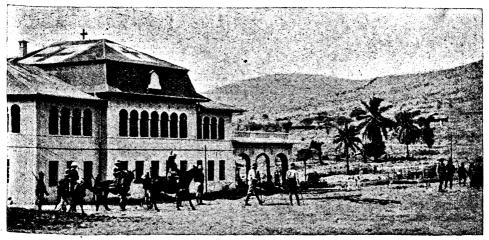
ENTRY OF COLONEL MOLITOR, COMMANDING THE NORTHERN BRIGADE, INTO KIGALI.

Ruzizi River crossed, this column had a very difficult march. They worked their way through a mountainous, forest-clad, and almost unknown region, without roads, winding across numerous fords, climbing steep hills, over slippery and muddy paths, amidst incessant variations of temperature. When they finally entered Nyanza, King Musinga spontaneously offered his submission and that of his Watuzi folk. The fact that no pillage had taken place, that no outrage was committed by the invading army, made the fiery and restless Watuzi abstain from interfering with the Belgian occupation.

The Germans, who, under Commander Wintgens, were defending the Sebea positions in the north, precipitately fell back when they heard of the taking of Nyanza and Kigali, threatening to cut off their retreat. Their scattered remnants succeeded in escaping, at the cost of the sacrifice of stores, material, guns, baggage, dhows (native sailing-

ships), and by forced marches of more than thirteen hours.

The occupation of Ruanda once completed. General Tombeur ordered the Olsen brigade to invade the province of Urundi, to the south of the former territory. A column would march on Gitega (Kitega), the native capital and the residence of the German district commander. Another column would take Usumbura, the principal military post of Urundi, at the northern end of Lake Tanganyika. On June 6 Usumbura was occupied; the fort was found to be evacuated by the forces under Major Von Langen. These forces had joined hands with the remnants of the Ruanda forces under Wintgens. Both forces tried to stem the advance of the other Belgian column on Gitega. It was in vain. On June 17 the Belgians entered Gitega, where, among the archives abandoned by the German Resident, they found a report saying: "It is astounding



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THOMAS REVIEWING HIS TROOPS AT KIGOMA, ON THEIR MARCH TOWARDS TABORA.

how the Belgians have all of a sudden learned the art of war."

Meanwhile, the Molitor brigade, after the capture of Kigali, was sent in a southeasterly direction towards the important River Kagera, dividing the Ruanda from the Bukoba district. In this district, hemmed in between the Kagera River and Lake Victoria, were concentrated an important force of Germans under Hauptmann Godovius. The march from Kigali to the Kagera River was hindered by the most serious obstacles. In summer-time the lakes of this region shrink to a little nucleus of water surrounded by very extensive marshes. The troops had to wade through wide stretches of black mud and slime, among ponds of stagnant water and forests of reed and bamboo, through thorny savannahs and stony valleys; and when they reached the Kagera River. they found themselves before a stream many hundred yards wide, running between two series of ridges forming a real wall of stone for many miles.

All these hindrances were skilfully overcome, and after some stiff fights, on June 24

the Belgians seized Biaramulo, the chief town of the Ussuwi province and a strong military post. Three days later they occupied Nabirembe and Busira-Yombo, two German ports on Lake Victoria.

This powerful stroke threatened to cut off the German forces of Godovius in the northern part of the Bukoba. Therefore the enemy tried to break through southwards to reach either the strong position of Muanza, on the Lake the Victoria, or central base of

Tabora, on the Tanganyika railway. This effort of Godovius led to the sharp combat of Kato, which took place on July 3.

Six hundred natives and forty Europeans, under Godovius, attacked the feeble Belgian forces—some one hundred and fifty men—

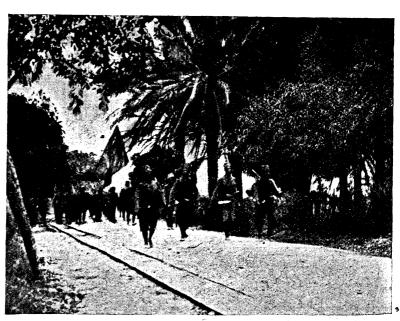
who opposed them. After a fight of seven hours, the German column was scattered, leaving behind fourteen European dead and twenty-one European prisoners, among whom was Godovius. Among the Belgian dead was Lieutenant Charles de Beughem, who had been working his machine-gun quite alone, and resisted to the last, being killed on the spot rather than give way.\*

The first phase of the offensive was now at an end. The Belgians were in possession of the country between the Kagera, Lake Kivu, Lake Tanganyika, and of a stretch of country from the north of Lake Tanganyika

to the south of Lake Victoria.

The second phase of the offensive was a converging march of all the Belgian forces on Tabora, on the Great Central Railway, the bulwark of the German forces in this part of German East Africa.

Going apace with this offensive was the conquest of the mastery of Lakes Victoria and Tanganyika. An English force, under General Sir E. Crewe, occupied Bukoba and Muanza, on Lake Victoria. On Lake Tanganyika, Belgian seaplanes, kindly lent



ENTRY OF THE BELGIAN TROOPS INTO TABORA.

by the British Admiralty, attacked the principal German ports on the lake, bombing Ujiji-Kigoma, the terminus of the Great

<sup>\*</sup> Lieutenant de Beughem was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel de Beughem, Director of Recruiting for the Belgian Army in England.

Central Railway, and from which five important roads radiate in the direction of Usumbura, Bukoba, Muanza, Bismarckburg, and Tabora. Belgian and British motorboats succeeded in sinking successively the Kingani, the Hedwige Von Wismann, the

Amyone, the Heavy von Wismann, the engineers had repaired

'INTERNED EUROPEANS LIBERATED BY THE BELGIANS AT TABORA.

Graf von Goetzen, thus putting an end to the German mastery of the lake.

This allowed the forces of Lieutenant-Colonel Moulaert, who had heretofore been defending the Belgian shore, to cross the lake and to co-operate with the Olsen and Molitor brigades marching on Tabora.

The forces under Colonel Molitor, coming from the Kagera, smashed the German forces who tried to oppose their march southwards, at Diobahika and Mariahilf, and occupied the strong position of St. Michael on August 12, where they established contact with the British forces under Sir E. Crewe, coming from Muanza. The troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Olsen seized Ujiji-Kigoma on July 29. The forces under Lieutenant-Colonel Moulaert disembarked at the Arab port of Karema, and the next day at Utinda. The three columns now converged on Tabora, Molitor from the north, starting from St. Michael; Olsen from the west, starting from Ujiji-Kigoma; Moulaert from the south-west, starting from Utinda. Working their way through in perfect concert, they reached the outer defences of Tabora on the same day, September 7. At this time the troops of General Tombeur had, since they crossed the frontiers of Ruanda, traversed four hundred and forty

miles as the crow flies, through mountains, marshes, deep and torrential rivers, followed by their artillery and stores of all kinds. They had overthrown the enemy in more than ten combats. All the way along the engineers had repaired the means of com-

munication, rebuilt the works which had been destroyed; the telegraphists had established communication between the various columns and with the main telegraphic system of the colony; the pioneers had restored the railway with material brought across Lake Tanganyika, and on August 26 the first Belgian train ran on the Tanganyika-bahn.

In front of Tabora all the German forces of

the centre of the colony, under the Prussian General Wahle, tried to make a last stand. During ten days a series of violent combats were fought, which ended on September 18 by the complete defeat of the Germans. Fifty Europeans and about three hundred black soldiers were left by the enemy on the battlefield, one hundred European officers and non-commissioned officers and numerous native soldiers were taken prisoners. Four guns, including two 4-inch guns of the Koenigsberg, were among the booty.

The next day the victorious Belgian brigades, reduced to some seven thousand men, entered Tabora, hailed as saviours by the one hundred and eighty-nine Europeans who had been interned there and subjected for long months to all kinds of brutalities and humiliating treatment.

Having reached the final goal, the Belgian forces found themselves in occupation of more than one hundred and eighty thousand square kilometres, or more than six times the area of Belgium.

No better comment of the help given by the Belgians could be offered than by quoting the terms of the telegram sent by General Smuts to General Tombeur: "I beg you to accept my most cordial congratulations for the splendid deeds of the troops under your command, whose result has been the fall of Tabora and the liberation of so many of our countrymen prisoners. I highly appreciate the enormous difficulties you had to overcome, and I am sincerely grateful for your hearty co-operation."

Since this article was written the Belgian

colonial army has been called upon to co-operate with the British forces in the final rounding up of the Germans in East Africa. Documents are not yet to hand, as this article goes to press, to describe in detail this new and highly successful campaign.



## BABBIE'S CLOCK.

THE auld K-nockie's tickit throu' a fearfu' heap o' time, Waggin' at the wa' throu' Simmer heat an' Winter rime; For fifty years she's risen tilt an' beddit be't at nine, An' o' its bonny, cheery face she loe's its ilka line.



She striks the busy oors awa', tells quarters o' the mune, An' by her time the neebors keep throu' a' the fairm toon; She's niver wrang a meenit, Simmer time or Winter drear, But if Babbie didna wind her, there wud be an awfu' steer.



The bairns keek at Babbie's, o' their wy up tae the skule, For Dominie keeps Babbie's time—it's aye the scholar's rule; Whiles nikkims try the trick o' settin' Babbie's K-nockie wrang, But syne she his them by the lug an' skelps baith sair an' strang.



They're born be't, n'mairit be't an' bury't tae forbye;
'T'll be an ill day for a' the glen gin Babbie's K-nockie lie;
Bit A'm no feart o' sick stramash the K-nockie's gain strang—
Please God, she'll tick an' strauchlty strik for many a year an' lang.

J. L. DICKIE.

## THE LEGENDEER

## By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.



ONES," said Captain Hamilton, shaking his head, "has a stunt."

Patricia Hamilton, swinging in the hammock which had been hung for her under the deep verandah of the Residency, laughed

and flicked away a large and inquiring

elephant fly with her whisk.

It was an approving laugh, and her dancing eyes traversed the limited range of her vision in search of the object of her brother's doubt.

Lieutenant Tibbetts was not in sight, for this was mail day, and he had a voluminous correspondence. Therefore did he sit in the hot atmosphere of his hut, his solemn orderly squatting at his feet, fulfilling at once the function of waste-paper basket and chief approver.

"Bones has always had a stunt," said the girl lightly. "Stunts are the breath of his nostrils; they are his stimulants and his opiates, his children and his family. What

is the stunt?"

But Hamilton shook his head again.

"Anything wrong with Bones?"

Mr. Commissioner Sanders, a spotless white figure from the mushroomed crown of his solar topee to the tip of his white buckskin shoes, stepped from the cool of the darkened dining-room to the stoep.

"He has a stunt, sir," explained Hamilton.
"Whenever I've been to his hut lately, I have found him writing furiously. As soon as I arrive, he turns his papers over—in a way that I can only describe as infernally uncivil—and blandly ignores any hinted request for information."

"Perhaps he's writing a book," suggested

the girl.

"Of course he's writing a book," said her brother; "but what kind of a book?"

Sanders smiled as he dropped into a deep

cane chair.

"What does it matter?" he asked lazily. "It will certainly share the fate of 'Who's Who on the Coast,' 'Savage Tribes I Have Conquered,' 'Alone in Cannibal Africa,' to name a few of his great works. So far as I can understand, Bones exhausts his subject in ten pages, and then starts on another tack."

"Ask him," suggested the girl, and nodded

toward the barrack square.

Bones was skipping across the clearing, a large portfolio under one arm, a smaller splash of black in the region of his left breast. For Bones was arrayed in snowy duck, and had very carefully placed his fountain pen in the pocket of his uniform in defiance of those printed instructions which accompany even the most well-behaved of stylographs, and which enjoin upon their users that (a) the vulcanite cover must be firmly fixed over the pen; (b) the pen must on no account be carried nib downward.

But his heart was light and his spirit was eager. He was altogether satisfied with himself and the world, but mostly with himself. For had not there arrived by the mail a publisher's letter saying that "We" were very pleased indeed with the two opening chapters of a certain work, and "We" would be equally pleased to publish the said book on terms discoverable in the enclosed rough draft of agreement, the said rough draft being a somewhat incomprehensible document which referred to Bones impressively as "hereinafter-called-The-Author-on-the-one-part"?

It is true there was a fly in the ointment, for the manuscript which Bones had believed to be sufficient to make a large and serious tome contained little more than material

for forty printed pages.

Fortunately, Bones had already started work on a companion volume, and this new matter could be added to the chapters already sent forward. If the unguent held yet another insect, it was that Bones found his subject was running uncommonly thin. He had been compelled, for example, to tell one story twice, and, further, had been reduced to the expedient of quoting extensively from the work, on a similar subject, of a rival author.

But that morning Bones had had an inspiration—a veritable illuminating flash of genius. Therefore was he happy.

After all, the great river was very far from the ken of book reviewers, and the land and

its people were little known.

"You're very pleased with yourself,

Bones?" said Hamilton suspiciously.

"I've a jolly good reason. If I may be allowed to offer a few unworthy remarks to the honourable captain——"

"You've been reading a Japanese book," accused Hamilton, and Bones inclined his

head.

"Always pickin' up facts. I've got a positive passion for them, dear old fellow, whether they're solid, sober, simple, sane—"

"Or stolen," suggested Hamilton, as Bones paused in his alliterative flight.

"Facts have always been a perfect passion with me, dear old skipper," continued Bones, resting in a graceful attitude against the verandah rail. "I remember when I was a boy——"

"If you are going to give us the story of your miserable life," said Hamilton, "I'm going. By the way, Bones, what is the

great work?"

Bones screwed up his mouth and eyes into a simulation of innocence.

"Work, dear old sir?" he asked.

"What are you writing?"
"Aha!" said Bones waggishly."

"Oh, come, don't be mysterious, Bones," pleaded the girl; "we are all dying to know."

Bones shrugged his shoulders and spread

out his large hands.

"Dear old miss," he said graciously, "I can deny you nothing. Tell me to jump in the beastly river, ask me to climb to the topmost branches of you tree, I'd do it like a shot."

"Get on with it," said Hamilton wearily.
"I am writing a book," began Bones,
"about some of the funny things you see

and hear on the river."
"Oh, that!" interrupted the disappointed

Hamilton. "I didn't know it was going to be an autobiography."

Bones bowed to the girl and saluted his

officer.

"Insultin' and ungracious to the last, sir and superior," he said, shaking his head in reproach, "freezin' up the taps and faucets of brotherly love and kindness, chillin' the eager young heart which, in its jolly old confidence, was pourin' forth its secrets, wet-blanketin' the enthusiasm of the young and strugglin' artist—I have no more to say, sir. In due course you shall hear from my publishers."

He saluted again and strode past into the

interior of the bungalow.

For the remainder of the afternoon he refused to be more than icily polite to his senior officer, but toward the evening he unbent, and Hamilton noted with curiosity that Bones set himself to work to draw out the Commissioner.

Now, Sanders was a very difficult man to "draw," for although he had volumes of strange experiences behind him, he never spoke of his accomplishments, and very seldom passed on the wisdom he had garnered his adventurous career. Ordinarily, this reticence of his was respected, but to-night, for some reason or other, Bones plied him with question upon question. Was it true that the natives of the Upper River never ate salt save with the left hand? What was the real story of the N'gombi and the tiger-cat, and why was that animal never hunted or slain? Particularly was he anxious to know something of the legends which had grown up around the superstitious Akasava.

"Now, what the dickens are you trying to get at?" asked Sanders, after an hour's interrogation. "You are not so frightfully keen on this sort of information as a rule,

Bones."

"It's his book," said Hamilton suddenly. "By Jove, Bones, I have found you out!"

Bones blushed, choked a little, and finally, with a giggle of embarrassment, confessed.

"The fact is, dear old Excellency," he said, "although I have a very wide and, I might say, unique knowledge of the jolly customs and habits of the flora and fauna, I recognise, and I don't mind owning," he admitted handsomely, "that there are lots of dinky little stories which I have missed, and which you, sir, Excellency and almost father, have picked up."

"And so you set forth to pump the Commissioner, you low and miserable

subaltern!" said Hamilton sternly.

"I am a historian, dear old peevish one," said Bones, with a lofty wave of his hand. "You are a robber," said Hamilton.

"You are a gentleman," said Bones, with

extravagant politeness.

In truth, Bones had tried to do the right thing. He had even suppressed his great idea in his effort to sustain the character

of historian in its purest aspect.

Two days later, when he departed for the Akasava on a hut-tax collection, he washed his hands of all responsibility for consequences, placing upon the broad shoulders of Hamilton, very unjustly, the full weight and burden of the criminal design which he had made and elaborated. He was absent for three weeks, and returned more cheerful, more elated than ever, and Hamilton reported that he had brought back a portfolio positively swollen with data.

This Sanders remembered to Bones's discredit when, a few weeks later, complaints began trickling down the river to headquarters of certain inequalities of treatment which the tax collector had shown. some villages had, in Bones's absent-minded

way, been altogether overlooked.

It fortunately happened that Sanders was called north to a palaver of a peculiar nature, so the negligence of Lieutenant Tibbetts

could easily be corrected en route.

Yet it was not the knowledge of his omissions nor the memory of Hamilton's sarcasm which so troubled Bones as he stood on the quay and watched the Zaire thrashing against the current to the interior.

The storm which came down from the mountains of the Old King's country was of The brick-red not unusual vehemence. clouds, so low that they seemed to brush the tree-tops, twirled and revolved in a thousand eddies, the lightning flickered and snapped bluely, and the crack and crash of the

thunder were deafening.

Mr. Commissioner Sanders, standing on the forebridge of the Zaire, had watched the storm approaching, and had made his pre-The little ship was made fast parations. bow and stern to the "wooding" beach, and the steel cables which tethered her were, as a precautionary measure, duplicated. awning cloths had been hastily dismantled and stowed, deck chairs had been stacked away in empty cabins, the two Hotchkiss guns had been jacketed in waterproof, and the munition lockers fastened and sheeted.

Presently would come M'shimba-m'shamba.

that mighty devil wind, bringing a deluge of rain that would bear resemblance to nothing so much as a slightly diffused Niagara.

Sanders passed down the companion ladder to the steel deck, and picked his way through a hundred squatting natives to the engine-"room"—an open space protected from the elements by a canvas screen. He looked at the steam-gauge and nodded approvingly.

"O Yoka," he said, speaking in Bomongo, "presently comes my lord M'shimba-m'shamba, and I think he will blow very fiercely. Therefore you shall keep steam so that you may ease the strain upon our

ropes-of-iron.

"Lord," replied, Yoka, with a troubled face, "I have it in my stomach that the storm which comes is the very end of the world."

Sanders favoured the engineer with a speculative stare, for this trembling man was not the Yoka of old. His head was drooped, his shoulders were hunched, and across those broad, muscular shoulders ran little

involuntary shivers.

Now, it is not natural for a native man to show any apprehension at natural phenomena. The story of the explorer who deluded the simple native by utilising an eclipse of the moon to illustrate his own powers is, of course, apocryphal, because hundreds of generations of natives have seen eclipses of the moon, and have their own explanation for these happenings.

As for storms, which are of frequent occurrence in the months of rain, no native is greatly perturbed beyond the fact that they unmistakably demonstrate the existence M'shimba-m'shamba. And Yoka had weathered many such a storm as was now gathering, and had expressed neither concern

nor interest at its approach.

Sanders did not ask any questions, but returned to the upper deck and, after a final look round, retreated to his cabin and pulled the sliding door fast. Through the thick windows he watched the centre of the storm approach. He saw the great trees bend over till they reached cracking-point. the river lashed into white, tumbling, frothy waves, he saw a great bird swept helplessly before the wind, and went back in his mind to find a storm of parallel fury. recall half a dozen. There was the storm of '12, which had capsized the mission steamer, the storm of the year of famine, which had caught the Zaire unprepared, and had snapped her one steel cable as though it had been pack-thread, and he searched

transparent.

around for some cause which would explain the strange terror, not only of Yoka, but—as he had seen out of the corner of his eye—of all his staff. The rain had come with its full fury, lashing madly against the windows of the cabin, striking from every point of the compass so thickly that the world outside was a blur, and the glass ceased to be

The shriek of the wind was fearful and terrifying, the Zaire swayed and rocked, jumped and shivered, the heavens grew dark, and intensified the brilliancy of the lightning. The little ship was fenced by irregular palings of flickering light. saw dimly a great tree that stood on the edge of the water flare bluely and collapse; but he had seen these things before, and was less interested in the storm than the curious effect it had produced on one upon whose steady nerves his life had so often depended. For Yoka was not only engineer, but was a steersman who despised all charts, and had a thousand times piloted the Zaire by sheer instinct through the danger channels of the river.

The lightnings passed, the winds ceased to buffet and thump at the door, and the rains became a steady downpour, falling vertically. Sanders pulled open the door and stepped out. He was attired from neck to heel in a rubber coat, and wore a sou'-wester over his head.

The mooring-rope had stood the strain, and the storm had passed the Zaire without inflicting the slightest damage. The Commissioner looked down river, and had no difficulty in identifying the storm centre, for it had cut a path through the forest some hundred feet in width. Tumbled and uprooted trees marked the wake of M'shimbam'shamba. He stepped down to the lower deck, to find Yoka, a pitiful figure, shaking as though he were in the grip of a fever.

"O Yoka," he said gently, "this storm has passed and the world is. Now, you shall tell me why you spoke like a little old woman, or I shall find for myself a new driver of applied."

driver of engines."

Yoka lifted his face from his hands, rose unsteadily to his feet, and faced his master.

"Lord," he said, and his voice was shaky, "it is said that when M'shimba-m'shamba comes nine days after the full of the moon, that day is the end of the world."

"Who said this thing?" asked Sanders curiously, for no man had a more extensive knowledge of native legendry than he, and this theory was new to him.

The man hesitated.

"Lord," he said, "this is a great saying that all men know, even Tibbetti, who is very wise in the ways of the river people."

Sanders was puzzled and a little piqued. The native folks, their lore, their fables, and their mythologies, had been almost a lifestudy of his. He thought he knew M'shimbam'shamba and most of the legends that were attached to that awful god. He knew, for example, that M'shimba-m'shamba never killed a black goat, and that he had a strange respect for bats; he also knew that the god was left-handed, and in consequence always moved from right to left, and that he spared villages that had no dwelling-hut nearer than fifty paces from the river's edge. knew, too, that M'shimba-m'shamba invariably spared those who kept their hands under their arm-pits, but any legend which associated the dissolution of the world with the juxtaposition of a new moon and the passing of the wind god was in the nature of information.

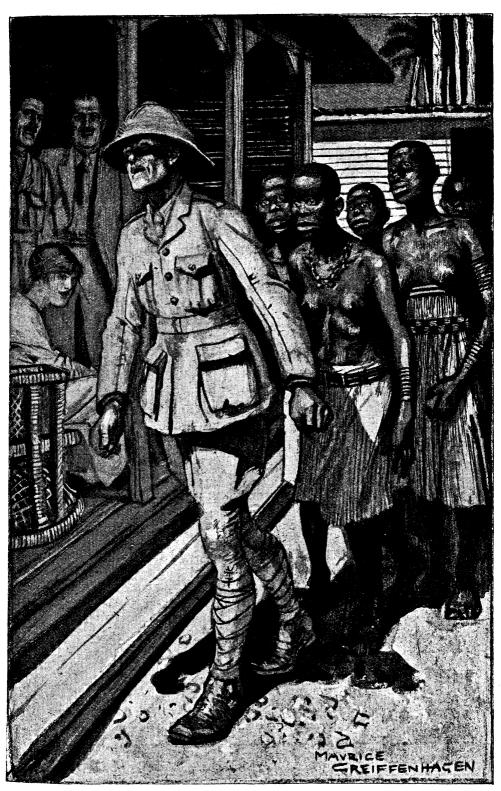
He dismissed the curious incident from his thoughts, and gave his undivided attention to the continuance of the journey. He was due that night at Busulu, and since Busulu was twenty miles up river, and he had only four hours of daylight to negotiate that distance—the river by this time was running seven knots—Sanders could not afford to wait for the rain to stop.

He took his stand by Yoka's assistant at the wheel, a dozen men tumbled ashore, loosened the mooring-ropes, and splashed back to the deck of the steamer as Sanders rang the engines "Ahead." Later came Yoka to relieve his assistant, a calmer and much ashamed man, whose very silence was proof of his contrition.

At a place where three islands divide the channel of the river, and at the furthermost end of a little gulf which, for some unaccountable reason—due probably to the action of the currents—ran inland for a quarter of a mile, was the village of Busulu, which was unlike most villages in that it stood on one of the slopes of one of those infrequent hills which are met in the river country.

Busulu was a model community of the Akasava. It was also a rich community, for somewhere in the hill was a rich but small deposit of iron, and the Akasava shared with the N'gombi the distinction of being great workers in that metal.

The Zaire swung in to the little beach, and Sanders landed immediately, for, had he



"He strode off to his hut, followed by five interested ladies of the Akasava."

)

not known that the palaver was an urgent one, the presence of the village chief and the headmen of the neighbouring villages, no less than the silent crowd that were gathered behind the elders, would have marked the

importance of the occasion.

He took grain and salt from the outstretched hands of Katu, the chief, and walked straight to the palaver seat beneath the wide-spreading branches of an ancient tree. The crowd followed slowly, and slipped without fuss or confusion into their places according to their ranks, and before the chief had begun his inevitable speech the whole village was squatting in a semicircle about the seat of justice.

"Lord," said Katu, "we are simple men, and, because this thing is too great for us, we have sent for you, knowing of your wisdom. For you make paths in the jungle of foolish minds, and burn up the huts which hide mysteries. Now, it is known all up and down this river that a man with five daughters and no sons between them is a And when he puts his eye great witch. upon his neighbour's crops, those crops wither, and when he looks at chickens, they lay no eggs, and pigs get the siskness; and thus he remains a witch and a spreader of evil until he dies, or until his five daughters by the same mother become the slaves of one man, from the moon's coming to the moon's going, and him they must serve, cooking his dinner and weeding his garden for all this time, and if the man does not look on them with eyes of love for that space, nor does not take them or any of them as his wife, then the spell is removed."

Sanders listened, all his faculties tense and receptive. For the second time that day he had heard of a native custom of which he was ignorant. It could hardly be a

coincidence, and yet----

"This is strange news to me, Katu," he said quietly, "for, though I have been many years living amongst you, I have never heard of such a bewitchment. Now you shall tell

me the rest of this story."

"Lord," said Katu, after a pause, "we have found amongst our people one who is a fisherman and lives by the pool of White Ghost. This man has five daughters by one wife, and no sons between them. Now, this is very strange, and its like I have never heard before, not from one end of the river to the other, and I am an old man. And my people have taken this Fubeli, and my young men would put him to death, and I have no authority over them, for I am a

little chief, but, because I sent for you, they have held their hands."

"I will see this Fubeli," said Sanders. And they brought before him a man whose wrists were tied together with papyrus—a dejected, bewildered man, who rolled his head helplessly and was obviously something of a fool, a condition into which solitary fishermen sometimes sink.

"Take off his bonds," said Sanders sharply, and with some reluctance the man's custodians

obeyed.

"Fubeli," said Sanders, "you have heard

of these strange tales of witchcraft."

"Lord," said the man dully, "I am no witch, but a fisherman."

A shrill old woman rose from the edge of the crowd and pointed an accusing finger.

"Sandi," she cried, "I have a field of maize, and this man looked upon it and it died."

Another accuser, stout and voluble, sprang

up from the circle.

"This man bewitched my pig, Sandi, and also my goat has a cough because he looked at it."

"Silence!" said Sanders. "Let this man speak. Have you five daughters, Fubeli?"

"Lord, I have five," replied the man.

He looked round and called sharply. Standing a little apart was a group of girls, the eldest eighteen, the youngest twelve, as far as Sanders could judge. A woebegone group, very frightened, they came forward shyly and nervously.

"Now, it seems to me," said Sanders, "that for this palaver there is no need to call me from my fine house, for if they serve some man for the space of a moon, tilling his field and cooking his fish, the spell is

nast.

"Lord," said Katu proudly, "that also I thought, and I called a palaver of all the young men; but not one of these would take these girls, because they fear their wicked eyes, and, since none would take them, my young men would make an end of Fubeli.

Sanders sat, his chin on the palm of his hand, thinking rapidly. The man, of course, was safe, and, if necessary, these superstitious villagers could be cowed, but that was not

Sanders's way.

"Let all men hear this," he said suddenly. "All this talk of witchcraft is madness, and this man shall not die, because I am The Law, and, if men do evil, I judge them. And if they do great wickedness, then they die at my hand; but because you are my people, and have foolish ways of your own,

I must be foolish with you, and make a palaver with my spirit. To-morrow morning you shall come to me, and I will give judgment."

He sent the accused man and his daughters aboard the Zaire, and that night he called a little palayer of the chiefs and headmen.

"I have been many years on this river," said Sanders, "and I am very wise in the ways of my people, and I have heard many tales such as young men and old women tell between the cooking-pot and the bed, yet I have never heard the tale of the Father of Five Daughters."

Katu shifted uneasily on his stool.

"I tell you this, Sandi," he said frankly, "and I speak truth—that neither had I heard till Tibbetti told me at a dance palaver, when he came to catch rubber and fish for the Government; but because I am a vain old man, and would not say before my people that I was ignorant, I told Tibbetti that I knew this tale."

A great light dawned on Sanders.

"Tibbetti!" he said softly. "So Tibbetti

told you?"

"Lord, he told us many strange things," said a headman, "for Tibbetti is a great story-teller." Sanders smiled behind his "He told us that when three crocodiles come head to head in the stream, putting their noses together, good luck will come to any man who sees this. Also if one watches the sun rise through his open fingers, he will be happy all the day, and there will be no sorrow on his stomach. This I had never known."

"Also, lord," said a third member of the conference, "if a man is followed by an enemy who is a woman, he will dip his head in the waters of the river, and she

will run away."

"I see," said Sanders.

He went slowly back to the ship and

roused Yoka from his sleep.

"Speak truly to me, Yoka," he said. "What man told you that if M'shimbam'shamba comes on the ninth day of the new moon, the end of the world is here?"

"Lord," said Yoka, "Tibbetti, the wise

one, told me this."

"I thought so," said Sanders in English. The palaver he held the next morning. was very satisfactory to all concerned, for he gave a definite promise, and, as the saying goes, "Sandi's word has one face."

He reached headquarters in time to join a little party that sat at tea on the shadiest

side of the Residency.

"Yes, I had a good trip," he said to the girl, as she handed him his cup.

"Was, it really a serious palaver?" asked

Hamilton.

"Oh, no," said Sanders airily.
"Good!" said Hamilton. "I was afraid they would kill the man before you got there. What was it all about?"

"I'll tell you later," said Sanders.

Bones was silent and watchful.

"How goes the book, Bones?" asked the Commissioner.

"Fine, sir," said Bones, with spurious heartiness.

"By the way, what are you calling this book of yours?"

Bones hesitated, then—

" 'Folklore of the Great River,' sir."

"How extremely interesting!" said Sanders, and sipped thoughtfully at his tea. "I suppose the stories you tell are quite authentic?"

Bones coughed.

"Oh, quite, sir," he said.

"You haven't invented a few, by any

chance?" asked Sanders [carelessly.

Bones went very red, and the girl, whose laughing eyes had never left his face, almost choked in her joy, for Bones had made the great confession.

"Of course, if you invent them, you should invent things which are not likely to be seen, as, for example, three crocodiles rubbing their noses together in the middle of the river," said Sanders, not a muscle of his face moving.

Bones twisted uneasily in his chair. "Of course, sir," he said faintly.

"Sometimes an inventor has bad luck," continued Sanders, reaching for the cucumber sandwiches. "For example, it was any odds against a bad storm coming up on the ninth day of the moon, Bones."

"You don't mean to say it happened,

sir?" asked Bones hollowly.

Sanders nodded.

"Oh, yes, it happened, and you would not imagine that the long arm of coincidence would produce the unusual phenomena of five daughters to one unfortunate man, thereby jeopardising his comfort, his peace of mind, not to say his life."

Bones turned pale.

"Do you mean to tell me, dear old Excellency," he quavered . . . "a jolly old invention . . . dear sir . . . no harm intended . . . just a little bit of poetical licence."

Sanders whistled softly, and Abiboo, his

orderly, who had been squatting in the

shade of the verandah, rose.

"You shall go to my ship, Abiboo," said Sanders, "and bring me the five women. I am sorry you are going to be inconvenienced." Sanders turned to the uncomfortable young man.

Bones had nothing to say; he could only shake his head and indulge in sporadic salutes

"The fact is," explained Sanders to Hamilton and the girl, "Bones, finding his supply of legends and folklore was running short, went up the river and invented a few, imposing them upon the simple native in such a manner as to convince them, as he almost convinced me, that they were ancient legends which had been overlooked in the hustle and bustle of life. One of these was that the father of five daughters possessed the evil eye, which could only be removed either by his death or by the five daughters serving some man as hewers of wood and drawers of water for the space of one lunar month. Correct me if I am wrong, Bones."

Bones shook his head.

"Quite right, dear old Excellency," he said dismally. "You might have invented

the jolly old yarn yourself."

"Obviously it was impossible," said the suave Sanders, "for the man to die in order that Bones should swell his publisher's cheque, so the other alternative has proved remarkably useful."

He looked round.

Abiboo was leading across the square a string of five nervous girls, clad in the

simple fashion of the Upper River, and Sanders did not speak till they were marshalled in an apprehensive row parallel with the verandah.

"O women," said Sanders, in the sonorous Bomongo tongue, "this is my lord Tibbetti, and for the space of a month you shall follow him wherever he goes, and shall sit with him when he eats, and shall bring him water that he may wash himself, and if he does not love you by the end of the moon, your father shall be free from the spell which is on him."

"Good Heavens!" gasped Bones. "Do you mean to tell me that every morning I have got to see these terrible persons?

Why, it will drive me mad, sir!"

"I think not," said Sanders. "All you have to do is to look at the rising sun through your fingers, and you will feel perfectly happy."

"But, bless my life and heart, sir, they can't follow me about!" protested Bones, his

voice rising to an agitated squeak.

"If you don't like them following you about," said Sanders, "you must dip your head in the river water every morning, and

they will disappear."

Bones looked from one to the other, and found no help and no encouragement. He rose, pushing over his chair in his agitation, and walked along the verandah, down the steps, and, without looking to left or right, strode off to his hut, followed by five interested ladies of the Akasava, who, finding they could not keep up with his long legs, broke into a jog-trot.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.

## FEBRUARY DAWN.

THE beds and the cold paths harden,
The winter is king of the dawn;
But a blackbird's song in the garden
Rings out from the tree by the lawn.

The first shiver of light is questing
In the eastern clouds for the earth,
For the bulbs in the dark soil nesting,
To wake them to flame and mirth.

And now a red-hot arrow

From under the last star shoots;

And chatters the cheeky sparrow,

While the solemn blackbird flutes.

WALLACE BERTRAM NICHOLS.

## THE LOST SHEEP

## By HAROLD BINDLOSS

## Illustrated by Wal Paget



was getting dark when Grey and his young wife sat by a casement window at Hallows, in the North They called Hallows home, although it was long since they had been there, and they lived at

they lived at Newcastle, where they must return in a few days, when the new shooting tenant took possession. As Grey looked up the rugged dale, all he saw was his, but his inheritance had brought him care since his uncle's death. The duties he had paid were heavy, and his rents were low; but he loved Hallows, and it was there he had met his wife, whom he had not married long.

"What are you thinking about, Ninian?"

she asked presently.

Grey laughed as he indicated the rocky hills, outlined in delicate shades of blue against a saffron sky. "My thoughts are up there among the fells with the Herdwick sheep, and I suspect the walk we took this afternoon let loose my imagination. After all, I'm Grey of Hallows, though for a long time I did not think the estate would be mine; and now it will cost me something to go back to town and sell pig iron."

"It will cost me something, too," said Mrs. Grey, with a sympathetic smile. "But you imagined, if things went well for a few years, we might live at Hallows altogether."

"That's my main object. I've run some business risks to carry it out, but in the meantime it's a vague, romantic dream. I see myself going about the dale like a modern Caliph Haroun al-Raschid, finding out how my people live, and putting wrongs to right, and you my Lady Bountiful, charming away the troubles I can't touch."

"I don't like your Grand Vizier," said

Mrs. Grey thoughtfully.

"Craig's a hard man, but he served my

uncle well, and manages the estate with stern economy. When we talked over matters yesterday, he gave me something to think about. Lang of Blackdyke's lease falls in next week, but the old man has a traditional right to a renewal—his father and grandfather had Blackdykes."

"You must let him stop."

"Craig thinks not. Lang is nearly crippled by rheumatism, and has let his sheep run down, while Craig has another tenant ready. Rather an example of nepotism, because the fellow's his nephew; but he has capital enough to improve the flocks, and Lang has not. The trouble is, I can't allow myself to be ruled by sentiment."

"Sentiment is a better guide than greed." Grey mused, looking up the dale, though the crags were getting black and indistinct. He loved the hills, and hoped some day to live at Hallows, and care for his estate, but this meant hard work and stern economy. He had got the land, but money was short.

"After all, the Grand Vizier is not supreme," Mrs. Grey resumed. "Your tenants have the right of appeal to Cæsar."

"Your metaphor's mixed," Grey rejoined, with a laugh. "Unfortunately, Cæsar needs

his tribute."

"I don't mind if it is mixed. Hallows makes me romantic. I'd like to be Lady Bountiful, and to see my husband copy the good caliph. Well, I suppose, if you want to put things right when you haven't much money, you run some risk; but you know the motto of our county town: 'Be just and fear not.'"

Grey pulled the blinds across the casement and poked the fire. "Let's talk about something else. When we were on the fells to-day, I remembered the summer night, ten years since, when I walked twenty miles from Swindale to see you for five minutes at the station."

Mrs. Grey blushed. "You were wet and muddy—you fell into a peat-hole on

Roughten Moor—but you thought it worth

while then."

"I'd think it better worth while now. fact, as I must go to Swindale on Wednesday, I thought of walking back, to see if I could recapture something of my old sensations. In those days I was a raw sentimentalist, but perhaps I was a better man than I have been since."

"Ah," said Mrs. Grey, "when you're

sentimental I like you best!"

While Grey sat by his fireside, his tenant Lang held a family council in the big slateflagged kitchen at Blackdykes. The flockmaster was gaunt and bent, and his face was worn, because he was slowly recovering from rheumatic fever, and luck had gone against him for the last three years. His wife and daughter sat opposite, and Mrs. Lang looked about the room with wistful eyes. The old china in the rack had been her mother's, and she had brought the bright copper kettles and oak meal-chest to Blackdykes thirty Tom, her son, who died in vears ago. Australia, had sent her the money to buy All she saw stirred the sewing-machine. some poignant memory, and now it looked as if her treasures must be sold. To leave Blackdykes would mean a tearing up of roots that had struck deep, but she knew her husband would feel it worse.

Young Forsyth, Lucy's unacknowledged lover, leaned against the table, and Jim, the shepherd, occupied the middle of the He and Forsyth had been on the hills the last two days, counting the Herd-

wick sheep.

"Stock's terrible poor and low," said Jim. "Matter o' four hundred pound to mak' up, I reckon, but I'm none counting the two

score that's wandert."

Lang accepted his opinion, for Jim was an expert, but the blow was heavier than he The recent summers had been thought. wet and bleak, and he had sold more sheep than was prudent, to pay his debts. In the fell country it is usual for a tenant to take the flocks with the land, and leave them equal in number and condition when his lease runs out. If not, he must pay the difference in value, and Lang could not

"I'll stand for sixty pounds," said Forsyth

awkwardly.

"It's mair than I thowt, but it willunt gan far," Lang replied, and added, while Lucy coloured: "You're a canny lad, but scientific farming runs away wi' money, and has browt thee nothing back."

Forsyth was silent, although the loan of sixty pounds would strain his finances. He had been to an agricultural college, and, starting with some capital, had boldly tried modern methods on his stock and land. The weather had been against him, and now his money was nearly gone. All the same, he knew the modern ways were best, and meant to hold on while he could.

"The wandert sheep will be at Swindale," Mrs. Lang remarked. "We must get them

back and count them in."

"It might tak' a week, and Craig willunt give us time. There's snow on the tops noo, an' mair coming. Swindale sheep's thief sheep, not to hoad or bind, an' the moors yonner are aw unfenced."

"George will try," said Lucy, with a

sparkle in her eyes.

"It willunt matter," Lang said gloomily. "Craig's for brekkin' lease, an' I'll have to gan. Wants Blackdykes for his nephew, who's as cunning as him." He paused, and asked with grim suspicion: "What browt stanes doon where the sheep got oot?"

Jim looked at Forsyth, whose face was rather stern. "Mayhappen the last storm, but I wouldn't say. Dyke's new and good."
"Mr. Grey's at Hallows. Suppose you

had a word with him," Lucy suggested.

Lang shook his head. "I canna beg. Besides, he's unner his agent's thoom."

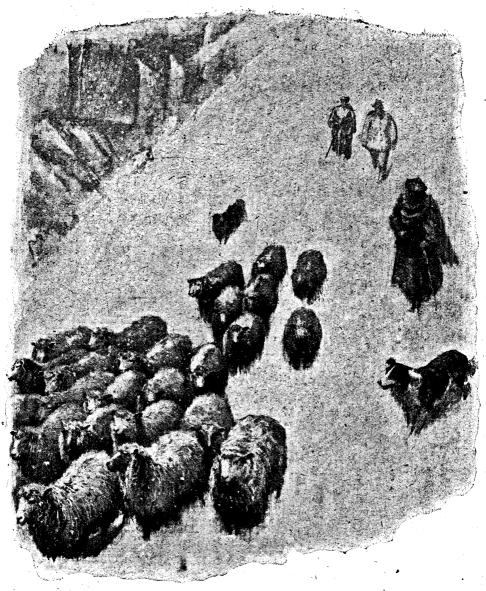
Lucy resolved to see Mrs. Grey, but she say so, and began to put  $\mathbf{not}$ supper on the table. It was not a cheerful meal, and when it was over she went to the porch with Forsyth.

"George," she said, "I know how hard a job it is, but you and Jim must bring the strayed sheep here for the count on Thursday morning. If there was no other reason, you must show father what you can do."

"I'll do my best," said Forsyth quietly,

and, after kissing her, went off.

On Wednesday afternoon Grev left Swindale, where he had been kept longer than he expected. It was twenty miles to Hallows, and the last half of the way was rough; but there would be a moon, and he belonged to the Alpine Club. For a mile or two he followed the road, and then struck off across the moors, that rolled back to the The sun rocky heights in the distance. shone, but a bitter wind whipped his face, and leaden clouds rolled up behind the hills. Snow was coming, but he ought to get over Roughten-hause before the storm began, and after that the path was smooth and plain.



"They went down into a fog of tossing flakes."

The snow on the heath got deeper as he went up, and he lost time pushing through the drifts. He thought of turning back, but it was a long journey round the hills by road, and he doubted if he could get a car, and, although he was hot and rather breathless, he went on. One got soft after sitting in an office, but for this a scramble across the fells against the stinging wind was the best cure.

By and by the sky got overcast, and he noted that the sheep were coming down to the low country. For the most part, they were Herdwicks, small, hardy animals, whose

ancestors the Vikings had brought across; but they obviously knew what was coming. Grey tried to force the pace, but was not much comforted when he glanced at his watch. He had been slower than he calculated, and it was nearly dark. The moon was covered, and, although he had reached the summit of the moor, he must find his way across the rugged fells that rose, black and forbidding, against the deepening gloom.

Two hours later, as he stumbled among large, sharp stones in a gap between the hills, snow began to fall. This was

awkward, because there was no path, and not far ahead two valleys branched off. It would be hard to distinguish between them in thick snow. He wore heavy boots and leggings, and now put on a leather jacket he had carried in a strap. Although he was breathing hard, he no longer felt hot, and when he left the defile, the bitter wind pierced him like a knife.

For all that, he stopped and tried to look From the dip of the ground it was obvious that he was on the edge of a large hollow; but he had come down the slope, so to speak, blind, and did not know where he would find shelter if he took the wrong turn. The flakes drove past in slanting lines, and he could not see six yards in front. He went straight down at a venture, plunging through deep drifts and tripping among stones, and knew he was at the bottom when he fell into a beck. This, however, was not much guide, because every hollow has its stream.

Still, he was in a valley, and could not leave it without knowing that he did so. He must follow the beck, and then, if he found he was on the right track, turn off up the sharp rise to Roughten-hause, three or four miles further on. It was impossible to stop for a rest, because no clothes will keep one warm when a north-easter hurls the snow across the high fells, and Grey got anxious as he followed the beck. down Roughten-hause would be an awkward job, and, if he had gone the wrong way, he might freeze before he could reach a house. The snow beat upon his smarting face and clogged his eyelashes; the wind made breathing difficult.

After a time he started, for a new note pierced the roar the gale made among the rocks. He thought it was a whistle, and next moment heard a dog bark. Running forward, he found a man calling to an invisible dog.

"Is the hause in front?" Grey asked.

"Mayhappen about a mile," said the other.

"Are you going across?"

"Weel," said the man cautiously, "we're

gan t' try."

Then another man came out of the driving snow, and stated that they were taking some Herdwicks to Blackdykes-that was, he added, if they could find the hause. went on with them, and, although he could not see the sheep, now and then heard a dog He thought there were two dogs, one guarding each hillside, while the Herdwicks went slowly down the valley.

"It boddered us to get ewes off Swindale moors," the shepherd said. "Lang bought them there, and they wandert back. Noo they're not travelling varra weel. lambs is leading them; they're hungry for Blackdykes heaf."

Grey understood. The "heaf" is the hillside where a lamb is born, and the Herdwick's homing instinct is as strong as the carrier pigeon's. For all that, much would depend on the dogs when they came to the crags about Roughten-hause. There was a sheepfold at the bottom of the rise, with a ruined mine-building close by; and when the men stopped and shouted, dogs barked on the hill, and Grey heard the patter of little feet in the snow. The Herdwicks came down in a white mass, and when they were folded, the men sought the shelter of the old shaft-Some bracken was stacked in a corner, rotten beams lay about, and when the shepherd lighted a fire, his companion brought out some bread and meat.

"Help yourself, if you've a mind," he said to Grey. "We got dinner early, and need a snack and rest before we climb the hause."

"The drifts will be deep," said Grey. "At a pinch, we could stop the night."

The other shook his head. "The sheep must be at Blackdykes by daybreak to make up Lang's lease tally."

"Ah!" said Grey, who saw they did not know him. "But if they're Blackdykes sheep, how did they get to Swindale?"

"It's not very plain. The ewes came from Swindale, and there was a gap in the fell wall."

"You mean the wall fell down?"

"No," broke in the shepherd, "stanes

didn't fall."

Grey pondered, because he thought the other gave the shepherd a warning glance, and he remembered his wife's remark about Haroun al-Raschid. It looked as if he had an opportunity of playing the good caliph's

"Lang's a tenant of Hallows, I think," he

"So am I," said the younger man. Lang's neighbour."

Grey knew him now, and had heard that Forsyth would like to be Lang's son-in-law.

"Try my sandwiches," he said, taking out a packet and a pocket-flask. "Lang's rather in low water, isn't he?"

"The last wet years Forsyth nodded. have hit us all. A dry lambing season and fine summer would put us on our feet. do you know Lang?"

"I've seen him—I used to visit Hallows when I was young. That was in Heron Grev's time. I remember he liked to be thought a good landlord."

"We're under his nephew now. said to mean well, but his agent is hard."

"Landlords as live somewheres else want nothing but their rent," the shepherd remarked, after draining the flask. "They willunt be boddered. If the farmer gets behind, oot he gans."

"I expect they have their troubles now and then," said Grey. "But if Lang knew the sheep were at Swindale, the agent would

surely let him count them in?"

"You'll not ken owd Craig," the shepherd rejoined, and threw out dark hints about the

broken wall.

Grey lighted his pipe and pondered while he smoked. He imagined he saw how things had gone, and the answers to his tactful questions gave him food for thought. Forsyth used some reserve, and the shepherd's remarks were not very plain, but one could see where their suspicions led. a time Forsyth got up and looked out.

"You can't see a yard, and there's nothing to stop us going over the Force-crag if we miss the track," he said. "Though the drifts are getting deeper, we'll have to wait."

Grey pulled some bracken over him and, leaning back against the wall, shut his eyes. He was too cold to sleep, and listened dully to his companions' broken talk, from which he gathered something about Lang's troubles and Craig's intrigues. At length they were silent, and for some hours he shivered in the bitter draughts, while the storm raged about the ruined walls. Then the shepherd got on his feet and looked out.

"Sky's brekkin' a bit," he said. "We

mun gan on noo."

They had trouble to get the sheep to leave the fold, and Grey's teeth chattered as he When the flock straggled out and, herded by the dogs, began the steep ascent, he felt too numbed to follow, but by degrees a little warmth came back as he struggled up through the drifts. The snow had got thinner, and, although he could hardly see where he went, the barking dogs and a blurred row of sheep moved on in front.

When they reached the hause, an elusive glimmer of moonlight touched the vague, dark rocks and the edge of a great black gulf. The wind, eddying among the crags, buffeted them savagely, but its scream was broken by the roar of the force, and Grey knew where he was when the dim light suddenly faded. One must keep to the lefthand, and avoid the spot where the noisy beck plunged over the Force-crag. hoped the dogs and the Herdwicks knew the way, for the snow was getting thick

again.

They went down into a fog of tossing flakes, dropping from stone to stone, and sliding down steep white slopes. Sometimes Grey's companions shouted and the dogs barked, but, for the most part, he could not see the men or sheep. By and by he felt lost for a minute or two, and then a dim white figure came up and pulled him back. Grey did not know who it was, but, looking down, saw the slope he had followed break off. He knew he had unconsciously ventured upon a cornice overhanging the gulf.

After this he tried to be cautious, but presently lost his foothold and rolled down an awkward pitch. He stopped with a jolt that shook him, but saw that he was getting down among the rocks, and felt the wind He got his breath easier, and less violent. could see a few yards, but it was a keen relief when he found level ground under his Somehow they had come down the hause, and now a safe but narrow path ran along the hillside. For all that, dawn had broken some time before they came down the ghyll by Blackdykes Farm, and Grey was not surprised to note a row of empty traps standing outside a barn. The dalesfolk get up early, and there was, no doubt, much to be done at Blackdykes that morning.

Men and dogs were busy among a mass of bleating sheep, and one shouted to Forsyth as the Herdwicks crossed the swollen beck with a confused splashing and a click of little, feet on stone. A man drove the sheep into a snowy field, and Grey and Forsyth went on to the house and entered the kitchen.

A peat fire burned in the hollow hearth; the table was covered with cups and dirty Mrs. Lang and Lucy bustled about, but Lang sat in a big chair, with a stick near his hand. He started as the men came in, and a lady sitting at the far end of the table got up with a cry.

"Ninian! I thought you were lost, and drove over to get help. But Mr. Lang declared you would turn back before the snow came. He said nobody but a shepherd

could cross the fells last night."

Grey laughed. "It was an awkward job, but I belong to the Alpine Club. For all that, I don't know I'd have got across but for the Herdwicks."

Forsyth gave him a puzzled glance, while the shepherd, who had followed them, grinned. But Lucy asked: "Have you got the sheep, George?"

"Aw t' lot's in beck field," said shepherd

Jim.

Lucy lifted her head proudly and her eyes sparkled. "I told father you would bring them, though there's none but you in all the dale could have found them on the snowy moors and driven them across the hause." Then she turned to Lang. "You'll not talk lightly of my lad and his new ways again."

Lang smiled, and, beckening Forsyth, gave him his gnarled hand. "It seems I'll none have cause. The old ways for the old men, but mayhappen the young and new are

better."

"I had help," said Forsyth, looking at Grey with some embarrassment, and Mrs. Grey interposed—

"But what have you been doing,

Ninian?"

"I was driving my tenant's sheep," Grey answered, with a smile. "Anyhow, they were in front, and I was remarkably glad to be behind. When you're dealing with Herdwicks, there's some truth in the nursery rhyme: 'Leave them alone, and they'll come home.'"

"Ours weren't left alone," Lucy objected;

"George went to find them."

Then the shepherd turned to Grey and chuckled. "I've seen landlords riding in motor-cars, and sometimes drinking whisky behind t' grouse-butts when they had a pony to tak' them up, but niver before did I see yan follying sheep doon Roughten-hause. Weel, ye ken mair aboot Herdwicks noo than ye did."

In the meantime Mrs. Lang had brought out fresh dishes, and in a few minutes Grey and his companions sat down to an abundant meal. When it was over, Mrs. Grey asked softly: "What are you going to do about the lease, Ninian?"

"I'll try to be just," Grey answered, with

a meaning smile.

"Ah," said Mrs. Grey, "I knew you would not be afraid."

Grey gave the others his tobacco-pouch, and they began to smoke, for there was time to be occupied. Lang had exercised his traditional right to have his flocks judged by a jury of his peers, and it was an hour later when the men outside returned. Craig, the agent, hid a frown when he saw his employer.

"We have counted and valued the stock," he said; and when he read some figures from his pocket-book, the farmers who had

followed him in agreed.

"That's counting the two score fra

Swindale?" Lang asked.

"They are counted," the agent replied, and turned to Grey. "You have heard the shortage. Perhaps we had now better talk over the matter privately with Mr. Lang."

"You needn't," said the flockmaster. "

canna pay."

For a moment all were silent, but Mrs. Grey watched her husband with a satisfied smile when he got up.

"The matter's simple, and there's not much to be said. Mr. Lang will pay when

he's able. The lease stands.

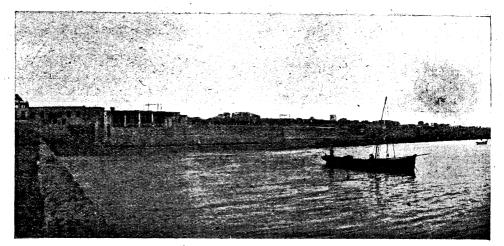
Craig coloured with angry disappointment. "Aren't you rash, Mr. Grey? The estate will suffer, and you're, so to speak, forming an awkward precedent."

"That's my affair," Grey said dryly. "There's more about this business than is obvious on the surface, and I may make some inquiries. In the meantime give me the documents you brought and your fountain pen."

He wrote across the deed of lease, and then, getting up, smiled as he gave the paper

to Mrs. Lang.





BUNDER ABBAS: THE SHORE VIEWED FROM THE PIER,

## THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS EXEMPLIFIED BY DEEDS OF THE BRITISH NAVY IN THE PERSIAN GULF

By CANON J. T. PARFIT

In times of peace, when the completed Baghdad Railway is in thorough working order, it will be possible to travel from London to Baghdad in about five days, and by aerial navigation in less than half that time; but the quickest, safest, and best route to Mesopotamia for the last quarter of a century has been by way of India, through the waters of the Persian Gulf—a matter of five or six weeks' journey from London to Baghdad.

On my many voyages to and from Busrah I learned to understand and appreciate something of the valuable services rendered to humanity by the achievements of the British Navy in securing "the freedom of the seas." In 1894 I took an interesting photograph, in the Red Sea, of a pretty little gunboat under full sail, with its scudding-sails set, for it was on its way to the waters of the Far East to do duty of a similar kind to that which was done by the little gunboats of the Royal Indian Marine that were constantly to be seen policing the waters of the Persian Gulf. When on that voyage I reached Muscat, I was taken by the American missionary to see a group of eighteen negro lads who had recently been rescued from a slave dhow by a British gunboat, and were now being tenderly cared for at their mission school.

The inhuman traffic in slaves was one of the things encouraged by the Turks, especially when for a short time they got a footing at two small ports on the Arabian coast, and, by the energies of the great Midhat Pasha, established the Kaimakamate of El-Hasa. They permitted slave dhows to fly the Ottoman flag for the express purpose of encouraging the importation of slaves into the markets of Busrah and Baghdad, since the ownership of slaves was always lawful throughout the Turkish dominions. One of the thankless tasks assigned to the Royal Indian Marine was to suppress this traffic in slaves, and the difficulties encountered were greatly increased when some of the dhows managed to secure from Jibuti the protection of the French flag.

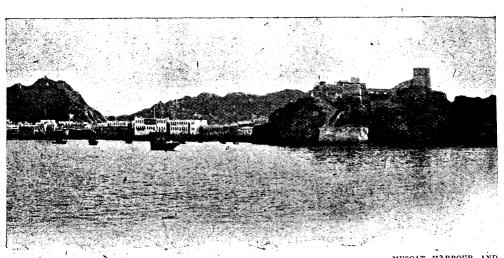
Muscat is one of the hottest places on earth, and even the Sultan thought so in February, 1895, when the Bedouin looted the town, destroyed his palace, and kept the Sultan a prisoner for a few days in one of the Portuguese forts, till reinforcements arrived to rescue him. A similar revolt took place in January, 1915, but it was speedily quelled with the aid of a small British force sent from India at a time when the turbulent tribesmen supposed we were too preoccupied to interfere with their piratical outbreaks.

A Persian writer, in attempting to describe the heat of Muscat, declares "that it melted the sword in its scabbard, and the gems that adorned the handle of his dagger were reduced to coal; that in the plain the chase was a perfectly simple matter, for the desert was filled with roasted gazelles." Infernal Regions are said to be not far from Muscat, but I have never stopped there long enough to verify this statement.

The British Residency, situated in the

it by a narrow mountain path, is the busy little seaport of Mattra. Its importance consists in its being the terminus of the caravan routes from the interior. These rocky harbours are remarkable for the enormous quantities of fish they contain, for fishes are so plentiful along the coast of Oman, and so easily caught, that they are used for feeding cows and asses, and even as manure for the fields.

The ruined Portuguese forts that crown the rugged heights of Hormuz and Muscat recall the days of good Queen Bess, when four enterprising Englishmen, after a voyage which lasted for months, dared to enter the Persian Gulf, and, after visiting every port, were arrested for their impudence by the Portuguese, and carried off as prisoners to



MUSCAT HARBOUR AND

only breezy corner of a town that is furiously hot all the year round, is the finest house in Muscat, and commands a beautiful view of the broad ocean through the great rocks to the right, as well as a perfect view to the left of the picturesque town and harbour. The European cemetery is strangely situated in a sheltered nook, with its own sandy beach between precipitous rocks, quite near the town, but unapproachable by land, so that every funeral must proceed by boats for more than an hour's row to this quiet restingplace on the Arabian shore. Here, amongst other heroes of the British race, lie the mortal remains of Bishop French, the famous seventongued Bishop of Lahore, who spent the last years of his saintly life as an honorary missionary to the Arabs.

Quite close to Muscat, and connected with

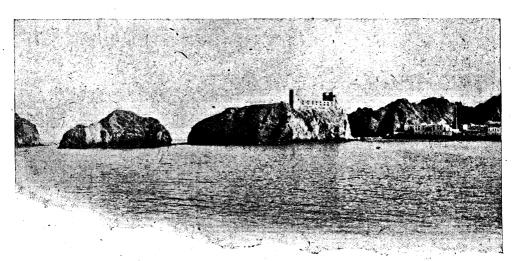
Goa, in India. Their experiences, however, within and without their prison walls, led eventually to the formation of the famous East India Company, and to the speedy opening up of the Persian Gulf to British traders. The Portuguese so persistently barred the way, and obstructed our commercial enterprises, that the British Navy in due course appeared before the forts of Hormuz to defend the rights of peaceful merchantmen. They were obliged to wrest the island from the Portuguese, when they handed back to the care of the Persians the now-opened gates of the Persian Gulf. Our merchants of the Levant Company in Aleppo had already begun to trade with Mesopotamia, and in 1618 the East India Company succeeded in establishing commercial relations with the port of Jask, on the Mekran coast opposite Muscat, while another trading depôt was soon afterwards

opened at Bunder Abbas.

The voyager from India along the coast of Beluchistan sometimes calls at small, uninteresting places like Gwadir and Charbar, but he is agreeably surprised to discover at Jask a small colony of English people, who occupy a group of excellent buildings belonging to the Eastern Telegraph Company, for in this desolate and dreary corner of the Mekran coast there is an outpost of civilisation and an important British telegraph station.

Bunder Abbas, twice visited by Marco Polo, is now an unattractive port, but one of peculiar interest, from its connection with the changes and developments now taking

negotiations resulted in an amicable settlement, and Russia abandoned her plan of securing a railway terminus in the Persian Gulf. About the same time we made a suggestion to Russia with regard to the organisation, under British officers, of a Persian gendarmerie for the robber-infested provinces of Southern Persia. Russia, however, considered that Great Britain would in this way obtain too much influence in the Shah's dominions, so we yielded to her representations, and consented to the organisation of a Persian police force under Swedish officers. Immediately after the outbreak of war, the majority of these Swedish officers turned traitors, repudiated Persia's neutrality, and joined forces with the revolutionary bands that were organised



PORTUGUESE FORTS.

place in the Near East. It is situated on the Persian coast at the very entrance to the Gulf, for the Gulf of Oman forms a kind of vestibule to the Persian Gulf proper, and Bunder Abbas, with the Island of Hormuz, guard the main entrance to this great inland sea.

This is the port for Kerman, Yezd, and Eastern Persia, and the roads traverse a number of mountain ranges before reaching the central plateau. It was for centuries the flourishing terminus of important overland trade routes from Europe, whence also the goods were passed on by sea to India.

In 1899 Russia contemplated extending her railway systems through Persia to Bunder Abbas, and it looked at one time as though serious friction would arise between England and Russia; but fortunately satisfactory under the German Prince Reuss. Sir Percy Sykes, our British Consul, together with the British colony and the Russian Consul, were driven out of Kirman, and took refuge at Bunder Abbas. A new arrangement was now speedily concluded with Russia, and Sir Percy Sykes began, at the fine British Consulate at Bunder Abbas, to organise an efficient military gendarmerie under British officers. It numbers something like fifteen thousand men, and Southern Persia is to-day more peaceful and secure than it has been for a century and more.

Over against Hormuz there is the terrible Pirate Coast, where for centuries the Arab pirates were able to shelter in their wellprotected lagoons, and whence they sallied forth to attack peaceful traders. The suppression of piracy was the most difficult

the Gulf.

of all the arduous enterprises undertaken by the British Navy in its determination to establish order and security throughout the Persian Gulf. A determined attack was made upon the pirates' stronghold in 1806, when one of their fleets was captured, and they were compelled to sign certain treaties of peace. They completely failed, however, to abide by the terms of their contract, and continued to attack British merchant ships that traded in the Gulf, and on one occasion they actually secured a small British warship. The extent to which they were able to carry on their nefarious operations can be estimated if we remember that in 1818 the pirates commenced to ravage the west coast of India, and in the following year a fleet of sixty-four pirate vessels, manned by seven thousand armed men, appeared off the coast of Kathiawar. It became necessary to organise a second large military expedition against the pirates, and by the combined efforts of our Army and Navy we were able to subdue them effectively in 1820. Constant watch, however, has been necessary ever since that time to prevent some evil-minded chief from resuming the much-loved occupation of piracy, and here again, when the Turks occupied a small portion of the Arabian coast, this was one of the things which they persistently encouraged.

Gun-running was another favourite occupation which was with difficulty suppressed by the gunboats of the Royal Indian Marine that patrol the Persian Gulf waters. This illicit traffic in modern firearms supplied the turbulent tribes of the interior with the weapons they needed for robberies and raids, and its suppression produced a comparative cossation of tribal warfare in many inland provinces far removed from the shores of

Lingah, the first and the prettiest port in the Persian Gulf, on the north side beyond Kishin, is another interesting Eastern town which has played its part in some of the most stirring events that precipitated the Great World War. Lingah is a port of call for the British India steamers, and the Company's well-ventilated offices are a prominent feature of the busy foreshore, where at times an exceptionally large number of native boats are moored, mostly connected with the pearl fisheries not far away.

Some of the shops in the bazaars are owned by Indian Banians, who represent the most flourishing class of traders at all the ports in the Persian Gulf. It is probably not realised in the British Isles how enterprising

are some of our British Indian subjects, and how they have extended their commercial operations, under the security of the British Râj, far away from the shores of the Indian Peninsula to some of the most remote corners of Asia and Africa.

In 1896 a German trading company began business, on what appeared to be a harmless scale, at Lingah, where the German agent Wonckhaus commenced to trade in oyster shells and mother-of-pearl, for the small island of Abu Musa, over against Lingah. marks the beginning of the great pearl bank which reaches to the islands of Bahrain. In addition to his interest in oyster shells, Wonckhaus became secretly connected with a concession to work the red oxide deposits that exist on Abu Musa. The island belongs to the Sheikh of Shargah, on the Arabian coast, who gave a concession to three Arabs to introduce machinery and work the red oxide deposits. One of these Arabs lived at Shargah, and the others were in business at Lingah. Nothing much was done, however, until ten years afterwards, when the Sheikh of Shargah learned one day, to his intense surprise, that the Germans practically claimed possession of his island. It transpired that the two Arabs in Lingah had acted on behalf of Wonckhaus, who had purchased their rights for the Hamburg-America Steamship Company, and now openly claimed German protection for his interest on the The Sheikh of Shargah refused to recognise the German's secret transactions, and sought the intervention of Great Britain, in accordance with a treaty which had long existed between our authorities and the Sheikh; but the German agents ignored the rights of the Arab chief, so at length—in October, 1907—a British gunboat towed a number of the Sheikh's sailing-ships to Abu Musa, with three hundred of his armed men on board. They removed the native workmen from the oxide deposits and transferred them to Lingah; but they foolishly fired, so the Germans declared, on a boat that was flying the German flag. The German press became furious, and every effort was made to magnify the incident into one of supreme international importance. Germany unable to press the matter, for it was clear that the Sheikh of Shargah had a perfect right to object to the transfer to the Germans of a concession he had made to three of his own people, and, moreover, the chief's long-standing agreement with Great Britain expressly forbade the granting of such a concession to any European merchant, even

though he be a British subject. Here, at least, we have a significant illustration of Germany's flagrant disregard for treaties, and one of her early attempts to tear up an inconvenient "scrap of paper" that did not

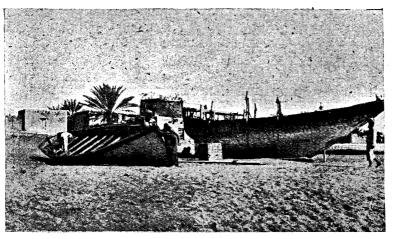
meet with her approval.

The great pearl bank, which extends from near the Pirate Coast to Bahrain, is the most wonderful feature of the Persian Gulf, and nearly a million pounds' worth of genuine as well as fabricated pearls are exported annually from the headquarters of the pearl trade at the so-called pearl islands of Bahrain. The largest of these islands is about twenty-seven miles long by ten broad, on the north side of which lies the large town of Menamah,

the great spring at Ras-Baalbec in Syria. The abundant stream of fresh water which flows from this spring averages six feet wide and two feet deep. Near Muharrek some of the springs bubble up under the sea not far from the shore, from which the natives procure water by using a long bamboo weighted at one end, so that, when it reaches the bubbling spring, the fresh water gushes out from the end of the bamboo just above sea-level.

Most of the export pearl trade is controlled by Indian Banians from Karachi, but the pearl fishers are Arabs, and for centuries they have enjoyed the exclusive right to work on the pearl bank. Their "Trade Union" regulations have always been

recognised by the British authorities, so much so that British merchants and Indian Banians have never been allowed to seek for concessions would in any way compete or interfere with the lawful privileges of these Arab fishermen. The bank is apportioned in sections the different to sheikhs and towns of the Gulf, and during the pearl season—from June October — a to



BOAT-BUILDING AT BUNDER ABBAS.

with about ten thousand inhabitants. This is the commercial centre for all the Bahrain islands, containing the Post Office and the Custom House. Not far from Menamah are the ruins of an old town containing a mosque with two minarets in fair preservation and marked with inscriptions in the old Cufic character. The unexplored tumuli of the old Phœnician city of Gerrha are situated on the mainland of Arabia, and there are large numbers of similar mounds on the islands.

The islands are also remarkable for the number of underground rivers which they contain, and the parent source of the numerous lukewarm freshwater springs must evidently be far away on the mainland of Arabia.

One of the largest springs issues from the midst of a reservoir, thirty yards wide and about thirty feet deep, similar to British gunboat is on guard, keeping order amongst the workers.

The German capitalists of the great Berlin Bank and the Hamburg-America Steamship Company conceived a plan that would effectively break up this most ancient trade guild of the Arab pearl divers, so the first step was taken when in 1901 the German firm of Wonckhaus removed its headquarters from Lingah to Bahrain. following year the German intriguers at Constantinople persuaded the Sultan to revive an imaginary claim to sovereignty over the great pearl bank, and at the same time to grant a concession to the Germans to work the fisheries by scientific methods. Their scheme, they thought, would bring untold wealth to the capitalists, a substantial share of the proceeds would be given to the Sultan, and, of course, a German fleet would be needed in the Persian Gulf to take

over the duties of the British gunboat, and to substitute German discipline for the peaceful trade unionism so sedulously fostered by the British amongst the horde of superannuated pirates, who would still be needed as slaves for the fisheries, and could be exploited for the promotion of German Kultur. Great Britain, however, informed the Sultan that his supposed sovereignty over the Persian Gulf fisheries was a vain delusion, and that a German monopoly could not therefore be recognised. Germany, however, made another attempt to secure a footing upon the great pearl bank, and asked the Sultan for a lease of the uninhabited island of Halul. This little island, situated in the centre of the fisheries, is immensely valuable to the fishermen in stormy weather, as it possesses an excellent harbour, well sheltered by the rocks, and containing a secure anchorage for thousands of sailing-Again the British authorities informed the Sultan that it was impossible for him to give away what did not belong to him, and Germany's little scheme for the possession of a coaling station or a fortified Heligoland in the midst of the Persian In 1905 Gulf once more fell through. the Germans approached the Sheikh of Bahrain and attempted to obtain direct from him concessions similar to those which had been sought from the Sultan of Turkey; but the Sheikh reminded the Germans of his treaties and agreements with Great Britain, and referred them for an answer to the British authorities. Once again Germany failed to secure by guile the possessions she had hoped to seize ten years previously by force of arms. in 1895 that Germany was working out in Constantinople her preliminary plans for the invasion of the Persian Gulf, and the Turks were instigated to seize at once the islands of Bahrain. A fleet of native boats filled with armed men set out one day from the Turkish coast; but the British authorities had obtained information of the project, and a British gunboat broke up the fleet in the sight of the Turkish officials who were watching from the shore, and waiting, when the fight was over, to cross and take possession of the newly-acquired islands of Bahrain. The feeble hold which the Turks had secured along the coast of El-Hasa was finally relinquished in 1913, when the forces of Ibn Saood drove out the last remnants of the Turkish garrisons.

An additional interest attaches to Bahrain from the fact that the famous Force D, under

General Delamain, which so speedily captured Busrah, was waiting at Bahrain when war was declared against Turkey in November, 1915.The treacherous Turks had already admitted the Goeben and Breslau into Constantinople, and it was correctly surmised that they would attempt to destroy the British oil factory at Abadan, and make an attack on Koweit or Bahrain. On October 18 a force of five thousand men was dispatched from India to Bahrain, under the escort of H.M.S. *Ocean*, which was subsequently torpedoed in the Dardanelles. A curious obstacle suddenly blocked the way of the transports when a huge waterspout compelled the whole convoy to alter its course, and the guns of H.M.S. Ocean opened fire upon an unexpected enemy, which subsequently, in another form of floods and rain, proved to be the most formidable foe to this same expeditionary force in Mesopotamia.

The waters around Bahrain contain a mass of reefs and shoals, so that ships drawing eighteen feet have to anchor three miles out, while H.M.S. Ocean, which drew twenty-seven feet, was obliged to anchor fourteen miles from land. Only very small boats can get through the shallow waters to within fifty yards of the shore, and, in the absence of a jetty, it was customary for passengers to be carried on the backs of the sturdy Arabs or landed with the aid of donkeys,

when these were procurable.

The German agent of the Wonckhaus firm was arrested as soon as the officers of the convoy were able to effect a landing. He was taken in the act of signing a letter which turned out to be a correct report on the strength and composition of Force D, and furthermore stated that another ten thousand troops were shortly coming from India. This information was also correct, though it was not actually known to the English staff till some weeks later. The German agent, however, had already managed to dispatch this information to Bushire and Busrah immediately after the arrival of the transports.

Bushire, or Abu-Shehir, the father of cities, is what Westerns would prefer to call the metropolis of the Persian Gulf. It is situated on the coast of Persia, immediately to the north of Bahrain, whence the main roads proceed across the mountains to Shiraz and Teheran. The all-important British Residency and Consulate-General is at this place, and the well-trusted British Residents, who so honourably maintain the high traditions of British administrators,

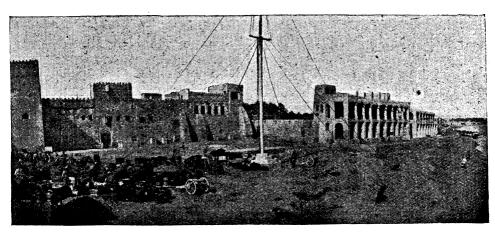
are unceasingly occupied with most important duties of an onerous nature in preserving the security and peace that have so long prevailed in the Persian Gulf.

On one occasion, when visiting Bushire, I came across a group of Arab chiefs from the interior of Arabia. They informed me that they had come down to the Arabian coast in order to pay homage to the Sheikh of Koweit, for they recognised that Ibn Rashid, the Turkish representative, was no longer the most powerful man in Arabia. The chief of Koweit had advised them to visit the British Resident at Bushire, who would register their rights and privileges, and would take care that, as far as possible, justice should always be done to them in times of difficulty or danger.

Large numbers of pilgrims travel by the

"I told you it would be here." "Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the holy men. "This cannot be the work of God; it is the doings of the English."

I have had some disagreeable experiences at Bushire, when navigating the four miles of zig-zag roadstead between the mail boat and the shore, which passengers must cross in the native sailing-boats. That little journey took me more than two hours one rough day, when we appeared to cover a good twelve miles, as we tacked to and fro around the Persian Navy, before the wind would allow us to come alongside the steamer. The Persians can boast of one solitary warship, the *Persepolis*, which is generally stationed at Bushire, though sometimes, in favourable weather, it ventures as far as Lingah and Bunder Abbas.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, LINGAH.

British India steamers from Bushire to Busrah, and thence to the holy cities of Mesopotamia. On one occasion six holy Persians from the interior approached the British India agent for tickets to Busrah, and they were informed that the mail steamer would arrive at six o'clock the following morning. Unaccustomed to such clockwork movements, they rebuked the agent for his confidence and for omitting to use the customary "Inshallah," "For," said they, "the mail boat will only arrive if it be God's will." "Of course," replied the agent; "but I warn you to be here by six o'clock, or else you will miss the boat." on the following morning they were sitting on the beach at dawn, when sure enough, at six o'clock, the mail steamer arrived, four miles from the shore, at its customary anchorage. "There it is," said the agent.

I once asked the chief officer of our mail boat how they managed to navigate these difficult waters with so few accidents. He showed me the charts produced by the Admiralty from time to time since the Navy began a marine survey of the Gulf in 1785. He pointed out the beacons we have erected, and the buoys with which the British steamship companies have marked out the roadsteads and the great mud "Bar," and he reminded me that the smart little *Patrick Stewart*, which I had frequently seen in the Gulf, was the telegraph ship that made itself responsible for the care of all the cables.

In September, 1914, one of our intelligence officers sent off from Bushire a young Afghan, who, on arrival at Busrah, questioned the Turks about the possibility of a "holy war." They informed him that they intended bringing an army through Afghanistan on

its way to India, and that therefore he would be able to assist them in arousing the Afghans to respond to the demands of a holy war. They permitted him, therefore, to ramble about the Turkish camps, and for nearly six weeks he watched the German agents of the great commercial Wonckhaus Company travelling up and down the Shat 'l Arab in a Turkish gunboat, instructing the Turks as to how they should hide their batteries and conceal their guns amid the date palms that line the banks of the Shat 'l Arab. This was at a time when the Turks in Constantinople were pretending to be sincere in their determination to maintain neutrality. The Afghan slipped out of the country two weeks before the outbreak of war, and the information which he communicated to his chief proved to be of real value to General Delamain in spotting the concealed batteries during the advance towards Busrah. So our Secret Service scored one better than the Wonckhaus agent, who was arrested at Bahrain.

Koweit, the last port in the Persian Gulf, is likely soon to become the most important of all. Koweit is now a prosperous town of about fifty thousand inhabitants, where twenty years ago its population numbered less than twelve thousand. It is the cleanest place in the Gulf, and its wide, spacious streets present a striking contrast to the unsavoury slums in the ports on the Persian It possesses more buggalows, or sailing-ships, than any other port in the Gulf; it is famous for its excellent dockyard, its numerous boat-builders, and its up-to-date condenser, the largest of its kind in the world, which provides for the inhabitants four hundred and fifty tons of fresh water daily, distilled from the deep blue sea. About four hundred boats are sent annually from this port to the pearl fisheries, and hundreds of cargo boats not only visit all the ports in the Gulf, but extend their operations to India, East Africa, and the ports in the Red Sea.

These well-travelled mariners are the newsvendors and journalists of the East. When they brought back their date cargoes from Busrah in the winter of 1914, it is reported that they spread abroad their own dramatic account of British victories. "A British steamer fired two shots. At the first shot three hundred Turks fell, at the second shot four hundred, then the governors fled, and the Turkish troops followed them in flight from Busrah."

Koweit is equally important to the internal

affairs of Arabia as it is to its external relations. The main roads for pilgrims and caravans proceed from this rendezvous to Nejd, Mecca, the Jebel Shammar, and Damascus. It is quite possible a railway will some day be constructed from Suez to Koweit in almost a straight line through Akaba and the Jauf.

The town is improving very rapidly, the value of land has been steadily rising for some years past, and there are already some very fine buildings. The Sheikh's palace has been vastly improved in recent years, and instead of the old Turkish flag, with the crescent and star, he flies his own distinctive red flag with the word "Koweit" broidered upon it in white letters. It is the Sheikh's custom to sit in a coffee-house or reception-hall near one of the gates, where he receives visitors, dispenses justice, and  $_{
m the}$ passers-by. Another nice building in the place is the American Mission Hospital, constructed of steel and reinforced concrete, with two comfortable residences in the same compound. Some of the people tried to organise an opposition hospital a few years ago, and placed a Turkish doctor in charge; but the adventure came to naught, and the Sheikh of Koweit one day handed over the surgical instruments and the microscope as a present to the American Mission Hospital. A land telegraph has now established communications between Koweit and Busrah, and there is also a temporary wireless installation.

There are always many large Bedouin encampments around Koweit, belonging to the different tribes. The Abu Suleib is a large tribe that claims a Christian origin. Its name is the diminutive of the Arabic word for a cross, and in connection with their rites of circumcision they make use of a small cross that is decorated with brightly-coloured ribbons. Some authorities suppose they are descended from the Levantines of the Crusaders' armies who remained behind when the bulk of the Crusaders returned to Europe.

In February, 1915, the Viceroy of India paid a visit to Busrah, and called in at Koweit, where, on behalf of King George, he conferred the K.C.S.I. upon the famous Sheikh Mubarek.

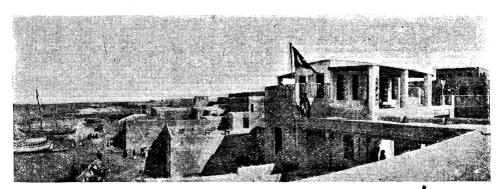
It is a most fortunate circumstance for the whole of the East that Arabia has produced two wonderful men during the last half century. They have both had much to do with the trend of political events. One of them was the Sheikh of Koweit, a

far-sighted, untutored Arab, who ruled his provinces with a strong hand, and shaped the policy of so many of the inland tribes. He was a great reformer, and the prosperity of Koweit is due almost entirely to his foresight and enterprise. When he commenced to rule in Koweit, his people were content to drink the brackish water that could be found anywhere by digging a few feet in the sands. Mubarek organised a fleet of boats which sailed regularly backwards and forwards to the Shat 'l Arab for the purpose of bringing fresh water-a distance of about seventy miles. He then introduced a steam tank ship, which was found to be too expensive for the purpose. and at last he caused to be installed a magnificent condenser, which appears to be working remarkably well.

On the advice of Great Britain, he devoted himself to the attainment of one great

at its entrance by a small island. It was this wonderful harbour that attracted the cupidity of the German intriguers. When the Germans completed the survey of the Baghdad Railway, they decided that their important trunk line must terminate at Koweit, and four very deliberate attempts were made to get possession of the Sheikh's magnificent harbour.

In the year 1900 the German railway commission, headed by the Consul-General from Constantinople, appeared at Koweit with an offer to purchase or lease an area of twenty-five square miles; but the Sheikh informed the Germans that they were a little too late, for it was in 1899 that our agreements with Mubarek were strengthened in such a way that he was not permitted to give any of his territory to the Sultan's German friends without the sanction of the British authorities. A second attempt was



KOWEIT HARBOUR AND SHEIKH MUBAREK'S HOUSE.

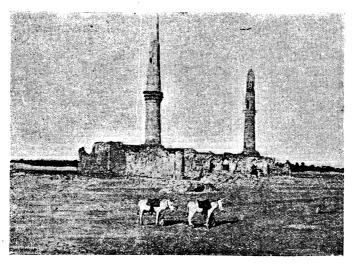
object—namely, the uniting together in bonds of friendship all the prominent chiefs of the Arabian peninsula, and in this endeavour he was seconded by the other remarkable man, the chief of Nejd, who has also recently been knighted, and is now known as Sheikh Sir Abd-el-Aziz Ibn Saood. Sheikh Mubarek died in November, 1915, and is succeeded by his son, Sheikh Jabr, who is determined to carry on the policy of his distinguished father. Ibn Saood is undoubtedly one of the most influential and important men in Arabia, and there seems little doubt that he will be able in the course of time to unite the Arab tribes and bring about the opening up of the Arabian peninsula to the influences of modern civilisation.

This remarkable town of Koweit is chiefly famous, however, for its magnificent harbour, which contains about twenty-five square miles of deep water, and is well protected

made with the aid of Ibn Raschid, who, in the pay of the Germans and the Turks, attempted to pick a quarrel with the chief of Koweit, and by force of arms deprive him of his territory. This scheme also came to naught, through the timely assistance of Ibn Saood. But a third attempt was made, when a Turkish army of 14,000 men was mustered at Nasiriyeh for the purpose of invading the Sheikh's territory and forcing from him all that the Germans and the Turks required. Great Britain, however, notified the Sultan that this could not be allowed, and that we were prepared to stand by our written agreements, and defend with armed forces this independent chief of Arabia. The Turkish Navy was ordered surreptitiously to effect a landing at Koweit, and to take prisoner the Sheikh Mubarek, but our naval authorities obtained timely warning of their intention, and while the rusty Turkish gunboat was struggling for three days to get up steam at Busrah, a British gunboat appeared upon the scene from Bombay, and the Turks were forbidden to land men in the harbour of Koweit. Still another desperate effort was made, when the Turks pretended to champion the cause of the Sheikh's nephew, who claimed the chieftainship of Koweit, and a flotilla of native boats filled with armed men was mobilised at the island of Bubian, and was proceeding to make a raid upon Koweit, when it was suddenly intercepted, and

immediately dispersed by an ever-ready and ever-vigilant British gunboat.

Thus ended the last of a series of conflicts with pirates and Prussians, slave-traders and Turks, for the maintenance of good order, just dealing, liberty and peace in this, the most primitive of the world's waterways, the birthplace of the earliest of ancient mariners, the cradle of navigation. After a century's hard work, the British Navy has accomplished something in the Persian Gulf, and the world must acknowledge that this something should be called "The Freedom of the Seas."



PUINED MINARETS AT BAHRAIN, NEAR MENAMAH.

#### NORA.

WITHIN an English village yesterday
I came upon a little child at play.
I lingered by to watch the baby game,
And heard some voice call gently on her name.

Sweet she replied. How leaped my heart to hear The pretty notes, the accent ever dear,
Shy as the wind soft singing from the South!
I, hungry, kissed the brogue upon her mouth.

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

# THE BUTLER AND THE SIREN

### By LAURENCE NORTH

#### Illustrated by Norah Schlegel



AM concerned, Mrs. Lilly white," said Mr. Tombs, as he arranged the silver, "very much concerned about his lordship."

"You don't say so," replied Lord Lightbody's housekeeper. "I thought

his lordship had been much better lately—quite quiet among his old books and things. There hasn't been an acute attack for some time. He hasn't been out in old clothes, fancying himself a second-hand bookseller, since the day you brought him home in the taxiameter cab."

The butler shook his head. "Only apparent, Mrs. Lillywhite, honly apparent. Appearances deceive, Mrs. Lillywhite. The master is breaking out in a new place."

"Well, I never, Mr. Tombs! And what

place may that be?"

The butler frowned and laid spoon to spoon with a precise and symbolic touch. "You see, Mrs. Lillywhite, I did not tell you everything about that day's doings. There were circumstances, Mrs. Lillywhite, circumstances—very disquietin'."

"Indeed, Mr. Tombs! You might have

told me sooner."

"I considered discretion the better part. And I was flustered that day; his lordship being lost so many hours, I feared the worst. And on the top of it all, Mr. Algernon breaking his arm falling off a 'bus. Between that and his lordship—grandson and grandfather both gettin' into trouble simultaneous, I 'adn't a life, Mrs. Lillywhite—"

"Well, don't make a song about it now, Mr. Tombs. I think you might have

told me at once. But you're always so secretive."

"I have responsibilities, Mrs. Lillywhite."

"And I suppose I've none? I'm just as interested in his lordship's welfare as you are, Mr. Tombs, and I ought to know any new symptoms as soon as they occur, to be on my guard."

"Perhaps I was wrong, Mrs. Lillywhite, but you'll admit the matter was delicate."

"I know nothing about the matter, Mr. Tombs, as yet. There never was such a man to beat about the bush. But I've no time for your nonsense—I must see cook."

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Lillywhite-I'm

just coming to the point."

"Well, well, get on with it!"

"It was like this, Mrs. Lillywhite. I'd been hunting his lordship in all his usual haunts—Christie's, Sotheby's, the London Library, the British Museum, the Victoriaranalbert Museum, South Kensington, Charing Cross Road, wheresoever ancient and antique books is to be seen or sold—no sign! I was returning 'ome with an 'eavy 'eart, Mrs. Lillywhite, in a taxi, when just between the house and the Marblarch, what do I see but his lordship in another taxi, going in the same direction. I caused my driver to accelerate his pace, houtstrip and swing round so as to meet the other cab. Then I stops and tactfully rescues our pore dear afflicted master from the audacious clutches of the syreen."

"From the what?"

"The audacious syreen—the young woman."

"The young woman!"

"Yes, the young woman, Mrs. Lillywhite. I mean what I say, and a very attractive piece of goods it was, sitting up in the cab beside his lordship, looking as if butter

wouldn't melt in her mouth. I did get a turn, for Miss was quite unknown to me. Not on our visiting list. Judge of my feelings, Mrs. Iillywhite, at that moment! Well, I delivered his lordship, an' my lady, who took an eyeful of me, drove on immediate, but not before Lord Lightbody takes a very gracious farewell of her and says: 'Come and let me show you my library one day.' He would 'ave given her his address—he was already fumblin' for his card-case, which proves that she was a stranger—when I intervened, popped him into my cab, and drove him to the hospital to see Mr. Algernon."

"You surprise me, Mr. Tombs. And this

person-was she a lady?"

"She had, I admit, all the outward appearance of such, and of the female gender. But the circumstances clearly pointed to an adventuress."

"His lordship might have met her at luncheon, and been giving her a lift home."

"You forget, Mrs. Lillywhite, that his lordship does not go out to luncheon masquerading as an old book dealer in shabby clothes. It was, you remember, one of his bad days, pore old gentleman."

"That's quite true, Mr. Tombs. Still, we must put the best construction on it. You're

too pessimistic."

"There is many syreens about, to catch with matrimonial devices the unwary and the wealthy aged, who is widowers and noblemen. His lordship has never, I allow, shown any tendencies to change his condition heretofore, but one cannot be too careful, Mrs. Lillywhite. His lordship, like many men of great ability, is easily imposed upon, except in the matter of old books. And the circumstances were peculiar."

"Did his lordship let fall any remarks?" "He did give me a hincoherent sort of story about having left a little book in a tea-shop, and how the young lady had taken charge of it for him; but, you see, by that time he was quite himself again, and he has only a hazy notion of what happens during his attacks. I couldn't make much of it, and the queer thing was that, when we got to the hospital, Mr. Algernon had the very book in question, the one he sent the message about, when he had the nurse telephone to say that he was hurt. lordship was a good deal mixed over Mental haberration is a strange and melancholy disorder, Mrs. Lillywhite. book seems to have been somehow lost, but, as Mr. Algernon had it, the young person

couldn't have had much to do with it. His lordship had confused things."

"Does he recollect the young woman at

all, Mr. Tombs?"

"That's just the disturbin' part, Mrs. Lillywhite. I was coming to that."

"Precious long time you've been about

"I had to clear the ground for you, ma'am, you knowing nothing of the previous circumstances, so as to get the full benefit of your mature judgment in a difficult and delicate situation," said Mr. Tombs gallantly.

Mrs. Lillywhite was mollified. "You're quite priceless, as Mr. Algernon would say, Mr. Tombs. A bit long-winded at times, but you can be very entertaining, when you choose, and get leave to tell a story in your own way. You say his lordship does recollect

her?"

"You see, hazy he may be upon what took place before, but by the time I met his lordship he was quite clear loocid, as they say-and talking friendlylike with Miss Brazen-Image. Perhaps she gave him the shock as is always necessary to his restoration—I can't say. Anyhow, loocid he was and quite himself. remembers her and his invitation perfectly. Every morning since then his lordship says to me: 'Tombs, perhaps we'll have a visitor to-day, to see the books.' 'Very likely, my lord, says I; 'there's not a few desires to inspect your lordship's literary treasures.' 'But this is a special visitor, Tombs,' says his lordship. 'Show her in at once, if she comes. She seemed very intelligent, Tombs.' 'Undeniably, my lord,' says I, humouring He so runs on the idea that I have difficulty, Mrs. Lillywhite, in persuading his lordship to take his daily constitutional. 'What if she should call when I am out, Tombs?' he asks, and I-may 'Eaven forgive me—says: 'That would be indeed a misfortune, my lord.' 'So it would, Tombs, so it would,' says his lordship. And he adds, disconnected: 'I think Mr. Algernon would like to meet her; they're both very modern and bright and clever and interested in the things that matter.' And I replies, this time with perfect sincerity: 'No doubt Mr. Algernon would like to meet the lady, my lord.' So you see, Mrs. Lillywhite, it's serious. His lordship's disorder has taken a new turn. The young hussy, whoever she is and wherever she comes from, has made a distinct impression. I am very uneasy about it all."



"'You read too many penny novels, Mrs. Lillywhite; they upset your mind with romantic notions, which is not calculated to serve you best in the sphere wherein we are both placed.""

"But you said you prevented his lordship giving his address."

"I did; but she may know his name, and the Red Book will do the rest."

"Did his lordship ever let fall the young lady's name?"

"Never. That confirms me in my opinion

that the acquaintance is not desirable."
"Do you think, Mr. Tombs, it is for himself or for Mr. Algernon that his lordship

takes such an interest in the young lady?"

"Female, Mrs. Lillywhite, young female. I admit the ladylike appearance, but am sceptical. As to his lordship's motives. I am in the dark. I perceive only that his trouble has entered, as one may say, on a fresh phase, requiring extra vigilance. It is

a delusion and "—added Mr. Tombs sententiously—" a snare—a new delusion, but an old snare, as old as Eve in the Garden of Eden."

"That you never had the good fortune to find a wife, Mr. Tombs," said Mrs. Lillywhite, ruffled, "is no reason why you should sneer at womenkind. Being a bachelor, you know nothing of any value about the sex, and should hold your tongue. Personally, I believe that his lordship is not likely to make any mistake. This young female, as you call her, is all right, I feel sure, or his lordship would have had nothing to say to her. You have no discernment where women are concerned. You're as blind as a bat, and full of prejudices. Not that you haven't

your good qualities, and they are many. There may be some woman somewhere who would have been pleased to be Mrs. Tombs though it's not a pretty name, like Lillywhite-if you'd had half an eye and any But you're so stand-offish, always suspecting, and incapable of knowing a loving heart where it's waiting for you." Mrs. Lillywhite sighed and continued: "And so you remain an old bachelor, growing crustier every day, and seeing harm where no harm is. I expect his lordship has taken it into his head that this young lady was made in heaven for Mr. Algernon, and he So don't wishes to bring them together. you go interfering, Mr. Tombs."

"I have my master to look after, Mrs. Lillywhite. He is eccentric, and sometimes, alas, more than merely eccentric. If this young person is suitable, his lordship could throw her into Mr. Algernon's society in the usual way, without this mystery and peculiar goings on about books in teashops and cabs and such-like. I don't hold with your opinion, Mrs. Lillywhite, and if the young person comes trapesing here, my lord is 'Not at 'ome.' You read too many penny novels, Mrs. Lillywhite; they upset your mind with romantic notions, which is not calculated to serve you best in the sphere

wherein we are both placed."

"Romantic notions fiddlesticks!" cried Mrs. Lillywhite, as she left the pantry with a whisk of her neat skirts. "I've no more time for your nonsense, Mr. Tombs. But take a word of advice. If the young lady calls, and his lordship is at home, don't say he isn't. No good will come of it, if

vou do."

Mr. Tombs shook his head and sighed. "That's a woman all over," he reflected—"up in a tantrum the moment their fancies is crossed. It's a pity, for Mrs. Lillywhite is a estimable widow woman, and still a goodlooking one, and sensible in many ways, except touching the 'uman affections and their deceitfulness. As for her insinuation that I had trampled on the feelings of any woman, I repudiate the same with scorn. I 'ave never in my life cast eyes on any of the sects to lead them to suppose I was inclined to matrimony. Who she 'ints at I am not aware and never shall. This is what comes of being over-confidential; but I could wish she had not gone off in a huff."

Mr. Tombs was annoyed to discover that a breeze, even a little one, with Mrs. Lillywhite should cause him discomfort. He looked deeper into his heart, but failed at the moment to find the reason. He finished the silver, attended to various other light duties, and then sat down with the newspaper. But between the printed page and his attention came the insistent figure of Mrs. Lillywhite. Suddenly he let the paper fall and stared before him, open-mouthed. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Tombs. "Bless my heart and soul! Is that it? am sure I never gave her the smallest occasion—none in the world!" Then a smile, like a slow winter dawn, broke over the butler's solemn features. He pinched himself to make sure of his identity, and continued to smile, somewhat fatuously, at a cupboard door. The door at length brought inspiration. Mr. Tombs rose, opened it, and helped himself to a glass of very choice port, at which he winked with esoteric meaning. "It is a shock," said Mr. Tombs, "but in time I may get used to the idea."

Meanwhile the person who had formed the bone of contention between the butler and the housekeeper, and whose unconscious influence was promoting their ultimate happiness, was crossing the Park in the direction of the Stanhope Gate. For several days Letitia had been in two minds. Lord Lightbody's invitation was vastly intriguing, but at the moment it was given she had not the remotest idea who he was. That, however, had been made known to her by a remark of her Aunt Shackleton's, who little dreamed what excitement her information had aroused in the heart of her madcap niece. To call on the eccentric old man to whom chance had introduced her was in itself sufficiently attractive, but there were other reasons which Letty would hardly acknowledge to herself. Yet there were difficulties. Should she go, or should she not? Perhaps Lord Lightbody had forgotten all about her. Unflattering, but possible. She did not care to face a rebuff. Still, she was out for adventures. The last had been sufficiently rewarding; it might open out into something even more thrilling. Letty weighed the pros and cons until the pros won. After lunch she set out, wondering whether her resolution would hold to the crucial point. As she crossed the Park, her thoughts ran less upon Lord Lightbody than upon someone else. But that was absurd. She told herself diligently that her errand was to visit an interesting old man who had been good enough to offer to show her his books. would go through with it. Even if he had forgotten her, it would be an experience. There was, however, one difficulty-Lord Lightbody didn't know her name. When she sent it in, it would suggest nothing to the master of the house in Park Lane. But that might resolve itself. If Lord Lightbody consented to see her, tact would do the rest.

She found the house, and ran up the steps. Her heart fluttered a little as she rang the Through a narrow pane of glass at the side of the door she caught sight for a moment of the wary features of Mr. Tombs. In a few seconds—it seemed an age—a young footman opened the door.

"Is Lord Lightbody at home?" Letitia Her voice had not quite all the

steadiness she could wish.

"His lordship is not at home, miss.

I say who called?"

"Miss Fortnum," said Letitia, striving to appear indifferent; the servant's cold eye chilled her no less than her disappointment. Why this provoking knot in her throat? Never before had she felt so little mistress of herself. So the adventure had gone flat, after all.

She was turning away, when a young man with his arm in a sling ran up the steps. The footman, who was closing the door, flung it open again and stood aside. young man glanced at Letitia, and improved the glance into something resembling a stare, preceded by the very slightest suspicion of an involuntary start—at least, Letitia, in days to come, always said it was a start, although Algernon denied it stoutly, and said that it was she who had not been perfectly composed. However that may be, he could not deny that he had looked well enough pleased.

He lifted his hat, smiling, and said: "How do you do, Miss—Miss——" A sudden confusion seized him as he remembered that

he could not finish his greeting.

"Fortnum," said Letitia, coming to the rescue with recovered self-possession, "Letitia Fortnum."

"Forgive me," Algernon pursued, keeping up appearances, "I've a positively frightful

memory for names."

"One never hears names when one is introduced—at least, I don't—and we only met once, you know," Letitia struck in merrily, to keep the ball rolling and save face before that stony-eyed young footman. "I'm so sorry I had the bad luck not to find Lord Lightbody at home. He asked me to come any old day to see his books. I ought to have written, perhaps, but I'm abominably casual. Serves me right."

"My grandfather will be dreadfully

disappointed. But won't you come in? He's sure to be home soon. In fact, he's later than usual. He seldom stays out after three o'clock. Come in, do. I'll try to amuse you until the grandparent comes.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Raeburn." Again Letitia flattered herself that Algernon gave an almost imperceptible movement of surprise. He bore her past the serving-man and so into a small drawing-room at the far end of the hall.

"Won't you sit down?" he said. "No. not that chair—this is a comfy one. I say,

how dul you know my name?"

"I thought you asked me in to amuse me, not to ask me inquisitive questions. it's too easy. Your common-sense might give you a hint-"

"Haven't the foggiest. But don't let's waste the time in conundrums. Tea?"

"Please."

Algernon rang the bell.

"I do trust your arm's going on all right. I'm so sorry. I felt quite guilty about it. You see, you really broke it helping me."

"Oh, that's all right. Yes, thank you, it's coming together again quite prettily. But how ever did you know?

"Tea, James, The footman appeared.

and I'd like to see Mr. Tombs."

"Oh, yes," Letitia exclaimed, as the door closed, "I remember Lord Lightbody called him Tombs. He looked like them—a whole cemetery full!"

"What do you know about Tombs? My dear Miss Fortnum, are you clairvoyante?"

"No-not a bit spooky. One day I may tell you-not now. We don't know each other well enough yet to be confidential. Now, please begin to amuse me."

Algernon sat down opposite Letitia. For a full five seconds they looked into each other's eyes and said nothing. Letitia got the angel blessing—she laughed and spoke first.

"It's so rude to stare," she said, "but, all the same, you do amuse me rather nicely, thank you."

have not lived in vain, then,"

Algernon sighed. "I feared I had."

"Oh, why?" Letty asked. But the answer was lost, for Tombs entered, wearing the face of a Sphinx with a grievance skilfully repressed.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Algernon?" "Oh, yes, Tombs. When will my grand-

father return?"

"I cannot say, sir. His lordship did not tell me when to expect him."

"He is later than usual?"

"Very little, sir, if anything."

"Let me know, then, as soon as he comes in. And hurry up James with tea."

"Very good, sir." And Tombs, sorrow-fully eyeing Letitia, bowed himself out.

For a second he stood in the hall. In that instant his face fixed to a firmer resolution. He sped upstairs and entered the library. At a table near the window, in a corner of that paradise of the bookman, a room that spoke in every detail of its owner's pursuits and of his exquisite taste, sat the bookman himself, working on that catalogue he would permit no deputy to touch. It was a full minute before he looked up with a vague question in his eyes.

"Did I ring for you, Tombs?"

"You did not, my lord. But, my lord, your lordship took only a very short walk this morning. It is a beautiful afternoon. I am thinking of your lordship's health. It is not advisable to sit so long over the catalogue. Sir Peter Migraine has expressly forbidden it. Another little turn in the Park, if I might suggest, would be very beneficial."

"It is after my usual time, Tombs."

"But the weather is all that could be desired. No possible harm, but every good can come of it. I faithfully promised Sir Peter, on his last visit, that your lordship should never neglect your walk. Our two hours' daily minimum is somewhat behindhand."

Lord Lightbody sighed. "You're a tyrant, Tombs. So is Sir Peter. I suppose I must." He laid down his pen, made a neat pile of his papers, arranged some volumes on the table with a loving hand, rose and surrendered himself to his factotum. Tombs brought his master's hat, light overcoat and stick, robed him, and sped him forth. As he closed the door he drew a long breath of relief. He even came as near a smile as his nature allowed; but the smile came off speedily at the sight of James with the tea-tray.

"James," he said, "if anyone inquires,

his lordship is still not at home."

"I quite understand, Mr. Tombs," James replied, with a suspicion of a grin.

"Yes; but the -ah -social fiction is now

a fact, James—his lordship is out."

James passed on, discharged his duties in the small drawing-room, and retired to report to the servants' hall upon the undeniable attractions of Mr. Algernon's visitor, with sundry original comments on the manner of her welcome, and Mr. Algernon's peculiar unreadiness in the matter of the lady's name. "For an happarently slight acquaintance," he remarked, "they do seem to be pretty thick already. It is a noo departure for Mr. Algernon."

"Is she an actress, do you think, Mr. James?" asked the second parlourmaid.

"Not more than is common with all women, and personally, if you mean the stage, I should say not. The ladies of the theaytre 'as a jennysayquaw which is a-wanting in this young person. But she might be a littery character—one of those female journalists as now abound in society, and gains entrance to good houses to write about the objects of art, the furniture, the books and sich for the illustrated papers. She said she had come to see his lordship's library."

"I think you have hit it, Mr. James," said the second parlourmaid. "If so, Mr. Algernon is being nicely 'ad, I don't think."

"Mr. Algernon is a Socialist, and makes peculiar friends, but 'itherto he has kept his distance, as far as he has come under my observation, with them."

"Is he not keeping his distance?"

"He is free an easy-like—more I will not say—and they are chaffing one another a

treat, for slight acquaint ince."

"That's the way nowadays," cook intervened. "It means nothing. You're a pair of gossiping young fools. Get along with you! Mr. Algernon can take care of himself."

Mr. Algernon, upstairs, would have agreed. But at that moment self-preservation was the last thing in his thoughts. He was content to improve acquaintance with the girl who had seldom been out of his thoughts since the day of their extraordinary first meeting. He had not hoped to meet her again, and now chance had drifted her up to his grandfather's door, it seemed by his grandfather's invitation. How that came about he might, perhaps, find out. The grandparent delayed his coming. Algernon did not care.

"Good Heavens!" Letty exclaimed at last. "Is it that time? I must really go. I've made a visitation. My Aunt will think I'm lost."

"Don't go. The erring grandparent must be back any minute now. May I, without inquisitiveness, ask who your Aunt is? Do I know her, by any chance?"

"You do. Miss Shackleton. She saw



"Ah, there! They were coming down at last, still a-carrying on . . . The butler's suspense became agony. How slow they were! What was Mr. Algernon saying?"

us together in Kensington Gardens that

"Oh, Great Scot! She doesn't approve of me. She once did, but my views, you I haven't called upon her for ages."

"No; not since I went to live with her, quite a year ago now. Why are you a Socialist?"

"I can't help it. It's conviction. think you're one, too."
"I? A Socialist? Never!"

"You have the makings of one. sure you are up against hidebound conventions-

"Or I wouldn't be here?"

"Got it in one! That's the first step;

the next is easy."

"Is it? I don't know, though, that I want to share all I possess with Tom, Dick, and Harry. Now, do you?"

"That is, forgive me, a popular miscon-

ception."

"Misconceptions are usually popular."

"You're right. The masses have got to learn clear thinking."

"And the classes?"

"Equally misguided, for the most part. But some of them have a glimmering of

light. It is their duty to lead."

"Sounds aristocratic, somehow, and However, I'm exclusive for a Socialist. fearfully ignorant. No doubt you're right, Mr. Raeburn. I'll ponder it deeply. I really must fly."

"Must you really? So sorry. Mayn't

I call on-your Aunt?"

"I don't know-she's rather down on you at present. Perhaps I can wangle it somehow. I think perhaps if she understood your point of view better, she'd not be so terrified of seeing you in Parliament."

"I may never persuade a constituency to send me there. But that's not immediate. Must you really go? I do wish the grandparent had been at home. He's seldom out so late. He's not double-extra strong, you He'll be awfully sorry he missed you, for there's nothing he loves like showing off his books. Perhaps Tombs has forgotten to tell me he's come back. Come up to the library a moment and see."

Letitia hesitated. It was really much The afternoon later than she had thought. had run away at aeroplane speed. Not quite the afternoon she had intended, but not to be grumbled at altogether. Algernon had interested her. She didn't know whether she quite liked him or not. He

was good fun, but he had disappointed her a little. Had he been the thoroughgoing Socialist he was said to be, she would have been better pleased. He had seemed to wobble in his opinions, to take a rather patronising tone to the masses he should have embraced. She must see further into this young man. This interview, however, must end. It had been rather a giddy experience, quite worth while-a thing to give Aunt Maria a fit, if she knew. She had stayed too long, but Algernon's offer of a peep at the library and possibly of its master tempted her. She hesitated and was

"Well, just for a moment, then." And

they went upstairs.

Mr. Tombs, emerging from his own retreat, where he had been listening in some disquiet for the departure of the unwelcome guest, wore a look of increased worry, almost of disgust, when he heard Letitia consent to stay yet a little longer. The butler had several anxieties on his mind, for his master had far outstayed his time. Mr. Tombs had not dreamed that Letitia's visit would be so extended as it had been. If Lord Lightbody should return while the young people were upstairs, Tombs might yet save the situation by shepherding his master to a safe retreat, where he could easily find a pretext to detain him. But he might come in just in time to meet them in the hall. Nor was this everything. Truth to tell, Mr. Tombs was afraid that Lord Lightbody's continued absence meant that that eccentric old gentleman had got into some sort of trouble. He groaned in spirit, and wished he had taken Mrs. Lillywhite's advice not to interfere. He hovered about the hall, listening to every sound. He opened the door and looked up and down. No sign of his lordship. Mr. Tombs came in frowning. From the library floated a ripple of laughter. "They've started all over again," he muttered. Well, let 'em go on, if only this minute he could hear the sound of a key in the latch. But my lord still delayed his coming. Mr. Tombs began to despair. Would that audacious young siren never have the grace to go? Mr. Tombs anathematised modern young people's There was a manners. time when afternoon calls had limits. It was now evening—dinner-time was coming within hail. What goings on!

Ah, there! They were coming down at last, still a-carrying on. Would luck serve Mr. Tombs? Once get that young person

safe out of the house, and he could go to look for the master. The butler's suspense became agony. Any moment might bring the click of a latch-key. How slow they What was Mr. Algernon saying? were!

"You must come again soon. I'll get

my grandfather to fix up a day."
"Please don't," said Letitia. "Don't tell him a word. I want to see whether he remembers me."

"I should think he did," said Mr. Tombs heavily to himself, as silent Chorus to the

"All right, then," Algernon agreed. "If you wish it, I won't. Only let me know

when you're coming."

They were at the bottom step. They were across the hall. Algernon was holding the door open. They had shaken hands, much too cordially for Mr. Tombs's liking. was actually gone! Mr. Tombs could hardly repress a long sigh of relief. Yet he was not out of the wood. But he could now concentrate on Lord Lightbody, without other distractions.

"Tombs!" Algernon said.

"Yes, sir?"

"I'm beginning to be alarmed about my grandfather."

"And high time!" thought Mr. Tombs. Aloud he added: "So am I, sir."

"Do you know where he went?"

"To take a short turn in the Park, Mr. Algernon. His lordship should have been back long ago. Shall I run out and take a look about, sir?"

"Do," said Algernon. "I'll 'phone to the It's too late now for him to be at any bookshop, or sale-room, or museum."

There was no word at the club. Algernon telephoned to a few intimate friends with no result. Tombs returned in an hour, emptyhanded and miserable.

"I fear another attack, sir. Loss of

memory."

Algernon shrugged his shoulders. "It looks like it, Tombs. I must inform the police."

"I would wait a bit, sir. His lordship

may return to dinner."

Dinner-time came and passed. Tombs made another round of inquiry in vain. Ten o'clock! "I must tell the police now, Tombs."

"There is nothing else to be done, I fear,

Algernon went to the telephone. At that moment a taxi drove up and stopped. Raeburn, Tombs, and Mrs. Lillywhite hurried out into the hall. There was a sound of a key in the latch. Lord Lightbody came in, smiling to himself.

"Grand-dad," Algernon exclaimed, "we

thought you'd met with an accident!"

"So I did, my boy, so I did, and a very pleasant one. Hope you didn't wait dinner?"

"What about yours?"

"Oh, I have dined. You looked scared, Tombs. I'm all right, my good man. If I go out to please you and Sir Peter, I stay out to please myself." He glanced at the butler with sly humour. Tombs winced. see, just as I was coming in, whom should I meet, Tombs, a few doors down, but that dear young lady whom I asked to come to see my books. Seems she'd been waiting for me for some time, since before I went out, in fact—eh, Tombs? But let that pass. I insisted on driving her home, and discovered, Algernon, that she is the niece of my dear old friend of former days, Maria Shackleton. It was late, but I dropped in for a moment, just to shake hands with Maria and make my peace for a call long overdue. Miss Shackleton would have me stay to dinner, taking me as I was. I stayed and spent a delightful evening. The niece, Letitia Fortnum, is a charming girl. You must meet her, Algernon." Lord Lightbody slipped his arm through his grandson's and went upstairs, leaving Tombs and Mrs. Lillywhite staring at each other. Mrs. Lillywhite spoke first.

"You've got off easy, Mr. Tombs. know what orders you gave James about 'Not at home.' I can guess the rest. What did I tell you?"

"I didn't get off so easy as you suppose, Mrs. Lillywhite. Think what agonies I've suffered!"

"And serve you right," Mrs. Lillywhite all but replied. She checked herself, however, in time, for it was no part of her programme to put Mr. Tombs's back up. And he, poor man, looked sufficiently crushed.

"You are a wonderful woman, Mrs. Lillywhite, and a wise one. I have been blind. I have not valued you as I ought. I say, Anne"—he drew nearer—"dear

Anne, I have been thinking——"

"If you have anything important to say, Thomas, this is hardly the place. Come to my sitting-room."

Mr. Tombs followed her, a vanquished but

not unhappy man.

Letitia, just falling pleasantly asleep in Kensington, did not dream the full measure of her day's work in Park Lane.

## AUNT CORDELIA

### By EDITH DART

Illustrated by N. Tenison-Cuneo



HE rich woman was
paying a long overdue account. "I
am having no new
blouses this winter.
We must each
deny ourselves for
the sake of our
country," she said
complacently to the
sweet - faced little

spinster, who looked far more of a lady than her customer. Cordelia Bowen wrote a receipt and listened meekly enough. She made no reference to the fact that her blouse-making venture had suffered considerably, or to the misfortune that many women who owed her money were spending the same upon so-called charity instead of paying their debts.

When the rich woman was whirled away in her noiseless motor, Cordelia sat down and meditated what more she could do to help her country. She had knitted socks, sewed shirts and sand-bags, given the small contributions she could afford, and still her patriotic impulses were unappeased. was not strong enough for a Red Cross nurse or to help at a canteen. more could she do? She lay awake that night, asking herself that same question. Suddenly it was as though a voice had whispered it in her ear. She had seen a notice asking for books for reading-rooms at the base and hospitals at the Front. could give her last cherished possession, the set of Dickens that had belonged to her father. Cordelia had seen better days, as the phrase runs. These books were almost her last relic from that prosperous vanished past. It would be a wrench to part with them. She often read them still. more reason to give them if they cost something," she told herself stoutly. She did them up in a parcel after breakfast the next morning, and took them to the depôt without delay, lest she might repent of her

resolve. An absent-minded young woman, surrounded by a positive sea of miscellaneous volumes, took them from her. "Dickens, did you say? That's good. The men all like Dickens, I fancy. Good afternoon. Thank you." The giver stepped out into the chill and gloom of the murky streets on a depressing winter afternoon, wondering why the gift of a few old books should seem to leave such a blank in her life. She told herself that it must be because they formed a link with her youth, with her early years, so different in essentials and surroundings from her present way of life. She had been brought up as the daughter of a prosperous man of good family. She had accepted ease and luxury as naturally and unconsciously as most people do who have never known any other state. She sighed as she made her way through the mud and fog, thinking of those long-vanished days, and her brother and sister who had been her companions then. Gilbert had been killed in a hunting accident, the year after Imogen had displeased her father by marrying a man less well born than herself. He had forbidden the rest of the family to hold any communication with her. Cordelia thought wistfully, as she got indoors and sat over her apology for a fire, of Imogen's merry blue eyes, her fun and light-heartedness. She was the gayest of the family, full of laughter and nonsense. Life had never been dull when Imogen was She would be a middle-aged woman by this time, of course. Cordelia could not imagine her as anything but a smiling, happy girl. Rumour had it that the despised husband had taken his young wife to Canada, but nobody knew for certain. If Imogen ever wrote to her people, her sister knew nothing of the fact; she had gone as completely out of her life as though she had never been. After her brother's death, life had begun to change. Her father altered visibly, grew more reckless—he had always been an extravagant man. It was no surprise to his daughter when he died,

some years later, to find that she was left practically penniless; and alone in the world as she now was, came the problem how to gain a living. She had never been clever, and had received the usual superficial education of most girls of her class, one that left her quite unfitted to support herself.

But Cordelia Bowen was a courageous woman, and her courage stood her now in good stead. She came to London to take rooms in a respectable neighbourhood, and started a blouse-making and renovating business. She had always had deft fingers and an eye for line and colour. It had been uphill work at first, but at last she gained a connection, and was doing fairly well, when the War crashed in upon her quiet life, bringing disaster and poverty in its train. She had been able to save so little for a rainy day. Thought of the future kept her awake at night, and was a spectre to be dodged by day as much as possible, lest she should lose heart altogether.

For the remainder of that day her thoughts wandered to speculations concerning her lost sister. If only she might get some clue as to her whereabouts, know her to be alive or dead! Somehow she could not believe healthy, vivacious, merryvoiced Imogen dead. Perhaps she had sons who were fighting for the Empire. She was sure that Imogen's sons would be brave. She liked to fancy that some of her kin were doing their part in this crisis. Courage was a quality that had always stirred her heart and set her pulses thrilling. She lay back in her chair, while the firelight played hideand-seek across the room, and wove fancies, building frail castles in the air, vague, alluring, unsubstantial edifices of dream about her problematical nephews, stalwart, well-favoured young men with Imogen's merry eyes and handsome face. She seemed to see them standing before her, laughing down at her, their strong hands on her own, their clear eyes looking into hers.

She had never had but one suitor herself. a man whom her father had disliked. had refused his offer of marriage, being averse to defying the autocratic old man. She had often since regretted her own submission and obedience. Life had brought her no further romance; but she sometimes told herself, had she only taken her destiny into her own hands, she might now be the mother of soldier sons. She pictured them as being like those fine young fellows in khaki whom she often saw march past her window, bright-eyed, erect, manliness in every gesture and movement. Instead, she was a lonely woman who sat brooding over the past, afraid to peer into the future.

There was a good deal of spare time for day-dreams, unfortunately. Work and orders dwindled gradually. Bills remained unpaid. Cordelia very unwillingly began to turn over in her mind the unwelcome idea of seeking other and cheaper rooms. She sought to speak directly on the point to her landlady, who refused to listen, but walked out of the room promptly, talking to herself something about "they as seem to think a body haves no other thought but profit." Cordelia hated change, and shrank instinctively from the thought of a fresh dwelling. Mrs. Smith had always been kind and motherly, and cheered many a dreary hour by her goodnatured talk.

Her lodger was well aware of the mythical nature of suggestions that she began to put forward as to a new blouse for her married daughter "to Greenwich," or a renovation of her own best merino dress. "You have never worn it since I did it last summer." interpolated Miss Bowen, and Mrs. Smith retired discomfited. "You can't deceive of her, and that's gospel," she confided to her husband gloomily, "and what's to 'appen I shouldn't like to sye."

The long weeks went slowly by. Cordelia's appetite dwindled to yet smaller proportions, so that Mrs. Smith grew more and more despondent each time that she bore away the tray. When the days were not too cold, she would let the fire out and wrap her frail little body in a shawl for warmth. There was something about her gentle presence that restrained her good-natured landlady from mentioning the loan she would so willingly have proffered. She had to relieve her feelings downstairs in reiterated gloomy prophecies to her husband, and ingenious schemes for the morrow, which rarely had any success in execution.

It was nearing the second Christmas of the War. A rich customer asked Cordelia, as usual, to join her family party on Christmas Day. "I make a point of asking a few poor failures every year," she had been overheard to remark. Cordelia refused on the score of having a cold. She felt too much of a failure this year to figure as one of Mrs. Willoughby's collection. Other years she had been able to see the humour of the situation, and she laughed now at what she called her own "thin-skinnedness," but was very glad that her hostess accepted her refusal without protest or remark.

Then the wonderful event happened—the event so far-fetched and propitious that it could only be possible in the amazing realm of fact, as opposed to credible fiction. It was two days before Christmas. Mrs. Smith was busy in the kitchen, when a resounding knock thundered at the street door. She wiped her bare arms on a corner of her coarse apron as she went to open it. The little passage was filled with steam from the kitchen, so that for a minute she could not discern the tall young man in khaki standing there, with the shining badge "Canada" in brass lettering on the shoulder of his overcoat.

"Miss Cordelia Bowen live right here?" asked the stranger, showing his white and regular teeth in a flashing smile that won the good woman's heart there and then.

"That she do, and I'll thank you to step inside and go strite upstair to 'er. Fust door on the left as you turns the corner. 'Tis pleased she'll be to see yer, as tain't many visitors come 'er wye of late, and so I mike bold to sye."

The young man was so big and broad-shouldered that he seemed to fill the narrow little passage when he had shut He ran into the hat-stand, nearly upsetting it, not to speak of cannoning against the turquoise blue drain-pipe, with arum lilies on its side, that held umbrellas and sticks at the bottom of the stairs. "Right O!" he laughed. "I guess she'll not know me right off." In a stride or two he had mounted the flight of stairs and was pounding away at the door indicated. Smith, in the passage below, was all agog to know what was happening; but the door was shut quickly, so that she had to return to her wash-tub, her curiosity unsatisfied.

Wrapped in a big shawl in her low chair, Cordelia, trembling in every limb, was suddenly aroused by that resounding knock. She called out a timid "Come in!" Almost before the words were uttered, the door opened, and the tall soldier stood smiling down at her—a stranger, yet with eyes strangely familiar, laughing blue eyes with a twinkle in their depths that was not strange at all. She rose, still trembling, so that she had to clutch at the back of her chair to steady herself. "I am afraid that there is some mistake." Her voice was very shaky and agitated. "My name is Bowen. But I don't know who you are. Perhaps you have come to see the lady below."

In a stride the tall young man was at her side. She was so small that she did not reach

to his shoulder. He took her trembling hands in his strong clasp. He smiled down at her confidently, just as in her day-dreams. "Not much mistake here. Aunt Cordelia, eh?"

"But you are not—it can't be—not my dear Imogen's son? Why, you have got her eyes! Of course, that's why—Oh, my dear lad, my sister's son!" She broke off her incoherent sentences and looked up at him.

"You've tumbled to it. We've been looking for you for years, all over the place. Mother will be nearly off her head with joy when she knows that I've found you at last. It is like a kid's fairy tale from beginning to end, and so you'll agree when I've told you all about it."

Cordelia sank back into her chair, wiping her eyes, for she could not restrain the happy tears

tears.

"I believe that my grandfather was very bitter about my mother's marriage—old-fashioned sort of heavy father stunt, and all that mouldy business. When my mother heard of his death, some months after it happened, she wanted to get into touch with you. You were always her favourite relative."

"Dear Imogen!"

"She put lawyers on the track, but all the information she could learn was that the old home was broken up, and that you had disappeared."

"But how-"

"Wait a bit. I'm coming there. I was in England for six months' training, and I continued the search, with no result. My mother's letters were full of questions and suggestions. Then I went to the Front, and after ten months was wounded and in hospital in France. I was reading there a book from the hospital library, a favourite of mine, 'Great Expectations.' On the fly-leaf I read 'Theophilus Bowen, Parkham Hall, Surrey.' 'What ho!' I thought. 'This belonged to my respected grandsire.'"

"I thought that I had cut out each fly-

leaf.

"Well, you happened to overlook this particular one. Wait a bit. There is something more wonderful to follow. As I read I came across an envelope. It was wedged so tightly into the centre of the volume that I had to tug at it to get it out. It was addressed to 'Miss Cordelia Bowen, 96, Albert Road, Clapham.' I've got it still about me." He pulled out a case and showed it to her. "Of course, I couldn't be sure you lived here still. The postmark was three years old, but I calculated the folks

might know your whereabouts, if you'd left, so I came away here, first leave, and here I've found you. If this doesn't happen to be a first-class, A1, nickel-plated miracle and

stretched out an appealing hand of protest. "You are not going?"

"Not likely! I'll just move round, though, to the office I passed in the next street, and



"Almost before the words were uttered, the door opened, and the tall soldier stood smiling down at her."

coincidence, and all the bag o' tricks, then I don't know what is." He smiled again with the blue eyes like his mother's, and got up.

"You can't go yet. I have so much to ask and hear. Not yet!" His hostess

send a cable home. I reckon it'll be about the most welcome Christmas gift I could send, anyway." He was at the door, smiling back at her.

"I don't even know your Christian name!" cried his aunt.

"Donald I answer to—Donald Alexander Macpherson, at your service. Back in ten minutes." He was down the stairs in a second, sending the painted drain-pipe flying again. Mrs. Smith appeared as the front door banged and Miss Bowen's bell—a thing that had not happened for years—rang hastily.

When Donald returned, after twenty minutes' wrestling with an unapproachable Post Office young lady and a book of instructions, he found an abundant tea laid, such a meal as the little room rarely saw. Mrs. Smith was hovering smilingly in the background, having heard the wonderful story as she laid the table. She had to retire hurriedly. The old lady on the first floor rang her bell violently for the sixth time. After tea Donald asked permission to smoke while he talked and answered questions. His listener, in a happy, quivering dream, plied him with many concerning his mother, sisters, home. He pulled out a case and handed her a photograph, and she saw, through a mist of tears, the face she loved, older and matronly, but indisputably Imogen's, with still the happy eyes and smiling lips of the girl she remembered. She was surrounded by her family—two daughters and four sons. Donald pointed "That's Delia, out her own namesake. next to mother. She's a peach, and no mistake, pretty as a picture, nineteen last month. My father? Didn't I tell you he died three years ago? I think, from something mother said, he always felt a bit sore about grandfather's treatment, but he was as eager as any of us that mother should get in touch with you. We've got a jolly nice place outside Toronto. You'll be seeing it for yourself, though, when the War is over. That's a cinch." The listener had not the

least notion what a cinch might happen to be, but was too happy to want to inquire. "Mother always planned to come over to the Old Country as soon as ever I got any tidings of you. She'll be here in the course of the next few weeks, don't you trouble. I'll trust my mater to hustle when she's in the mood. Now run off and put on your best bib and tucker. We are going out to dinner together. Never dined in public yet with a Canadian soldier nephew, you see. You must get used to it, for I've two other brothers in my battery, and a youngster at home coming on. I'll slip out and find a taxi while you get ready." In the passage below Donald had a brief but informing talk with Mrs. Smith, which ended by transferring a roll of notes from his pocket to hers.

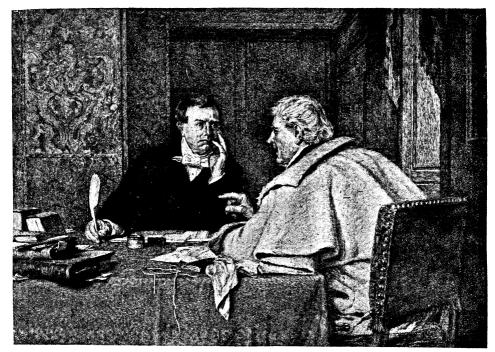
Cordelia forgot all about her cold as she pulled out her best grey silk frock from its layers of tissue-paper. She spent one of the happiest evenings of her life, dining with Donald at a restaurant. He ate his Christmas dinner with her the day after next, an abundant meal, which Mrs. Smith had enjoyed herself vastly over providing at short notice. Another pleasure was hers in giving notice to the fussy old lady on the first floor, since Donald wanted the rooms for his mother on her arrival from Toronto

in the course of a week or two.

"You spoil me dreadfully, Donald," his aunt protested happily, when the old lady had departed in dudgeon, and she moved into the larger sitting-room downstairs.

"I guess there's a little due to you. Anyhow, you don't seem to object much, eh?" He smiled, too, as he noticed the improvement in her, from the frail woman he had first seen a week or two before. There is no tonic in the world so effectual as happiness.





"HIS LEGAL ADVISER." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

# THE ART OF ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

#### By AUSTIN CHESTER

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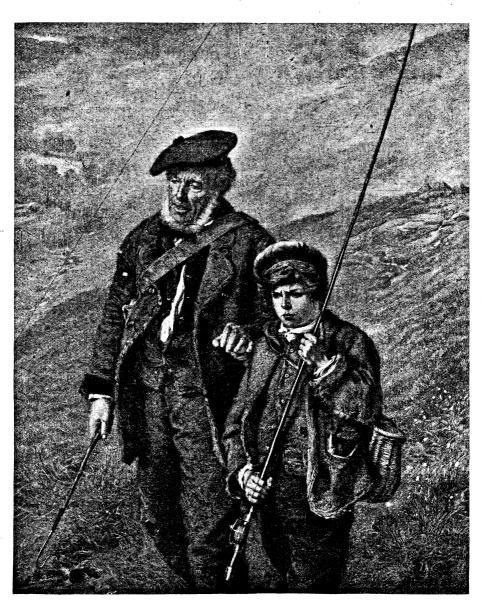
RSKINE NICOL dealt entirely with subjects of homely and even commonplace type, of the kind from which Charles Lamb asserted that Art turns instinctively away, as being incapable of investiture with any grandeur; but in debating any such questions as to the true ideals of the loftiest forms of Art, other critics have held that there is no essentially bad subject for a good painter, and when we approach humorous themes in paint, we feel inclined to agree with Heine rather than Lamb, that "it is less difficult to paint large tragic subjects than those which are small and droll." Certainly it requires talent of an uncommon order adequately to depict in

paint the elusively volatile emotions of mirth and their visible expression in the act of laughter.

As we saw in a former article in this series on a kindred subject, the painter, unless he has quite exceptional qualifications for his task, is apt to fall below his own standard when he seeks to be the delineator of humour, through allowing the humorous interest of his theme to obscure its pictorial qualities. Probably it is for this reason that the list of masterpieces of the world's art includes but a small number that can be definitely catalogued as humorous, apart from the context of literary allusion or episodic illustration. After the sixteenth-century Japanese artist

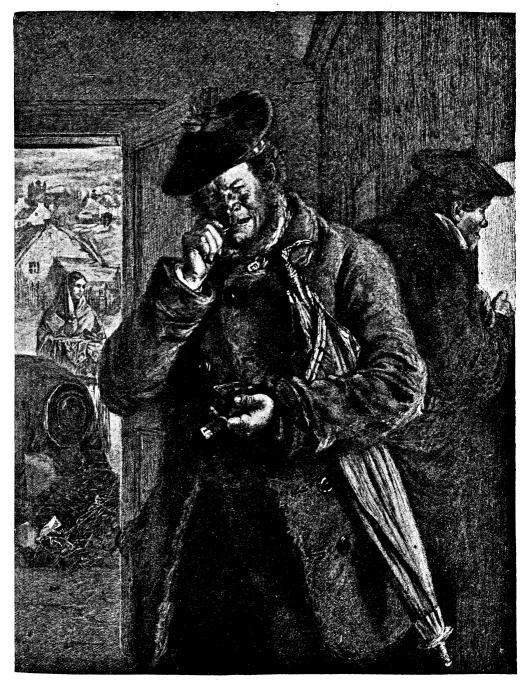
Kano Masa-Nobu, and the great Franz Hals, and one or two other men, we come to Hogarth as earliest, and still greatest, of English humourists in paint; but the satire of Hogarth would scarcely recognise as akin

satirist, our modern painters of follies or foibles have, for the most part, been content to be mere dramatists of comedy scenes, or story-tellers who have chosen paint for their medium, or else they have frankly taken



"STEADY, JOHNNIE, STEADY!" BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

to its own sense of the incongruous the far more genial humours of such work as Erskine Nicol's, although there is not wanting in the latter that "criticism of Life" which Wordsworth demanded of poetry. The fact is, however, that whereas Hogarth was a great their themes from some eminent author's work. Erskine Nicol was not of the latter school; his work does not, like that of Charles R. Leslie or Maclise, presuppose the beholder of it to be well versed in passages from famous authors, nor do his pictures,

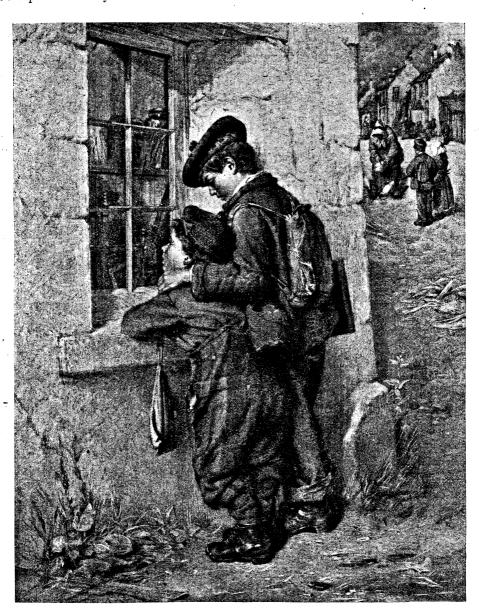


"EXAMINE YOUR CHANGE BEFORE LEAVING." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

like certain of Landseer's and other artists', depend upon their titles for the explanation of their humour. Rather do they resemble the domestic *genre* in comedy of Webster or Mulready, or, in the case of his more serious themes, that of Thomas Faed or such later work as some of Frank Holl's, in the inherent

truthfulness of their characterisation and the faithful accuracy of the painter's study of varying types, both serious and humorous. In his serious subjects the note of sympathy or pathos is sincere and unforced, and in his larger output of humorous themes the comedy is always essential to the situation, and never merely dependent upon that sense of humour which lies only in the eye of the beholder.

The primary purpose of Nicol's work is storytelling, and here we are fain to acknowledge his exceptional and very individual talent. The foreign to the initial substance. Even the noble unsightliness of age is picturesque. Nicol sought this extraneous quality in humour, which gives to ideas, as to features, a ludicrous or fantastic twist, and must be

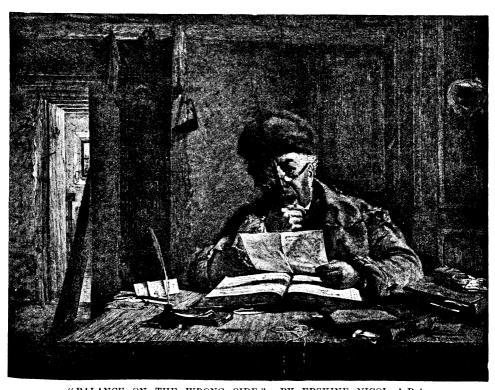


"LOOKING OUT FOR A SAFE INVESTMENT." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

essence of picturesqueness has been defined as a something external to the actual object, like the ruggedness and colour which time confers on buildings, and the varying expressions on faces, attributes more or less admitted as picturesque if we admit the first hypothesis. He had plenty of invention, and his literary apprehension of the comedy scenes he depicted was sincere in treatment, even if it was limited in range, and always



"BALANCE ON THE RIGHT SIDE." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

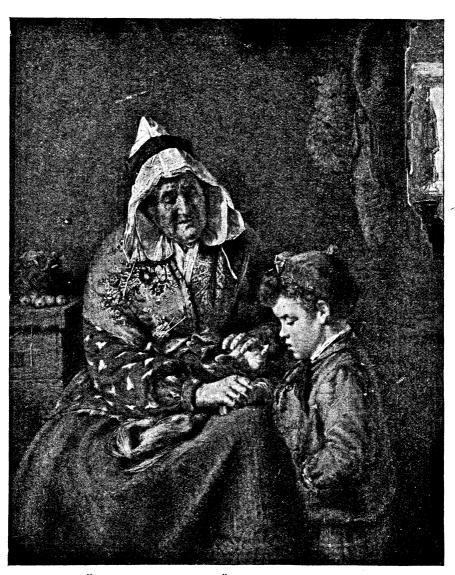


"BALANCE ON THE WRONG SIDE." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

the characterisation of his subjects was admirably suggested. In considering the Irish branch of his work, however, as distinct from his Scottish and English themes, we find its parallel in sundry typical Irish anecdotes and traditional humorous episodes, but

exactly to the appearance of transparency in an anecdote, we are told, and it was this moment of transparency, when thought is legible to the eye, that Nicol seized upon to depict.

We are inclined to think that Nicol's



"ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

primarily, one is inclined to think, in those which have always aimed rather at the amusement of minds that are not themselves Irish. This is only natural, since Nicol was not himself an Irishman, but a Scotsman.

The point of time in a picture answers

presentments of Irish character are less true to life than true of the fanciful idea which the alien has of the Verdant Isle's inhabitants, who sees them in a mirror which reflects, not quite exactly the people themselves, but his own conception of them. How far the bland, facile songs of the country

are to be held responsible for these conceptions, it is difficult to say.

It is the Ireland of romance, sometimes of caricature, rather than of history, that Nicol illustrated in such pictures as "Donnybrook Fair," "Paddy's Toilet," "The Tale of an Irish Song," "A Scene in an Irish

Cabin," "Paying the Rint," and other works devoted to the presenting of Irish life and character.

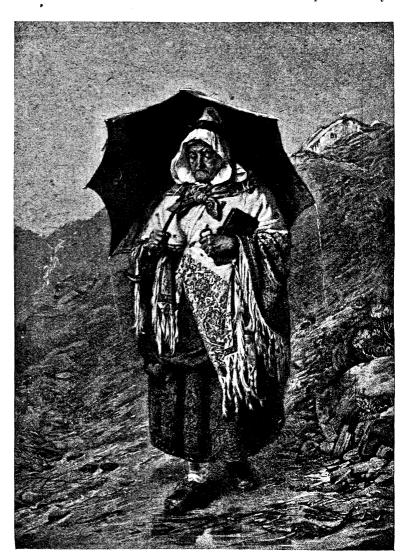
Erskine Nicol was born at Leith in 1825. Art, like murder, will out, and when, as a very young lad, Nicol was apprenticed to a decorative painter, he must have employed the pigments he was put to use to other purposes than those for which they were intended, for to handle a brush, in some other ways than to give a flat first or second coat, became the object of his ambition.

Sir Joshua Reynolds tells us that the first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature—a general preparation to whatever branch of the Art the student may afterwards choose for his own particular application, and that it is only after he has learned with some degree of correctness to ex-

press himself in colour and in line that he can feel sufficiently emancipated from the rule of thumb hitherto guiding him, and deviate into a track other than the one worn by his master. From this point of view Erskine Nicol was fortunate in his first teacher, for at thirteen he was entered as

a student of the Trustees' Academy at Edinburgh, under Sir William Allan, its then head, a man who attained in his time considerable honours, and was an admirable instructor.

When he was only fifteen years of age, Erskine Nicol had a landscape in the Royal

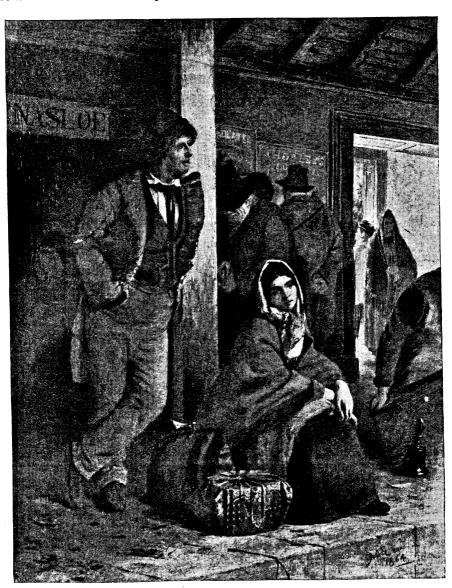


"THE SABBATH DAY." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

Academy of Scotland, and at twenty he became instructor in drawing in the Academy of his native town of Leith. He threw up this appointment, however, almost immediately, and went to Ireland, where he won a connection as an art master, spending the time not occupied by his pupils' terms in

wandering amongst the villages; and now we find him discarding landscape-painting, to which branch of art he had hitherto devoted himself, for the delineation of those humorous incidents of Irish life upon which

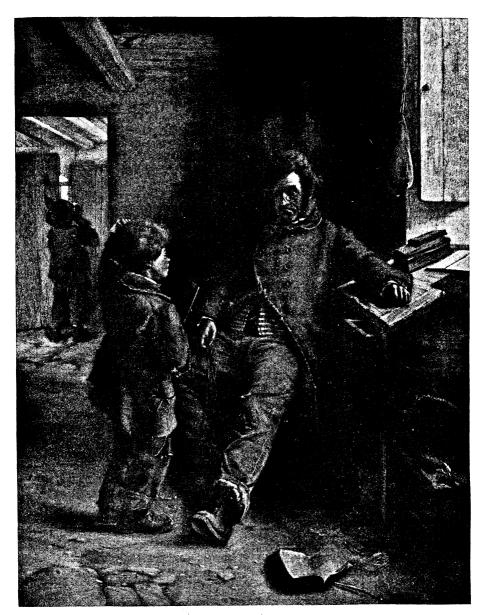
that training when Wilkie was at the height of his popularity. It was natural, therefore, that his young countryman, since Wilkie was recognised by his contemporaries at least as one of the most capable artists of



"THE EMIGRANTS." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A. From the original in the National Gallery of British Art.

his reputation was established. In considering his work, and particularly his choice of scenes, we have to remember, not only that he had his training in art under the man who had worked side by side in the schools with Wilkie, but that he commenced

his age, should elect, as far as might be, to follow in his footsteps, as did another young artist of his generation, Frederick Goodall, whose earlier pictures, before his study of Egyptian life, were all in the manner of Wilkie.



"BOTH PUZZLED." BY ERSKINE NICOL, A.R.A.

"But, sir, if wanst nought be nothing, then twice nought must be something, because it's double what wanst nought is."

Reproduced from the large plate published by Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Pall Mall, S.W.

With Wilkie as his model in delineation of character, with that artist's works, such as "The Distraining for Rent," "Blindman's Buff," and "The Penny Wedding," to spur him by study to similar creations in similar genre, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Erskine Nicol, with his adroit touch, should turn to subjects such as "Donnybrook Fair" and "An Irish Merrymaking." These pictures show many of the same characteristics as

Wilkie's earlier works. In "Fair Exchange No Robbery," Mr. McKay, in his valuable book on Scottish painters and their work, sees humour worthy of Leech in "the Irishman critically balancing the good points of his own damaged beaver hat against that upon a scarecrow, before deciding to make the exchange." Another discerning critic, Mr. James L. Caw, in his skilful survey of "Scottish Painting, Past and Present," has expressed the opinion

that although Erskine Nicol's art was "neat and deft rather than powerful and expressive," yet "of all Scots painters he has supplied the greatest amusement."

Having made his successes in subjects of humorous vein, Erskine Nicol would have had to be a man of very great determination had he broken away altogether from the track which popular appreciation expected him to follow. Wilkie made such a departure, for as W. E. Henley says, in his admirable "Views and Reviews": "Being a Scot, he had but to learn the truth to risk his all upon its capture. Paint, as Velasquez knew it, was unknown to Wilkie until he was a man of forty-two, and it is infinitely to his credit that he no sooner knew what it was than he began to experiment in the right use of it." Erskine Nicol was not so great a man as Wilkie, and although in subject he sought now and again to steer clear of humour, such departure was not readily permitted to him by the demands of his patrons.

"Wayside Prayer" and "The Emigrants," two pictures by which Erskine Nicol is represented in the Tate Gallery, are both in serious vein. The first, which was reproduced in our recent article on "Prayer in Art," represents an old man, one of a group, who, rosary in hand, makes his prayer to God by the roadside. In the other we are shown a dreary group of country people waiting on the platform of a railway station for the train which is to convey them the first stage of their journey to a foreign land. These pictures have a very true feeling of sentiment, and their pathos has genuine dignity.

The assured skill of Nicol's draughts-manship in the expression of humour, pathos, and characterisation generally, had the benefit of his distinctly individual sense of colour, which, as his chronicler in "The Dictionary of National Biography" points out, is always pleasing, sometimes rich, and even subtle.

Perhaps neither of his two serious pictures in the National Gallery of British Art shows him quite at his most distinguished as a colourist; but that in the Public Art Gallery of Leicester, "Signing the New Lease," with its warm reds and vivid greens and browns, is an excellent specimen of his successful application of an almost bizarre colour scheme to an ordinary subject, and, after examining it, one is ready to endorse Richard Muther's comment that Nicol "acquired something of Ostade's golden tone."

Erskine Nicol was happy in the descriptiveness of his titles, and the most popular of his pictures have become familiar to us in printshop windows. Through the medium of black-and-white we are reminded of the picture "Balance on the Right Side" and its companion, "Balance on the Wrong Side," illustrative of Dickens's wise philosophy that to live within your means is happiness, and to live beyond your means is misery; for here we have shown to us the same man as affected by the two In "Balance on the Right conditions. Side" he, with pipe in hand and bottle by his side, views with a contented smile the sheet of paper which shows his debtor and creditor account. In "Balance on the Wrong Side "all hilarity has disappeared from his face, the pipe and glass are neither of them in evidence, and, with chin gripped by hand, he, open-mouthed, stares at an unsatisfactory balance-sheet.

In 1855 Erskine Nicol's talent was recognised by his countrymen, and he was made an Associate of their Academy. Four years later he had the right, as full member of that institution, to add the highly-prized letters R.S.A. to his name. In 1862 he came to London, and from that date was a regular exhibitor in the Royal Academy. In 1866 he was entitled to conjoin A.R.A. to R.S.A. He died in 1904.



# A DRAUGHT OF LIFE

## By FRED M. WHITE

Illustrated by Frank Gillett



OW, every man has a story to tell once in his life, though, as a rule, it is the one thing he is shy of talking about, and therefore the world is all the poorer by a certain amount of decorative fiction. Some-

times this story is a sort of solo, and sometimes forms part of an orchestra, so to speak; but in this particular instance it was a duet or a duologue, according to the point of view of the critic.

Ned Buckley and Patrick Macardie were great friends. They had been at school together; they were fond of the same sort of literature, beginning with Fenimore Cooper, and grading, by delicate stages, up to Stevenson—in other words, two healthyminded public-school boys with a decided taste for adventure. And so it came about naturally enough that, before they settled down in life, this love of adventure had to be gratified; and it was gratified, as this veracious narrative will show.

They are getting on in life now—in the early forties, as a matter of fact—a little inclined to added girth, a little prone to ease in the evenings, and taking no more risks to-day than an occasional half-crown wagered on a golf match—that is, respectable citizens with a substantial stake in the country, men leading honest lives more or less luxuriously in the bosoms of rising families, and taking a languid interest in current topics of the day. They wear top hats most of the week, Harris tweeds on a Saturday, and they are rather inclined to somnolence on Sunday afternoons; and though they are very great friends indeed,

having business habits in common, one or two sharp observers have noticed that they do not particularly care to be alone together, unless they happen to have a golf club or a gun in their hands. And this is the cause of it.

About fifteen years ago, by sheer good luck, or so it seemed, Buckley and Macardie dropped on to what looked like a good thing. Now, a "good thing," in the English vernacular, means anything from a racing tip to the discovery of a hidden gold mine. And it was this last item that they seemed to have stumbled on.

It matters little or nothing how it came their way; it matters little or nothing how the plans fell into their hands; nor do difficulties and dangers appeal much to men well on the sunny side of thirty. At that time they were looking for something to do, something outside the ordinary City routine, and when, one summer holiday in Paris, they came upon a ragged and tough individual, who sold them certain information in return for the few francs which were necessary to purchase sufficient absinthe permanently to terminate a picturesque career, they did not stop to go into details, but decided to proceed to the southern extremity of the Red Sea at once.

They had health and strength, and love of adventure, and sufficient means to carry the thing through to a finish, which, indeed, might mean their extermination, but they were not troubling much about that. So therefore they found themselves, a few weeks later, skirting inland along the borders of Abyssinia, in search of their goal. And, for once in a way, they found it. It was indeed "all right." Not only was it "all right," but they had it entirely to themselves—they and about a score of carriers who had been impressed into the service. It was a

lonely and desolate spot, three hundred miles from the coast, in a fair enough country, wonderfully wooded and sufficiently watered, which was rather an important matter in a torrid climate that was not very far removed from the arid and sandy desert. By the time their work was done, the provisions were running short, and signs were not wanting of a spirit of insubordination

amongst the natives. Buckley was a little hot-headed and impulsive, and he had a way of his own with the natives which those simple children of Nature were disposed to resent. They resented these methods still more when one evening they broke into the stores and abstracted a couple of bottles of whisky, with which they proceeded to drink themselves into a state of temporary madness. Then there were alarums and excursions, accompanied by a fusillade of revolver shots, resulting in the death of one or two of the natives, and the precipitate flight of the rest. Indeed, they fled so far that they never came back again, so that the two Englishmen were left entirely alone, nearly three hundred miles from their base, with an unreliable compass, and the very faintest idea as to where they

They had taken no particular precautions to mark their route, leaving that entirely to their native servants. They had a certain amount of provisions, and therefore a day or two clapsed before the peril of the situation began to dawn upon them.

They were scores of miles from the nearest human being, on the edge of a sandy desert, and with barely sufficient food to bring them down to the coast again. They had located their mine all right, and in ordinary conditions would have been mightily pleased with themselves, had not starvation at the end of a few days stared them in the face.

"Well, my boy, we're up against it, sure," Macardie remarked. "It'll be a big thing to get back to the fork of the river, but it's got to be done."

Buckley nodded gloomily. He was feeling none the more amiable because the whole catastrophe was entirely his own fault.

"How many days to get there?" he

asked.

"Well, four at the least," Macardie said.

"And then we haven't finished. We could manage then, in a way, because the canoes are there, and there are plenty of fish in the river. But there's another thing that's worrying me."

"What's that?" Buckley asked.

"Water, my boy, water. We haven't got enough to last more than another day, and, so far as I remember, we are two long marches from the nearest water-hole. Oh, it doesn't sound much, but that's going to be our trouble."

Macardie spoke cheerfully enough, but his heart was sore and heavy within him. They tramped on most of the afternoon under a torrid sky, dragging their provisions with them as best they could, till they came at length to a rocky spur in the foothills, where they pitched camp on the edge of a dense forest. They could see that here and there the trees had been torn away by tropical storms of wind and rain, and underfoot in the sheltered hollows the dead leaves lay Here and there was a flat knee-deep. plateau of living rock, where the foliage lay as level as it would have done on a billiard table. And away in the distance somewhere—though how far away they could not say---was the continuous sullen roar that could have come from nothing but a great waterfall. But it was a long way off indeedthey had heard it now for an hour or two in an increasing volume of sound-and, so far as they knew, a couple of days might have been between them and that mighty stream which represented to them almost more than life itself.

"We have got to find that," Buckley said.

"Oh, we've got to find it right enough," his companion replied, "and I guess we're going the right way. It might be a week off yet, and if it is——"

"Then we are done," Buckley remarked.

The situation was beginning to get a grip upon him. He had more imagination than his mercurial companion, and he was thinking just then of the precious pint or two of water that remained in the last of the skins.

They sat down presently and made their camp for the night. They rose in the morning under a brazen sky, with a torturing sun blazing overhead, so that they were glad enough to remain there till late in the afternoon, when they pushed forward in what appeared to be the direction whence that volume of sound came. And when they settled down for the second night, still on that plateau of rock, with a flat valley between the rising banks, they divided a small cup of water between them, and sat down to the pretence of a meal.

They were fully alive to the danger now; they had gone mile after mile in almost sullen silence, glancing uneasily at one another, and both a little inclined to be

quarrelsome. Their lips were getting dry and cracked, their tongues were swelling in their mouths, and tobacco had become a mere mockery. They would have to finish their water in the morning, and then——

Well, they did not care to think of that. They did not care to think of the gold mine blackened and weary faces in the direction of the distant waterfall. It was getting nearer now—near enough to encourage them and put new life into those tired limbs of theirs—but then they had heard it for days now, and every hour was of vital importance.

All that day not one word had passed



"With a strength born of sudden rage, Buckley rose to his feet and disappeared over the edge in search of the bottle."

and all the dazzling prospects that it held out. They would have sold it cheerfully at that moment, and have held it well marketed, for a glass of the cold water that was so near and yet so far away.

And in the morning they finished their last precious drops of liquid, and turned their

between them as they plodded doggedly along. To eat was impossible. They laid out their food, looking at it languidly, and turning away from it with a sort of horror. The more mercurial Macardie had made a bold attempt to swallow a piece of biscuit, but the effort almost choked him, and he

spat it out again. Buckley watched him with a curious sense of irritability that amounted to positive dislike. Then they exchanged

a glance that was almost murderous.

They were very near the border-line. It wanted nothing but one word spoken at that moment to set them flying at one another's throats; but then speech was almost as impossible as food. And all the time in their ears was the maddening, luring roar of that waterfall. They could picture it near at hand, falling into the cool stone basin below; they could see themselves sunk to the mouth in it, cooling their parched throats with long, delicious draughts, and laving their weary bodies in it. It was torture, refined and exquisite, torture that was wearing on their fevered brains and driving them to madness.

They pulled up presently, dead beat to the world, on the ridge of rocks, and flung themselves down under the shelter of one of the great forest trees. Behind them the forest stretched away mile upon mile, and on the other side of the valley the sinister woodland was equally thick and forbidding. two fringes of wood were not more than sixty or seventy yards apart, with a shelf of rock on either side trending sharply down into the flat valley, level as a pavement and feet deep in the leaves which the winter storms and gales had reaped from the forest. They lay there in a thick, smooth carpet that had something almost maddeningly monotonous about it. A quarter of a mile or so further on the ledge of rocks made a bold sweep round, so as to form a kind of natural amphitheatre, a lifting shoulder of basaltic rock that looked almost sheer in the

Buckley passed a black tongue over his

dry lips.

"It's over yonder," he whispered; "it's over beyond that ledge of rock."

Macardie regarded the prospect with a

lack-lustre eye.

"I dare say," he said listlessly. "I'm done. We are both done. I could scream. I don't know why, but I'd like to lay hands on myself—yes, or on you, for the matter of that. Just listen to it!"

Buckley clapped his hands over his ears—anything to shut out the siren call of those falling waters. They were calling close at hand now, but to all practical purposes that life-giving stream might have been a thousand

miles away.

And they were utterly beaten. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and for all

the water in the world they could not have gone another mile. And all the time that alluring music was in their ears, mocking them with its madness until they both broke into weak, hysterical laughter, and in thin, cracked voices began to sing. But their mirth was so horrible and mocking that presently they ceased.

"What's the good?" Buckley whispered.
"We've done all men can do. Here, get

out that bottle of brandy."

Reckless as he was, Macardie shook his head.

"What's the good of that?" he whispered. "You can't drink neat brandy, man. You'd never swallow it; and, if you could, it would only drive you mad."

"We are both mad now," Buckley said.
"I am. Here, stand on one side! I'm going to have that brandy, if I kill you

for it!'

Macardie struggled to his feet. So weak was he that he could only stagger in the direction of his friend and catch him feebly round the waist. And there they struggled together—if struggle it could be called—like two new-born kittens, like some immature animals in pain. They fought on, first one and then the other on top, until they were too exhausted to continue the struggle. They lay down side by side, not more than a foot apart, glaring insanely into one another's eyes. And then Buckley broke out into horrible tears.

"Give it me!" he implored. "Let me have it! We'll share the bottle between us, every drop of it, then we shall go to sleep and wake no more. We've disappointed those chaps long enough; they're waiting for us!"

As Buckley spoke, he pointed with a shaking forefinger to three or four great black objects wheeling round slowly and majestically in the brazen sky overhead. And there was no reason to tell Macardie what they were. He had seen them up there in the zenith for two days past—seen them in the evenings on the branches of the great trees, waiting with a certain dogged patience that was perhaps more terrible than any open attack by the great vultures would have been. For they knew—they knew how near the inevitable end was, and the beating of their wings was a sort of hideous requiem.

Macardie shook his fist feebly.

"Ah, you devils," he said, "you're waiting for us, are you? Well, you'll not have long to wait now. But you'll not have that brandy, Buckley. You've got to

die like a man, so you can just make the best of it."

Buckley snivelled like a scolded child. His nerve was utterly gone now; he was a mere rag of manhood, and it was not for him to know that his companion was in little better case. But he dried his eyes presently, and lay there quite still, staring up hopelessly into the brazen sky. And then both of them, worn out and exhausted, fell asleep—an uneasy sleep, full of strange, haunting dreams, with no rest behind it, and no cease to that hideous torture until the sun rose again.

They rose simultaneously, gazing at one another with hopeless eyes, like a pair of human scarecrows, almost past speech, with lips that were cracked and blackened, and swollen tongues protruding through their teeth. They were almost too exhausted to move now—Macardie past motion altogether, so that when presently he saw his companion drag himself in the direction of the stores, he could do no more than follow him with a gleam of hatred in his bloodshot eyes.

He saw Buckley take the last bottle of the precious brandy from the case and withdraw the cork. Then, almost in a spirit of bullying bravade, Buckley crept back to his companion's side and held the bottle close to him.

A queer sort of angry snarl came from Macardie's lips as he shot out a hand and grasped the bottle by the neck. He was past feeling or caring now; it was all the same to him, only that the gleam of triumph on Buckley's face roused him to a sense of passing madness. He did not want the fiery stuff himself—he only wanted to prevent the other man from drinking it. He gave one wrench, the bottle came away in his hand, and with a final effort he threw it over the ledge of rock, so that it fell down the slope on to the flat surface of leaves below, and there it disappeared.

With a strength born of sudden rage, Buckley rose to his feet and disappeared over the edge in search of the bottle. He was too weak to make his way down, and so he rolled from top to bottom, until he came, with a crash, on the hard flat rock below, with its covering of leaves, where he disappeared altogether, vanished out of sight as if those leaves had been no more than a crust over some bottomless pit.

A quarter of a minute went by, half a minute, with no sign or sound from Buckley, and then, with a feeble glimmer of reason,

Macardie dragged himself to the edge of the rock and looked down. He could see nothing of his companion, nothing but the carpet of leaves, that seemed, before his dim and hazy eyes, to ripple in some strange way, as if the whole surface had been disturbed by a passing wind. Then came the miracle.

Out from the middle of the mass of leaves a hand shot up, then another one, and followed the upper part of Buckley's body, just as if he were standing on a hard floor in a sea of dead leaves that reached far above his waist. Then he waded, with his chest pushed forward, towards the uplift of the rock, and presently came hand over hand up the slope, shouting and singing joyously on his way.

Just for a moment it seemed to Macardie's dazed vision that here was another form of madness. It seemed to him that Buckley's eyes had cleared wonderfully, and that his dry and cracked lips had become amazingly moist; and Buckley's clothes seemed to cling about him, and moisture was running from his shoulders. Oh, madness, beyond all question!

"Here, wake up!" Buckley cried, in a voice that was strangely strong and natural. "I've found it. And it's been there all the time. We've been marching side by side with it for two or three days. Come along!"

"What is it?" Macardie gasped. "You are wet."

"Of course I am!" Buckley shouted. "It's water down there—a stream of beautiful clear, cold water, but so smothered with leaves that you can't see it. What we thought was flat rock was nothing in the world but thick leaves floating on the stream. And here were we, trying to cut one another's throats, sheer mad for the sake of a drink, and it's all down there, waiting for us! Here, come on!"

In his new strength Buckley lifted his companion in his arms and staggered down the slope again. He plunged Macardie through the sheaf of leaves, right down in the cool depths below, where he drank his fill and revelled in the delicious coolness of it. Then, when the first feeling of ecstasy had passed, they climbed up the slope and made a hearty meal; and after that they tasted, for the first time for days, the delights of tobacco.

"It's quite plain," Buckley said. "You see what it is. We struck this stream at a right angle, and we naturally took that deep

water for a great pocket of leaves lying in the valley between the hills. Well, we know all about it now, thank Heaven. This river runs under the amphitheatre yonder, through natural caverns, and pitches down on the other side of the range into the valley beyond. Hence the waterfall we've been listening to for days. Now, look here, this is a pretty bit of stream, and it's any odds, if we follow over the bluff yonder, we shall find a fertile valley on the other side. And where you find fertile valleys and big streams, you are pretty sure to find human life as well. That's our game,

Mac. The river runs down to the coast, of course, and with any luck we'll strike it yet. And we've struck something better than that."

"What's that?" Macardie asked.

"Why, a shorter, simpler, and safer way of reaching our mine, of course. Just one more pipe, and then we'll push on. A close call, wasn't it, old man?"

And that is the adventure. And that is also why it is never mentioned between Macardie and Buckley, and why they are a little reticent and uncomfortable when they are alone together.



"ST. VALENTINE'S DAY."
BY BIRKET FOSTER.

# THE PRETENDERS

### By RALPH STOCK

#### Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



ELISI squatted on the beach of Luana, the centre of a group of chattering female relatives, watching the men launch the big canoe with many cries and much unnecessary puffing and straining.

They were showing off in front of their women-folk, a weakness not uncommon in other places than the beach of Luana, as Felisi knew; and, while the female relatives clucked their admiration, her own wise eyes took in the scene with no other emotion than pleasurable excitement at the prospect of leaving the taro patch and the fish-trap for the mysterious lures of the outside world that she had glimpsed while selling imitation pink coral on the wharf at Levuka.

Felisi was going away. She was dressed in her most modest blue wrapper, and beside her on the sand reposed her simple but effective trunk, a kerosene tin cut neatly in half and lashed together with sinnet.

The whole family was going away; it was an upheaval, a cataclysm, and the cause of it all was ambition, nothing less. other fatal maladies that the ubiquitous white man in his wisdom had seen fit to inflict on the inhabitants of "The Islands of the Blest," this thing ambition had seized on Felisi's family like a plague. Money had come to Luana—copper and silver and gold and it was discovered that these unlovely discs of metal were not without their uses. For instance, in sufficient quantities they could be exchanged for articles that it was beyond the power of Luana to produce. Had not Felisi brought back from her historic pilgrimage to Levuka a sewingmachine from Americania, and a mouthorgan?

And now it was a boat. Nothing would

satisfy Felisi's father but a boat that he had seen in Levuka. Apparently it could do anything but talk, and he was not altogether certain it was not capable of that. It would carry five times as much produce to market as the big canoe, and in half the It—— But Felisi had forgotten the category of its virtues. The fact remained that it was necessary to collect sufficient gold discs to buy the boat—fifty in all-and, as usual, the women-folk were called upon to do the collecting. mother was going to be scullery maid in a boarding-house where she happened to know the cook, her aunt was to lend local colour to a native curio-dealer's shop on the parade, and various female cousins were going to help in a Samoan laundry. Even a male cousin had condescended to become a wharf porter for a month or two. The remainder of the male element was going to be busily engaged in "keeping the home fires burning," or its equivalent, and the result of their combined efforts was to be—the boat.

It had occurred to one of Felisi's aunts—a woman with far too much to say, as her husband had often remarked—to ask why it was necessary to carry five times as much produce to market in half the time, and the answer accorded her by Felisi's father was unusually tolerant—

"To make still more gold discs, of course."
She then actually had the temerity to inquire why it was necessary to make more gold discs, when for countless generations they had succeeded in living quite comfortably without any discs at all. But this was too much. Felisi's father had snorted violently and changed the subject.

And Felisi, silent, wise-eyed? As well as a sewing-machine from Americania and a mouth-organ, she had brought back from Levuka an unrivalled knowledge of the white man and his tongue. Everyone prophesied a great future for Felisi of Luana.

Meanwhile, and not so very far away, a certain Mrs. Caton leant over a certain breakfast table on the Rena River and said: " Jack!"

It was the second time she had addressed her husband without being noticed, but she was used to it.

"Wake up, old boy," she added, without resentment. "I have something really

startling to say."

Mr. Caton—an old-young man, with sparse sandy hair and a preoccupied air—lifted his red-ochre face from a plate of toast and honey, and blinked. Also he smiled, the kindliest possible smile.

"I beg your pardon, my dear. Say on."

"I don't like house-boys," announced Mrs. Caton.

"You don't like house-boys," repeated her husband dazedly. Then, after wiping his mouth and drawing his coffee-cup a trifle nearer: "What do you intend to do about it?"

"They're all right for waiting, and that sort of thing," continued Mrs. Caton, "but personal servants they're—ugh!—too creepy, crawly. They remind me of a snake. Besides, I want some sort of female companionship in the house, something in the nature of a lady's-maid."

"Something in the nature of a lady'smaid," murmured Mr. Caton. If his wife had said she wanted a rhinoceros and two antimacassars in the house, he would have repeated the suggestion in exactly the same Mrs. Caton knew this husband of hers, and she still loved him, which is, of course, part of the miracle.

"My dear Jack," she cried, "do please try and show some interest, just for a minute, in something besides the Corona Catoni! I know it's going to be the most wonderful thing that ever happened, but I'm afraid

you've got me at present."

For answer, Mr. Caton rose, leaving a slice of thickly-buttered toast to be inundated by the slowly-encroaching honey on his plate, and, deliberately placing his chair beside his wife's, sat down. Her hand white as the table-cloth—was resting beside the sugar basin, and her husband's strong brown one closed over it.

"Joan," he said gently, "please don't say They hurt, and you like that.

know they're not true."

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Caton laughed softly, "but you take such a lot of rousing, Jack. I have to start like a penny dreadful, 'The duchess lay on the divan, stabbed to the heart,' or something like that, before

you take any interest."

"My dear child, I am interested," protested Mr. Caton earnestly, "and here I am to prove it. Let me see, what was it you  $\mathbf{wanted}$  ? "

His wife's laughter rang out, and she withdrew her hand and placed it on his.

"You funny old thing! I said I didn't like a house-boy as a personal servant, and I want something in the nature of a lady'smaid—something feminine about the house, you know."

"Ah, to be sure!" Mr. Caton thought deeply. "How about Mrs. Herbert? She

might-

"My dear, I said a lady's-maid. Herbert would like to hear you say that."

"Then it will have to be a native of some sort. How about an Indian woman?

"Too much like a house-boy. think I should like an Islander—a country girl, for preference. I don't like those townbred natives—they're sly."

"But she won't be able to speak English."

Mrs. Caton toyed with the sugar-tongs. "No, there is that." Then she looked up. "Never mind," she added brightly, "I'll teach her; it will be something to do."

Mr. Caton leant forward in his chair. was aware, and not for the first time, that his wife was not looking as she had looked during the early days on the Rena River, a short three years ago. It troubled him vaguely.

"Joan," he said, his kind grey eyes searching her pale face, "you're not looking

Mrs. Caton rose slowly and went over to the verandah doorway, looking out on the vivid green banks of the Rena River.

"No?" she queried lightly.

"No," repeated her husband. about a run home?"

Mrs. Caton turned with an eager light in

"Let's see, how long is it——"

"Three years," she supplied.

"Three years!" Her husband looked positively alarmed. "Good gracious, I had no idea!"

"Hadn't you?" said Mrs. Caton.

"Not the faintest. You must go, Joanthat's all there is to it—you must go. And you know how you'll enjoy it."

The light had faded from Mrs. Caton's eyes. She leant listlessly against the door-

"How about you, Jack?" she suggested lightly.



want to go-yet."

"Still something?"

"It's foolish of you," he told her, and turned towards the door.

"I shall have my 'lady's-maid' to play

with," laughed Mrs. Caton.

"I'll see about it this afternoon, when I go to town," her husband called back to her

from the verandah.

He stepped out into the blinding sunlight and passed up the pathway towards the bush-house. Mrs. Caton noticed a piece of bass hanging out of his duck jacket pocket. He was going to "tinker with the orchids." She sighed and turned back into the living-room.

And that was why, three days later, Felisi of Luana came to the bungalow on

the banks of the Rena River.

"Something in the nature of a lady'smaid" appeared in a neat blue wrapper, and accompanied by a kerosene tin trunk lashed with sinnet. Mrs. Caton fell in love with her on the instant, and though Felisi's regard for Missus Catoni was less emotional, it was none the less sincere. She thought this white woman the most beautiful thing she had ever seen, with her coral-white skin, dark eyes, and hair of an indescribable As a matter of fact, it was auburn, and it was Felisi's chief delight to comb it morning and evening. She found her duties extraordinarily light. Missus Catoni treated her as a companion rather than a servant, and Felisi was earning five shillings a week—two large silver discs towards the fifty gold ones needed for the wonderful

"Felisi," said her mistress one evening, during the hair-combing rites, "do you know you have beautiful hair, and still more beautiful eyes, perfect teeth, and an almost

perfect figure?'

"Yes," Felisi answered, with refreshing

candour.

Missus Catoni laughed.

"Then that's all right," she said. "I thought perhaps you didn't." She looked into the reflection of Felisi's soft, brown eyes in the glass. "I believe you know a good deal more than you pretend," she added thoughtfully.

"Me know some," admitted Felisi

modestly.

"And do you have to pretend much,
Felisi?"

"Sometime."

"Why?" Missus Catoni was never tired of plumbing the depths—or as near the depths as she could get—of this quaint child-woman. It was like fishing in deep

water—one never knew what strange thing would be brought to light. But, like all white folk, she had not the faintest idea that in the process she herself was being plumbed, and to greater depths.

The indescribable hair was finished, and Felisi squatted on the matting of the floor to await further instructions. But Missus Catoni was in a communicative

mood.

"Why?" she repeated with quiet insistence.

Felisi shrugged her shoulders, a trick she had learnt from watching a French lady on the wharf at Levuka, and one she had found effective.

"Pretend, him all right," she pronounced sagely. "Pretend him pink coral, no white coral, plenty more money. Pretend me very, very poor, an' tired, an' know nothing, plenty heap more money."

Each one of these distressful symptoms was illustrated in tone and gesture with the instinctive faithfulness of a make (native dance) dancer. Missus Catoni was deeply

interested.

"Yes, we all have to pretend sometimes, don't we?" she mused. "Most of us are actors. We have to be. Some are better at it than others, but most of us act."

"Act," repeated Felisi, with faithful intonation. It was a new word. She was learning many new words on the Rena River.

"Yes, pretend. I used to pretend a lot at one time, Felisi. It was my living." Missus Catoni lit one of her toy cigarettes and leant back in the chair. She was altogether beautiful, Felisi thought, with her white hands clasped behind her head, the folds of a softly-tinted kimono falling about her, and the toy cigarette moving up and down between her lips as she talked. She was like white coral draped with tinted weed, deep down in a rock pool.

"I've pretended such a lot," she went on presently, more to herself than the girl squatting at her feet, "that I'm positively frightened when I have to do something

real."

She turned in her chair and seemed to see

Felisi for the first time.

"Do you know," she said slowly, with a reminiscent light in her dark eyes, "I once had to pretend to be somebody else every evening for two whole years. It was a wonderful run, Felisi, and all because I pretended so well."

Missus Catoni smiled, as though at some pleasant memory, while Felisi remained silent and still. She knew how to listen. And

presently the other went on-

"Every evening it was the same. sorts of carriages drove up to a very big house that was covered with coloured lights, and people went inside—hundreds of them. They had to sit for a little time listening to music or talking—most of them talked—in front of a big curtain. Then the curtain went up, and there was I on the stage, dressed up like somebody else. All the time they had been coming into the house and sitting listening to the music I had been in a little room downstairs, putting on clothes, and painting myself to look like somebody else, and now, there I was."

It was as though the footlights shone again on Missus Catoni. There was a light in her eyes that Felisi had never seen before.

"All alone?" prompted the audience.

"No, there were others there, all pretending. We pretended that we were afraid, and that we were brave, that we were poor and rich, that we hated, and we loved, and we pretended so well that the people sitting in front laughed with us and cried with us, and sometimes forgot that they were sitting in a big house covered with lights, and that we were only pretending. There would be quite a long silence after the curtain came down, and then the big house would ring with the clapping of hands, and we knew that we had pretended well.'

Missus Catoni leant back in the chair and sent thin ribbons of smoke to hover on the still air above her head. She was looking through and beyond the ribbons of smoke.

"It is the most wonderful thing in the world, Felisi," she said slowly, and added a moment later, "except one."
"An' him?" Felisi inquired.

Missus Catoni looked down at her and smiled.

"You don't miss much, do you, child?" she said in a changed voice. "I can't tell you about 'him' so easily, and, besides, you'll know all about him one day, I expect.

But Felisi was not appeared. Something was troubling her, as Missus Catoni saw by her puckered forehead, and at last it found

"Why you no go on plenty more big

house, plenty more pretend?"

"I met Mr. Caton," said his wife, a whimsical smile hovering about her mouth and eyes as she looked down on Felisi.

"An' Missi Catoni, him no like pretend?"

Missus Catoni laughed outright.

"If you're not the quaintest thing,

Felisi!" she said. "And you've hit the nail right on the very head. 'Missi Catoni, him no like pretend'!" She laughed again.
"You see," she explained, "people who can't pretend themselves, and don't understand it. are often very nice—the nicest sort of people sometimes, I think-but they don't like others who can pretend-especially their wives—to do it for a living. It—— Oh, dear, oh, dear, what am I talking to you about, Felisi? That will do now; you may go."

Felisi went, but still with a puckered

brow. At the door she turned back.

"You no scotty"?" she said, with drooping

Missus Catoni was lying on the bed. "Good gracious, no, child! Whatever makes you think that? It's only that I find myself telling you things that I don't always tell myself. It's your eyes, I think."

Felisi sank abruptly on to the matting of

"Me pretend!" she announced eagerly, and commenced to sway and gesture and drone the meke (native dance) of the two wood-pigeons, while Missus Catoni watched and applauded from the bed.

They had much in common, these two.

A few days later Missus Catoni opened a letter at the breakfast table, and when she had read, the colour surged to her face. She waited until it had subsided, then spoke in her usual subdued tone of voice.

"Jack, Tony Redgrave is in Suva."

Missi Catoni looked up and blinked as

"Tony Redgrave?" he repeated dully.

"Yes, you remember—he was leading man with me at the Olympic."

Missi Catoni winced, then smiled his kindly smile.

"Really?" he said. "What on earth is he doing in this part of the world?"

"He's just finished his Australian tour, and stopped off at Suva on his way to San Francisco."

"Jove!" exclaimed Missi Catoni, with the first show of enthusiasm Felisi had seen him display. "That'll brighten things up for you a bit, Joan. I'll fetch him out this afternoon."

" To stay?"

Missus Catoni was playing with the sugar-

"That's as you like, dear. How long is he stopping over for?"

<sup>\*</sup> Native parlance for angry.

"Until the next boat—about two weeks." "Then he must stop here," said Missi

Catoni with finality.

A room was prepared at once. A new mosquito bar was hung, and the most beautiful sheets spread on the bed. Missus Catoni flitted about the place like a white butterfly, giving a touch here and there. A what-not with ten shelves was placed in a corner, and Felisi longed to ask what it was for, until Missus Catoni told her without

"He is very fond of nice boots," she told Felisi; "you will see the most wonderful

boots in the world presently."

Redgravie, him big fellah?" Felisi inquired, and Missus Catoni went off into peals of laughter.

"Ōh, I must tell him that!" she cried. "Felisi, you're a gem! Yes, Missi Red-

gravie is a big fellah in his own way."

And that was all Felisi heard about him he appeared—or, rather, made his entry—at three o'clock that afternoon. was tall and slim, and wore the most beautiful white flannel suit and white felt hat Felisi had ever seen, even on the wharf at Levuka. His hair shone like a calm sea at night. There was a knife-like crease down his trousers, which terminated in the These were long and wonderful boots. square-toed, and the rich brown colour of the sitting-room table.

Felisi saw him coming down the path from launch, followed by Missi Catoni's ungainly figure and a couple of house-boys carrying suit-cases that were the same colour as the boots. She saw him between the window curtains of Missus Catoni's bedroom, and when she turned from the enchanting vision, her mistress was standing at the dressing-table, with the little top left-hand drawer open, and her hand hovering over it. In that drawer Felisi had once seen a pot of red stuff, and wondered what it was for, as Missus Catoni had never used it. Was the mystery to be solved? Evidently not, for she laughed—a little nervous laugh—and shut the drawer with a snap.

A moment later she was on the verandah. "Joan," said a well-modulated

"this is most awfully good of you!"

After that the voices mingled, and Felisi busied herself with other matters.

They had tea on the verandah—a very pleasant tea, by the sounds that floated in through the open windows. Even Missi Catoni laughed as Felisi had never heard him laugh, and the well-modulated voice droned on. Between the laughs came scraps of conversation that fascinated Felisi. It was like a puzzle that needed fitting together.

"You may as well know your nom de Rena River, Tony; it's Redgravie, nothing less you see, their own words all end with a vowel. I am Missus Catoni, so you mustn't mind . . . The quaintest thing: I'll show you her later on.

"I hope you won't spoil her, Joan"—this

from Missi Catoni.

"Spoil her, my dear! She knows more than you or I or Tony here will ever learn. Sometimes her wisdom almost frightens me."

A little later Missi Catoni went away. Felisi conjured a mental picture of his ungainly figure going up the path to the bush-house, with a piece of bass hanging out of one

"Keen as ever," said the well-modulated

voice.

"Oh, yes," Missus Catoni laughed softly. "There's going to be a Corona Catoni before long."

"And you? I hope you don't mind my saying it, Joan, but you're looking most awfully ill."

"Sorry I don't suit."

"No, but, honestly, how long is it?"

"Three years."

"Three years—here?"

"Yes. We're going home for good soon." "But—well, the sooner the better. Do you know, I hardly recognised you this

afternoon; it was the shock of my life." "You've had so many shocks, haven't you, Tony? You hid your emotions very well."

"But you at the Olympic and you here-

good Heavens!"

"You needn't be tragic, Tony; I assure you there's no need. Besides, you hardly ever saw me out of my make-up.

"It was a great time." The well-modulated voice became reminiscent. "There's

never been anything like it since."

"How did Nina Trueman turn out?" A cane chair scraped on the floor.

"Frost! Hard and nipping. Fell to pieces . . . petered out after you left."

"And I can't help feeling glad, even here.

Isn't it horrid?"

"Not a bit. Oh, lor, Joan!"

"Tell me about yourself. How did you find Australia?"

"Top-hole. Big houses everywhere, but they're mighty hard to please. I rather like it; it means, when you have got them, you've done something. Nothing will induce them



to book in advance, though. Empty house one minute, and crammed to the ceiling the It's rather wearing . . . 'Richard Wentworth' fetched 'em, though, and Fred Walton in 'The Permit' . . . Never worked so hard in my life."

"This will rest you . . . Boy, whisky

and sparklet."

"Yes, this will rest me, if nothing would. By the way, Caton doesn't approve, does

"Not for me. Otherwise he simply takes

"Oh, I don't know. Why should he?"

"Well---"

"We do rather insist on it-I mean our profession—don't we?"

"Ha, ha! So you're going over?"

"Not a bit. I love it as much as ever; it's part of me."

"The bigger part?"

"No, not the bigger part. I'm sorry. Let's go for a stroll. You haven't seen the orchids."

"Orchids!" The well-modulated voice grew fainter as it moved down the verandah steps and out on to the pathway. "Tell me a few, for Heaven's sake - the Corello Mysterioso or Glorioso, or something. I must appear intelligent."

Missus Catoni laughed.

"There's no need whatever-"

Then their voices passed out of range, and Felisi was left to fit her puzzle together.

For the next week she had little to do. Missus Catoni spent nearly all her time with Missi Redgravie. Occasionally Felisi used to go into the guest's bedroom and stand enthralled before the what-not of boots. There were ten pairs of them, each perfect in its own way.

One evening—Missus Catoni had been playing the piano under the subdued pink light of the standard lamp, and Missi Redgravie was standing in the open doorway, looking out on the moonlit river—he turned and looked at her for a long time with a frown on his forehead. Suddenly an eager light came into his eyes, and he strode into the middle of the room.

"Drawing-room scene—second act," he said. "I come down O.P." He strolled towards the piano, and a pleading note came into his well-modulated voice. "Won't you

sing, Di?"

And although Missus Catoni's name was not "Di," she looked up as she played, and said very softly: "For you, or the others?"

"For me."

She sang, but in the middle of it Missi Redgravie held up his hand. The music ceased, and they stood side by side, a look of terrible fear on their faces, and their eyes turned towards the door. So great was their fear that Felisi, who had been squatting on the verandah, sewing, looked about her into the moonlit night to see who was there.

"He's coming!" said Missi Redgravie, in

an awestruck voice.
"Who—Paul?" whispered Missus Catoni. Her hand was on his sleeve.

"No, Desmond. I can hear him limping

—limping!"

"You're dreaming!" She had clutched his arm now, and her face was piteously upturned to his. Felisi longed to go and comfort her. "You must be dreaming ! He——"

dreaming." "No, I am not Redgravie pronounced this in a firm voice. He seemed to have pulled himself together for a supreme effort. He looked brave, wonderfully brave. "I shall go and meet

"No, no!" Missus Catoni held him fast.

"You cannot go, Tom!"

Now, Felisi knew that Missi Redgravie's name was not Tom, and for her the spell was broken. They were pretending, even as Missus Catoni had said. But what pretending! This, then, was what they did in the big house covered with lights. As a matter of fact, Felisi was seeing what the world would have given a fortune to see-Joan Trevor acting.

And they went on to the very end, to where the man called Tom took her in his arms. Then Missus Catoni flung away from him with a happy little laugh and subsided

on to the sofa.

"Isn't it extraordinary how it all comes back?" she said, in a changed voice.

"Comes back!" Missi Redgravie stood looking down on her. "It's never left you,"

he said gravely.

"But every word, like that. I never fluffed once. It must be all neatly tied up and put away in the corner of one's brain. It must be part of one. Oh, it's queer!" She passed her hand over her eyes with a weary little gesture.

"Yes," said the man, "the bigger part." She smiled wistfully, and shook her head

slowly but firmly.

It was on just such an evening as this, with the tropical moonlight flooding the

Rena River, that they pretended again.

Missi Catoni had gone on an orchid hunting expedition into the interior the day before, and Felisi was squatting on the verandah mats, sewing. They were just as they had been—Missus Catoni playing the piano, and Missi Redgravie looking out at The stage was set. the moonlit river. Felisi longed for them to pretend, and they did, but it was all much more subdued than it had been before, and somehow it made it all the more natural.

Presently Missi Redgravie crossed the room and stood beside Missus Catoni as she They talked so quietly that Felisi could not hear them for a time. Then the music trailed away and left a voice, a wellmodulated voice, talking quite clearly.

".... This can't go on, Joan!" They called each other by their proper names this

time.

"It's my life, Tony," Missus Catoni answered him quietly.

"But you can't tell me that it is going

She turned on the piano-stool and looked at him, and kept looking.

"It's the life I chose," she said.

"It's death," he told her; "you're dying on your feet, Joan. This is no country for a white woman. You know it.

knows it," he added bitterly. "Why, people don't bring their dogs here, for fear of losing them! I—I can't stand by and see it!"

"You needn't. I made my choice.

don't regret it."

"You can't tell me that you're happy here?"

"I can."

"You're making yourself say that. You don't believe it. Of all the ingrained, blind selfishness---"

"Hush!"

"No, I mean it."

"I know you mean it, but you don't understand."

"Understand! The pity of it—the waste of it! Oh, Joan, Joan!" His hands had seized hers. She sat quite still, looking at him with her dark eyes. It was wonderful.

"And you left in the middle of it all! There's the other half—the better half waiting for you, if you will only come back."

Missus Catoni's hands were suddenly snatched from his, and she stood up. Her breath was coming fast. The man stood before her.

"It can all be arranged. This is madness -pure madness! No one would ask it of you!"

She stared at him as though fascinated.

"You-don't-understand," she said, like one in a trance; "you could never-understand."

"There's only one thing I understand," he

They stood quite still for a moment; then Missus Catoni, who faced the verandah door, gave a low cry. Missi Catoni stood on the threshold, looking in, but he saw nothing. A native boy led him by the hand. They had come so quietly that Felisi, engrossed in the pretending, had not heard them. The native boy led him forward into the room, and his disengaged hand swept the air until it met the back of a chair, and he sank into it.

"Joan!" he called, "Joan!" and laughed

his deep laugh.

Missus Catoni crossed the room and sank on her knees, looking up into his face.

"Jack," she said, in a strange voice, "Jack, what has happened? Tell me!"

Again he laughed, and his hand caressed her hair.

"Bit of moon-blindness, my dear," he

said, in his slow, cheerful voice. "Don't you worry. I shall be all right in a few days—a week at most. Often happens here, you know, but only to fools. I slept last night in the bush, without cover, and it must have worked round until it fell on me. In the shade when I fell asleep. Those confounded boys never woke me, and—and here I am. Most extraordinary sensation. . . . Just hand me a cigar, will you? . . . Thanks, my dear. Where's Redgrave?"

Missi Redgravie came round in front of

the chair.

"Here I am," he said.

"Ah, good! Here's a pretty Redgrave. Nice sort of host, eh? Leaves his guest for two days and comes back blind! Ha, ha!"

"Whisky and sparklet?" suggested Missi

Redgravie.

"Ah, thanks. But I've got it, Joan!" He leant forward, and his sightless eyes gleamed. "I've got it."

"The Corona Catoni?" Missus Catoni's

face lit up on the instant.

"Nothing less, my dear. And it's—it's— But I won't bore you about that. What will interest you most is that we're going home. Yes, I've been thinking things over while—while I've been like this, and this is an infernal country; there's no doubt about How you've stood it, I don't know. Do you, Redgrave?"

"No," said Missi Redgravie.

"Besides, there's the Corona Catoni." Missi Catoni's tongue lingered over the words as though he loved them. "So we're going home—for good. Hope you'll come and see us, Redgrave."

"Thanks," said Missi Redgravie,

should be charmed."

"And now I've got to get to bed somehow." Missus Catoni led him towards his "Steady, old girl—that's bedroom door. better! Good night, Redgrave! Hope you'll excuse me."

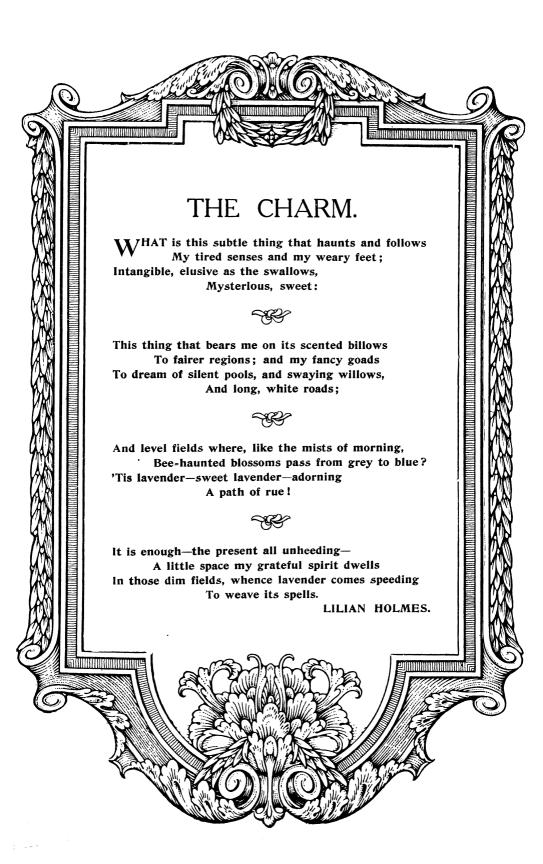
"Certainly! Good night!" said Missi

Redgravie.

He left that evening.

There would be no more pretending. Felisi was sorry. It had been so wonderful that it was almost impossible to tell where the pretending ended and the reality began.

Felisi often puckers her brow over it.



# THE FEATHERED GUARDIANS

### By JAMES BLYTH

Illustrated by Gunning King



ILLIE SMITH
closed the door of
the cow-sheds and
made her way to
the rickety gate
which opened out
from the draw-up
of her father's
farmhouse at the
bottom of Turkey
Cock Hill. It was

dark, and already Millie had heard some of the market carts coming home to Frogsthorpe from the great Wednesday market at Yarmouth, which always provides a festival before Christmas.

Long before it was light had her father, Limpety, and her mother, Hephzibah, started off to market with their lot of geese and turkeys. It was not often that both husband and wife "set the market"; but on this especial Wednesday before Christmas it was understood that the gathering of the country folk from the villages round should be as general as the exigencies of their farms or market gardens permitted.

Millie leant upon the top bar of the gate and listened. She could have recognised the peculiar jerk of her father's cart-wheels and the footsteps of old Brownie, the patient little cob, fifty yards off. But there was no sound in the quiet by-road. The last cart that had passed had already reached "The Grey Mare," and its occupants were reviving the gaiety of the public-houses in Yarmouth market-place at the village hedge inn.

Millie turned to go indoors, and, as she did so, she almost trod upon the webbed foot of a twenty-pound gander, which retreated smartly with a gabble of good-humoured remonstrance.

Jack, the great gander, and Pet, the grey-

winged goose, both of which had accompanied their young mistress to the gate, were all that were now left of the thirty-six geese which had been hatched and fatted at Turkey Cock Hill Farm for the Christmas market. From their earliest days Millie had made pets of these two, and there is nothing living, whether clad in fur, feather, or hide, which responds to kindness more than a member of the tribe of geese.

It had been Millie's pleading which had spared Jack and Pet to carry on their race in the following spring; and it had needed hard pleading, too, for all the geese had been fed together, and probably Jack and Pet were as fine as any of those which had adorned the Smiths' stall that day. Indeed, they were fatter, for, as her pets, Millie had always served them with the choicest food.

"They're not coming yet, Jack," said Millie, reaching down her hand to soothe the gander.

"Gabble, gabble, honk!" replied Jack, waddling bravely beside his beloved mistress.

Millie walked slowly back towards the scullery door of the farmhouse. The only man left on the farm by the necessities of war was Walter Jinnis, a youth of nineteen, to whom Millie was affianced; and he had gone over to Norwich with a few turkeys, but especially to make inquiry as to the possibility of buying young stock which came over from Ireland. Walter would not be home till the last train, which got into the marsh station at Haddiscoe after midnight, and would not pass the farmhouse till close on one o'clock.

Millie had fed the pigs, foddered the cows and young things, and done her best with the horses. Her afternoon's milking stood in the wide zinc pans in the dairy for the cream to set, for her father and mother "had no opinion" of "these here new-fangled" separators. A cousin of Limpety's, who had migrated to Devonshire, had written that the scalded cream made from separated cream was not to be compared with the old-fashioned cream, and Limpety thought if they knew as much as that in so "furrin" a part as Devonshire, he would be a fool to be less wise in his generation.

Millie looked into the cow-sheds, found all the sweet-breathing beasts chewing the cud placidly, and, after a word of good night to the geese as she shut them up in the goose-

run, retired within.

Presently, through the open window of the kitchen, she heard the plunkety-plunk, with a syncopated "trot" thrown in at intervals, which she knew to be the signal

of the approach of old Brownie.

With a laugh on her face, she threw open the front door—only opened on special occasions—and set a light in the narrow passage, which stood for a hall, on a table beneath the mistletoe which she had obtained from a cart on its way to the market.

The hard frost of the past few days had gone, and the roads were "slushy." The snipe, which had frequented the running dyke at the bottom of the garden and the horse-pool into which drained the stables and cow-sheds, had taken flight further inland, to the disgust of the old and boyish "gunners" who were left in the marsh village.

The sound of old Brownie's irregular paces ceased, and Millie heard her father's voice hailing her. "What! Be you there, gal? Come you out and open the gate, will ye?"

Millie ran swiftly through the "sludge" to the gate and opened it, and the market cart, with old Brownie grunting satisfaction, crawled round to the yard at the back of the house.

"Lor," said Hephzibah, "I'm a'most friz! The m'ister in the air acrost the dam get into my boons ten times more 'an a frost! Be the kittle bilin', gal?"

"Yes, yes," Millie assured her mother.
"You can have your tea as soon as you like."

"Ah," said Limpety, "and a drop o' rum in it! I ha' brought home a——"

"That's enow on it, bor," said Hephzibah.
"You ha' had enow rum at Back's to last

you till you go to bed, I reckon."

"Why, there, now," protested Limpety, who was jolly with his liquor and his merrymaking at the market, "you forget tha'ss Kerrissermus-time!"

"Ta bain't Kerrissermus afore next

Monday come," said Hephzibah sharply, "and you don't want to be a-keepin' on it up for a week, do ye?"

Limpety turned to his daughter and evolved an elaborate wink. Then he suddenly turned serious, and assumed an air of determination which was almost fierce. He was about to speak, when his daughter interrupted him. "Had a good market,

father?" she asked.

"I never knowed a better for geese," replied Limpety. "We sold all the geese in the market, though we had to let the hotels ha'e some o' the tarkeys—the wust on 'em. Ye see, there's a sight o' orficers in the Army and Navy about now. So far as Kerrissermus count, I reckon they're better for us 'uns than the wisitors in the summer. Well, there, the geese—— But look you here, my wench, I ha' got an order for two more geese at one and t'reepence a pound—one and t'reepence a pound, if they fare so good as them on the stall. You oan't like it, but them two will ha'e to go what you was a-savin' up for breedin' come spring."

"Oh, father," cried Millie, appalled,

"you won't kill Jack and Pet!"

"Doan't ye act so silly," said Hephzibah.
"What's one goose more than another? Father'll buy ye another gander and a couple o' geese come layin' time. You don't want to upset yourself 'cos two o' the fattest go where Nater meant 'em to go, and that's in the oven."

"You promised-" began Millie.

"You shut your mouth, gal!" said her father sternly. "I ha' brought ye home a Kerrissermus fairin' to make up for it. And them two will go to market come

Saturday."

Millie knew it was useless to protest further, but a sullen—perhaps a noble—determination arose in her that her two pets should be spared, even if they were lost to her. At the first opportunity that night she would slip out and release them from the confinement of their run. Both could now fly well. They would make their way "down to mash," and, now that the military regulations did not permit promiscuous shooting on the levels, she hoped that they would save their lives.

She gave no sign of her revolt, but got the tea ready, cooked some special sausages and giblets from the marketed birds, made the tea, and had everything ready by the time her father had put the cob up and "sluiced hisself over," and her mother had changed her best and Yarmouth going costume for the ordinary shapeless drab skirt

and bodice of the farmhouse.

"Tha'ss a rum 'un," said Limpety, as he helped himself to his third goose gizzard and poured about half a pint of home-made mushroom ketchup over it, "tha'ss a rum 'un how them geese went off. O' late years there hain't been no call for 'em. But I reckon the sailors want a sight o' grease to keep 'em warm winter-time, and you can't get no better grease than goose grease."

Millie shuddered as she thought of her pets being converted into goose grease for the sailors at Yarmouth. But she made no

further protest.

"You ha' got the tea ready right well, me dear," said Hephzibah, beaming on her daughter. "I reckon you ha' been a bit 'stravagant wi' the nutmeg in the sausages. But they are for ourselves; there worn't as much in them we took to market."

The gaiety of the day, the chill of the damp across the Haddiscoe Dam, had rendered both father and mother hungry enough to eat to repletion, and tired enough to be ready for a cosy snooze in front of the fire when they had eaten till they could eat There was no need to stint now. no more. For the last eighteen months Limpety had been coining money out of his small farm, and neither he nor his wife were foolish enough to expend their profits on show. While almost every little farmhouse round about had a recently imported piano, so that the old woman who taught the use of that instrument at sixpence an hour was growing prosperous, the Smiths laughed at such "goin's on." And Millie laughed with them. She had no desire to "play the pianner." All her heart was set on marrying Walter Jinnis, and she saved every penny that came her way to that end.

After the girl had cleared the kitchen table of the tea-things, Limpety and his wife sat back in their wooden broad-seated high-backed chairs. Limpety lit his pipe, and Hephzibah closed her eyes "to think."

When Millie came in a quarter of an hour later, after she had "washed up," she found her father's pipe out, and both her father and her mother enjoying a sleep which they must have needed after a hard day's work and merriment from five in the morning.

Millie looked at them, and then stole quietly out to the goose pen. She opened the door and called. "Jack!" she crooned. "Pet! Come along, my beauties!"

"Honk, honk!" said Jack, and "Gabble, gabble!" said Pet, as they both came out with

stretched necks and ardent eyes, looking for some delicacy from their young mistress.

But Millie only stroked their heads and necks, and closed the door of the run behind them. "Shoo!" she cried. "Shoo! Fly down to mash, to mash!"

"Honk?" asked Jack.
"Oh, fly!" said Millie.

But even she did not know the fidelity of a petted goose. Jack and Pet, aware that there was something wrong, insisted on following her back to the scullery door. There she left them, hoping that they would find their way down to the marsh, down to the level where they had plucked the young grass in the early summer.

Soon afterwards the family of three retired

to bed.

At the Devil's Rookery, in Long Lane, Haddiscoe, not more than a mile distant from Limpety Smith's farm, Bob Shadlow was puzzling his drink-sodden brains how to get to "furrin parts."

Bob was a blackguard—had always been a blackguard—and he had been ostracised by the villages years ago, before he had so injured his constitution by excess that he had, to his infinite satisfaction, been rejected by the Army doctors as totally unfit for any service.

The villagers in the Norfolk marshlands are primitive. Those who do not understand them would consider them to be uncivilised; but in honest truth they are a splendid race of men and women, with a keen sense of humour and an even keener sense of honesty. There is no thieving in the inland villages behind Great Yarmouth. A thief is almost unknown amongst this people, and theft is the unforgivable crime amongst a race which leaves many of its belongings in the garden night after night in the certainty of the perfect honesty of the neighbours.

Bob Shadlow had "furrin" and urban blood in him. He had been discharged from his position as Limpety's horseman because he was found to be taking stone after stone of middlings and bran from his master's store to feed his own pigs. When the discovery was made, Bob was sent to Coventry, and since then had lived the life of a freebooter, poaching, thieving, and cheating on every possible occasion.

Since the War broke out, his position had become intolerable even to him. For in a district where so many gallant fellows had responded to the call of their King and country, his physical condition was not regarded as an adequate excuse for his "slacking." On

the top of his reputation for dishonesty, his vaunted delight at escape from military service was too much for the endurance even of the least worthy of the men who were left, while the women one and all shouted after him in the village street, and did not mince their words.

At last Bob remembered that his old master, Limpety, always brought home a lot of money after the Yarmouth Wednesday market before Christmas, and he knew where the lame man hid it. If he could steal that money, he could get away to a place where he was unknown, though he might be unsuccessful in leaving the country. Moreover, unless it was a very poor market, he would obtain sufficient spoil to keep him in comfort for some months. So he determined to steal the market takings on that Wednesday night. Soon after midnight he stole down the Long Lane and made his way towards Limpety's farmhouse.

Now, Millie had more than one reason to keep her window open that night. Jinnis had promised to buy her an engagement ring at Norwich, and to call up to her window as he passed on his way home to his mother's cottage about one in the morning. looked forward to leaning out of the window, reaching down, and having the precious ring placed on her finger by the boy she She had read some of the penny "ulsterated weekly novelettes and the papers," as 'Melia Pontifex at "The Grey Mare" called them, and she thought that this would be highly romantic. Also she wished to hear if her pets were about, so that she might "shoo" them off before the morning, should they persist in hanging round the house.

So she opened her window wide before she got into bed, and tried to keep awake to hear

the coming of her lover.

She had had a hard day, mostly in the open air, and farm girls are wont to slumber easily after their day's work, Heaven bless 'em! And soon after Millie got into bed and blew out her candle—sixteen to the pound—her eyes closed, and she sank into a deep sleep.

Bob Shadlow thought that he had seen the last market cart home pass "The Three Tuns" before he slipped out of his window. So he strode gaily down Turkey Cock Hill, confident that there would be no one to interfere with him, unless the local ghost, in which he did not believe, thought fit to appear. But when he came to the farmyard gate he was more careful. He knew that

old gate, how it hung on one hinge only, and was wont to squeak like a snared rabbit when it was moved. He produced a bottle of oil and a feather, and anointed that hinge, and then cursed himself because he had not had the sense to climb over the five bars. He did climb over them, and stole quietly round to the scullery door, but as he found the door bolted—and he knew that bolt—he came back to the front door.

It was unlocked, and he was about to enter, when suddenly he was alarmed by a terrific flapping of wings and a reverberating "Honk, honk! Gabble, gabble! Honk, honk!"

Jack and Pet had wandered off to the running dyke, but Jack was not at ease. He had seen Millie's window open, and he noticed so unusual an occurrence. Moreover, Jack, like every other honest gander, regarded himself as the watch and warden of the house that fed him. So he did not delay long at the dyke, and, as soon as he heard suspicious noises from the gate, he pecked Pet as a hint, and the two geese came half waddling, half flying to the farmhouse, just as Bob Shadlow had got inside the front door.

Few birds or dogs are more courageous or more faithful than geese. Jack knew this man had no right at the farm. He honked and screamed, and he beat his great wings against Bob's legs, and, finding that that did not seem greatly to avail, he rose on his wings and beat his "pin feathers" about Bob's head and face, while Pet bit steadily at Bob's calves with her strong beak.

"Blarm the geese!" swore Bob, stumbling in the dark. He turned on an electric torch he had stolen from an officer at St. Olaves, and gave a vicious kick at Pet, which sent

her back for a moment.

The noise was considerable, but still Limpety and his wife and Millie slept on. The sleep of farm workers is heavy, as it is merited.

Jack dashed his beak at Bob's face, but found the attack warded off. Then the bird made up his mind. In some way he advised Pet to leave the intruder, and, on being obeyed by his spouse, he hurried outside into the draw-up. With a run and a "whoosh" he was on his wings. He circled once or twice, and then made straight for the open window of Millie's room. Through this, with some management of his great wings, he succeeded in passing, and he went straight to the bed where his mistress was sleeping, alighting on it with a mighty

clapping of wings and a strident "Honk,

"Gabble, gabble, gabble!" remarked Pet outside, circling round in front of the window.

Millie woke with a start. "Honk!" said Jack, and the girl recognised her pet gander before she had time to be afraid.

Just at that moment Bob Shadlow, despite his torch, fell over Limpety's boots and made a clattering noise below stairs.

Limpety always put his market money in an old tin box which stood on the second shelf of the kitchen dresser. He said it "looked innercent like," and that no one would imagine that his wealth was contained therein. But Bob knew. In the old days he had seen the market returns placed in that box, and he now felt sure of getting How lucky, he thought, it was that the front door had been left open—a door which was hardly opened a dozen times in the year, even in the daytime!

"Why, Jack," whispered Millie, "what's

the matter? What is it?"

"Honk, honk!" said Jack, flapping his wings and making again for the open air. And then Millie heard the noise below stairs.

By that time Pet, tired of circling round without her mate, had waddled into the house and followed the burglar into the kitchen. She leapt up and bit him behind He roared out with pain and surprise, and tried in vain to kill his enemy.

And Millie heard. She sprang out of her Her father and mother slept in a room on the other side of the upstairs landing. \* Millie lit her candle and went to wake them, and Jack followed her, making honking remarks on the way.

"What is't?" cried Limpety, aroused from sound sleep. "What is't?" Be the

house afire?"

"Hush!" said Millie. "Honk!" said Jack.

"How did that blarmed goose come here?" asked her father, with a suspicion of the truth.

"Hush!" said Millie. "He came to warn me that there is a thief below stairs. Listen! You can hear him."

"Well, tha'ss a rum go!" said Limpety. "Lor, he'll— But he'll never guess my

brass is in that tin box!"

Bob Shadlow, overreaching himself to get the box, knocked down a dish. The smash was tremendous, and was followed by an indignant gabble from Pet, who kept dodging Bob, running backwards and forwards till the man could have cursed her and himself blue in the face.

"He's at the dresser!" quavered Limpety. "Then do you go down and fetch him a oner," suggested Hephzibah, who awoke

and bided her time to speak. "Go you down and catch him onawares like."

"Lor," said Limpety, "what can I do,

with my bad leg?"

"There's the gun on the landin'," said Millie.

"But ta bain't loaden!" objected her

"He won't know that!" cried Millie and Hephzibah at once, and in a very low tone, lest they should alarm the thief and cause him to make off with his booty before he could be caught.

"I'll get it," said Millie, and she went out on to the landing, followed by the honking

The old single-barrelled muzzle-loader, really a superb weapon, hung in slings just outside Millie's door, and, as she stretched up to lift it down, she heard a whistle she knew outside.

Leaving the gun, she ran to her window, candle in hand, despite the military and police orders as to exposed lights. She waved the candle, and heard someone come very quietly

over the gate.
"S-s-sh!" hissed Millie. "Keep you quiet! There's a thief in the house. Stand you agin the front door. I left it open for you, bor, or he couldn't ha' got in so easy. Stand you agin there and stop him if he try

Bob, uneasy because of the goose and the noise he had made, was shooting beams from his torch, which shone clear from the kitchen at the back into the passage which served for a hall.

"Why, lor," said Walter, "there be some 'un, and tha'ss a fact!"

"Wait you there!" hissed Millie. "I ha' got yar ring," said Walter.

Millie's heart beat high — she had so longed for that ring. Now she believed that, if all went right, she would be able to save her pets, too.

Walter took up his stand against the front door, a little on one side, so that anyone emerging would not see him till he was beyond the cover of the door-jamb. young fellow was very tired, but his heart

beat high. He had a chance to pose as a hero before the girl he loved, a chance rarely vouchsafed to rustic lovers.

"I'll l'arn him somethin' if he come!"

muttered Walter to himself. "But who the blazes can ta be?"

Having stationed her lover as a "stop," Millie got the long-barrelled muzzle-loader down and took it to her father, who was now half out of bed, getting into his workaday

He hitched up the latter and took the "I can wholly cop him one acrost the skull if he turn onpleasant," said Limpety, feeling encouraged by the weight of the weapon, "but tha'ss a pity ta bain't loaden."

"Take my candle, father," suggested Millie.

"That I oan't," said Limpety. "I reckon I can find my way down 'thout that, and the warmin' may hev a rewolver or a some'at. Doan't you come."

"Walter is waiting at the door to cop him

if he run," said Millie, blushing.

"Oh, is he, my wench?" asked Limpety. "We'll have a hearin' about that later. do you wait here and keep that there goose quiet. How did he come here, anyways?"

"You go on down, you old chump," suggested Hephzibah. "Millie 'll learn you about that later. Do you cop the thief afore aught else."

Limpety crawled down the stairway,

feeling very uneasy.

"Honk!" said Jack, endeavouring to follow.

Millie caught her pet by the neck and soothed him.

Limpety's leg was weary from the marketing. He stumbled in the dark and went lolloping down to the hall passage. At once there was a rush of man and goose, and Bob Shadlow fled towards the front door with the tin box under his arm and Pet pecking at his calves.

Limpety was still sprawling when Bob passed him. But the farmer had craftily thrust out the long barrel of his old fowlingpiece across the hallway, and Bob Shadlow stumbled badly over it, so that Walter, coming out of his retirement at the sound of the turmoil within, caught his head and

shoulders on his chest.

Walter promptly flung his capture to the ground, so that Bob's head whacked hard on the bricks. Then the young fellow knelt on the thief. He felt in his pocket for a "bit o' twine," and brought out a couple of lengths of spun yarn which he had used for his hampers. In a trice Bob Shadlow was tied hand and foot, and Pet was pecking at his nose to her heart's content.

"Show a light, Millie, me dare!" shouted Walter, as he took up the tin box, which had

clattered to the ground on the thief's fall. "Show a light! We ha' copped the warmin' all right!"

Millie did not possess a dressing-gown, but she flung on a skirt and descended, with her beautiful hair flowing long and thick down

"Lordy, lordy," said Walter, as she appeared, "you do wholly look a picter! I ha' gart the ring, my bewty, and——"

By this time Limpety had arisen, and he thrust himself between his man and his daughter. He knew and approved of their betrothal, but this was no time for such frivolities, when a man who had tried to steal all his market money lay at their feet.

"Hold you the light, my wench," he said to Millie, who had brought down her candle.

Walter had seen the electric torch fall from Bob's hands, and he knew what it was and how to work it, so he snatched it up and said with some pride—

"You don't want no candle. This here is what this chap had." He switched on

"Why, lor, dear me," said Limpety, "if ta bain't Bob Shadlow!"

"I thought ta must be some'un as knowed the house," he added, "or he'd niver

ha' gone to the dresser."

The two men looked at the bound thief, lying on the bricks with his eyes closed. Millie was petting both her geese, which were evidently highly pleased with themselves, and Pet every now and then gave a dab at the fallen man.

"Well," said Walter at last, "what shall

we do wi**'m.**'' "I doubt Noggin ha' gone to bed," said

Noggin was the village constable, who was always in bed by ten, unless he had to make the round of the marsh levels, which he usually forgot to do.

"Duck him in the hoss-pond and larrup him out o' the yard," said Limpety. doan't want him here."

Bob opened his eyes and his mouth. "Let me go," he said. "I hain't took nothin'."

Limpety looked at Walter, and Walter looked at Limpety. From above came the shrill voice of Hephzibah. "Don't you do it! Don't you do no such thing! You pull him—pull him afore the bench, the nasty, thievin' warmin'!"

"No, no!" pleaded Millie. "Let him go, He hain't took nothin', and it's

Kerrissermus-time and all."



"Millie flashed the torch on it. 'Oh, Walter,' she said, 'how loverly!"

"Ontie him, bor," said Limpety to Walter. "Here, feel in his pockets fust."

There was nothing stolen in his pockets, and the tin box had been recovered.

"Now," said Limpety, "be off wi' ye, ye warmin'! I shan't say nothin', but you be a-goin'."

"Don't you do it!" came down again from Hephzibah, and there was a sound as of one struggling into clothes upstairs.

Limpety and Millie looked at each other. "Off ye go," said the former, "off ye go ta oncet, or that may fare too late.

don't you let me ever cop you agin."

Bob Shadlow wanted no fresh inducement to depart. With a grunt, half of thanks and half of indignation at the failure of his nefarious scheme, he bolted and clambered over the yard gate with surprising agility.

Limpety turned to Walter and Millie. "How did ye fare at Narwich, bor?" he

asked his man.

Walter handed him a bag of money and

told him the amount. "You done well," said Limpety. "Now

I reckon I'll be a-gettin' back to bed.

cold strike into my inside cruel.

"But, father," cried Millie, "won't you promise me now that you won't kill Jack or Pet? If it had not been for them, you would have been robbed. Jack flew into my room and woke me, and Pet kept flying about and pecking at Bob." ♥

"How did that warmin' get into that

there front door?" asked Limpety.

"Why," said Walter, "it's only a common Anyone could turn the lock, and I reekon you forgot to put the bolt on."
"I may ha' done," admitted the farmer,
"I was that wore out."

At this moment Jack lifted his head and smoothed the feathers of his skull on Limpety's hand.

"Wha, lor!" said Limpety, with a curious thrill running up his arm, "he fare as

sensible as a Christian!"

He stroked the white head for a moment. It was strange to him to think that any of his farm stock should be other than mere "things" to feed fat and sell for food. But the sensation of the soft feathers, and the delighted cackle of the gander as he felt his head stroked, pleased the man, who had possessed a better understanding of bird and animal life when he was a young man and

a skilful poacher.

"Well," he said, "that would fare ongrateful. You shall have your way, my wench. Keep 'em for breedin'. I reckon I can buy another couple somewheres for Saturday market."

"I can get ye a score, if ye want 'em,"

said Walter.

"Good on ye!" replied Limpety. "And now good night tee ye. Walter, bor, you'd best be a-goin'. And, Millie, mind you lock and bolt the door this here time."

"Walter," crooned Millie, as she sank into her lover's arms, "if it hadn't been for you, he'd ha' got away right and tight. Walter, my darlin', how good you are!"

"Look at old Jack," said Walter.

The gander, jealous of attentions paid to his beloved mistress, was stretching out his neck and trying to rub his head against Millie's arm.

"Dear old Jack!" said the girl. "And if it hadn't been for you and Pet, faa'er would ha' lost all his takin's of the week! He he owes what he've kept to—to the three of you!" She laughed saucily, and pretended to make her escape upstairs.

"Here," cried Walter, "hold you on!

ha' gart the ring."

He produced a ring in a jeweller's case from his pocket-a ring for which he had saved up for six months and more—and took the girl's left hand in his.

Millie flashed the torch on it.

Walter," she said, "how loverly!"

"Ta bain't half so loverly as you be, my

darlin'!" replied the gallant Walter.

"Honk, honk! Gabble, gabble! Honk!" remarked Jack and Pet, as they waddled out, disgusted at such "goings on."

Presently the front door was shut, locked, and bolted, and Walter strolled home with song in his heart, while Millie went upstairs, flashing the torch—the spoils of victory—on her ring.

Limpety and Hephzibah were by this

time sound asleep again.

But Jack and Pet remained on guard, and for the rest of the night they kept sentrygo, conscious in their wisdom that there is no finer watch-dog, no finer sentry in the world, than a goose or a gander that loves home.

# AMERICA AND THE SHIPPING PROBLEM

## By EDWARD HUNGERFORD



E have been told that you must put six million tons of ships in the water in 1918." So spoke Lord Northcliffe in an address in Chicago, and then added: "If you set your minds to build those ships, you

can do it as easily as you succeeded in a more difficult task—inducing one hundred million people to consent to military conscription . . . In this matter you strike a vital point in the waging of this War."

We have indeed done much. The ink was barely dry upon the President's signature to the Declaration of War before the Navy was at its task of providing an adequate patrol for our many, many miles of coast frontage. In six months the formation of a vast national army was fairly under way, the cantonments finished and ready for their training work; men were already in France and ready to go to the Front. And "we have more men trained and ready to go to the Front," said the War Department in October, "as fast as we can get the ships."

Ships! The Tantalus cup that is held in front of America these anxious days. Give us ships—all the ships that we can fill with men and food and munitions—and we shall promptly strike the final blow in the winning of the War. It has been said that we shall win the War in the air; that a vast fleet of aeroplanes—built in this country and driven by Americans—will be our means of carrying terror and death over the enemy's lines, and so bring peace. That is a good argument. Even Congress has seen it, and has

appropriated a great sum for the building of aeroplanes.

But aeroplanes cannot fly from the United States to France—not as yet, at any rate. To take our covey of air-birds overseas we are dependent upon ships—ships for the 'planes; ships for the men to drive them; ships for the vast array of tools and mechanics for their upkeep—for remember that the man-bird is a delicate creature, and requires a vast deal of constant care.

So before armies, before navies, before the locust-host of aeroplanes—ships; stout merchant ships, if you please, with swift heels to hurry them away from submerged enemies; well-built ships, to withstand the poundings and the buffetings of the North Atlantic—and many, many ships. But many ships we do not own-not to-day, at any rate. And long ago our shipbuilders grew discouraged. Their yards fell into decay or vanished altogether. In 1914 the output of the yards which remained and kept the flame of an ancient lamp still a-flicker was a bare 200,000 tons. Most of this tonnage was built for coastwise service or for the steadily-increasing traffic upon the Great As a maker of ships for the competitive trade of the Seven Seas the United States—once their master—had almost ceased to be.

For more than half a century our merchant marine had been dying. The La Follette Bill struck at the proud old gentleman as he lay in his bed. It was an all-but-fatal blow. Several shipowners, who had been holding on in hopes of better days, gave it up and began placing their vessels under foreign registry. I am not attacking the La Follette Bill—there are far too many strong points in its favour—but I am chronicling facts. And it is a

fact that many shipowners—the Pacific Mail and Robert Dollar conspicuous among them —removed their vessels from American registry, and the merchant marine of the United States was vastly weakened in con-

sequence.

It was largely because of this thrust at a dying institution—an institution which once had been America's particular pride—that the United States Shipping Board, with its sweeping powers for the building and operation of ocean vessels, came into existence just before our entrance into the Great War. Congress gave it 50,000,000 That seemed a vast dollars for a dower. sum then, for it was before we began to think easily in billions. And the President it as a chairman a keen-witted, impulsive, imaginative attorney from San Francisco, who had had no little experience in admiralty practice. It is probable, if we had not entered the War just when and as we did, that Mr. Denman would have made an entirely satisfactory and successful leader for the programme of reviving our merchant

But the newly-organised Shipping Board had barely moved into its quarters at the top of a Washington office-building, and dusted out its brand-new roll-top desks, before it was confronted with a man-sized problem. We were at war. It was seen even then that the nation's chief and most immediate reliance was a fleet of transport ships from the United States to England, to France, to Russia, and to Italy. "A bridge across the Atlantic," someone phrased it, and all formative plans for the careful and substantial rebuilding of our marine were put The immediate necessities of the aside. situation ruled.

A vast number of suggestions came in. All roads ran to Washington. One of the most picturesque of these plans considered the fabrication in a single year of 2,000 oilburning wooden ships of about 3,000 tons The scheme was not brought burden each. to Washington by long-haired, featherbrained enthusiasts. It was fathered by two expert mining engineers-high-priced men of large experience and real executive ability. And because Chairman Denman had wooden  $_{
m ships}$ successfully seen built and operated upon the Pacific he engaged the two mining engineers and told them to go ahead with their wooden

They did not go far, for in the rapid formulation of a Government-built and

owned American merchant marine a business company had been formed inside Shipping Board in order to make contracts and quickly fulfil other business forms in which a Federal Board is necessarily both slow and ponderous. This company, whose stock is entirely held by the United States Government, is called the Emergency Fleet To head it the President Corporation. appointed Major-General George W. Goethals, who made so complete a success of the big Panama Canal job. General Goethals felt that he had been given full authority in the matter, and, being an Army man, he did not hesitate to express his poor opinion of the wooden ship plan—both bluntly and abruptly. And he trod upon toes, for Chairman Denman and his associates in the Shipping Board believed in wooden ships not as against steel carriers, but as supplemental to them in the national emergency. Whereupon General Goethals expressed his opinion that all boards were wooden, and stood sternly in his trenches.

These things are all history. reviewed them only to gain a perspective. They did not build ships. The man in the White House saw that, and saw to it that there was a new Shipping Board, and a shipbuilder to head the Emergency Fleet Corporation. E. N. Hurley, the new chairman of the Shipping Board, is not a shipbuilder, but he is a hard-headed, immensely practical citizen, who by dint of his own prodigious efforts has raised himself up from the fireman's side of a locomotive cab to a great manufacturing enterprise of his own. He gets things done. It is said of him that while in a previous Washington portfolio he entered his office one morning, to find a new assistant secretary on the job -a shy and shrinking fellow who had leaped

the Civil Service hurdles.

"What are you?" asked Hurley.

"A stenographer," stammered the young man.

"Oh, no, you're not; you're a secretary. Answer these telegrams"—and, so saying, thrust a handful of early morning Western Union messages into the young man's hands.

"What shall I say to them?" inquired

that functionary.

Hurley rapped the boy upon the shoulder. "Don't you see," said he, "that if I were to tell you what to say in every instance, I would have answered them myself? Your job is to save me the work. You dig around and find the answers to those telegrams," and went into his inner office.

Hurley gets things done. That is why he secured for the Shipping Board Admiral W. I. Capps and Admiral F. T. Bolles, both formerly of the Navy and experienced in commercial marine construction, to speed up the production of new ships; and in turn has brought Charles A. Piez to expedite the construction of steel ships, and James Hayworth to speed along the wooden ones. For Hurley has no prejudices. His mind is entirely open to all practicable types of ships. He only insists that they be adequate—and promptly built. And as an earnest of the desire of the Shipping Board, it may be stated that it contemplates having 1,000,000 tons of new bottoms launched before the end of March, 1918, which compares favourably with a little less than 700,000 tons launched in the twelve months of 1917, or the And—if present 200,000 tons of 1914. plans can be carried through—our shipyards, acting under Government control and inspiration, should turn out close to 5,000,000 tons of new steel bottoms during the present year (1918), which is about ten or twelve times the production of American shipyards even in flush years before the War.

At the time I am writing (November 1) this steel tonnage is represented by contracts for 140 standardised ships and 83 not standardised—a total of 223 vessels aggregating 1,648,800 tons—for which contracts have been let and work is already under way. In addition the Shipping Board has commandeered more than 2,800,000 tons of craft now building in our yards for private ownership, either American or alien. Its right to do this is not disputed. It is exactly the same step that Great Britain took at the very outbreak of the War.

Together, these contracts aggregate 4,448,800 tons of steel shipping, and it is not difficult to foresee another half-million tons being contracted for within the next ninety days, if present plans can be carried through.

"If present plans can be carried through——"

"If" is a large word, and in this instance it may be translated into the huge figure of a man—a man whose arm is brawn and whose mind is attuned to working in metal and in wood, for labour is the big "if" of our critical ship situation. Our present yards, working under a pressure and to a degree of efficiency that they have not known before, were employing at the end of 1917 approximately 250,000 men. A huge force, but not nearly enough, for to come

anywhere near carrying out the programme of 5,000,000 tons for this year there should be from 250,000 to 300,000 more workers, both in the present yards and in the yards which are to come into being within the next few months.

You cannot build ships without men. Five million tons of steel shipping, divided for convenience in estimate into terms of 10,000-ton steamships, would mean at least 500 vessels—or, if delivery began on January 1, 1918, a ship a week for our ten biggest yards. As a matter of fact, we shall have to do far better to complete a 5,000,000-ton programme for 1918, for we did not begin to deliver ten major ships a week on the first day of January. But for a better understanding of the situation let us still take that as our standard for estimate.

A 10,000-ton ship each seven days is no impossible matter for a modern yard, enlarged and working under war-time pressure. Charles M. Schwab is reported to have told the Shipping Board last May that he could build sixteen 10,000-ton ships in ten weeks' time.

A great shipyard at Camden, New Jersey, made a larger promise. It agreed to turn out a standardised steel steamship of 7,500 tons, or 9,000, or even 10,000 tons at the end of six months, and thereafter to turn out an exactly similar steamship each twenty-four hours for an indefinite period. This was a tremendous promise, yet the men who made it were both experienced and responsible shipbuilders. But their promise was predicated on a sufficient supply, not only of fuel and raw materials, but of labour.

Let us analyse further. The largest single item in the labour of fabricating a steel ship is in the riveting of her hull; therefore the driving of rivets is taken as a standard of size and of progress by most of To build a 10,000-ton the shipbuilders. ship a week means the driving of about 650,000 rivets in that time. The Union Shipyards of San Francisco, as at present equipped and freed from labour troubles. can drive about 300,000 rivets, although in a record week it drove 411,000 rivets. four next largest yards in America—at Fore River, Massachusetts, at Newport News, Virginia, at Camden, and at Philadelphia, upon the Delaware—can drive 200,000 to 275,000 rivets a week each. A half-dozen smaller steel shipyards will drive from 50,000 to 150,000 each seven days.

Riveting, despite all the inventions devised to speed it up, remains handwork and slow A riveting gang consists of two men and two boys—the riveter, his "holder-one," the passer-boy, and the heater-boy. gang drives from 300 to 375 rivets in the course of a ten-hour day, and is tired at the end of it. But when you know that it takes four men all of a working day to drive an average of a little less than 350 rivets, you can begin to see the full size of the labour problem of driving at least 650,000 rivets a week necessary to turn out a 10,000-ton ship at the end of that length of time. In other words, you need 1200 men for the riveting gangs alone.

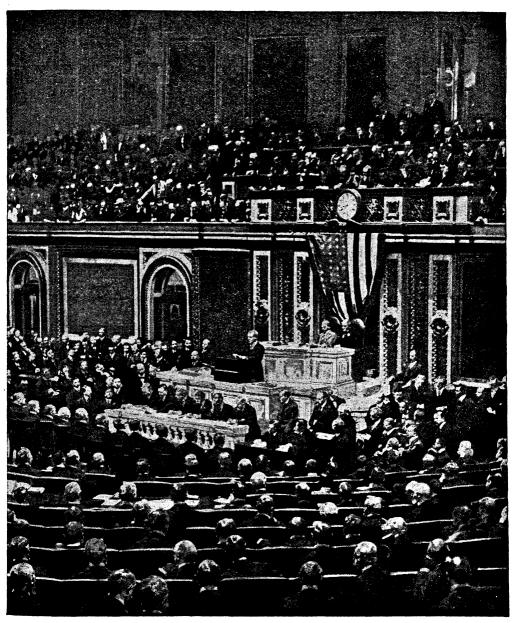
Look at the matter from another angle. Ten ships a week—the tremendous programme for 1918 to which we stand committed—means 6,500,000 rivets a week, and the rivet capacity of our five greatest yards —with a total working force of 50,000 men at the end of 1917—was but 1,350,000 rivets a week. And riveting represents only about 20 per cent. in the construction of a ship. No wonder, then, that we are building, and shall need, new yards. And men. think that the Shipping Board is indeed conservative when it asks for 250,000 or even 300,000 more men for the building of merchant ships in this year of 1918. The new yards we are getting. On the marshy flats of Newark Bay—for many years an economic waste—many staunch carriers will be launched before the coming of another winter. Boston engineering firm, of world-wide reputation and responsibility, is building a vast yard on Hog Island—in the Delaware below Philadelphia-and expects by midsummer to have 20,000 men at work, and to be turning out a 10,000-ton steel ship or its equivalent each seven days. The entire Delaware has become our American Clyde, and is feverish with industry, both day and For, even though it be impractical to fabricate a ship after dark, it is both possible and practical to work upon her moulds and forms through the long hours of the night. And that is what is being done to-day.

Philadelphia is the chief centre of our shipbuilding, and shares her honours with near-by Camden and Chester and Wilmington. Baltimore has a vast shippard, and so has Boston, at Fore River, eight miles south of the landmark tower of her new Custom House. But the Fore River yard can expand no farther, and now plans to build a new plant nearly as large as the original at near-by Squantum. At Newport News

there is the vast yard which the genius and enterprise of Collis P. Huntington placed there more than a quarter of a century ago. There was kindliness in the heart of that master railroader when he planned that shipyard at the new terminal of his railroad upon the second finest harbour of the North Atlantic. For Huntington had seen the great industrial school for negroes at Hampton, not far from Newport News. He was tremendously impressed by it, and when he built his great shipyard upon Hampton Roads he announced that it was his purpose to give the black man in the South a genuine opportunity for industrial advancement. How well it has succeeded is a matter of record and a story in itself. To-day, of the 8,000 men employed in the yard, fully onehalf are black-skinned, and many of them are negroes who have saved and invested money-10,000 dollars, 15,000 dollars, 25,000 dollars apiece.

The Newport News yard is planning to double its water-frontage and its capacity. And other brand-new yards are being planned in its vicinity. At Savannah there are new yards for the building of steel ships as well as of wooden. There is similar progress upon the Gulf Coast and upon the Pacific. Moreover, men are planning to erect fabricating yards—launchways by tide-water where there can be assembled ships that are built piecemeal at inland yards, just as bridges and sky-scrapers are ofttimes erected. But this plan has its disadvantages, and some of them are considerable. As I have told you, a large single factor in the work of fabricating a ship is in her riveting, and, in order to save working time and the use of the launchways, it is the fashion in our modern yards to fabricate such heavy parts as bulkheadsto take a single instance—quite apart from The overhead cranes can handle the ways. such huge parts with ease. But a manyriveted bulkhead for a 10,000-ton steel ship, or even a craft of half that size, is far too large a thing to go upon a railroad flatcar for transport from the steel-mill to the shipyard. It would not go through tunnels or even under bridges.

After all, these problems are only mechanical. The really perplexing question is the human one. I think that I have shown by this time the important relation of men—many, many men—to the steel ship. Nor in the case of the wooden ship—which we shall consider in a moment—is the need less urgent. You can manufacture fabrics and shoes and foodstuffs, and even



AMERICA'S DECISION "TO ACCEPT THE GAGE OF BATTLE WITH THIS NATURAL FOE TO LIBERTY": PRESIDENT WILSON MAKING HIS MOMENTOUS SPEECH TO CONGRESS.

THE SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WHEN PRESIDENT WILSON DELIVERED HIS GREAT SPEECH CALLING UPON CONGRESS TO DECLARE WAR UPON THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT, WAS DESCRIBED BY MANY OF THOSE PRESENT AS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE EVER WITNESSED AT WASHINGTON, AND PROBABLY THE MOST MOMENTOUS OCCASION IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

automobiles, by the use of prodigious labour-saving machinery, but you cannot build ships that way. You need men, and many of them. But the shipbuilder who goes into the labour market finds it glutted, and many, like himself, who cry for help. Men are needed to build and repair aeroplanes, to build and repair our railroads and their equipment, to manufacture motor-trucks and battleships—all the multitude of munitions of war. The Army needs men, and takes them, and so does the Navy, although an official movement is now under way at Washington to have men engaged in shipbuilding exempted from conscription.

In a way such a provision already is in Many of our American yards have arranged with their local exemption boards for the release of drafted men whose services were absolutely needed for the programme. But this has only gone so far as to show that it is not enough. Men who are engaged in any branch of the making of the ship, whether they are rated expert or only as green hands, should be exempted from the draft. For one thing — and a mighty important one—it will keep a better control of labour in the hands of shipbuilding executives, subject at all times, of course, to review and arbitration by properly constituted authorities.

The value of this was shown in the many shipyard strikes which arose toward the close of last year. The men who baulked on duty, and who, in consequence, were not one whit better than a mutinous soldier or sailor, and so deserved the severe penalties given to mutineers in time of war, and who happened to be relieved from the draft at the request of their employers, were immediately reported to the local exemption boards. They had ceased to be in a privileged and necessary class. Thereafter they could go into the trenches and take hard medicine alongside genuinely brave men—men who do not deserve hard medicine of any kind, but all manner of comfort and of happiness.

Strikes in a yard turning out ships, the essential primary step for America's success in the great conflict that she has begun to call her own?

The Pacific Coast was the theatre of the first of these labour troubles in the shipyards. The master builders appealed to the local officials, but it was necessary for President Wilson to send a special committee, of which the very diplomatic and efficient Secretary of Labour was a member, out to settle the disputes. There

was one official out on the West Coast who was not cowed. His name is James Withycombe, and he is Governor of the fine old American State of Oregon; and when a crew of professional agitators came down from the neighbouring State of Washington and tried to tie up the busy yards at ancient Astoria, the Governor sent a portion of the National Guard there post - haste. There was no strike. The yards kept hard at it, and the differences between the workers and their employers were submitted to arbitration.

Not that the grievances of the men are not genuine and entitled to real consideration—very frequently, indeed, to immediate correction. For instance, the labour problem is almost always a housing problem—a rest problem, if you please. You can hardly expect a man who has failed to have fourteen hours of complete rest and relaxation to work at fullest efficiency for the other ten hours of the day.

A case of diphtheria discovered in the great colony of shipyard workers at Newport News developed the fact that eighteen men were sleeping in an ordinary dwelling-house there. The condition was common to many, many other houses in the town, which almost overnight, it would seem, has jumped from 25,000 population to nearly 60,000. Nor is the condition peculiar to Newport News. In the once quiet Moravian town of Bethlehem, up in the Pennsylvania hills, and to-day the seat of the greatest steelworks the world has ever known, there are enough men employed to make ordinarily a city of 200,000 population. But Bethlehem has hardly more than 60,000.

Translated, figures such as these mean almost intolerable conditions of crowding; and, further read, they also mean that sleep shortage can be recognised as labour shortage. Yet the conditions are all too general. It is difficult, with building conditions upset by the cantonments and other rush work for the Government, to build sufficient houses quickly enough. There are financial difficulties that sometimes seem well-nigh insurmountable.

Yet much is being done. The Shipping Committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce is one of the forces that are working to relieve conditions at such points where shipyards are existing or planned. It even brought pressure upon the prosperous householders of an ancient New England seaport to open their homes to shipyard workers, and succeeded in a measure quite

beyond its most optimistic hopes. The Shipping Board is quite cognisant of both the labour and the correlated housing problem. That is why it some time ago appointed Meyer Bloomfield, a Boston man who has made a life-study of labour economics, to study and report to it on the situation. And Bloomfield already is hard

upon the job.

It has been suggested frequently that other industries be called upon to contribute the skilled labour that, with some very slight special training, can be adapted to shipbuilding. The automobile industry has been suggested as one that may be thus drained for the period of the War. But the automobile industry already is making its sacrifices, freely and without bitterness. The output of passenger-cars for 1918 will not be more than half the output for 1917, if, indeed, it reaches that figure. there are other avenues for the energy of motor-car builders than in supplying mechanics for ships; already they are building engines and trucks and aeroplanes in great and increasing numbers. plants are particularly adapted for work of

Meyer Bloomfield does not believe that it will be necessary for the shipyards to go into outside industries—not at present, at any rate. He calls attention to the fact that during the busiest period of 1916 there was idle from seven to ten per cent. of the nation's skilled mechanical labour, or approximately 100,000 men. This loss comes largely through transition and readjustments of labour. One hundred per cent. employment is, of course, out of the question, but Bloomfield proposes, through a more scientific handling of the entire question, to pick up much of the slack and so to gain a large number of men. And not the least of his problem is his synchronising the employment of men with the demand for them. 300,000 men were to present themselves to our shipyard gates to-morrow, they could not be used—not to-morrow nor for many days thereafter. Picking up the slack in labour energy consists in having the job ready for the man as well as the man ready

for the job.

The Shipping Board is not asleep to the problem. It has an elaborate plan for the training of shipbuilders—two or three willing, although unskilled, workers in the yard beside a trained man; and this repeated in many yards—perhaps hours set aside for direct attendance in a school. The

whole scheme, which still is in a formative period, is in the hands of Admiral Bolles. When he gets done with it, he will have evolved a marine Plattsburg that should be a permanent institution after the coming of peace, and well suited toward replacing the American flag upon all the commercial lanes of the world.

So it is that, after all, the labour problem is not so much in securing the men as in keeping them well housed and comfortable and at work. And this last is by far the hardest of all, for the spirit of unrest, many times fomented by German agencies, has greatly delayed our ship programme this winter—at times greatly endangered it. Strikes have been all too frequent. criticism should be given to the national labour leaders. Mr. Gompers and the men who are closely associated with him at Washington have been unswerving in their patriotism and unflagging in their endeavours, but, as one of them once expressed it to me, they do not own their men. A shipbuilder owns his yard. When he signs a contract on its behalf, he is responsible, and generally able to keep the contract. the other party to the paper knows when he signs that he has no way of enforcing the men whom he represents to abide by the spirit or the text of the document. most he can do is to plead or to threaten -to use all the diplomacy and wits at his command. And then he sometimes

In my opinion the only way in which the situation may be worked out definitely and permanently is by drafting all the shipyard workers into Government service. would be entitled to receive the high wages and excellent treatment which men working at hard labour and under great pressure They would have the right of protest if these conditions were not fulfilled, and their protests would come before properly constituted arbitrators, whose decision would be final. But there would be no strikes. If the men refused to abide by the decisions of the arbitrators, and refused to work, they would be sent into the cantonment or into the front-line trenches. A similar penalty could be held over the heads of the owners of the yards. But up to the present time not one of them has failed in his patriotic They have met increased wage costs and every one of their perplexing war-time problems with great serenity and faith and loyalty.

Lord Northcliffe, in calling attention

so vividly to our necessity for transport ships, spoke of 6,000,000 tons as our programme for this year, and the steel ship figures I gave above fell somewhat short of 5,000,000 tons. The difference is found in the wooden ship construction, a picturesque phase of our maritime revival that is worthy of a little passing attention. wooden vessels of widely varying types, and aggregating more than 1,000,000 tons, are under construction or under contract for completion before December 31 at various points upon our seaboard. Old yards, shrivelled or perhaps entirely abandoned for more than half a century, have come back into the full flush of busy existence, and there are a hundred new yards along both the Atlantic and the Pacific For while the plan of the two mining engineers for a vast fleet of small oil-engined wooden vessels-built as alike as box-cars or cheap automobiles—has been forgotten, there have been more than a hundred new craft of this type already launched. There is, unfortunately, a great dissimilarity in the construction of these Already we have seen the need, the vast economy, of standardisation in the construction of our steel vessels. been one of the largest of our construction problems, and the fact that almost all of the privately given contracts to our shipyards, before our entrance into the world conflict, called for specialised ships, was a great factor in slowing the production of those The wooden ships are less important, yet even in their construction steps are now being taken toward standardisation, and a definite effort is being made toward not only a solidity of construction that will withstand both the buffetings of the sea and the strain of an engine, but toward speed. has been found that one of the best ways to dodge a submarine is by having a genuinely fast ship. Already men are talking of carriers capable of making, under pressure, thirty-five knots an hour, and the City of Orange, a wooden cargo-carrier completed a short time ago at a little Texas town down on the Gulf Coast, ran sixteen knots upon her trial trip.

The Norwegian experiments in the moulding of concrete ships have not escaped the attention of our shipbuilders in the United States. A concrete vessel is now under construction at San Francisco. The hold is built in an inverted position, only an inner mould being used. When the concrete is set and hard, the hold is reversed—by an elaborate pneumatic process—and the vessel

is launched. The entire method seems both economical and efficient. But the concrete ship remains an experiment, while the steel and the wooden ships long since passed that stage, and seem likely to continue in the chief favour of both shipbuilders and shipowners.

All this time we have considered only the building of ships, in great tonnage, so as not only to offset the depredations of enemy submarines, but also to give us the great permanent merchant marine that our national heart is now set upon possessing. The operation of ships is a problem hardly second to that of their construction. Already the United States possesses some 2,875,000 tons of ocean-going merchant ships—a very creditable showing, despite the obstacles against which our marine has struggled in recent years, but not nearly enough. addition of 675,000 tons of German vessels interned in American harbours at the very beginning of the Great War, but released to us upon our entrance into it, was a very great help, particularly at a time when we needed vessels to carry our fast-forming army and its vast quantities of supplies overseas. damage wrought by the German crews upon these ships, during the period of their internment, was found to be almost negligible —far less than the most optimistic of our marine officers had dared to hope.

The Great Lakes also have contributed liberally of their vast tonnage. Through the entire autumn the coming of heavy ice and the closing of navigation upon our inland seas was forecasted by a steady procession of their craft down the River St. Lawrence. Nor was that as easy as it reads, for the passage-way from the four upper lakes—upon which the greatest traffic rides—to the blue waters of the salt seas is barred by great natural impediments. falls and rapids of the Niagara and the rapids of the Upper St. Lawrence truly were barriers. But long years ago the Canadians passed them by means of canals, and increased the size of the canals as boats increased in size, but not nearly rapidly And the determining factor in navigation from Lake Erie to the sea has been the chambers of the canal locks, about 265 feet in length, 45 feet in width, and 14 feet in depth. Long ago the lake craft that conformed to these dimensions were found by searching eyes and taken out to the Atlantic, and other craft were built at the abundant and efficient steel and wooden shipyards along the upper lakes. But they all had to conform to the determining factor of the look chambers, particularly as to width and depth, for between fifteen and twenty modern steel vessels, averaging from 350 to 385 feet in length—almost the extreme for a cargo vessel of less than 45 feet beam—were taken through the Welland and the canals of the Upper St. Lawrence this last autumn.

The process was simple, although not particularly easy. The vessels were sawed in half. Gangs of men in the dry-docks at Cleveland and Buffalo, equipped acetylene torches, did the job in a time to be measured in hours rather than in days. Temporary watertight bulkheads were installed, and the vessel towed in two sections to the deep-water harbour of Montreal. It was another job of hours rather than days to join the hull together at the dry-docks of that port, and to fit the fresh-water tramp with condensers and other equipment necessary for a craft which digs her heels into salt water for the first time. After that a simple matter to run down the lower river and around the coast to New York or Boston for cargo and a full equipment.

To correlate this work, and give it the full attention which its importance demands, Chairman Hurley has appointed a keen executive—E. R. Carry, of Chicago, a man whose business experience has brought him constantly in contact with transportation men. Mr. Carry's functions are not unlike those of the general superintendent of transportation upon a good-sized railroad. It is that functionary's job to find cars for the traffic which is offered his line. And, similarly, it is Carry's job to find ships for the cargoes which pile themselves up upon the wharves at our seaports, great and little. He is a clearing-house and a train-dispatcher in addition. He moves the ships by telegraph or long-distance telephone or wireless. And the comic commercial tragedy of peace days -when ships ran frantically to one port, and left begging cargoes behind at othersshould not be repeated in our time of greatest stress and anxiety—and necessity.

These problems are perplexing, but they are not beyond solution. Our ships are coming, after many vexatious trials and disappointments; they are taking the waters. Others are replacing them upon the launchways, and still others will be coming there when these, in turn, take the water. We are going to have the ships, and they are going to be good ships, our mainstay through the War, and a full measure of our commercial triumph in the long years that are to follow it.

#### NIGHT.

WHEN night wraps close the world, and tumult stills;
When troubled day has crimsoned in the west,
And earth-bound thoughts hold fancies unexpressed,
Then velvet-footed Sleep life's temple fills
With mystic memories, and slow distils
A sweet forgetfulness. He is thrice blessed
Whose mem'ry holds the deep, unmanifest
Emotions of the soul that sleep instils.

Upon the wings of splendid dreams we rise
Free from the cramping clog of mortal clay
That fetters life, and wisdom worldly-wise,
And doubt and ignorance that self betray.
When heart gains peace, then soul seeks enterprise;
So night the nooning of transcendent day!

PAUL DERRICK.

# WHEN THE DRUMS STOPPED

## By RALPH COBINO

Illustrated by E. P. Kinsella



RS. HARTLEY sat and feasted her eyes on the face of David, her son. He had been away for three years, and in the weeks that had succeeded his return, she had been happy simply to gaze upon him. Red holly berries

He was wonderful. gleamed from every corner of the room in honour of the Christmas season—in honour, too, of David. She smiled at her thought. Distant carol singers sent their voices into the still air. David had come home, and so they sang. The joy of her heart transmuted sight, sound, and feeling into an ecstatic realisation of his Three years of absence had presence. taught her that the cords of her being were knit into the web of his existence.

Mrs. Hartley's brother, Philip Fox, was

talking to David. He had supplied, to the best of his ability, the lack of a father in David's young life. Now that David was a man, the friendship was as vital as ever, though different in essence.

The talk was beyond Mrs. Hartley—sport and the hunting of strange animals. gave her an interval for admiring the sheer physical beauty of David. Fat, bald-headed Uncle Philip made an admirable foil.

David stopped abruptly in the midst of a sentence and held his hand up, urging silence.

"Drums! Don't you hear them?"

Mrs. Hartley shook her head. Philip Fox leant forward in his chair, his hand to his ear.

David went across to the window, opened it, and stood there listening.

"Now you hear them?" He looked back at the others. "The closed window muffled the sound."

Mrs. Hartley came and stood by David's side, looking down into the street. Rain had touched the pavements into a semblance of glistening glass, reflecting the light of the gas-lamps. In wind-stirred pools the lamps winked bright eyes at David.
"They're fainter now," David said.

suppose there was a parade somewhere."

"A parade on Christmas Eve!" Fox laughed from his chair.

A policeman passed beneath the windows. David stepped on to the balcony and leant over, calling-

"What drums were those?"

"Drums, sir?"

In the light of the lamp the man's face showed astonishment.

"You didn't hear them?"

The man shook his head and passed on

"Your hearing was always keen," Mrs. Hartley said. "I remember once——"

She launched into a story of his youthful days, whilst David closed the window and went back to his seat.

Mrs. Hartley felt presently that the atmosphere of the room had subtly changed. She was almost prepared for David's next

"Mother, I want you to let me go away again." He had risen from his seat and moved over to the fireplace. there, meeting her eyes steadily.

She tried to check the twitch of her lips that came involuntarily. She glanced at her brother, and a hint of resentment came into her voice when she spoke.

"I suppose you have been painting some

fascinating picture of big game."

"Not I," Fox said. "He wants to go on a great adventure—not of my suggesting."

Mrs. Hartley caught a note of gravity in her brother's voice. She turned impulsively to David.

"You were away three years, and now,

after one little month-"

"It seems rather brutal," David admitted.
"But I wish you didn't mind so much, mother. I must go."

"Where?" she asked.

There was a pause, which Fox broke by getting up from his chair. "I'll leave you to talk it over together." He took his sister's hand. "Don't pull the reins too hard," he said, in a low voice.

When they were alone, Mrs. Hartley drew a chair to the fire, near to David. She bent forward, staring into the flames, her chin resting on her hand. The attitude showed the almost girlish grace of her body, whilst the firelight showed the massed white of her hair and the wrinkles that lay about her eyes. David looked down at her, admiring her.

"Back to Egypt?" she questioned. "Is that?"

She saw a quick tremor run over him, as if she had touched a raw place. She hid her wondering behind an unruffled expression.

"Not Egypt," David said.

"Then where?" And quickly, not giving him time to answer the first question: "Would it be for long?"

"For a good time, probably."

She let her hands fall from her chin and held them out, imploring him.

"Ah, don't go, David!"

That touched him. He bent as if to catch and hold her hands, acquiescing, then straightened himself with a jerk. Something in his eyes amazed her—a hunted look.

"One little month, after three years!" She hurried on when he was about to speak. "At least, don't decide yet. Give me a few more days in which to dream I am to have you with me always." She rose to her feet, laughing a little shamefacedly. "Now I shall go to bed. I daren't sit up to hear you talk about more journeys." She kissed him and went quickly from the room.

Half-way up the stairs she paused, her hand on the rail. David's voice came after

her---

"Mother, will you come back?"

He was out in the hall, looking up at her. A quick, tense note in his voice arrested her.

He went to the front door and opened it\_wide, then beckoned to her.

"Drums again! Don't you hear them?"
She came to his side as he stood in the open doorway. The wind blew stinging whips of rain against their faces. Mrs. Hartley shivered and bent her head. David stood erect, listening.

"The roll of them!" he said. "You

hear?"

She strained her ears, concentrating all of herself in a great desire to hear. David had gripped her hand, was almost hurting her, as if he would compel the obedience of her ears. But of sound there seemed nothing, save the wind's moan and the sharp beat of rain against the house windows.

"I hear wind and rain," she said,

"nothing else."

David drew her back and closed the door. In the shelter of the hall he stared at her. His face had a drawn look.

"You must come to bed," Mrs. Hartley said quickly. "You look fearfully tired."

"Yes, I'll come."

She saw that he spoke lightly with an effort. That it should need effort amazed her. She went to her room puzzled, a little distressed. Presently, lying in the darkness, she wondered what David was doing, and suddenly, with a certainty born of the link between them, she said to herself: "He is listening." She felt as if she saw David half sitting up in his bed with straining ears.

"The drums!"

She had spoken aloud in the darkness. And now she was sitting up in bed, listening, as she felt David was doing.

Surely there was a sound—a far-away rhythmic beating—rising, falling, growing louder, fading again, becoming presently a faint throbbing sound in the distance. When absolute stillness came, she drew a little sigh of relief.

At breakfast the next morning she wondered if David would mention the drums. But he did not. And Mrs. Hartley felt curiously inclined to speak, as he did, only of the season's messages from friends, of impersonal things. She felt, if she once left the refuge of mere prosaic sentences, she should let pain loose in her voice and call out: "Stay with me, David!" She shut her eyes to the look in his that spelt captivity—a straining creature held in leash.

Fox came to dine with them on Christmas evening. Mrs. Hartley wondered if he, too,

felt some strange presence in the house, as if behind the holly berries something spoke in a strange, inexplicable Christmas message. The voice was as vivid as the berries' colour. When David went out of the drawing-room for a minute, Fox said abruptly—

"Have you told David he may go?"

She shook her head.

She planned gaieties for the Christmas season, but he evaded all her efforts to capture him. She produced one day the bait of a newly-returned traveller from Egypt. They were to meet at a friend's house. He would be interesting, and David loved Egypt. She pleaded eloquently.

But she had to go alone, excusing David



"The wind blew stinging whips of rain against their faces. Mrs. Hartley shivered and bent her head. David stood erect, listening."

"Let him go," Fox urged. "Get him to tell you why he wants to go, and where." He gave each word a staccato note.

"He is all I have," she said, "and he has only given me one little month after three years. How can I let him go?"

Mrs. Hartley told herself regretfully that David was in danger of becoming a recluse.

to his hostess. She was glad that a bald-headed nonentity was her dinner partner. He was loquacious. She could reply in monosyllables whilst she thought of David. Red holly berries were on the table, the only decoration. Mrs. Hartley started at sight of them.

Romsey, the traveller, became presently

the centre of the talk around the table. He told stories of his experiences, unblushingly dominating the conversation. He had the naïve pleasure of a child in the interest he evoked. His pauses were punctuated by requests for more. He pricked the ears of jaded listeners. Pressed finally for still another story, he gave it in crisp sentences.

"I'll tell you of a fellow-countryman of ours who disgraced the name of friend. But you shall judge of the man by his action. He'd been a chum of a man called Drayling, whom I met in the region of the Libyan mountains. The other man—we'll call him Jones in the story—had been a popular Personally I never met fellow out there. him, but, from all I heard, he'd a meretricious air of heroism that deceived them. He gave the impression of a man who'd value his own skin as little as any man living. or two little things he'd done in the way of pluck had been exaggerated till the man was clothed in a garment of mock heroism. And he'd a genius for friendship, or so it seemed. He and Drayling were known as David and Jonathan—were twitted about it. Drayling thought his friend hadn't an equal on this little planet of ours."

The servants put dessert on the table, and Romsey paused a moment, sipping his port. Nobody sent a sentence into the pause. This story of his seemed of the simplest, but his manner, the jerking notes of his

voice, clothed it with interest.

"Drayling fell ill of a malignant fever, the sort of illness that turns a man into a loathsome mass of suffering and contagion. He and Jones were roughing it at the time, just the two of them in a tent, a goodish

way from any white people."

Romsey paused. This second pause was, in a subtle way, dramatic. It seemed to bring an intense light to bear on the picture he had drawn of the two friends alone together in their tent, and of the abrupt descent of infectious disease into their midst.

Romsey bent a little forward in his chair. His voice altered in tone; it was the voice of a man who felt anger in retrospect.

"This is where I come into the story. I was out on an expedition with some friends, having a glorious time of it. One day we chanced upon a tent in a lonely spot, with only one person in it—the sick man Drayling."

Romsey made a quick gesture of his hands, and was silent for a moment. Here and there about the table there was a little sound of indrawn breath. Without words from

Romsey the listeners saw in imagination a man fleeing from contagion—and his friend.

"One member of our party had considerable medical skill. He did his best. Drayling lay there delirious for several days, babbling about drums. He would start up in the night, calling out that they were near, that the roll of them was just outside the tent. Perhaps he thought they were drums calling to the friend who had forsaken him, urging his return—they were some queer fancy of his sick brain. One night he sat up in bed, called out, 'The roll of the drums!' and fell back dead. He died at eight o'clock on Christmas Eve, the time for home and red holly berries. We buried him there under the sun."

Mrs. Hartley put her hands quickly to her ears, then dropped them again, looking about the table. The talk had become general, as if a tide had rolled in, hiding an upstanding rock. She wondered that these people could hear themselves speak above the sound of the drums. The roll of them was insistent—they deafened her. In the drawing-room

she went up to her hostess.

"My head is aching intolerably. Do you

mind if I leave early?"

Her white face brought instant commiseration, and her car was ordered. She sat back in it presently, and in the darkness she put her hands to her ears and kept them there. She must get to David quickly. When the car stopped, she almost ran up the steps to the house.

David was in the library. She found him standing against the writing-table when she pushed the door open. She said quickly, without preamble: "David, tell me where you want to go?"

Something in her voice, her manner, had the effect of pushing aside a screen, as if she came close to him with no intervening

barrier.

"To China," David said.

Mrs. Hartley did not try to fill the pause that came. She was standing by the table, and now she rested both hands on it, as if to support herself, facing a blow. But her face was turned to him unflinchingly.

"You've heard me speak of my friend Dunstantly, the doctor? He's giving up a fine chance here, and going out to China to

open a new leper hospital."

He moved from the table, going near to the window. His back was half turned to her, as if he did not want to see fear in her eyes, dreading its advent. There was another pause. Mrs. Hartley felt that, faint in the distance, the roll of drums was filling this space that their voices would have left

David said at last: "He can do with any amount of help-lay help as well as pro-

fessional. I want to offer myself."

He squared his shoulders as if to face a sudden shock of words from her. He flinched

before a blow that did not come.

She said: "I will not keep you, David." She was holding her head down, as if she listened to something that was very far away, growing fainter every moment. "I understand, David. Silence may come that way."

She lifted her eyes and met his. Something flashed from one to the other--Without direct comprehension, sympathy. words she had told him that she knew. By some such way he might win silence.
"When would you go?" The level tone of

her voice was a high triumph of motherhood.

"Dunstantly sails next month. I think I

could be ready. He wants me for two yearsno use offering for less." He raised his head as if he looked forward to a time when he should come back to her—shriven.

"I will do all I can, so that you may be

ready."

He came to her side and took her hands.

"Thanks," he said. He made of the word a crown placed on her head, so that she lifted it proudly. The atmosphere of the room had changed, was charged with something joyous, uplifting. She saw, as in a certain prevision of the future, David home again, glad-eyed, radiant, freed.

When the time came, she said good-bye to David with unflinching courage. Just at the last he stooped and whispered: "The

drums have stopped."

When she came back to the empty house, she stood for a moment in the hall, listening. There was only the sound of rain on the window-panes, of wind, of traffic in the street outside. The drums were silent.



#### DOWN CHEYNE WALK.

BUT as I passed down Cheyne Walk, The river tide ran high; A laden barge went slowly by, Washing up drift of stick and stalk; Two sea-gulls shrilled in scolding talk, And murmuring there against the wall Sounded the old, the water call.

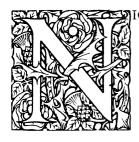
It drowned my eyes with dreams; a haze Blurred all the Chelsea street; My hand gripped fast the tugging sheet, I breathed the salt of sea-swung days, And swam the peacock Cornish bays, As, leaning there on Chelsea wall, I heard the old, the water call.

LETITIA WITHALL.

# LOVE IN A LITTLE FLAT

### By KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon



GEL E. FARRING-TON—whose name is familiar to readers of magazines—was rather annoyed and extremely puzzled. This apparently unprofitable frame of mind had been induced by the receipt of a letter

from the editor of *The Blackfriars Magazine*. Here is the letter—

"MY DEAR FARRINGTON,—

"You will remember that about six months ago we printed a story by you entitled 'The Upland Path.' Almost simultaneously there appeared in *The Circle* a story, by a certain Cora Dennis, called 'The Girl in the Calico Dress.' Although the treatment of the two stories varied, the plots were so similar that I felt compelled to write you on the matter. We came to the conclusion that Miss Dennis and yourself had somehow hit upon the same idea, and the matter dropped.

"In our current number appears your latest story, 'The Cottage of Content.' Unfortunately, history has repeated itself, for there is a tale by Cora Dennis in this month's Circle which almost exactly corresponds as to plot. I don't for a moment suggest plagiarism on either side, but you must forgive me for pointing out that this sort of thing cannot continue. I should be greatly obliged, however, if you would look into the matter, and let me have your explanation, together with an assurance that, in accepting future stories by you, I need not anticipate a recurrence of this unpleasantness."

"All very well," muttered Nigel to the coffee-pot. "How can I give him an assurance that it won't happen again? I don't know Cora Dennis, and, if I did, I couldn't very well ask her to compare manuscripts before we sent them in.

"It can't be the typist. Typists don't give away plots. I doubt if they even follow them, and they're certainly too busy to sneak them. Besides, I've no right to suppose that Miss Dennis, whoever she is, would accept an obviously stolen idea.

"All the same, it's dashed awkward. Sanquhar's absolutely in the right of it—the thing must be stopped. But how? How?"

He touched the bell, and asked his housekeeper to send out at once for a copy of *The Circle*. He read the story by Cora Dennis with great interest. She had given it the title "Love in a Little Home." Quite pretty, and dangerously near his own. The treatment, of course, differed. Miss Dennis was far more sentimental. She insisted on the emotional side of her characters, whereas Nigel always skated over the innermost thoughts and feelings, leaving them to the intelligence of the reader.

But there was not the least doubt about the similarity of the plot. It was his plot. Where had she got it? How had it happened? Sanquhar, as a matter of fact, had taken it very well. But how would he take it a third time? The answer spoilt Nigel's breakfast completely, for he set store by his connection with The Blackfriars Magazine.

He was still trying to decide on the most tactful course to pursue, when the telephone bell went. "Yes? Yes? Yes?" he groaned pettishly into the receiver.

"Is that Mr. Nigel Farrington?" asked a feminine voice.

"It is."

"Oh! I'm afraid I must introduce myself. I'm Cora Dennis. Probably you have never heard the name."

"Oh, haven't I?" thought Nigel. Aloud

he said: "Yes, of course."

"You must excuse me for ringing you up, Mr. Farrington, but it's really a matter of business. . . . Are you there?"

" Yes."

"You didn't answer, so I thought you might have gone away."

"I'm sorry my reputation for courtesy is

so poor."

"What?"

"Never mind. It's too long to repeat."

"How awfully tantalising of you! Well, I'll tell you why I rang up. I've had a letter this morning from the editor of The Circle. I write for it a good deal, and—

"Yes, I know you do."

"Don't bother to be flattering, Mr. Farrington. I'm sure you never read my stories.

"I've just read one. At least——"

"At least what? Please go on."

"I don't think I'd better."

"Why not? I don't like insinuations."

"I didn't insinuate anything."

"I think you did."

"What did I insinuate?"

"Well, obviously, that the story you have been reading, with my name to it, is not mine. . . Are you there?"

"Yes."

"That's the second time you haven't answered. I think it's rather mean to take advantage of being at the other end of a telephone wire to keep quiet when you really ought to speak. . . . Are you there?"

"Yes."

"This is getting on my nerves!"

"And on mine!"

"That's frank, anyway. But, seriously, Mr. Farrington, I'm in a most awful mess."

"I'm sorry to hear it."

"I don't think you are. You don't sound sorry—you sound merely bored."

"I'm sorry."

"You're not a very brilliant conversationalist over the telephone, are you?"

"Telephones are dangerous things."

"I agree. Couldn't we---Are you there?"

" Yes."

"Couldn't we—— I mean to sayer— You must be a horrible man!" " Why?"

"To leave it all to me."

"Leave all what to you?"

"You know perfectly well! You know I can't afford to lose my connection with The Circle, and that's what will happen unless I can—unless we can——

good-bye!"

Nigel tapped and tapped, but not another syllable came from the other end of the wire. Had he caught the sound of a stifled sob? Poor little girl—if she was a little girl! She might be a married woman with five children ! Well, all the more reason why he should help her out of the mess.

He took up the telephone book and found

her address.

Snatching at the first hat that came, he called to his housekeeper that he would lunch at the club, and hurried off. than two minutes he was back, and changing the first hat that came for his best hat. There was also a slight hunt for the best gloves.

After all, she might not be a married

woman with five children.

#### II.

A TINY little maid showed him into the tiny little sitting-room of a tiny little flat. The room was furnished mainly with chintz. There were chintz curtains, and chintz covers, and chintz cushions, and a chintz mantelborder, and the things that did not happen to be chintz—such as the wall-paper—matched the chintz. There were flowers in vases, and an open piano, and a few books, and a box of cigarettes.

Nigel observed with relief that there were

no broken toys on the floor.

When Cora Dennis entered the room, he dropped his hat. All authors are impressionable, which is one reason why they usually marry late in life. The long, straight road is only for the man with a fixed idea. After thirty-five, however, the road begins to look alarmingly short.

The hair, and the eyes, and the figure, and the smile, and the voice of Miss Dennis need not be described. A woman-reader would merely become critical, and a man-reader has his own ideas about these things. The main point is that Nigel dropped his best hat.

"You rang off," he said blurtingly.

"I haven't the faintest idea who you

"My name's Farrington. I told your maid."

"She made an awful hash of it. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. It's just as well, perhaps, that

you did ring off."
"Why?" inquired Miss Dennis.

"Well, because telephones are so—so—"

"Dangerous?"

"I must deny that. I consider that I was tact itself."

"Tact is often rudeness in disguise. You hinted that my story was not my story."

"I think not."

"You think it isn't?"

"No. I think I didn't."



"'Give me that paper!' she demanded. 'Why should I?' countered Nigel, holding it high above his head."

"Yes, sometimes; and sometimes they're safer than—However."

"Have you come to apologise?" asked

"Certainly. But I don't quite know what for."

"You were dreadfully rude on the

"Can the same story belong to two people?"

"Obviously. Our story at this very

moment belongs to two editors."
"Which pleases neither I presume?"

"Which pleases neither, I presume?"
"I've been wrapped over the knuckles,"
Nigel admitted.

"Good. I'm glad to learn that the

great sometimes suffer as well as the obscure."

"I'm not great, Miss Dennis, and you are by no means obscure."

"I shall be if I continue to stumble on

your plots."

- "Then we must contrive to avoid such a disaster for the future. If you'll tell me where you got the plot of your last story, I'll tell you where I got mine, and that's a secret I've never yet told to anybody in the world."
- "What an awful responsibility!" exclaimed Cora. "Do you usually confide in women?"

"Never."

"Then I should advise you not to make an exception in my case."

"I'll risk it. But I must impose a certain

condition."

"Well?"
"Walls have ears.

"Walls have ears, especially the walls of flats. I must whisper it."

"Wouldn't that be rather unusual at a

first meeting?"

- "The circumstances are unusual. We're unusual people. Everything about the affair is unusual."
  - "I can't see that I'm unusual."

"Yes, you are—very."

"In what way?"

"That's another branch of the same subject. Let us stick to the matter in hand. May I whisper?"

"If you'll be very quick, and not mind if

I laugh!"

So Nigel rose and approached Cora and whispered in her ear. (What he whispered will never be known to anybody but themselves.)

Corá Dennis did not laugh. She gave a little jump, and then looked up at this tall man—unless you prefer to think of him as short—with very round eyes.

"How extraordinary!" she breathed, in a

low voice. "So do I!"

"I guessed it. Well, there's only one solution of the difficulty."

"I can't see even one."

"I can. I must try another source."
"Oh, no! That wouldn't be a bit fair."

"Well, one of us must find a different source for ideas, and I, having the more vivid imagination——" explained Nigel kindly.

"I wonder if you have?"

"Oh, I'm sure I have! Emotion is your strong point, not imagination. That's why, in the end, you'll beat me hollow. The

public will buy a ton of emotion to an ounce of imagination."

Cora said nothing. She was thinking

extremely hard.

Nigel said nothing. He was looking extremely hard.

"May I put your imagination to the test?" asked Miss Dennis suddenly.

"I shall be delighted. I shan't be able to work to-day, anyhow."

Quite ignoring this remark, Cora went to her little bureau and found two pencils and

two pieces of paper.

"Now," she explained, "you write down what you would honestly consider the best way out of the difficulty, and I will do the same. Then we'll fold them up so that they look exactly alike, jiggle them about till we don't know which is which, and toss for who shall open the first."

"An excellent plan," Nigel agreed.

They sat for a minute or so nibbling their pencils and staring at nothing. The cinders from the little fire dropped with a crash into the little fender. Even the chintz left off crackling, for the moments were crammed full of Fate.

Suddenly, with an air of immense decision, Nigel wrote. Breathing heavily from the effort of decision, he looked up to see Cora's paper, neatly folded, lying on the table. He folded his own in a manner precisely similar, and laid it alongside.

"May I borrow your hat?" asked Cora.

She dropped the folded papers into the hat and shook them up and down and round and round.

"Now spin the coin," she directed.

"Call!" cried Nigel.

"Heads!" called Miss Dennis.

"Heads it is! You have the choice. Will you read the first, or shall I?"

"Need you ask?" returned Cora, and

picked a paper out of the hat.

Slowly, gingerly, she unfolded it. What she read there brought a very brilliant blush to her cheeks—a blush that spread to her forehead and to her neck, and so forth.

"Now," said Nigel, dipping into the hat,

"for the other paper."

What happened then happened very quickly. When people do things on impulse, their movements are apt to be rapid.

Miss Dennis had the first impulse. When she saw Nigel opening the second paper, which she knew, of course, was her paper, she sprang across the little room, snatched it out of his hand, and flung it into the fire.

Then Nigel had an impulse. Determined

to read what she had written, he rescued the already burning paper from the fire and put it out by clasping it between his hands.

Cora faced him with a taut figure and

blazing eyes.

"Give me that paper!" she demanded.
"Why should I?" countered Nigel, holding it high above his head.

"Because I ask you."

"You read mine."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"A bargain's a bargain."

"I made no bargain."

"My dear girl, it was your own suggestion

that we should both-

"Don't call me that! You appear to forget that we're absolute strangers!" Cora made a most undignified and quite futile leap for the paper.

"True," said Nigel. "I had forgotten it." And most gallantly he gave up the scorched

document.

"Thank you." Now that she had gained her point, Cora was all smiles in a moment.

"Anyhow," urged Nigel, much emboldened, "you must tell me what you think of my solution."

Cora went to the window and looked out not that she cared twopence about anything that might be happening in the street, but she knew that wretched blush would return. And it did. Nigel could only see the tips of her ears, but even the tips betrayed her. He felt curiously elated.

"Well?" he persisted.

She shook her head.

"Why not?"

"I don't think it would-do."

"Why not?"

"Because you don't need a collaborator."

"I'm the best judge of that."

"Why should you?" she demanded, turning at last.
"Oh, lots of reasons. To begin with, I'm

terribly lazy."

"And you want a collaborator to do half the work?"

"No. To make me do double the work. Why not try it?"

He looked sincere and he sounded sincere. One mustn't place too much reliance on that,

and yet-

"I'll tell you what," said Cora. "You write a story about what's happened this morning. If you can't finish it to your satisfaction, I'll see what I can do to help you."

"Good!"

#### III.

A WEEK later Nigel was again in the little

"It's no use," he said. "It sticks. curtain won't fall."

"May I read what you've written?"

"Of course."

She sat amongst the chintz, reading attentively. She had a very nice way of bending her head. In fact, Nigel was now convinced that the whole of his future career depended on securing Miss Dennis as his collaborator.

"This," she observed at last, "is very

cunning.

"Cunning? I don't understand."

"You have made it absolutely necessary for the girl to let the man see what she wrote on the paper."
"Have I?"

"You know you have." "Unconsciously, perhaps."

"Perhaps."

"And will you?"

"I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"I must take my chance."

Cora unlocked a drawer in the little bureau and took out the scorched piece of

paper. She handed it to Nigel.

His fingers trembled as he unfolded it. What did he expect to find? He had thought of fifty things, but all seemed unlikely.

Anyway, all the fifty were wrong.

"Splendid!" he cried. "An excellent joke!" And he made for the door.

"Are you going?"

"Don't you think it's time?"

"You seem annoyed."

"Strange! I ought to enjoy being fooled!"

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you? Then look at this." he held out, with the utmost scorn, the piece of paper.

"I see it. What then?"

"Nothing, except that you didn't quite play the game."

"I deny that."

"Naturally."

"When people can't play a game," said Cora slowly, "they often accuse the other side of cheating.'

Something in her way of speaking made him catch her by the arms and stare into

"What d'you mean by that?"

"I mean that you can't play the game we were playing."

"Why can't I?"

"Well, to begin with, you can't read."
"That's a quibble. There was nothing "That's a quibble. written."

"Wasn't there?"

"Have you rubbed it out since?"

"I don't think so."

"But the paper is blank."
"Men are so unsubtle. Was I obliged to write on the paper?"

"How could I read it otherwise?"

"I always believed you knew something about women."

"Nothing whatever."

"Then I suppose I must begin to teach you. Where does a woman usually write her deepest thought?"

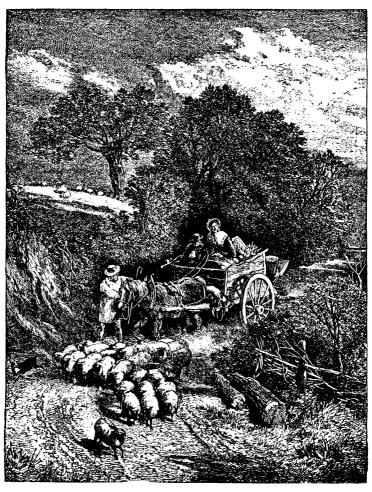
"By Jove!" muttered Nigel. And then, after a little, he added: "But I can't read it

if you keep them shut!"

So Cora opened her eyes, and he looked into them and read what she could never have written on the paper.

"Now you can finish the story," she

murmured.



"THE MARKET CART." BY BIRKET FOSTER.



COLOGNIAL.

"But, Auntie, Eau de Cologne came from Cologne, in Germany."

"There, now, and I always thought it was one of our Colonial products!"

# THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

HEBE'S HAT STALL.

By Ada Leonora Harris.

"Nonsense!" said Hebe.

I was home on leave, with a gold stripe on my sleeve, and had taken the opportunity to propose to her for the Well, I have lost count of the number of times I have asked her to marry me.

"Besides," she went on, as I drew myself up stiffly and assumed a hurt expression, "I couldn't possibly think of-of anything of the sort till after the Jumble Sale. connection with the Mothers' Union, and, if you like "-with the air of bestowing a great favour—"you can come and help me at the hat stall."

"But I don't know anything about-

"Next Saturday," she added, ignoring my protest. "Don't forget."

Saturday was dull and drizzly. When I turned up, I found Hebe, surrounded by stacks of hats, engaged in selling a mustard-coloured object, with what the customer described as "a blue horseplay," to one of the mothers, which confection, having been knocked down for ninepence, was induced to share a stringbag with a head of celery and two pounds of brussels sprouts.

My own first attempt to act as salesman was not successful. Selecting a purple straw trimmed with tartan ribbon and sweet peas, I offered it to a battered-looking female who was regarding the articles on our stall with an expression of studied disparagement.

"This," I said recklessly, "is the latest Paris fashion." I turned it over and looked at the ticket. "You shall have it for"—I knocked a penny off the price-"for eleven-

The battered lady gave a snort of contempt.

"I wouldn't wear it to milk the cows," she said, and turned away.

Not long after this, Hebe, who said she was dying for a cup of tea, committed the hat stall to my care, telling me to refuse no offer, reasonable or unreasonable. The hats simply must be got rid of.

Now, there was one hat of which everyone seemed to fight shy. I thought it would be a fine feather in my cap if I could dispose of this during Hebe's absence. Accordingly, I ventured to recommend it to the attention of two or three possible purchasers; but,

though I reduced the price from eighteenpence to a shilling, they seemed to regard it as a joke.

Presently a girl I had not seen before came

along.

"Come," I said coaxingly, "can't I persuade you to buy this charming hat? I am sure it would suit you to perfection. Only one shilling —or you can have it for——"

I was about to make a further reduction, when, to my surprise and gratification, the girl snatched the hat from my hand, flung

down the money, and hurried away.

I felt uncommonly pleased with myself, and when I saw Hebe coming from the tea-room, I went to meet her, and presented the coin

proudly.

"Alone I did it!" I exclaimed. "Sold the hat which no one would as much as look at for a whole silver shilling! That orange velvet thing, you know, with an object like a black shaving-brush sticking out at the side and——"

"Orange velvet!" interrupted Hebe, with a sort of strangled shriek. "You don't mean—you've never been and sold that for a shilling! Why, I haven't worn it more than three times! I took it off to try on some of the hats. Show me who bought it."

But the purchaser was not to be found

anywhere on the premises.

Hebe has not spoken to me since; and I shall not venture to propose to her again for some time—in fact, not until I come back from the Front with at least a D.S.O. to my credit.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

CUSTOMER: Pound o' tea, please.

GROCER: Sorry, but you can only have a quarter. You have to use economy with tea now.

CUSTOMER: All right; I suppose it's no use grumbling. So give us a pound of wot you said, and I'll mix it with the tea.



OVERHEARD IN THE CITY.

"In what direction does this Garden Suburb of yours lie?"

it's liable to lie in any direction, but this year it's mostly about the size of potatoes."

EDITH'S uncle had come to pay a visit. After the first greetings were over, and he was comfortably seated with the child on his knee, he asked, as uncles always do, whether she was "a good little girl."

"Yes," said Edith, "but nobody knows it."



CHARITY ENTERTAINMENT ORGANISER: We

may have to provide more seats.

ENTHUSIASTIC HELPER: Nonsense! Simply have the National Anthem played all the time.



#### THE RAID.

The Iron Cross he had not won,
Although he oft had risked his life,
And many reckless deeds had done
Throughout the weeks of deadly strife.

Now, as he glided through the night, While all the sleeping world lay still, Shrouded in gloom without one light, His mind was filled with thoughts of ill.

A fitful moon began to shine,
As swiftly, with consummate ease,
He carried out his dread design—
This mouse who'd come to steal the cheese!

Leslie M. Oyler.



THE GAS DANGER.

THE SUB (to Aunt, making inquiries re gas helmet): Oh, this is my gas helmet, Auntie. Shall I take it out of the satchel and explain its use to you?

HIS AUNT (excitedly): Oh, no, Horace! The horrid thing might explode and gas us all!



MORE SUBSTITUTES.

Officer (on being told all the candles are used): But surely there's one left from yesterday?

Servant: No, sir, there ain't. You see, we ran short o' drippin' yesterday, and 'ad to use the candles to fry the meat in.

It is said that twenty-three operations are necessary in laundering a collar; but the man with a tender neck can't find more than eight, which are as follows: Washing in hard water, using a trace of starch, fraying the edges, ripping the buttonholes, corrugating the inner surface, putting on four fly specks, ironing slightly, and then throwing into the wrong bag.



"YES, auntie," said one of the gallant fellows invalided home from France, "we captured the first-line trenches, and the very same day the French took a good many metres from the Germans."

"That was splendid, my boy," replied the aunt. "It ought to put a stop to those dreadful gas attacks we hear so much about!"

"YES," said the cynical old sea captain, "when I was shipwrecked in South America, I came across a tribe of wild women-absolutely wild. They had no tongues."
"Good gracious!" exclaimed the listener.

"How could they talk?"
"They couldn't," was the reply. "That was what made them wild."



THE city man asked the nonogenarian peasant

what to do to live to be ninety.
"Don't drink, don't smoke"—laconically— "keep out in fresh air."

"But my father observed all those rules, and he died at sixty."

"Yes"—calmly—"but he didn't do 'em long enough."



NOT THIS TIME.

OWNER OF BAG: I'm very sorry, sir. I hope-Passenger on Whom it Has Fallen: Oh, it's all right-I thought for a moment they'd come again.

MARGARET'S parents had taken her on a house-hunting tour with them, and, upon entering a vacant house, the little girl was much mystified by her parents' actions. Finally, when they had toured the house from top to bottom, opening doors and screens and peering into cupboards, she turned to her mother.

"Let's go home, mamma," she said; "I suppose the folks weren't expecting us.'



LISTENER to a description of great deeds at the Front: Does a shell that size often hit a man?

Tommy (on leave): No, only once.

TO ANTHEA, WHO CAN COMMAND HIM (ALMOST) ANYTHING.

(With apologies.)

Bid me to dig, and I will dig, Plant lettuces and roots, And I will even keep a pig, Although I hate the brutes.

Bid me to reap, and I will reap, When harvest-time draws near, Will milk the goats, and feed the sheep. And pick the hops for beer.

You are my love, my light, my life, The very eyes of me, But do not bid me eat, sweet wife, Your war-time cakes for tea!



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Certainly, Madam! though you, too, are

'still going strong.'"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

#### PORTRAITS.

"I've been reading in the Sunday paper," said Mrs. Perkins, "that the latest fashionable thing is to have your portrait taken while you're asleep. I wish I'd known that before I went to have mine done, to send out to our Albert at the Front. I hadn't done such a thing since me and Perkins was took together in a group in our courting days-him sitting down holding his hat, and me leaning heavy on his shoulder. The party who did it said we made a very handsome pair, and I felt quite pleased about it, till I heard he's said the same thing to Maria Evans and her young man, and him that bandy, and her so cross-eyed, you never knew how to take her. Well, I shan't go again in a hurry, I can tell you. I got the fair creeps, what with turning my head one way and trying to look the other, and putting on too much smile, and then being told to moisten my lips. I said: 'I wish I had something to moisten 'em with.' Some people make a sort of hobby of having portraits took. There's my daughter Maude. She has all her four children done every six months, 'in case anything happens to 'em,' and she's had her husband enlarged and hand-painted, in case anything happens to him. It's the very image of him, unfortunately, and Maude ses it almost

"'Thank goodness,' I ses to myself, 'it don't There's an old party I know, by the name of Mrs. Wallop, who's seen better days, and she keeps a great fat album full of photos, to remind her of 'em. She often begs and prays of me to go and have a cup of tea with her, and when I do, just to be sociable, she trots out her album and goes through all the blessed collection of people I've never seen and don't want to. 'That's Uncle James,' she ses, pointing to an old gentleman with a face like a suet dumpling with fringe round it. 'He was in the Custom House. And that's Aunt Harriet, who was housekeeper to a Honourable. And here's my nephew William—not the one that emigrated to Australia, but him that had the chicken-pox four times.' She can keep it up like that for hours, and all I can do is to keep on saying: 'Oh, indeed!' or 'Lor!' and 'You don't say so?' till I wish all her relations

had died too young to have their photos took.
"Yes, and I've known portraits to cause a lot of unpleasantness in families, too. I remember a young woman who hadn't been married very long, and I used to put in a few hours now and then, tidying up for her, as it took all her time to dress the baby. 'Oh, Mrs. Perkins,' she ses to me one day, 'I have had darling baby's picture done, as a surprise for my husband, and I'm going to stand it up on the mantelpiece, where he can see it tonight.' 'Well, ma'am,' I ses, 'I hope it won't be too much of a shock for him, that's all.' When he came home and started on his tea, the door happened to be ajar. I wasn't exactly listening, but just hovering about the passage, like, and it was better than anything I'd ever seen at the theatre. He didn't spot it for ever so long, and she was nearly bursting with At last, when he compressed excitement.

went to the mantelshelf for the matches to light his pipe with, he noticed it, and I heard as follows: 'Who's that kid?' 'Don't you know, dear?' 'No. Is it Mrs. Jones's?' 'No-o.' 'What's-her-name's over the way?' 'No-o.' 'What a flabby, unintelligent-looking child!' 'Boo-oo wow wow!' 'Hullo, old girl, what's the matter?' 'It's baby!' 'What, ours? Oh, yes, I can see it now. It must have been the way the light caught it; it's splendid. Don't cry, pet.' 'You don't deserve to have a baby. You said it was flabby and unin—unin—-' 'Never mind, dear. Look here, I'll be back in a minute.' And he rushed out of the room, nearly knocking me over, and into the street, without his hat, and came back



EXPERT ADVICE.

Professor of Physical Training (to wayfarer who has just saved his legs): Now straighten out the legs, bringing the arms to the sides, palms of the hands inwards, exhale the breathing slowly, and—— (The rest of the valuable lesson was lost.)

inside of ten minutes with a handsome solid silver frame that must have cost half-a-crown at least. I couldn't help saying, before I left that evening: 'You ought to have broke it to him gently, ma'am.'"

R. H. Roberts.



O'FLAHERTY: Misther O'Sullivan, will ye stop and have a friendly discussion on the matter of Home Rule?

O'SULLIVAN: It's sorry I am, but it's not convanient just now.

O'FLAHERTY: And why not?

O'Sullivan: Why, to tell ye the truth, O'Flaherty, I haven't got me shtick handy.

### EVERYBODY CAN LEARN DUTTON'S SHORTHAND. THE 24-HOUR SYSTEM WITH ONLY SIX RULES.

Do you realise that if you give but an hour a day to Dutton's Shorthand, you can become an 80-wordper-minute writer in three months, and a 120-word-per-minute writer in six months? If you can give two hours per day, you can reach 80 words per minute, the average speed of office dictation, in something like six weeks. No less than 20,000 soldiers (from general to private), and civilians in all grades of life, have acquired Dutton's Shorthand this year. The complete theory of this simplest, high-speed system can be acquired by any person of average intelligence in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to attain a speed of from 120 to 200 words per minute.

#### HARROD'S STORES, LTD. DUTTON'S SHORTHAND AT

Dutton's Shorthand is being used to-day in Government, Railway, and Insurance Offices all over the British Isles. Hundreds of students have obtained berths as stenographers at weekly salaries of from 30/- to £2, and within two months of commencing the study of the system. The world-famous firm of Harrod's Stores, Ltd.—a huge business organisation with 6,000 employees, built up on the principle of being up-to-date—have their own Staff Training School. Up to a few weeks ago the Pitman system was taught and used exclusively. Urgently requiring additional help on their clerical staff, Messrs. Harrod's commissioned the services of a Dutton Instructor to conduct a course of tuition in the rapid Dutton Shorthand. Five weeks afterwards several of the students were able to join the staff as efficient shorthand writers, an accomplishment hitherto undreamed of. As the result of this remarkable progress, Messrs Harrod's heav now definitely erroged for the Dutton Messrs. Harrod's have now definitely arranged for the Dutton system to be permanently taught in their school.

#### TYPICAL LETTERS FROM **DUTTON WRITERS.**

#### A SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE.

Supt. E. Brown, of East Rangoon, writing to the Principal of Chapple's Business College, said:—"You taught me Dutton's Shorthand thoroughly, and within the guaranteed period (one month). I am writing at quite a good speed."

#### A MINOR CANON'S EXPERIENCE.

"Your Shorthand system will be very valuable to me in my professional work. I have not had much time for serious practice, but I find nevertheless that I can make notes quite readily."—G. R. C. OLDEN, M.A. (Minor Canon, Belfast Cathedral), 39, Cedar Avenue, Belfast, June 21st, 1917.

#### WARWICKSHIRE CONSULTING ENGINEER'S ENCOURAGEMENT

"The study of Dutton's Shorthand, which I took up because the claims made as to its simplicity seemed reasonable, and the system such as a busy man might hope to acquire without an undue expenditure of time, has gratified me very much. The elements comprising it are astonishingly few, so easily remembered, and there are no long rules to memorise or tables of grammalogues to get off by heart. The word-signs chosen can be memorised without effort; in fact, are downright easy. Shorthand has always had an attraction for me, and in early days I spent three months on the Pitman system. I am one of those who dropped out discouraged, principally because Shorthand was not vitally necessary to me. Years later I studied and fully acquired the Sloan-Duployan system, could write it with facility, took certificates in it, and was delighted with the results; but again it fell into disuse, was ousted by other things, principally by a lack of spare time owing to studying for the final qualification for Associate Membership of the Institute of Civil Engineers, and was completely forgotten. In November last I saw your pamphlet comparing the "The study of Dutton's Shorthand, which I took up because In November last I saw your pamphlet comparing the different systems of Shorthand, and was much struck by it. I am writing this letter simply to let you know that I think your system ought to have every encouragement, as it is your system ought to have every encouragement, as it is in my opinion undoubtedly all that you claim it to be, and is a very meritorious effort. As an aid to modern business efficiency, Shorthand is, of course, agreed by all to be of first-rate importance, and the first thing to facilitate its general and everyday use is to have a system (such as Dutton) which can be acquired in a short time and without dander. which can be acquired in a short time and without drudgery which can be acquired in a short time and without drudgery. To sum up briefly, I should like to congratulate you, if I may, on your successful and efficient system of Shorthand, and to say how very much I, personally, appreciate it.— Thanking you, I am, yours faithfully, ERNEST E. J."—May 12th, 1917.

#### INCREASE OF SALARY.

"I am just beginning to take a few business letters down, and in time it will mean an increase in my salary. I have previously tried Pitman's, but I found it taxed my brain too much to remember so many rules, so I had to give it up, and was disheartened."—R. SELLMAN, 46, New Hall Street, Cappell, Moy. 10th, 1017. Cannock, May 19th, 1917.

#### "THE DAY": A VICAR'S HOPE.

"I have very great and real pleasure in testifying to the simplicity and thoroughness of your Shorthand system,

and I hope to see the day when it will be a regular item on the curriculum of our schools. Any other Shorthand system would have been impossible for me to acquire, owing to the heavy pressure of my parochial work; sometimes I have not been able to touch the lessons for a fortnight at a time. I shall do all that lies in my power to recommend Dutton's system. Your postal system of tuition and courtesy to your pupils leaves nothing to be desired, and I tender you my hearty thanks for both."—(Revd.) A. GRAFFIEY SMITH, Newhall Vicarage, Burton-on-Trent. June 7th. 1917. Burton-on-Trent, June 7th, 1917.

#### FROM A FRENCH DEMOISELLE.

"I beg to inform you that as soon as I received your Text-book, four months ago, I studied with application, and one after I found out that I could write Shorthand. and one after I found out that I could write Shorthand. Now I am working since three months, and use the English Shorthand every moment, and I quite satisfy my employer, as I can write 90 words per minute. Therefore allow me to offer you my thanks, as your method, though simple, is the quickest method I ever learned, for I tried one or two before, and was soon discouraged."—ELIZABETH YULIAC, Paris, 29, rue de l'Ouest, France.

#### BE PREPARED.

"When I started learning Dutton's Shorthand I was assistant ledger clerk in an office. I had little time to myself, and, ledger clerk in an office. I had little time to myself, and, on an average, I only did about three-quarters of an hour's practice of an evening, so I could not expect a great deal. But about a month ago the shorthand-typist at the same office was called in the Army, and, to my surprise, I was asked to take his place. I told them I felt I didn't know Shorthand sufficient to do so, but they asked me to try, which I did, and am pleased to say am still doing it, thanks to your system of Shorthand. I heartily wish I had put more time at it, as I should naturally have been more proficient."—
C. E. CROAD, 28, Lennox Street, Weymouth, July 17th, 1917.

#### AFTER THREE DAYS.

"You will be glad to know that, though I only received Dutton's Shorthand System three days ago, I am already writing you a letter in that system. What surprises me most is that I should even dream of making such an attempt."—JOHN TRIPPING, The School, Montgomery, Sept. 14th, 1917.

UNIVERSAL ADOPTION.

"As regards your system of Shorthand, I foresee its universal adoption amongst English-speaking peoples. The remarkable speed of its acquisition by the average student, its comprehensiveness, and the legibility of its outlines, will enable it to be taught even in the primary schools of our country. The Shorthand is a most valuable asset to all engaged in commercial life. I feel most keenly on the subject, especially as I have wasted a great deal of time in the past in unsuccessfully plodding through a contemporary though antiquated system."—A. E. STRONG, 38, Masbro Road, W. 14, Sentember 14th. September 14th.

#### BEING TAUGHT IN CYPRUS.

"I am glad to be able to tell you that your system of Shorthand is being taught in the American College at Larnaca. I was very pleased with the simplicity of the same."—A. W. DOUGLAS, Achington, F'gusta, Cyprus, August 12th, 1917.

A first lesson in Dutton's Shorthand, a comparison of this twentieth-SEND TO-DAY! century system with the Pitman, Gregg, and Sloan-Duployan methods, particulars of the £100 Scholarship effered to boys and girls of the Day and Evening Classes conducted at the London Branch, 92 and 93, Great Russell Street, W.C. 1 (four doors west of the British Museum), and of the special POSTAL course of tuition, will be forwarded to every reader sending two stamps to

DUTTON'S NATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE (DESK), SKEGNESS.

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

#### JANE AND THE PLUMS.

One day Jane heard her mamma say: "If only we had fruit trees in the garden, I could demand large quantities of sugar for making preserves." "But we have one fruit tree, mamma," said Jane. "Yes," replied her parent, "but there has never been any fruit on it." Then Jane thought hard for several minutes, and exclaimed: "With that clay modelling set which Uncle Tom presented me with, I could make many plums and hang them on the tree." "Jane," said her

mamma, "you are a good child. Set to work at once," So Jane made one hundred plums, and Miss Cox tied them on the tree in the garden. Jane's kind parent was so pleased with the result that she gave Jane twopence all at once.

But lo! one morning the inspector called and requested to see the So Jane's orchard. mamma and Jane and Miss Cox led him to the tree and pointed out the plums. He gazed long and earnestly at them, and then said, "How strange! This is the first time 1 have seen plums growing on an apple tree!" The fine was ten pounds. Moral: Do not encourage your child to be deceitful.



A YOUNG minister just out of the seminary was preaching his trial sermon in a village chapel. He was very positive, repeating several times: "I am correct, though all the commentators disagree with me."

That evening, just as the young preacher arose to read the Scripture, an old lady entered

the door and walked straight to the front and, looking up into the young minister's face as she handed him a market basket carefully covered, said: "Brother, I heard you say this morning that all common taters disagree with you. I have brought you a basket of our very best, which I hope you can eat."



In a remote Colonial court, not long ago, the judge, of Celtic extraction, addressed a

frequently-convicted prisoner in these terms:
"Are you aware that for these repeated breaches of the law it is in my power to sentence you to a term of servitude far exceeding your natural life, and that, furthermore, I am very much inclined to do it?"



"THE average individual," said an experienced official, "can't give a detective simple, plain, straightforward information. Questioned



OVERHEARD IN CLASSY DAYS.

LADY: And what are you doing towards the War, young man?

Young Man: Och, I'm au old Seaforth man. Lady: Now, that's a falsehood. "C 3" is the lowest category—there is no "C" fourth.

> by a detective, he becomes as involved and difficult as the office-boy. A detective asked an office-boy if it was Mr. Jones or his partner who reached the office first as a rule.

> "'Well,' said the boy, turning very red,
> 'Mr. Jones at first was always last, but later
> he began to get earlier, till at last he was first,
> though before he had always been behind. He
> soon got later again, though of late he has been
> sooner, and at last he got behind as before. But
> I expect he'll be getting earlier sooner or later.'"



in a few days' time, revealing the fresh, young, and perfect skin just underneath—a natural complexion.

To prove this simple plan one need get only about two ounces of mercolised wax from the chemist and use it a few nights just before retiring. The knowledge of what can be done in this simple way robs the advancing years of much of their terror for women. No woman cares how old she is provided she looks young.

You will probably say that advancing years are responsible for facial imperfections other than that of a passe looking skin. This is perfectly true, but they can usually be cured or hidden if treated in the right way.

Possibly the most common of these is a superfluous hair growth on the arms, lip, or chin, but the new treatment should relieve all anxiety as to this.

It is said that if a little ordinary pure powdered pheminol be applied to the hair growth, it will entirely disappear, and the daily application afterwards of tekko paste will permanently destroy the hair roots without injuring the skin.

Everybody is aware that both these things can be obtained from any chemist.

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

"Where's that old joke about hash?" inquired the man who had just returned from

an exploration.

"Hash?" repeated the landlord. yes! There was once a time when people could afford to eat meat and potatoes and onions all at once."



Jones (as he treads on a tack): I wish you wouldn't be so careless in throwing tacks about, Mary.

Mrs. Jones (placidly): Henry, you are getting meaner and meaner every day, I can buy a whole package of tacks for a penny.

MOTHER (to small boy, who has dug a trench in the garden, and is standing in the mud): Willie, whatever are you doing?

WILLIE: I'm trying to get trench feet, so's

I can go in the Military Hospital.



"Mother," said twelve-year-old son, "did you tell father I wanted a new bicycle?"

"Yes, dear," said the mother, "I told him. but he said he couldn't afford to buy you one."

"Of course he'd say that; but what did you do?"

"I told him how badly you wanted it, and argued in favour of it, but he refused."



DEAR OLD PARTY: Oh, do tell me how you got hurt. WOUNDED TOMMY (a wag): I was leanin' against the barrage, lady, when it lifted, and I fell into the trench.

"YES, madam," said a salesman, "this is the most exquisite dinner-set we ever handled. The price is twenty-seven pounds."

"I'll take it," said the lady on the other side of the counter, "if you'll agree to mark it 'Imitation—Price two pounds.'

"Of course, madam, but—er—that's rather

an odd request."

"I realise that, but I want to deceive our servants."



"THE doctor says I must give up smoking," announced John. "One lung is affected already."

"Oh, John"—his loved one hung upon the awful possibility-"can't you hold out till we get enough coupons for that dining-room rug?"

"Argued! Oh, mother, if it had been something you wanted yourself, you'd have cried a little, and then you'd have got it.'



"MR. Brown is outside," said the new officeboy. "Shall I show him in?"

"Not on your life!" exclaimed the junior

partner. "I owe him ten shillings."

"Show him in," calmly said the section member of the firm. "He owes me twenty-nee."

MRS. CASEY: Me sister writes me that every bottle in that box we sent her was broken. Are you sure yez printed "This side up with

CASEY: Oi am. An' for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, Oi printed it on the bottom as well.

Facing Third Cover.]

# THE MARCH WINDSOR



№ 279 NINEPENCE NET Vol.47

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED: LONDON AND MELBOURNE

## "Never gallop Pegasus to death."—Pope.



## INDOOR WORKERS

When lack of exercise, excessive brain-work or nerve strain make you feel languid—tired depressed, a little

# 'FRUIT SALT'

(TRADE MARK)

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure, and the nerves normal. Sound refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

CAUTION.—Examine carefully the wrapper, bottle, and capsule, and remember that "FRUIT SALT" IS PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO LIMITED.

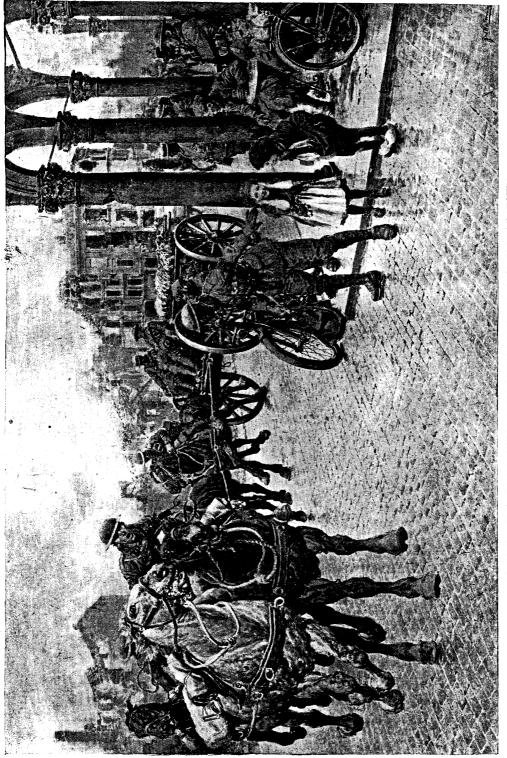
DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON BY IMITATIONS.

FRUIT SALT WORKS, POMEROY STREET, LONDON, S.E.

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

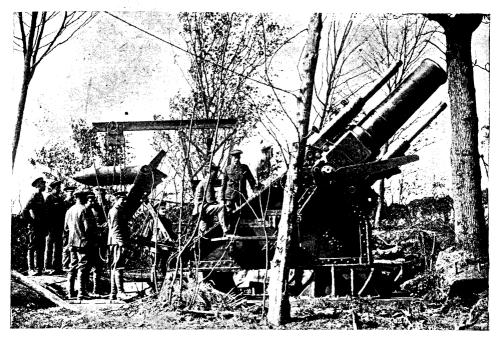






BRITISH GUNS GOING INTO ACTION THROUGH AN OLD FRENCH TOWN.

From a decacing by F. Matania.



A HEAVY HOWITZER ABOUT TO FIRE, THE NEXT SHELL BEING ALREADY IN POSITION.

From a Canadian War Records photograph issued by Central News.

# OUR HEAVY ARTILLERY

#### By MAJOR STREET

N every description, official or otherwise, of fighting that has tell of fighting that has taken place in the present War, great stress has been laid upon the importance of the part played by the heavy artillery. Most people, however, have a very vague idea of what heavy artillery is, or how it does its work; still less do they know the story of its development in this country during the War-one of the most wonderful feats that have ever been performed. It may be said at once that the term heavy artillery includes any weapons heavier than field artillery, which in the British Army consists of the 18-pounder gun and 4.5-inch howitzer. Every gun or howitzer of greater weight than these is manned by the Royal Garrison Artillery, with the exception of a few units manned by the Royal Marine Artillery, and these together form the heavy artillery.

The importance of heavy artillery was brought home to us very early in the War. The great Belgian fortresses had been built in the expectation that they could withstand direct attack for a practically unlimited time, that any army that endeavoured to pass their line would be held up by the necessity of leaving large forces behind to invest the fortresses themselves. This expectation was rudely shattered. The Germans brought with them heavy and comparatively mobile artillery that first destroyed the outlying forts at its leisure, and then, drawing in towards the towns themselves, played such havoc that their surrender became a matter of necessity. The triumph of heavy mobile guns and howitzers was complete.

It may be as well to explain the difference between these two weapons. Of a gun and a howitzer, both firing the same weight of shell, the former would be several times heavier than the latter, but would make up for this disadvantage by its far greater range. Some modern guns attain a range of thirty thousand yards or more; few howitzers can reach twelve thousand. Further than this, the business of a gun may be said to be to hurl shell against an object, that of a howitzer to drop shell on the top of it.

The experience gained at the beginning of the War has led to an enormous increase in the use of heavy artillery. Modern conditions have shown that the science of defence, taking advantage of the use of steel been wiped off the face of the earth, leaving nothing but a few bricks to show where they stood. The most strongly-constructed trenches disappear in a chaos of churned-up earth.

Before the outbreak of the present War the possibilities of heavy artillery had scarcely been foreseen. In South Africa we employed 6-inch howitzers and 4.7-inch guns, besides other improvised weapons, but rather half-heartedly, and without realising their true use. Certainly, towards the end of the campaign we turned for assistance to one of the few firms which had studied the

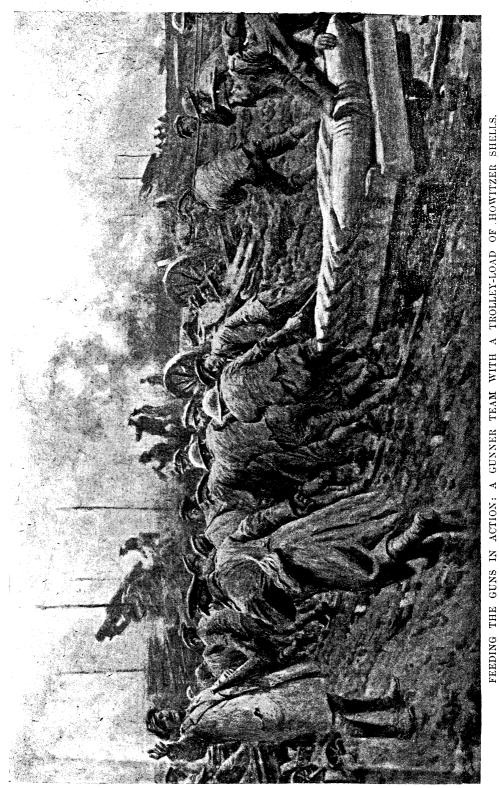


MOVING A HEAVY HOWITZER INTO A NEW POSITION DURING AN ADVANCE.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by Sport & General.

and concrete, or laboriously sinking deep dug-outs in the solid ground, has reached such a pitch that nothing but heavy artillery can overcome it. A battle nowadays consists of two parts—firstly, the destruction of the enemy's defences by pouring upon them as many heavy shell as time will permit; and, secondly, the infantry attack as soon as the defenders' shelter is destroyed. This was the German scheme at Verdun, and has been our own since we first had artillery in sufficient quantities to carry it out, which may be said to have been at Loos, two years ago. What this destruction means, it is impossible to describe. Whole villages have

matter, and purchased from the Skoda Works in Austria four 9 45-inch howitzers, which were delivered too late to be brought into action. In the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese showed that they were beginning to learn the lesson, and they employed howitzers up to 11-inch calibre in the reduction of Port Arthur. But still the employment of heavy artillery in the field, apart from its use in regular sieges, was neglected by both sides. Nothing heavier than we had employed in South Africa took part in any battle of movement. It was considered at this time that the difficulties of transport of heavy artillery



From a drawing by A. C. Michael.

were too great to allow of its use in the field.

This was the beginning of what may be called the battle between field and heavy artillery. The advocates of the one argued that it was so mobile that batteries could 'instantly be concentrated where they were required, and so that its disadvantage of light shell would be compensated for by the numbers of shell thrown. Their opponents argued that one heavy shell was of far more use than any number of light ones, and that the inferior mobility of heavy artillery might be much improved by the proper study of the problems of transport. Artillery experts of all nationalities entered into the argument, and, as it happened, in some armies one side prevailed, in some the other. A war between two European Powers was required in order finally to decide the question of what was the correct proportion of heavy to field artillery that a nation should possess, for not even the most earnest supporters of one advocated the complete abandonment of the other.

As it was, the Entente nations, with the possible exception of Russia, pinned their faith to field artillery, the Central Powers to heavy. We concentrated our attention upon the development of the 18-pounder and the 4.5 howitzer, both light field weapons; the French produced their celebrated Soixante-quinze, the best field-gun in the world. Russia alone constructed a few heavy howitzers of about 8-inch calibre, in addition to the rearmament of her field artillery.

The Central Powers carried out exactly the reverse policy. Germany especially completely neglected her field artillery; in fact, when war broke out, her standard field-gun was of a design produced in 1896. But, on the other hand, Krupps were encouraged to experiment with heavy weapons of calibres that increased as experience in overcoming the problems connected with them was gained. As each was perfected, it was added in certain proportion to the equipment of the field armies, and the necessary personnel trained in the handling of it.

It has been stated upon good authority that, shortly after the beginning of the War, the Central Powers had mobilised between them a thousand batteries with armaments heavier than those of field artillery. A very large proportion of these would be immediately available in the field; the rest could be held in reserve for replacement of

casualties, either to material or personnel. Against this, Britain possessed about a couple of dozen batteries, mostly armed with weapons constructed prior to the South African War, and France an indefinite but comparatively small number of guns per army corps, mostly of an obsolete type unsuited for use in a battle of movement. Russia alone had made provision for a reasonable percentage of heavy artillery; but the greater part of this had not been delivered upon the outbreak of war, and the supply of ammunition for the remainder was wholly inadequate.

The first few weeks of the War proved that the light shell, mostly shrapnel, of the Allied field artillery was no match for the high-explosive of the German heavy batteries. It was not so much the fact that shrapnel was useless, as was said at the time. Prolonged experience has shown that shrapnel is the most suitable shell for light guns. It was the weight of our shell that was at fault, and it became evident that the most urgent need of the War was the provision of guns to match the enemy's.

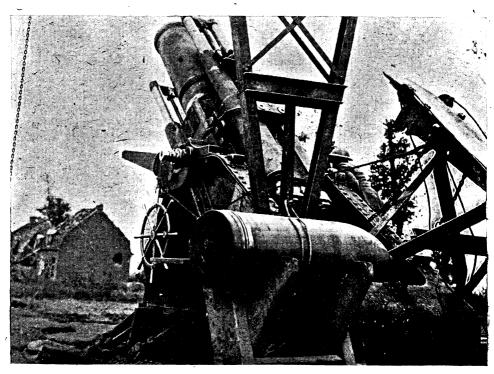
But the construction of new guns is a lengthy process, and the need was imperative. The Navy proved that it was capable of containing the German Fleet, and therefore, to meet the need, some of our fortress guns were dismounted and put upon travelling carriages, both road and railway; some were even bored out and cut down to form extemporised heavy howitzers, and very satisfactory these proved. But it was realised that these measures were only a makeshift, and the construction of entirely new weapons was hurried on by every conceivable means.

Fortunately we possessed the greatest armament firms in the world, and our command of the sea enabled us to draw upon the whole world for raw material and even certain manufactured articles. was already settled in the case of one of the types of the new ordnance, for just prior to the War a War Office Committee had settled upon a 9.2-inch howitzer to replace the Skoda 9.45-inch, which was realised to be Where the design was not in obsolete. existence, all the data at our disposal were used to produce weapons that should in all cases be superior to the corresponding enemy weapon. By the beginning of 1915 batteries were proceeding to the Front armed with guns and howitzers that could show results comparing very favourably with those achieved by the enemy.

Since then a constant stream of Britishmade guns has poured across the Channel, until at the present moment, not only do we possess a preponderance of heavy artillery upon our own Front, but British batteries are operating on the Russian and Italian Fronts. Almost more wonderful still, the supply of ammunition for these batteries is even now equal to any call that may be made upon it, as, for example, the continual bombardment by hundreds of guns in Flanders, and is continually increasing.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the

fifty tons of ammunition. Horse transport is out of the question. Some thirty 3-ton motor-lorries are required for its establishment. The range of industries required to provide everything—that is necessary for some hundreds of these batteries can be imagined. Beyond the machine-shops required to produce the guns and their mountings and parts, there are, for example, the optical works that manufacture the sights—which in itself has meant practically the creation of a new industry—wood-working shops for the limbers, planks,



A HEAVY HOWITZER READY FOR ACTION.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by L.N.A.

magnitude of this achievement. A modern gun is a most complicated piece of mechanism in itself, and it is incomplete without a mounting or carriage and a thousand accessories of various kinds. But the mere guns and carriages themselves are by no means all that is necessary to form a battery, which must be a complete unit in itself, equipped with everything necessary to carry on an independent existence, and with sufficient means of transport to render it mobile. A typical heavy battery consists of six guns, with their necessary stores and appliances, and it must carry with it at least

handspikes, and such-like, harness-makers for the many leather cases and straps employed. These are only the main requirements of the battery. Besides these, it must be provided with such things as ropes, woven materials of all sorts, electrical and scientific instruments in large numbers. It may safely be said that there are very few industrial processes that do not contribute to the formation of a heavy battery.

To this must be added the adequate supply of ammunition. A round of heavy artillery ammunition consists of a shell, a cartridge, a fuse, and some means of firing, usually a friction tube. The shell itself is a steel forging which is fitted with a copper driving-band. It is filled with high-explosive, requiring acids and various coal-tar products for its manufacture. The filling of the steel shell with the high-explosive involves many different processes, none of them particularly dangerous, but all requiring extreme care. The cartridge consists of a series of silk-cloth bags containing a propellant, cordite or trinitro-cellulose, in the production of which cotton, glycerine and acids are employed. The fuse and tube are very delicate pieces of work, each containing many separate parts, mostly of brass, some of them very minute, together with more explosives of various kinds. It will easily be understood that, the production of a single round requires the co-operation of many different industries.

And ammunition must be produced in enormous quantities. It is by no means uncommon for a single gun to fire a hundred rounds a day, which means that a hundred batteries would fire over twenty million rounds in a year. In the case of the 6-inch howitzer—the smallest of our heavy howitzers—each round weighs about a hundredweight, so that, on the lowest possible estimate, this amount of ammunition would weigh a million tons. When it is remembered that our heaviest guns fire a shell weighing nearly a ton, some idea may be obtained of the labour and transport necessary for the supply of ammunition, altogether apart from the organisation

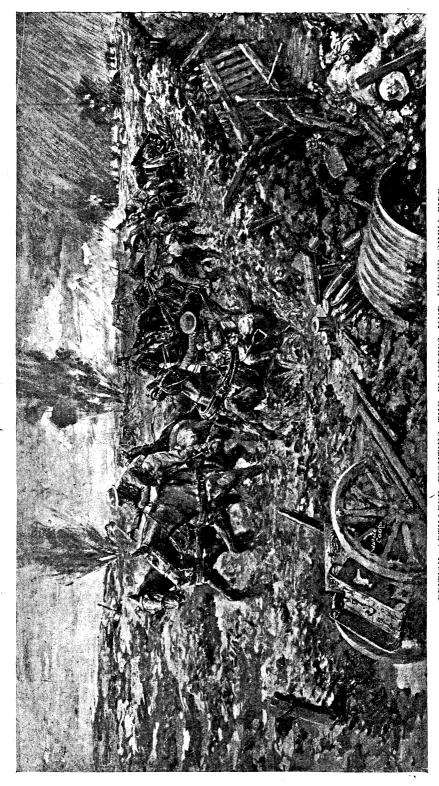
involved in its actual production.

To what end is all this preparation? To what uses is this ammunition put? everyday life of a typical heavy battery gives the answer. A couple of miles behind the line, close by that narrow belt of trees, six big howitzers lie hidden, so skilfully concealed that they are invisible from any hostile observation, be it aerial or ground. Round about them lies a little colony, a complete organisation in itself, with billets and dug-outs for the men to live in, cook-houses, stores, workshops-everything necessary for the working of the battery. There is nothing to betray its presence. One might blunder right through the middle of it without noticing anything out of the common, but for a few strands of wire and a sentry who appears from nowhere and demands one's business. But if one could stop and watch all day, it would be evident that this unassuming spot held one of the most fearful instruments of destruction that the ingenuity of man has produced.

Shortly after dawn a shrill whistle blows, and in an instant the battery is alive with men, uncovering their guns, loading them, and swinging them round under the orders of an officer with a megaphone. An aeroplane has gone up to observe a shoot, and has just signalled down that it is ready to begin. In a big dug-out, surrounded by maps, instruments, and telephones, the battery commander sits. By his side is a signaller, who transmits the messages received from the aeroplane. He gives the order to fire, and a terrific roar announces that the first shell is on its way. The aeroplane sends its observation of the round, the battery commander corrects accordingly, and fires again. Very soon the aeroplane reports that he is on the target, and then the guns fire in regular sequence. The battery looks like a vast piece of clockwork: the great shell are loaded, the gun is swung up till it points into the air, one of the men hooks the lanyard and at the correct interval pulls it. A great sheet of flame springs out of the muzzle, and the howitzer recoils in its cradle. Before it has come to rest, the men are clustered round it, opening the breech, bringing up the next round ready for loading. So the process goes on until the shoot is over. The aeroplane sails over the shattered target and takes a photograph, from which the battery commander can deduce the damage that he has done. guns are carefully cleaned and covered up till they are required again.

But the battery is by no means dependent upon other eyes. It has its own, of which it makes daily use. Just behind the front line is an observation post—perhaps a ruined house, a tree, even a loophole in the parapet of a trench—constantly manned by an officer who is in direct telephonic communication with the battery. He keeps a constant watch upon that part of the enemy's country that lies in front of him, reporting any movement that he may see. As a result of his reports, it is decided to fire upon a house in the middle distance. He gives his orders to the battery, and watches intently through his glasses for the fall of the rounds. first bursts just beyond the house. He sends down a correction, and after a few shots he finds the range exactly. He hears the shell whine over his head, and, as he looks, a flash and a cloud of smoke and pink brick-dust go up from his target. When the smoke drifts away, there is nothing to be seen but a pile of bricks and rubbish, out of which protrude,

at all angles, a few broken rafters.



BRITISH ARTILLERY FIGHTING THE FLANDERS MUD UNDER SHELL-FIRE.

Drawn by Wallace Coop from material supplied by an eye-witness.

So great is the perfection to which artillery science has reached, that it is possible to shoot with considerable accuracy by calculation, without observation at all. In the dead of night a rocket goes up from our trenches the enemy are attempting a raid. The officer on duty calls the battery to action, makes a few rapid calculations, and gives his orders to the guns. They blaze out, lighting up the whole countryside with their flashes, by the light of which, and of a dozen hurricane lamps and electric torches, the men are seen toiling like demons at their guns. rate of fire that can be kept up for a time is marvellous-two tons of shell per minute is by no means a record for a battery. And this mass of high-explosive is bursting in selected parts of the enemy's line, among the troops collecting for the raid. Each shell bursts with a deafening roar, filling the air with death-dealing splinters, spreading a cloud of acrid fumes for many yards round, making of the carefully-constructed trench a reeking pit of clay and sand-bags. The physical and moral effect upon a mass of crowded troops can hardly be

But perhaps heavy artillery reaches its zenith in the intense bombardments that precede a "push." In modern warfare the attack consists of a preliminary destruction the enemy's defences, followed an infantry assault. Perhaps a hundred batteries of various calibres are massed for the purpose, and for a certain definite period they pour tons of shell upon the whole zone over which the attack is to take place. This "drumfire," as the enemy has christened it, is a tempest before which nothing can stand. Trenches disappear, concrete "pill-boxes," emplacements, dug-outs, are reduced to powder. The noise alone is sufficient to sap the morale of the most seasoned troops. No one in the field of fire, unless he be hidden far beneath the ground, can hope to escape death except by a miracle. The labours involved in the batteries is enormous, but it is cheerfully, even eagerly, borne by the British gunners. Not only must the untiring guns be fed night and day, but the heavy shell must be unloaded from the constant stream of ammunition-lorries and carried, often over ground broken by shell-fire and deep in mud, sometimes for many hundreds of yards, at the rate of about twenty tons an hour. No one who has watched a battery in action can doubt that the heavy artillery deserves the triumphs that it has won.



# THE BELL

## By OSWALD WILDRIDGE

Illustrated by C. M. Padday



BOUT the bell itself there were no external marks of distinction. It was just an ordinary ship's bell, cast in brass, the letters of its graved inscription thinned down by years and wear to a mere shadow.

And yet, if Owen Gibson had only seen it before he put his money down, no power on earth would have induced him to buy the ship—not even the overmastering desire of possession. He would have hurled the money into the sea first. Under any circumstances a man with such a strongly Quixotic bent should never have had anything to do with a ship like the Susannah, and it is equally clear that in what he did he was impelled up to a certain point by a spirit of superstitious dread. But there is more in it than that. When everything is taken into account, it will be seen that his amazing exploit was really the product of faulty reasoning, an act of surrender to an idea, the conduct of the man who argues from A and B to D, without making allowance for the intervention and possibilities of C.

For the actual beginning we have to go back to that stroke of fortune which carried him at a bound across the line dividing comparative poverty from abounding wealth. In his case the clipper stem and the soaring sky-sail had never been the symbol of fortune, whatever they may have meant to other deepsea skippers, and little could he boast beyond a fairly comfortable living when Owen Gibson, the elder—that mystery uncle of whom no one had heard for a quarter of a century—made a sudden slip into his life and a sudden slip out again, leaving him the master of a round forty thousand, and no one to share it with. At first he was conscious chiefly of a sense of surprise, and from that he passed to a state of languid

satisfaction, though some people would have called it indifference. Certainly he never tasted the slightest thrill of rapture until the night that memory laid its finger on the latch, and then he saw the gate of a new life swing back upon its hinges. Ambition, long dead, sprang phænix-like from its ashes, the faded dream became a concrete realitysomething he could clutch in his fingers. Back in the old days, his career to make, and life flushed with the high colours of romance, there was one thing on which he had set his heart—the pride and power of possession, and here was opportunity literally flung at him. "I'll have a ship of my own." That was his choice. A ship of his own! The thing he had longed for. No more dabbling in sixteenths and sixtieths, but a whole ship. He, who was now a mere slave of the sea, would be one of its princes, and perhaps his ship would help him to forget that girl in the South Sea isle of whose love the malice of a man had robbed him.

So much, then, for the decision. As for the Susannah, she captured his fancy the moment he saw her among a ruck of ships in London Docks, her masts with a rakish sheer, her clipper stem so suggestive of speed. Even in her grime and tatters she queened it over the others, an aristocrat in rags. And she was cheap, too. After a year laid by, her owners were willing to sell at a price which left him a fragment of his fortune as a nest egg. He was tremendously proud of his possession, like a lad with his first love, or a mother with her child, though he was not blind to her defects, and in his own diffident way he overdrew rather than minimised them. "Mind you, she's no beauty," he insisted, when he went back to Liverpool and dropped into the Captains' Parlour at Dougal's chandlery in Silver Alley. "No beauty at all. Bit of a drab, in fact. That's why I got her cheap. You've t' pay for paint and polish. But I'll soon have her shipshape. Just enough trimming

t' go t' sea with, and then-

He left it at that. The others knew what he meant—a plentiful supply of paint and hard driving for the crew. The Susannah would make her departure as a beggar-maid, and flaunt into port as a royal princess. "You wouldn't have known her when she put her anchor down at Valparaiso," he told them, when he came back. "Nobody would. We made a lady of her." And then he broke off with a frown. He recalled that bad start —how the first man sent aloft with a brush slipped off the fore-topsail yard, bounced from one of the lower spars like a child's ball, how they heard his scream, saw the splash of white water where he struck, and nothing more. A bad start. He admitted that. Very. Some people might regard it as ominous. But, taken all round, they had made a good trip. All that first year, in fact, was a good one-quick passages and profitable freights; but in the second year the ship rolled her masts out in beating round the Horn, some of her crew carried away, too, and the remnart counted themselves lucky when they wallowed under jury-rig into that refuge of derelicts, the Falkland Isles. Of course, Gibson was upset. No man could see his property smashed up like that without being disturbed; but this was nothing to what he went through nine months later, when the bell surrendered its secret.

Oddly enough, the revelation began as a joke. One day, in the Bay of Bengal, the ship running full and by, the mate climbed up the poop ladder, chuckling over his news. "That blessed bell, sir," he said, in answer to an inquiring look. "Rum what a long time it may take you to see what's been staring you in the face for ever and a day. The blooming thing's a first-class humbug, though not in a way that matters much. Here we've had it struck night and day for I can't say how long, and kept it polished till a girl might use it for a looking-glass, and nobody's ever found out. The name on it. But you go and see for yourself."

Moved by nothing more powerful than mild curiosity, Gibson strolled leisurely forward, and, bending close to the worn-out letters, he spelled them for himself. And, like John Rooke, he smiled over the deception. The word he had always accepted as Susannah was Savannah. Not that it mattered. He fully agreed with the mate in that. A bell was a bell, whatever the name it bore. So long as it responded when the hour was struck, they might give it half a dozen names, for anything he cared.

And so he lightly dismissed the discovery forgot all about it till the fall of night, when in the darkness and the silence its clang recalled it to his thoughts. "Savannah, he murmured reflectively, "Savannah!" He was inclined to think he had heard it before, as the name of a ship, of course. Again he dismissed it, but now the tantalising word refused to be banished, and a moment later was tripping once more from his tongue. Fancy was also donning the garb of conviction—a disturbing conviction, too. He felt himself in touch with mystery, something unpleasant, threatened by a discovery he would rather not make. "Savannah," he muttered again, "Savannah!" And here all the bolts and bars of memory yielded, speculation was at an end. The name of mystery flamed up into a name of power. A wave of anger swept over him. sea-wolf!" he groaned. "Why didn't I remember? And t' think that I've got her bell-here! But I'll-I'll heave it overboard, soon as I can get another t' put in its place. Want no Savannah truck aboard my ship!"

He was distressed, deeply so. Life had given him an ugly jar, and he bitterly blamed himself for the carelessness which had thus exposed him to attack. But this was only the beginning, and when he had left the deck and was half undressed, suggestion made a second paralysing assault. He was hauging up his jacket at the moment, and his arms dropped limply, letting the garment down upon the floor. Slowly he wheeled about, shocked, dismayed. "It can't be that!" he mumbled thickly. "Can't be—that! But—if it should! Never thought of it. May not be—but—looks suspicious—fearful suspicious! Don't like it—I don't—not a bit."

About his mentality at that moment there could be no mistake. He was dominated by fear, absolute, beyond disguise, beyond control. His lips quivered, his eyes were pitiful. He had come below for rest, but sleep was All he could do was to stand there trembling under the swinging lamp, inert, a strong man robbed of strength. When power was at length restored, he picked up his jacket and thrust it on. He must see that bell again—those terrible letters—before morning, just to make sure. After all, mistakes were easily made. And so he hurried back to the deck, and, on reaching the bitts in which the bell was hung, he struck a match, held it down close to the létters, shading it with his hands, his eyes peering gimlet-like over the arch of his fingers, and began to spell the symbols. S—A—V—— There he finished. The three letters were enough. The match dropped, and he crushed it with his foot. But it was not merely a match that he extinguished; rather did it seem to be part of his own life.

#### II.

For the birth of Gibson's great idea his master enterprise—it is quite impossible to fix a date, even if it were worth while. Most likely to its genesis a certain immortal parallel might be applied—it was not born, but grew. All that can be affirmed with certainty is that from the moment he dropped the match upon the deck the owner of the Susannah was haunted by the letters on the bell, found them lying in wait outside his bunk when he awoke in the morning, had them always for his company when he turned in at night. The thing that really matters now is that night of bewitching beauty, in whose lap the Susannah lay becalmed, with the western coast of Africa less than a hundred miles away. Since the night of the bell it seemed to Gibson as though æons must have passed, ages concentrated in a year and a half, a span wherein he himself went through two distinct phases. At first his step lost all its spring, he shuffled rather than walked, his hours were abandoned to deep brooding, and in a month it was said of him that full ten years were added to his forty. Also, as he walked through the busy streets of shipping cities, he dropped into a habit of talking to himself, and he acquired many of the manners of the recluse, showing little fancy for company and less for conversation. And then there came the present voyage and his awakening—the second phase, more bewildering than the first. It was like the resurrection of a soul, a lost man finding himself again-all the old decisiveness restored, all his assurance, his masterful way. Here, for convincing proof, was this amazing expedition, when, in defiance of all recognised rule and reason, he was actually taking a ship like the Susannah his own ship, too—right out to Capetown in ballast, and this at a time when freights were never so plentiful and bottoms never so scarce. Oddly enough, as it seemed, his ownership was the only peg on which he condescended to hang any explanation or excuse. "Can't a man do what he likes with his own?" Not even with Rooke would be go any further than that, though their companionship as master and mate had ripened into solid friendship. And so we pass to that night of calm in the South Atlantic.

Only an anchor watch was being kept, and, of course, there was no need for a man at the wheel, so that Rooke—this being his watch on deck—had the poop to himself until Gibson bustled along from the cabin and plunged into talk—straight off, without any preliminary, just as though the mate had been waiting for him. It was an unfortunate start, for Rooke missed some of his drift. It was all so unexpected, and he was so impressed by the captain's manner, his new spirit—a blend of fiery restlessness and stern determination—that the first waves of the flood swept right over him. It was like listening to a sermon of which you had missed the text and the introduction. Gibson was talking about a ship, that was Not an ordinary one, either—an unlucky craft, a creature of ill-fame. "There are some like that, you know," the mate caught him saying, "dogged and doomed by ill-luck before they take to the water. Though there's no need t' tell. You know as well as I do." Well, this ship was one of that sort—sent to sea bearing a brand, a curse. If there was such a thing as the evil eye, it must have fallen on the first of her keel timbers when it was laid on the blocks. Before a month was out the brute killed four of her builders, smashed the lashings of a stage and dropped them in a heap among her ribs. .Though that was a trifle to what followed. Her next exploit was at her launching, the act which should have transformed her from a dead thing of the land into a living creature of the sea. She refused to be launched. Started off all right, but half-way down the slip she gave a lurch, and the rumble of her glide changed to a great crunching, into which there was pitched the harsh cries of men and the screams of women. From about her keel a pack of smoke-clouds gushed, smoke and dust, and to right and left the clouds spat huge splinters, fragments of the ways the ship was chawing to pieces. Then she stopped, right there on the edge of the waiting waters, dead in her track as though she meant to go no further. Only she had not done enough mischief yet. So she changed her mind. He spoke bitterly, treating the ship as a sentient creature, a conscious offender endowed with the power Ay, changed her mind, and hurled herself clean off the ways, and when the smother thinned away she was seen lying on her side by the river brim. And

once more men paid with their lives, as they always did when the mad fit was on her. He forgot how many, but it was more than the four she started with.

Treating this as the end of the episode, Gibson would have passed on to the next, but Rooke pulled him up. "Did they get

her off?"

"Course they got her off," the captain snapped, resenting an unnecessary question. "You might have known that. Her sort always do get off—some time or other. They dug a channel and floated her out on a spring-tide. Changed her name, too. They'd sense enough t' see that with such a start she'd be marked—a ship that crews would fight shy of. So they painted Merry Maid off her board and put Manora on instead."

After this he drifted into a minute record of the Manora's career, fragments of misadventure, but none of magnitude, though prudence again bestowed another name upon her, and it was at this point that Rooke discovered the audience. So far through his yarn the skipper had kept to one place, jammed up against the poop-rail, with a halfturn to the deck, and now a movement below drew the mate's attention to the fact that a dozen of the crew were gathered by the break of the poop and must have heard every word. For a spell he pretended not to see, but a sense of duty to his captain at last compelled him to speak, and he angrily bade the men go forward. But as the group dissolved, Gibson called them back. "Like t' hear the yarn, boys?" he airily demanded. "Well, there's no reason why you shouldn't. Help t' pass the time while we're waiting for the wind." they drew still closer in, near enough to catch the question he fired at the mate. "Ever shipped with pilgrims?" Being told that once in his career Rooke had had that experience, he rejoined: "Just as well. You'll understand it better. Know what it all meant. Only "-lingering over the statement—"it wasn't only pilgrims. carried an extra passenger. Plague. two P's-pilgrims and  $\mathbf{The}$ was it. plague."

The pilgrims, he explained, were embarked at Jeddah—about a thousand of them. Hadjis going back to their own land after paying tribute to the sacred shrine at Mecca. A thousand packed aboard a barque of nine hundred tons. Bad enough if the wind held and all went well. But when the sails lay flat, like their own at this

moment, the sea like glass, not a ripple, sun blazing, the air stagnant, it was appalling—enough to drive a man, a whole crew, crazy. And that was the time chosen by the plague to come aboard. Among a thousand souls—becalmed—hard by the Equator. And the ship excelled herself. Made a massacre of it. Took the lot. Didn't spare an odd one. They tossed the bodies overboard, three a day at first, then a dozen, a score, and they kept on till they had no more to throw. Sharks waiting for them—cordon round the ship—till they got the last one. If only the old assassin had finished herself at the same time!

On this note Gibson sharply halted, a fierce, vengeful note. If the ship had been a man, and his own bitterest enemy, he could not have been more deeply moved. As he stood there in the moonlight, silent, a far-away look in his eyes, all about him seemed to be changed, and while Rooke gave some of the credit for this to the tale, a greater share he bestowed upon the calm and the moon. They did take men queerly—especially the moon. Some one way and some another. If only the wind would come! But, instead of the wind, it was the captain, and once more a cryptic question.

"D'ye mind the Etimalogia?"

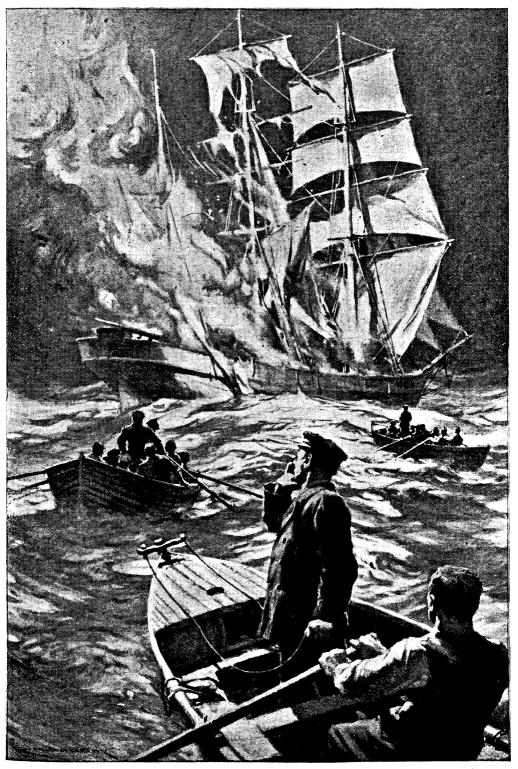
About the name there was a familiar ring, and Rooke began to say so, but Gibson pulled him up. "Oh, well, it doesn't matter. There was such a ship all right. Italian emigrant boat, and she was bound t' New York with a full passenger list. Seven hundred, all steerage. Got as far as the tail of the Grand Banks, when she ran into a pile o' mush. Slowed down till she'd only got steerage way on her, when a barque under full sail slammed out of the thick of it, took her amidships, and down she went in half an hour, and two hundred and fifty of the folks with her."

"And d'ye mean t' tell me---'

"That's it. Same ship. With a fresh name, of course. They were bound t' keep

on changing that."

Not a fragment of the story did Rooke see any reason to doubt. Like all the rest of his craft, he had fully proved the way-wardness of the sea, its extravagance, its unthinkable deeds of coincidence, the ill-repute which some of the ships achieve. But this record, grim though it was and weird, was overshadowed by that subtle something in the captain, his tremendous earnestness, the recurring suggestion of an underlying motive. "Now, why," Rooke



"We'll see the end of her, Mister Rooke!" Gibson called over the intervening strip of water, as the three boats rowed away.

kept on asking, "has the old man told me

this? What's he up to?"

Apparently the sinking of the emigrant steamer was intended as a full-point to the narrative, for Gibson had ceased his talk, and Rooke saw that now he was staring at him, his head thrust slightly forward, his eyes expectant, charged with challenge.

"What is it, sir?" he asked, felt com-

pelled to ask.

Before he answered, Gibson swiftly glanced at the crowd below, saw that every head was tilted upwards, every eye fixed on himself. Then: "The name of the hooker," he shrilled. "You've never asked me for it. But I'll tell you without being asked. When she rammed the emigrant boat her name was Fairy Gold, but when she wiped out that pack of pilgrims she was known as the Savannah."

He gloomed impatiently when he saw that his words carried no meaning, and sharply repeated the last one. Waited for a few seconds, and "Savannah," he said for the third time. "Have your wits gone woolgathering? Savannah—the name on our bell!"

Even this left something out, and Rooke made a stammering call for more light. "What does it mean, sir? Seems t' me

there's a lot more behind."

Gibson laid a hand on his arm and drew him up to the rail. "It means," he said, "that while they kept on changing her name, they got tired of changing her bell. You're aboard her now. The Savannah!

My ship!"

My ship! In other days he had lingered on the words with pride, but now they seemed to scorch, while Rooke was swiftly tossed from one emotion to another, from astonishment to horror, from horror to fathomless fear. His chest heaved, the sound of his deep breathing blended with the lap of the water against the hull. forgot all about those others who shared the confession. "Wish you hadn't told me," he lamented. "Why did you? There was no need. Never know a minute's peace again. Always be looking for another of her, tricks. There's no telling what she'll be up to next. Kill the lot of us, most likely!"

He might as well have addressed the mainmast. Gibson's attitude was one of such profound indifference that Rooke fancied he had not been heard; and then he discovered that the captain had shifted his outlook, and, following the direction of

his glance, he saw that the audience under the poop had melted away, but only to reassemble out of earshot by the fore-hatch. And this set the mate off on another tack. "The crew! You'll not have any left when you've made your landfall. They'll clear every man-jack. The risk. Won't face it. And I can't see why you've told, unless you felt you ought."

To this Gibson murmured a vague assent. Yes, he supposed that was how it stood he felt that he ought. And now he would turn in. Sailor-fashion he glanced aloft at the idle sails and went below; but it was not until half an hour later that he entered his cabin, and then, instead of tumbling into his bunk, he threw himself down on one of the lockers. Did not even kick off his boots, but, fully dressed, stretched himself out at ease; and that was how Rooke found him, lying in wide-eyed restfulness, when he swept with hasty stealth into the cabin. "Wish you'd come up, sir," he jerked. "I expect that \_\_\_\_ Most likely I'm wrong, but didn't want t' call the hands—without cause. Wish you'd come and see." Out on deck he threw up his head and sniffed. "D'ye notice anything?" he demanded. "I thought

Gibson finished it for him. "Fire!" he said. "No doubt about it. See for yourself. There's smoke coming up the main-hatch. Better pipe all hands, and, while you're about it, have the boats swung out."

He seemed preposterously calm. A slight vibration in his speech, perhaps a quickening of his stride, and beyond that nothing but a stolid acceptance of the fact. He might have been warping his ship out of dock. Even when Rooke turned with his tetchy cry, "The boats, sir? Goodness, it's too soon for that! It can't be serious. She's got no cargo aboard. There's nothing to burn," he merely insisted that his order should be obeyed. "We'll have the boats out, Mister Rooke. And we'll have them well stowed into the bargain. Never know what's going t' happen."

His conduct, provokingly strained so far, now became utterly incomprehensible. It was not enough that he should, by his revelation of the ship's past, have roused that spirit of fatalism which life at sea so freely breeds, but now he must begin to play upon it. A few words to the crew, and the thing was done—words which had the ring of encouragement and yet were more akin to insidious suggestion. There was nothing to worry about. That was how

it ran. No danger. If the worst came to the worst, they were right in the ocean lane, bound to be picked up by one of the Cape mail-boats, or else they could make the land themselves—less than a hundred miles away. A mere flea-bite. But with it all there was a reminder of the bell and its significance, the fact that they were aboard an old sea-wolf, a death ship, and the fate of the Susannah was sealed. Not a man among them, except the mate, put any reality into his work; with the rest it was sheer pretence, every eye on the boats, every ear listening for the order which at last tumbled them

in hasty flight over the side. "We'll see the end of her, Mister Rooke!" Gibson called over the intervening strip of water, as the three boats rowed away. "Better make sure—that she goes." But on that score he need have had no doubt. Though she carried no cargo, she had plenty to burn. From midships to her stem the flames were now bursting through her seams, and soon the whole ship was sheathed in fire. In her death the Susannah was a creature of stupendous majesty. Her masts were three gigantic torches; her canvas and her rigging drifted over the sea in fantastic gouts. To the men who watched, her incandescence filled the world; she flushed the heavens and stained the sea so that they lightly rode upon a lurid flood beneath a flaring canopy. By her brilliance she dwarfed the moon, and the smoke of her pyre made a tremulous curtain for the veiling of the stars. Her end was assured; nothing they knew could save her; the only undetermined fact was the time of her burning. "How long?" Only the ship could tell, and, hours before they thought it possible, her answer was given. As—by Gibson's telling—she had lived, so she died-with terrific savagery. Roaring, seething, crackling, she rioted before them, and then she vanished. One moment she was there, and the next she had gone. Not quietly, but in a tempest of sound, deafening clamour. In all her monstrous bulk she seemed to break from the sea and rise with a mighty heave towards the stars. she filled the world—this time with her fragments. Chunks of fire made a riotous deluge, a rain of burning timbers, red-hot stones, stinging gravel from her ballast, and that was the end. Nothing now but a cloud of smoke, the moon, the stars, the sea. Silence, too, into which the voice of Owen Gibson crashed: "Now, then, the lot of ye, give way!" And the oars of three wellladen boats, in obedience, sliced the water.

Over the voyage of the boats there is no need to linger. Within twenty-four hours all the castaways were safe aboard the Windsor Castle, and talking freely of the freightless ship which burned like tinder and then blew up. "Blew up, mark ye, and not an ounce of powder aboard that any man knew about."

This was how the crew talked, but Owen Gibson kept his lips tight locked, as close as an oyster. "There's nothing to tell," he insisted. "The ship took fire, and there's nothing new about that. She blew up, which is only what many another ship has done. And that's all." Beyond this, and a brief statement in writing to satisfy

official demands, he refused to go.

It is abundantly clear now that he intended to abide by this course. But circumstance proved stronger than resolution. Rumour began to toy with his name, first of all in a whispering tongue, but by and by with portentous boldness, and one night a sneering word in Dougal's Parlour acted as a spark to a magazine. His fist crashed down on the table. "So that's what it's come to!" he cried, white-faced and passionate. "I'm a swindler, am I, a sea-robber? But that's a thing no man shall say twice! I'm not ashamed of what I've done. I'm proud of it. Of course I fired her! There, you've got it—flat! And it was me that primed her for her burning, stowed the powder in the lazarette, and scared the crew off her when I wanted them to go."

Didn't they know what she was? The foulest thing affoat. Not the Susannah at all, but the Savannah. A murder ship, a destroyer. Betrayed by her own bell. course, he might have sold her—lots of men would have done—but he wasn't cur enough for that. Send her to sea again to do more of her devil's work! He'd beggar himself As for the way of her end, that was his own look-out. He might have scuttled her, but she was too bad for that. no right to a berth in the Port o' Missing Ships. His own way was the best—fire and a tearing blast, rending her rib from rib. And now he could breathe freely, hold up his head. He wasn't asking men to risk their lives for him any more. He was free, and an honest man into the bargain. Here he halted, glanced distressfully from one sea-tanned face to another, in doubt whether to finish the confession or leave it where it was, and then, as he thrust his way to the door, out it all tumbled. "So that's what folk are saying, is it? That I made money out of the hooker? Me—who's nearly beggared himself to get rid of her! Can't you see what happened? She wasn't insured

-not for a penny!"

As he reached the door, Captain David Anthony, of the *Caradoc*, bounced to his feet with a fog-horn cry, "Well, of all——" but got no further. Sharply Gibson turned and fixed him with an inquiring glance, whereupon confusion shattered his design, and he collapsed, simply doubled up in his chair. But when all the other skippers had gone, he lurched across to Dougal's end of the room. "Look here," he said, sinking his voice to a half-whisper, "I wouldn't spoil this for a fortune, though I nearly did. Only got the way off in time. Saw

what I was heading for. But I've got t' tell somebody, and you're one that doesn't blab."

"D'ye mean t' say-" Dougal asked,

and Anthony nodded his head.

"The bell! I bought it myself when I was master of the Susannah. Picked it up cheap at Melbourne. He's fired the wrong ship!"

"And the other one—the real Savannah?

Know anything about her?"

"She's in the Mersey now. Docking this tide. Name of Morning Glory. Got a hole in her big enough to drive a wagon through, and there's a schooner helping to block the fairway off Askew Spit. She sank her on her way up."



SUNRISE OVER THE SEA.

BY BIRKET FOSTER.

# THE FUGITIVES

## By DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD

Illustrated by W. E. Webster



E afternoon had been a perfect success. How lucky it was Joan had been un officially warned that Mrs. de Vere Hussey, the brightest star in the social firmament of Lulworth Park, intended calling

upon her that day! Everything, in consequence, had been in readiness. There had been no hurried rushing of the best silver from its green baize coverings; no agonised moment, after the front-door bell rang, spent in wondering if Smith were downstairs, or still in the throes of changing her dress; no sinking of the heart at the recollection that the cake was stale and there might be a shortage of cream. Indeed, the tea was everything it should be. Mrs. de Vere Hussey had partaken of three delicate sandwiches of caviare; she had eaten largely of chocolate cake—this was in luxurious pre-war days-she had drunk three cups of China tea from the Crown Derby service, a family heirloom which made Joan's fingers tremble every time she washed it, and she had conversed most amicably the while. It was certainly a pronounced success for a young bride, determined to plan her married life on the most approved social lines from the first.

The only drawback had been Chris. He had come home early—at first Joan thought as a delicate compliment to the guest. She had been delighted when she saw him coming up the path. But soon her pleasure was considerably lessened. Chris was distrait, even ungracious. Once he had quite failed to observe that Mrs. de Vere Hussey's cup was empty, two or three times he was obviously not listening to her conversation, and several times he furtively passed his hand across his forehead as if to sweep something away. Perhaps he had a head-

ache; but even that was not sufficient excuse for impoliteness. Joan, as she returned to the drawing-room, having herself seen her guest off the premises, felt quite decidedly annoyed with him. At the same time she was dying to discuss the events of the afternoon. She was torn two ways.

"Don't you feel well, Chris?" she began. This was non-committal, but her voice was

not too sympathetic.

Her husband did not answer. He was sitting on the Chesterfield, with his back half turned to her. But he turned his head, and when she saw his face, her faint anxiety became real terror. For he had thrown aside all his indifferent pretence of things being as usual; his face was haggard, hunted.

"What is it?" was all she could say.

Again, for an instant, he did not answer. Then he spoke thickly, in a voice quite unlike his own. "I can't tell you," he said, "not yet. Wait till after dinner. When you've had something to eat, you'll be better able to stand it."

"Tell me at once!" Joan's voice was sharp. At the same time, somewhere in her inner consciousness, she was struck by the absurdity of the masculine mind. To imagine she could eat dinner—ever eat dinner again—with this unknown horror hanging over her!

"We're ruined," he burst out suddenly, "and I'm a felon! I've killed a man!"

Joan did not move. She looked round the room, at the furniture, curtains, ornaments, everything, the choosing of which had been to her such a serious matter. She looked at the shining wedding presents. Surely it was more than three months ago since that April day when she and Chris had been married. And now Chris had killed a man! It seemed so out of keeping, somehow.

"Tell me about it," she said quietly, so quietly that she felt irritated at her own lack of feeling.

"It was Hickson. You know Hickson."

Joan nodded. She had never liked Harley Hickson, despite his wealth and the fact that he always paid her the most outrageous compliments. "I went to see him this He had asked me to go down to his place at Lingfield for this week's racing, and I felt I couldn't decently refuse in a letter. And we quarrelled. I don't know how it began, but he was sneering about something, and I got annoyed; and that made him mad. I can't remember what he said, but all of a sudden I saw I hit him right in the middle of his fat, smug face. He went down like a log, his neck all crooked. I knew he was dead. I left him lying there. The police may be after me any minute. I suppose I ought to give myself up. But I don't feel sorry a bit, except for you." Suddenly his voice trailed off in sheer misery.

Joan was not sorry, either—that is to say, for the murdered man. It served him right. Her whole concern was for her husband. Now that she knew the truth, horrible as it was, her brain worked quickly.

"How soon will he be found?" she asked

in a matter-of-fact voice.

"Oh, I don't know—long before now. It was this morning, and I've been tramping about ever since." The young man's voice had become listless, apathetic. He sat with his head between his hands, staring at her with dull eyes. "I suppose I ought to go

and give myself up," he said again.

"You won't do anything of the sort." His wife spoke sharply. "You wait here. I'll arrange." She walked quickly out of the room, shutting the door behind her, and straight into the kitchen. Cook was just surreptitiously finishing the last of the sandwiches, Smith putting the tea silver back into its green baize coverings.

"Oh, Cook," said Joan at once, her voice perfectly composed, "Mr. Allison has to go away on business for a few days, and I am going with him. We can't wait for dinner. We have to go almost immediately, so will you just make the soup hot, and we'll have

it as soon as it is ready."

"Yes, ma'am," Cook answered as well as she could, with one cheek still bulging with caviare. There were lamb cutlets and peas for dinner, she reflected—a tasty meal for her and Smith. So she smiled amiably.

for her and Smith. So she smiled amiably.
Joan went upstairs. With her hands guided
by half of her brain she packed two suit-cases.
Her jewellery went in a little bag around
her neck. Luckily, only that morning Chris
had given her a quarter's housekeeping

allowance. She had some money of her own besides—altogether, nearly a hundred pounds. She changed her dress—the blue crêpe de chine which had been her going-away frock—and, as she moved quickly about, with the rest of her brain she schemed, planned ahead. Just before she went downstairs she gave one glance round the room, with its white furniture and dainty old-rose draperies. She felt no pangs at parting with it.

Smith had taken the soup into the diningroom. Joan helped it from the silver
revolving dish—another wedding present—
and with a steady hand added a tablespoonful of brandy to her husband's portion.
Then she went to fetch him. He was still
sitting where she had left him, his pipe
ready filled, but unlighted, in his hand. He
did not even raise his head as she came in.

"Come along, Chris," she said briskly, as if speaking to a young child. "I want you to come and have some soup. And then will you get the car out? I've arranged

everything."

He got up and followed her submissively. After he had taken the soup, the colour came back into his cheeks, and he went, without further telling, out to the green-painted shed they dignified by the name of garage. Joan meanwhile gave a few final instructions. Smith carried out the luggage; Cook stood smiling at the kitchen door. In a minute Chris came, carefully steering the two-seater down the minute drive. His wife jumped in beside him, and they were off—presumably a happy, prosperous young couple off for a light-hearted jaunt. And they were fugitives from justice!

Half-way down the road Joan saw a policeman looking at the names upon the gates. Her heart contracted, for the first time in her life, with fear. She sat motionless until they had safely passed him. Chris, in the familiar exercise of hand and eye, seemed to have pulled himself together. But when they reached the main thoroughfare he

turned to her.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"To Weymouth. No one will ever think of that. They're sure to think we should make for Dover or Folkestone, or somewhere nearer. We'll keep near the South Western main line until the car gives out—I suppose it won't last the whole journey—and then take a train. And then we'll catch the early morning boat to the Channel Islands, and go from there to Havre, and Havre to America. You know the way now?"

Chris nodded. They had been to Guernsey for their honeymoon. They had come back to Weymouth, and motored from there to Lulworth Park. He knew the road well, although it seemed centuries since he had last come along it. He drove on in silence. At first Joan trembled whenever they passed a police station. Then it grew dark, and her

had been curiously unenterprising and hemmed in by small restrictions. Her father and mother were both old-fashioned in their ideas, and she was an only child. Above all, it had always been impressed upon her that to do anything unusual—unconventional—was almost a crime. And now she was running away with a murderer out to cheat



"Joan did not move. She looked round the room."

nervousness vanished. Her mind grew thoughtful instead. For the first time she began to realise. She wondered if she were indeed Joan Allison, the same girl she had been that morning, and doubted it. She looked back at her childhood, girlhood, both spent at Hambleton, that desirable residential neighbourhood where her parents still lived. They were well off. She had had every advantage except actual liberty. Her life

the hangman. It was the most real thing that had ever happened to her. Even her marriage—although deep down in her heart she always knew she adored Chris—had been much involved with small detail. Her trousseau, the furnishing, even the choice of the right wedding guests, had all been a matter for serious consideration. She had determined, too, that she would make a good impression in the neighbourhood—also

desirable—in which they had decided to settle. On her "At home" day there had been four motors and half a dozen carriages at the door. All the best people in Madeira Avenue had fallen over each other in calling upon her, and when at last Mrs. de Vere Hussey, whose husband was the Mr. de Vere Hussey, had honoured her, she felt her cup of happiness was full. Yet now she did not care—she realised it with surprise if she never saw Lulworth Park or Mrs. de Vere Hussey again. She did not care if she had to live in two rooms, work for her living, so long as she saved Chris. It was the only thing that mattered, that ever could matter.

"The petrol won't last much longer," said her husband suddenly, "and I don't suppose we'll be able to get any more round here. We must be pretty well at Salisbury,

though."

With a start Joan looked round and realised that it was early dawn. Away in the distance, with its background of rolling down, she could faintly discern the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. As they drew nearer to it, driving slowly along the white road, she suddenly spied a deserted barn, approached by a narrow, rutty lane.

"You can get up there, can't you?" She pointed towards the lane. "We'll leave the car there, and walk on and catch the next

train."

For answer Chris turned the car. They jolted up the uneven way. Only the walls of the barn and a shed beside it were still standing, but he managed to wedge the little two-seater in where it could not be seen from the road. Then he helped his wife, stiff, as she found, and cold, out, and they set off, walking slowly at first, but soon more briskly, in the direction of the cathedral spire.

It must have been a good two miles into Salisbury, and they were glad of the exercise But still they could not talk. The shadow of the dead man seemed to lie between them. Arrived at the station, they met with one of those pieces of luck that do sometimes happen even in real life. It was five o'clock in the morning, the long platforms were almost deserted, but, as they climbed the steps to the booking-office, an express came steaming in. It was the special, running to catch the morning boat from Weymouth to the Channel Islands.

They jumped in. The other occupants of the carriage—two sailors—eyed them rather curiously. Joan wondered if the search had already begun. Why had she not made Chris disguise himself in some way? she thought suddenly. It was very foolish of her. She sat in her corner, alert and not in the least sleepy, until the train reached Weymouth. It ran up the pier, and the passengers dismounted. Most of them already had tickets for the boat, but there was a little booking-office with a sleepy clerk behind the pigeon-hole.

He gave Joan the tickets without demur. The boat was already puffing at the pierhead, and they were just going on board, when she noticed a rough coffee-stall standing on the quay, and realised she was ravenously,

horribly hungry.

"Go and get something to eat, quick! Bring it with you," she said to Chris; and then, when he had gone, running, she felt herself mad to have let him away from her side for a moment. She watched him feverishly till he came back, carrying a parcel under his coat. The boat was just starting. They walked up the narrow gangway and right up to the bow. There was no one else there—it was a grey, cloudy morning—and they stood together, silent and motionless, until they were off. The sight of the long semicircle of Weymouth Bay receding in the distance gave them a feeling of extraordinary freedom.

"Now let's have something to eat," said Joan. She felt really extremely curious—nay, anxious—as to what was in the parcel.

Her husband produced it from under his coat. He undid the newspaper wrapping, and in a minute they were munching thick slices of bread and meat strongly tinged with the flavour of stale fish. It tasted heavenly.

Then suddenly Chris gave a startled exclamation. His face went deadly white, and his hand shook as he held out a piece of the stained newspaper. It was a London evening sporting paper, evidently dropped by some passing passenger.

"Look!" he said. "Read it!"—pointing

to a paragraph.

Joan read it. Her eyes scanned it, but at first her brain could not take in its meaning. Then she read it aloud, slowly, in a perfectly unemotional voice.

"It is regretted that Mr. Harley Hickson, the well-known financier and sportsman, met with an accident this morning which will prevent his attendance at Gatwick to-morrow. He fell in his office, sustaining slight concussion, and will be obliged to take absolute

rest for a few days at least. His absence will be much regretted, especially as several horses from his stables will be in the running, and Happy Sally is favourite for the Campden Plate.'

And then Chris began to laugh. It was a ridiculous, pitiful laugh—the giggle of the condemned man who is told on the scaffold that pardon has arrived. "We're running away for nothing," he said weakly at last, and a gleam of real amusement came into his eyes.

It was only then Joan grasped the truth with all its meaning. Chris was not a murderer. He might, indeed, be summoned for assault, but even that was unlikely. And they were free! It had all been a nightmare—one of those nightmares from

which one wakes with chattering teeth and clammy skin. She gave a little gasp. "Then we can go home," she said; and as she spoke she realised something more. She knew that, dream or no dream, she would never quite lose the imprint of that night. She could never be quite the same girl she had been before. She had looked at the naked heart of life.

"We won't go home," said Chris suddenly. "We'll have another honeymoon—better than before." He was looking down at her, his eyes full of admiring, almost adoring, love. "My darling, I'll never forget!" he ended

rather incoherently.

They leant together, hand in hand, over the iron rail, and watched the sea, and the sun, and the birds flying in the wake of the boat. The grey cloud had quite gone.



#### THE SECRET.

KNOW of a thrush's nest, a pretty nest, a cosy nest, I know of a thrush's nest with three fine eggs of blue; It is in the perfumed pine, the tasselled pine, the swaying pine, It is in the cool, dark wood that I have wandered through,

I know of a speckled trout, a noble trout, a shining trout, I know of a splendid trout, the biggest I have seen; It is by the lonely mill, the silent mill, the old spade mill, It is in the running brook, for I did look and lean.

I know of a pretty maid, a laughing maid, a happy maid, I know of a darling maid—oh, sweet she is and fair! She waits in a garden bower, a rosy bower, a hidden bower, What the way to this dear maid—is neither here nor there!

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

# THE COMPLETE BEACHCOMBER

### By RALPH STOCK

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



HE imitation pink
coral factory was
situated high up on
a cliff about a mile
along the coast from
Levuka.

Those who associate the word "factory" with a mental picture of towering chimneys

belching black smoke, the hum of machinery, and streams of pale-faced men and women hurrying to work with *papier mâché* dispatch-cases of lunch in their hand, will be grievously disappointed, because in this particular instance the factory belonged to Felisi of Luana, and, like its inventor, the process of production was as simple as it was effective.

You merely go out to the reef at low tide, collect as many of the myriad white coral fronds from the rock pools as you can comfortably carry in a reed basket, and take it on your head up to the factory. There you will find a miniature waterfall gushing down the rocks behind Jimmie's house, and after placing the coral fronds under the fresh water—which, of course, kills the poor little coral polyp and turns his slimy, greyish-green house into a snow-white thing of beauty—you squat in the sun, smoking and listening to Jimmie's latest effusion, declaimed in rolling accents to the four winds of the Pacific Ocean before he trades it at the nearest store for a tin of kerosene or bottle of whisky.

This may take an hour, and it may take longer, but at the end of it you mix a packet of a popular dye in a bucket of water and allow the snow-white coral to soak in it. This turns it pink—pink all through, because coral is absorbent—and you sell it to tourists on Levuka wharf in very small quantities and for fabulous sums, because pink coral is scarce.

Yes, Felisi had returned to coral selling on the wharf. The white people on the Rena River, where she had been "something in the nature of a lady's-maid," had gone "home," and there was still a goodly number of gold discs to be collected by Felisi and her female relations before a certain wonderful boat became her father's property.

Felisi was far from pleased at the change of employment. For an ardent student of the white man and his ways, the tourists on the wharf, not to mention a nagging aunt at home, offered a poor substitute for the freedom of movement and observation in a white household. To be sure, there was Jimmie. But then there was always Jimmie; he was as much a part of Levuka as the beach itself, and he offered no new problem to puzzle and enthral.

To Felisi, as to all natives of "The Islands of the Blessed," there are only two kinds of white man-those who belong, and those The former variety who do not belong. wears soiled ducks and a battered pith helmet, drinks rather more than the climate allows, understands the natives, and seems as happy and contented as the day is long, provided he has tobacco, whisky, bed, and friends. The other wears clean starched ducks with a knife-like crease down the front of the trousers—which, by the way, are always turned up at the bottom—a magnificent solar topee, and an art-coloured tie. He knows nothing of the native, and cares less, and he carries his troubles with him out of the world into the Islands, which results in his having a careworn appearance

and always being in a hurry.

Then there is the super white man—he of speckless white flannel and white felt hat -but Felisi knew little of him, except that on the wharf he and his women-folk were the easiest prey to imitation pink coral.

Jimmie belonged to the first of this category, and for this reason Felisi understood and loved the old man, as she understood and loved the rainbow-tinted fish in a rock pool. Moreover, his tin bucket and miniature waterfall were exceedingly useful.

The dyeing process was in full swing when he caught sight of her this morning, on her return from the Rena River, and he welcomed her as though she had never been absent.

"Hi, Felisi!" he bellowed, advancing on her with a sheet of crumpled paper fluttering from his hand, and the light of inspiration flashing in his eye. "If this doesn't get 'em, nothing will. It's a peach, a rip snorter, Listen to this!"

Jimmie had been a large man. His frame was still large, especially the feet, but he had lost flesh. He occasionally ate, but what he really lived on was tobacco and whisky, and perhaps this had something to do with his woeful skinniness. He still had a well-shaped head and remarkable hands. Felisi had often watched these hands of Jimmie's and marvelled at their shapeliness. Apart from them and his head, he was a scarecrow. hair and beard were like grey birds' nests, and his clothes — scanty enough, in all conscience—seemed to touch him nowhere but at the shoulders.

He was sitting now on the edge of the cliff—his favourite seat—with his enormous feet dangling over the edge, and one shapely hand upraised as though in exhortation, as he gave a gentle south-east Trade the benefit of the following in a rolling baritone—

"Oh, wondrous Isle of Ovalau, How oft I ponder on thy charms!

Naught can compare with thee, I vow,
Thy green, green hills and nodding palms!

Beautiful, you know," he added, with an air of pardonable pride, "really beautiful, You notice, it rolls—literally rolls off the tongue, and the sentiment's soundperfectly sound."

He was not addressing Felisi, but the proprietress of the imitation pink coral factory knew this perfectly well, and did not resent it in the least. It was a way of Jimmie's. She represented a figure-head at which he could hurl his rhetoric without fear of criticism — a useful article for a poet to But this morning he have on occasions. was not aware that Felisi had only just relinquished a position in a white household, where her English vocabulary had been greatly augmented.

"Why you say 'green, green'?" she demanded, lifting a frond of coral out of the dye and placing it in the sun to dry.

Jimmie started visibly, then remembered he was on the edge of the cliff, and swung himself into safety. The figure-head had

spoken!

"Aha," he warned, when he had recovered from the shock, and wagging an attenuated finger at Felisi, "the little knowledge that is a dangerous thing! And not so slow, either," he added reflectively. "I'm not sure that I like 'green, green' myself. Permissible, entirely permissible, but cheap." He looked up with distress written plainly on the yellow parchment of his face. "You have put your finger on the weak spot, my dear.'

He looked so unlike his usual cheerful self at that moment that, although Felisi appreciated the compliment, she was sorry

she had spoken.

"There have to be two words there," he mused; "one feels that—metre, but suitable adjectives were always my weak point. Vivid! No, two syllables. Pale! No, that would not be painting a true picture. Pure! Rotten!" Jimmie squirmed in the grass and cast appealing eyes to heaven.

"Big," suggested Felisi.

Jimmie became suddenly still, and frowned, then smiled.

"Tall," he said, lingering over the word as if it pleased him.

"Thy tall green hills and nodding palms."

"You did that, Felisi," he told her, as though acquainting her of a self-accomplished "And now we come to the point—a fall from Pergassus, I admit, but a necessary fall." The hand was again upraised.

"Yet stop! . . . . .

(And here is where the attention is at once Parsons can't help seeing that) arrested.

> Yet stop! There is one other feast
> Afforded by this isle afar,
> And that is Boulton's store down East, Where dwells the only real cigar.

So mild it is, so succulent, It wafts-

Entirely by accident Felisi dropped a frond of coral into the dye. It made a sickening splash, and Jimmie stopped like a clock with a broken mainspring. He said nothing—what was there to say?—but his pained look went to Felisi's heart.

"Me sorry, Jimmie," she pleaded, squatting in the grass before him; "you no stop,

please."

"If you're ready," said Jimmie, with dignity, "we'll go down and sell our

produce."

They descended the red earth track together, Felisi with a light step and a basket of coral on her head, Jimmie with his loose-jointed shuffle and a scrap of paper neatly folded in his pocket. This scrap of paper was the only thing in life that Jimmie was neat about.

He chuckled as they crossed the bridge and turned on to the beach.

"We're a couple of impostors, Felisi," he told her, in a confidential undertone.

"Impostors," mimicked Felisi.

"Yes, pretenders. Your coral isn't real. My poem isn't real."
"Poem no real?" she queried, in genuine

surprise.

"No, it can't be. It's too easy. You just put down a word—coral, anything—then think of a word that rhymes with it—moral, anything—and fill in the rest how you like. It's too easy; but I mustn't let 'em know it," he chuckled. "Oh, dear, no-any more than you must let'em know how you make pink coral."

They laughed together in the sunlight, a

laugh of mutual understanding.

Felisi felt a certain sense of proprietorship in Jimmie's poem. Had she not helped to supply a word—a very vital word? determined to see it sold. The basket of coral was left with the nagging aunt, and Felisi followed Jimmie into Parsons' store. She wondered, as she threaded her way through the stacks of kerosene tins, rope, leaf tobacco, and coloured shirts, why he had come to Parsons' when the poem distinctly said "Boulton's," but it was soon made apparent.

"Good morning, Mr. Parsons," Jimmie's greeting, and he said it as though he meant it, as though it were an entirely

original remark.

"Morning, Jim."

Missi Parsonie was a busy man. At eighty degrees in the shade, without a customer in sight, and as much chance of doing business as a derelict whaler, he was always busy. He had learnt his methods in America, and they had answered, if the

prosperity of his store went for anything. With garters on his sleeves, and an intent expression on his hatchet face, he was sorting shirts at the moment; but there was an open tin of mixed biscuits on the counter, and from this Jimmie daintily extracted samples from time to time, and ate them with the air of a connoisseur.

"An uncommonly fine morning, for the hurricane season," remarked Jimmie. "This is a much-maligned country, Mr. Parsons. Hurricane season, indeed!" His indignation had the effect of accelerating the consumption of biscuits. "They should go to the Malay States if they want to see hurricanes. Ours are a mere zephyrzephyr, sir, in comparison." At the end of the counter were stacked packets of safety matches and tins of tobacco. Jimmie sidled along the counter, talking as he went, and appropriated one of each with the utmost delicacy and frankness. Missi Parsonie's quick glance followed his movements, but he said nothing. This was how Jimmie lived. Everyone knew Jimmie. It was almost an honour to be shoplifted by him. first Missi Parsonie had disapproved, but slowly he had given way, finding it better to conform to old-established institutions than to get himself disliked—even by Jimmie.

His "shopping" completed, and the two pockets of his disreputable jacket bulging generously, Jimmie took a half seat by the side of the counter, and produced the neatlyfolded paper. He cleared his throat.

"I have here," he said impressively, tapping the paper with his attenuated forefinger, "I have here something that will interest you, Mr. Parsons"—Missi Parsonie regarded Jimmie without emotion — "a little thing that I must confess gave me considerable trouble. But I think it's worth it. It will look well in The Herald—in block type, you know, with good spacingwell, like Boulton's of last week."

"Boulton's?" queried Missi Parsonie,

with a faint frown.

"Yes, I think he'll like this one, don't you —as a man of judgment—Mr. Parsons?

He read the poem from beginning to end, still in the rolling baritone, still with the shapely hand upraised. But Missi Parsonie seemed quite unimpressed. As a matter of fact, this thing was beginning to annoy him. Each week—for a month, now—his rival Boulton had actually bought this trash from Jim and printed it over the signature of "James" in The Herald. And it was catching on—that was the absurdity and the exasperation of it. Everyone—even up country knew Jim, and they had come to look for

his weekly effusion.

"That's all right, Jim, I guess," he admitted, "though I'm not much of a judge of that sort of thing. Boulton ought to like it. He handles cigars; we don't."

What do you charge?" whispered into Missi Parsonie's ear. The latter looked up doubtfully, then throwerd's ple

"Jimmie sidled along the counter, talking as he went, and appropriated one of each with the utmost delicacy and frankness.

"And what is your speciality, Mr. Parsons?"

"Well, just at present we're handling a line of zephyr vest that's going to show folks how to dress in the tropics.'

"Vest!" cried Jimmie, with sudden animation. "Vest, you said. I like it betterpositively, I like it better! More opportunities with 'vest.' How's this? first verse can stand, then-

"Yet stop! There is one other feast Upon this Island of the Blest, And that is Parsons' store down East, Where dwells the only zephyr vest.

"So cool it is, so feather-light, It sits with such an easy grace, That you may walk with all your might, And not a bead will deck your face.'

Jimmie stopped, expectant. Missi Parsonie had resumed his task of sorting shirts.

"Y-e-s," he said, "something like that, and I'll take it. I want five verses, each bringing in 'Parsons' Zephyr Vest,' just like that. I shan't want the first verse.

Jimmie leant over the counter and

nodded.

"And in advance," added Jimmie, with unlooked-for firmness. "It takes a lot out of one, though you might not think it, Mr. Parsons. It is doubtful if I shall sleep to-night. You shall have it first thing in the morning."

Missi Parsonie hesitated.

"Mr. Boulton always pays in advance. One must live, you know," added Jimmie, with quiet dignity.

Missi Parsonie disappeared behind a stack of kerosene cases, and to Felisi it was a curious thing that, while was gone, Jimmie helped himself to nothing, not even a biscuit.

A few minutes later he shuffled out on to the beach, carrying a parcel packed to look like anything but what it was, and failing utterly.

There were discreet sounds of revelry issuing from Jimmie's house when Felisi visited the factory that evening. She knew there would be, and she entered without

The old man was sitting at the packingcase which did service for a table, with a litter of paper at his elbows, talking quietly to himself. He took no notice of her entrance, and she sat and listened. These self-communings of Jimmie's always interested her.

"Parsons' zephyr vest," he said, three times and very distinctly. "Vest—west best—blest—test—messed—jest . . . . . " His voice trailed away as rain commenced to patter on the corrugated iron roof. A wistful look came into Jimmie's eyes; then he seemed to notice Felisi for the first time. He looked at her and commenced to speak.

"Rain! I never hear rain, never see it sloping down-rain, rain, rain-without thinking of Watlington, and then it all comes  ${\tt back} \underline{-all} \quad {\tt of} \quad {\tt it}\underline{-ugh} \; ! \; " \quad {\tt He} \quad {\tt shuddered}$ "Fancy thinking of Watconvulsively. lington, after all I've seen-Watlington!"

He laughed quietly, and Felisi joined in.

She was a born listener.

"Queer, isn't it? But there it is. Most impressionable age, I suppose—eighteen to twenty-two . . . Watlington! Rows and rows of little grey houses, all the same, and all full of the same sort of people." Again "Suburbans, that's Jimmie shuddered. what they call 'em . . . and the rain—a cold, dreary rain. It makes no difference. Every morning, alarm clock six-thirty-breakfast seven o'clock, porridge, egg, marmalade. Train eight o'clock—with a black bag. Underground — crowded — have to stand. Nine o'clock-sign book and climb on to a stool . . ."

Jimmie was still looking at Felisi, but he did not see her. He was listening to the rain, and his voice had become a dreary

monotone.

Felisi was thoroughly enjoying it. was another puzzle that only needed to be put together, and she was becoming an

expert at the game.

"... Stay on stool adding up figures ... One o'clock lunch—one shilling . . . stool, stool, stool . . . six o'clock train-Underground—crowded—have to stand . . . Watlington . . . Rain . . . Dinner . . . Read, talk drivel... listen to someone torturing the piano . . . every day-all day, for days, and weeks, and months, and years!" Jimmie's voice rose in a harsh crescendo. "Are they Or am I?" His eyes came to rest on Felisi in a challenging glare, and she knew that he saw her now.

"Queer, isn't it?" he said, with sudden quietness. "People are doing that now—over there. And they think it so fine that they want everybody to do it. They wanted me to do it. I did it for four years. Then I came home to Watlington one night and told them I wasn't going to do it any They said I was mad. Perhaps I was, but I didn't do it any more. I did something else, and I'm still doing something else. Listen to the rain! Watlington!" Jimmie's head sank down on to his "Parsons' — zephyr — vests!" he "Cool . . . pool . . . drowsily. muttered rule . . ." He was asleep.

He was really still asleep when Felisi led him to his bed in the corner, and left him with the mosquito curtain well tucked in under the mats. She fitted together the puzzle as she went down the red earth track leading to her aunt's grass house on the outskirts of Levuka, and she found it entertaining. way of the white man had always interested

The next day a steamer came in, and she was busy. It was not until the following morning that she visited the factory, and was met by Jimmie in rather low spirits.

"What d'you think?" he demanded indignantly, while Felisi was setting fronds under the waterfall. "That little rat Parsons won't buy my work unless it's exclusive."
"Exclusive," mimicked Felisi.

"Yes, you know—unless he is the only man to have it. Swears that I promised that. Did I?"

"No," said Felisi.

"I should think not. It means I couldn't do anything for Boulton, and he was the first to publish me. I shall give up Parsons.

The ultimatum was delivered in gravity. It meant that Jimmie would never again patronise Parsons for biscuits or matches or tobacco. Felisi felt quite sorry for the erring tradesman.

"Him pay you already," she suggested.

Jimmie hung his head.

"I know," he said, "and it's all gone. Most awkward. But perhaps Boulton will settle the matter. I have the very thing for next week-

"Why do we all return in time,
As though by magnet swiftly drawn,
To Ovalau's voluptuous clime,

But Felisi heard no more. gazing spell-bound past the upraised shapely hand to where the track breasted the hill. Her quick eyes had detected two white objects appearing over the crest. They were solar topees, that rapidly evolved themselves into men—white men. One was short and plump and pink, the other tall and dark.

and partly because he had brushed her aside when she offered the imitation pink coral.

They stood in full view now, pausing for breath, then the pink man turned and

disappeared down the track, and the other came striding towards them.

The first thing that caused Jimmie to pause in the midst of a particularly flowing stanza was the expression of Felisi's face. He wheeled, quicker than Felisi could have dreamed it possible, and stood stone still, staring into the other's face, and not seeming to notice his outstretched hand.

"Jim," said the stranger, "don't you know me—your brother Charles?"

Jimmie spoke, but it was like a mechanical figure speaking out of waxen lins.

"There's some mistake, I'm afraid."

"No, there's no mistake. You must know me, Jim. Why, man, I——"

Jimmie was swaying gently where he stood. His yellow face had turned a waxen grey. Then he crumpled forward into the stranger's arms.

There were strange happenings on the cliff for the next few hours. Felisi watched them enthralled, whilst Jimmie lay in

the grass, staring stonily up into the branches of a bread-fruit tree, with a rapidly-rising temperature.

The stranger performed miracles quietly and rapidly. The murmur of native voices came over the crest of the hill, but no one



Felisi had seen them both before, and knew one to be a well-known Levuka solicitor. The other she had seen coming down the gangway of the steamer the previous day. She remembered him partly because of his vague resemblance to Jimmie,

appeared. Every now and then the stranger vanished, too, to reappear dragging or carrying some bulky, queer-shaped bundle. A speckless white tent sprang into being, beds, a table, and chairs unfolded themselves from green parcels of miraculously small proportions, and by noon the transformation scene was complete. Jimmie, in a suit of striped pink-and-white pyjamas, lay on a camp-bed in the tent, tossing and muttering with fever. The stranger sat at the bedside, alternately watching him with his stern eyes,

and dosing him with quinine.

Presently, when Jimmie had fallen into a doze, the stranger came outside and looked about him. His glance went like an arrow to the tumbledown house of weather-boards and corrugated iron that had been Jimmie's home for so long. His hand went to his pocket and drew out a box of matches. His long legs carried him to the building in ten strides, and a moment later it was a crackling yellow flame. It burnt merrily until there was nothing left but glowing embers and a few blackened sheets of corrugated iron. These the stranger pried into a neat pile with the aid of a stick, and stood back to view, with every appearance of satisfaction, the damage he had wrought.

Then his glance fell on Felisi, squatting motionless in the factory. She shrank from

him as he approached.

"Don't run away," he pleaded, in a wheedling voice. "Do you speak English, little girl?"

Felisi nodded sullenly.

"You do? Then let me make it quite clear. I have bought this piece of land. Do you understand?"

Again Felisi nodded.

"So now it belongs to me, and you mustn't come here."

"Jimmie belong you?" demanded Felisi, with a hint of truculence.

The stranger laughed softly.

"Yes," he said, "Jimmie belongs to me. He is my brother. He is very ill, and when he gets better I don't want anything to remind him of what he was."

"You make him ill!" flashed Felisi.

"Him all right before."

"Yes," said the stranger, "Jimmie has to be ill before he will be well. Now run along, there's a good girl. What is this?" he added, pointing to the factory.

"Pink coral," said Felisi glibly. "You

no want."

"No, I don't want any. But here"-

the stranger produced a silver coin and held it out—"then you can run along."

Felisi rose slowly to her feet and turned towards the track. But she did not run, and she left the silver coin in the still outstretched hand of the astonished donor. She heard his short laugh as she went down the track, and her white teeth closed with a

snap like an ivory trap.

There was now plenty of puzzle to put together, and Felisi entered into the game with a new zest. That evening she hid in a lantana bush, a few yards from the tent, and, as well as witnessing a most interesting shadowgraph on the white canvas wall, heard the following—

"Jim, are you better?"

"Who the devil are you?"

"Your brother Charles. You must remember me. Have you forgotten Watlington—the old days?"

A short pause.

"Never heard of it. What do you want, anyway?"

"I want you, Jim."

"What for?"

"Because you're my brother."

"Haven't got a brother. Some mistake. Got a drink there?"

There was the shadowgraph of a hand going out and filling a glass very carefully from a bottle and a syphon.

"Call that a drink?"

"We're going to fight it out, Jim, up here alone. A little less each time; you won't notice it."

"What's all this?"

"Pyjamas. Don't they feel nice and cool and—and clean? Lie still, Jim; you're not strong yet, you know."

"If I didn't know it, I'd choke you, you

-you supercilious, domineering----'

"Ah, the same old Jim!"

"Get out of here! Who gave you permission to come on to my—my property and——"

"It was never your property, Jim. They let you live here, but it's not yours. It's mine now—I've bought it."

A long silence, then—

"It's no good, Jim. Be reasonable. I don't want much—only that you'll come back with me and live like a civilised human being. You owe it to us."

"I owe nothing to anyone, except

Parsons."

"You owe it to us. I came fifteen thousand miles to find you, to bring you back. I left my wife and two children for

that, and I shall not return until you come with me. Why, just now, in your fever, you mentioned Watlington over and over again. When you first came to Levuka, you signed your name in the hotel register; there it is, in your own handwriting—J. Crothers. There aren't many Crotherses, you know, Jim. What's the use of pretending? It isn't as if you left anything to be ashamed of in Watlington. You just went and never came back, that's all. It was a tremendous business to trace you, but I did it. The world's very small, really. Won't you even admit—"

"Never heard of you. Get out!"

"Very well. You know me, and I know you. I shall stay with you until you do come back. My wife and children can wait."

There was the shadowgraph, slightly marred by the billowing tent wall, of an attenuated figure rearing itself up and falling upon something out of the range of vision. There were the sounds of a brief struggle, the indefinite picture of something being gently laid down, and silence.

"You always hated me, didn't you, Jim?" a voice droned on presently. "I think you hated all of us; I could never make out why."

"For Heaven's sake, go away and leave me in peace!" It was the cry of a tortured soul. "What harm have I done anyone anyone—to be interfered with like this?"

"You have only harmed yourself, Jim."

"Then what business is it of yours to—

"It is the business of every brother—"
"But I tell you it's a mistake! I have
no brother. Do you want to drive me
mad?"

"No; but I must finish, now that I have begun. You want to know why I came all this way, now, to find you and bring you back?"

"I don't! I never said I did. I——"

"Well, Uncle Fred died five years ago." The droning voice became more hesitant. "He left some money to be equally divided between us. I spent it all—for the children's sake." The voice stopped. It had evidently been a tremendous effort to say as much. But there was no answer, and it went on. "Then I began to think about you, Jim. You became a sort of ghost to haunt me. I just had to tell you what I'd done. I'm built like that, as you know. I just had to find out where you were—what

you were doing. You might have been out in the world starving, and there was I in Watlington. I had wife and children, but your ghost rose up between them and me. I left them, and swore I would not come back until I brought you with me. You might have been ill—wanted help for years. I hunted for you and found you—like this. We'll fight it out together, Jim, up here alone."

There were indistinct mumblings.

Felisi listened intently, but all she could catch was something that sounded like "vest—blest—west—"

Jimmie was in the grip of fever again.

For three days this went on, and when Felisi saw him one day sitting outside the tent, he had changed from a happy child into a miserable old man.

It took Felisi some time to come to a decision, but when once it had been arrived at, the result was usually pretty thorough.

Shortly after midnight she crawled out from the lantana bush and pushed the tent wall so that it also pushed Jimmie, at the same time making a queer little noise of her own. There was an agonising pause, then an elongated form crawled from the tent, seized her by the hand, and stumbled after her into the bush.

They progressed in this fashion—Jimmie called it running—for perhaps an hour, before he was allowed to sink on to the musty mats of a disused hut deep in the recesses of the bush. He lay as one dead, until Felisi produced from somewhere—with the air of a conjurer producing rabbits from a hat—a bottle of amber liquid. Then Jimmie sat up.

"Felisi, you're a gem," he said, with

something of his old-time spirit.

"You all right," chirped the conjurer. "Him go away plenty quick."

But Jimmie shook his head.

"You don't know my brother Charles," he said. "Watlington!" And he buried his face in his hands and sobbed like the child he was.

"You all right, you all right," soothed Felisi, but it was of no avail. Jimmie was very weak, and the amber liquid had gone to his head.

"He's right—I always did hate him!" he said. "We were so different, somehow, and he always dominated me. He can dominate me now, after all these years. It's queer, but there it is. I feel all crumpled up when he's about. But I won't go back. He's too late. Anyone would be too late now. I

was happy. I wasn't doing anybody any And I won't go back! I'd kill myself first!"

Felisi crept close.

"Why you no kill him?" she said.

Jimmie regarded her with horror-struck eyes.

"Me kill him," she added very quietly.
"No, you mustn't do that. You shan't do that. I won't let you do that." Jimmie had seized her hand as though it held a dagger upraised. "No!" Jimmie suddenly became dignified. "I will speak to him as a man, not as—as the worm he thinks me. After all, I have the law. But the law is queer; it does strange things—it might uphold him. No, I shall say: 'Pardon me, I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance." Jimmie's manner was that of Parsons' store when he took a biscuit. "I shall say---- But then there are his wife and children. has said that he won't go back without me, and he means it. Charles always meant what he said. Different to me—poles apart. Nevertheless, my life is my own, and I shall say to him 'Go!' like that, I shall—"

When, however, about ten minutes later, there was the sound of running feet, followed by the appearance of the panting stranger, Jimmie said nothing of the sort. surprisingly short space of time he was back in the tent and in bed, with a string tied securely round his waist at one end, and round the stranger's wrist at the other.

The puzzle became more and more involved, but Felisi struggled with it manfully.

Jimmie became very docile after that ignominious night of freedom, but the string was still in use, and a few nights later the stranger woke with a start. He pulled on the string gently, and it came towards him over the ground. He got up and examined Jimmie's bed. It was empty. He went outside and watched the sun climb out of

What a nuisance the fellow was! No, it was that infernal native girl. It would be necessary, after all, then, to have recourse to the police.

The stranger turned wearily from the sea,

and was entering the tent, when his glance happened on a huddled heap of cheap patterned calico close to the waterfall. It was the "infernal native girl." She took no heed of his approach, and when he raised her head, silent tears were streaming down

"Where is he?" demanded the stranger

peremptorily.

Felisi did not answer. She merely rocked gently from side to side, kneeling in the

"Where is he?" repeated the stranger, with quiet insistence, but with an anxious look in his eyes.

Felisi pointed to the cliff. "You kill him," she said.

The stranger strode to the edge and looked over. Below, the blue waters of the Pacific lashed themselves into white fury against the needles of volcanic rock at the foot of the cliff. Half-way down, where it was impossible for a goat to have found foothold, there was a little bush, and fluttering from it a tattered strip of pink-and-white flannel.

There was no mistaking it for anything but a shred of Jimmie's wonderful pyjamas.

The stranger looked out over the sea. The white wings of a hurricane bird fanned his face, and he moved. He took Felisi by the shoulders and shook her.

"You lie!" he said fiercely. "Where is

he?"

"You kill him!" sobbed Felisi, and he could get nothing else out of her.

The very best of search-parties scoured the little island of Ovalau for a fortnight. Then the stranger went home in a big steamer.

Felisi and Jimmie watched it, from the cliff, slowly dissolving into the heat haze. Then the work of the factory was resumed, and Jimmie sat in his favourite seat, declaiming to the sunshine—

> "Thrice-blessed Isle of Ovalau, Thou art my mother, father, friend . . . . trow, plow, cow, now, how . . . ."



## FROM SALONICA TO THE ALBANIAN COAST

#### By the late MAJOR CLAUDE ASKEW

The following article has a pathetic interest as one of the last few manuscripts sent to England by the author before he and his gifted wife and collaborator met their tragic death, through the torpedoing of a vessel on which they were returning to their War duties at Salonica and in Corfu, after a brief absence in Italy in connection with the work of the Serbian Red Cross. By a sad coincidence, this theme is introduced with a reference to the submarine peril, to which Major and Mrs. Askew fell victims within a few weeks of the dispatch of this article.—Ed.



HE possibility, in these days of submarine dangers, of travelling from England to Salonica, or vice versa, by a route which involves but a few hours' voyage by sea, is one worthy

of more than passing interest.

With a Serbian friend I set out somewhat in the spirit of adventure. Others had travelled that way, so why should not we? Certainly we could not hear of anyone who had made the journey without being provided with a car, and in one case reported to us the car had broken down on a bad piece of road, and a long tramp on foot had been the result. But we counted upon getting lifts on lorries; we had made up our minds that there must be lorries running from place to place.

"I don't think you will find any between So-and-so and So-and-so," somebody warned us; but we waved the objection lightly aside—it was only a matter of fifty kilometres or so, and probably we could get horses or mules. If not—well, it wouldn't hurt us to

go on foot.

Permission to use the road was accorded to us easily enough, but there was some shaking of heads when we explained that we proposed to start without any definite arrangement of transport, and nobody could reply with any certainty about the lorries, nor if, granted their existence, the drivers would be entitled to give us a lift. Accustomed, however, to the civility of chauffeurs, French, English, and Italian, on the Macedonian roads, we had little fear on this score; also previous experience of

travelling had made us very confident of meeting with general good-will and friendly assistance at the various camps we should pass *en route*. Let me say at once that in this latter assumption we were abundantly justified.

But I am not so sure about the lifts on the lorries, even if there had been as many of these as we, in our ignorance, had imagined. For it was soon pointed out to us that drivers of cars on this route are not allowed, as in Macedonia, to pick up chance travellers; and, indeed, our own chauffeurs had several times to reject such applications, though there was room enough on the cars.

With luck, a good car, and not much allowance for rest, the whole journey between Salonica and Santi Quaranta—whence it is but a short sea voyage to Corfu or Brindisi—may be accomplished in two days. The total distance is some four hundred and sixty kilometres. This, of course, is a tremendous score from the point of view of time alone.

Naturally, however, not knowing what chance might befall us, we had no such ambition. We expected to be quite four or five days en route, and should not have been surprised if we had been a week. As a matter of fact, we left Salonica on a Wednesday night, and reached Corfu the following Monday evening, while for two out of these five days we were not really travelling.

The first hundred and fifty kilometres of the journey—that is to say, from Salonica to Florina—may be accomplished by train; and, having at various times suffered all manner of vicissitudes on the Monastir railway, I was more than a little surprised to learn that we might expect to reach our destination in seven or eight hours.

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Twenty-four would have been nearer the mark that I was accustomed to.

Of course, there would have been nothing to cavil at, even had such a call upon our time been demanded. Trains in the war zone do not run for the convenience of the

ordinary traveller; and so, if you have a journey to make, you must put up with what you can get. There is no timetable—or a very poor pretence at one-so the best thing you can do is to turn up at the station with your luggage-if you happen to have any - and sit upon it until the train arrives or is ready If you should happen to start. to be at a terminus, like Salonica, where there are many pairs of rails, you may experience considerable difficulty in finding your train, for it will not meet your convenience by being drawn up at a platform. You must set off on a voyage of discovery in

search of it, circumnavigating other trains, scrambling under cars or over couplings, dodging engines. It is quite an exciting game, and not wholly unattended by risk, especially if you are travelling by night, and the night happens to be dark and stormy.

Your train found, you will be sadly disappointed if you were expecting much in the way of comfort. Probably one third-class car, in rather battered condition, constitutes all the provision made for travellers. More often than not you will have to instal yourself in a fourgon, or covered van, among the sacks of flour or other description of goods with which the train may be laden. It is possible that you may find nothing better than an open truck. And all this is as it should be, for the provisioning of the troops at the Front is the thing that matters.

As to the time you may expend even upon the shortest journey, it is quite impossible to make forecast. As already mentioned, it is not possible to observe regularity in the running of trains.

I have been held up for as much as five hours at a little wayside station, while from twelve to fifteen hours is quite a usual thing for a journey of, say, eighty kilometres.

A friend of mine, travelling up the line, got into the train at Salonica at about ten o'clock at night, and promptly went to sleep. He woke at seven in the morning, expecting

to be near his destination. The train being at rest in a station, he descended to see if he could get a cup of coffee. Then, the aspect of the station appearing familiar, he inquired where he was. He was informed that he was still at Salonica. He spent forty-eight



THE MARKET-PLACE AT FLORINA.

hours on that journey instead of the nine or ten that he had anticipated.

My own record is twelve hours over the accomplishment of as many kilometres. This was not on the main line, however, but on a "Decauville," or light railway. Of course, we—my companion on this occasion was a newspaper correspondent—could have walked quite easily, but we were encumbered with luggage. The twelfth kilometre left us another six from our destination, and here, luckily, we found that Serbian Headquarters had come to our rescue by sending a cart and horses to convey us the rest of the way over a road which at that time, owing to heavy rains, happened to be in an almost impassable condition. We got in at two o'clock in the morning, and it says much for Serbian hospitality that a hot dinner awaited As for the train, I don't believe it ever arrived at all.

One can travel with greater speed on the main line, if one is lucky enough to be admitted to a hospital train; but there are rather strict regulations as to this, which also, of course, is as it should be.

Considering everything, therefore, it was a pleasant surprise to find ourselves at our destination, Florina, after a short night journey of eight hours. It was also, comparatively, speaking, a novelty to be able to get through as far as Florina, which is not far distant from Monastir, still, unfortunately, under the shell-fire of the

enemy. Until quite recently the terminus of the line was at Ekchisou, beyond which was a big bridge blown up by the Bulgars on their retreat, which has now been replaced by a viaduct skirting the side of the cliff.

The railway to Monastir follows an erratic course. It was constructed in the days of the Turk, and as the dues payable to the State were reckoned per kilometre, the reason for its many deviations may be readily understood. One wonders, while they were about it, that the constructors of the line hesitated in several cases to deviate quite as fully as they might. Verria, Niaoussa, and Florina itself are distant by a good many kilometres from their stations.

Rail and road come together at Vertikop, some eighty kilometres from Salonica, where the great unhealthy plain is left behind, and the ascent into the mountains begins. They travel together for a space only, for beyond Ostrovo another great deviation is made by the rail, in order to touch the little town of The casual traveller, however, Sorovitch. would not regret this, for it enables him to obtain charming and characteristic views over the Ostrovo lake—a lake which, by the way, is considerably encroaching upon the land, especially in the neighbourhood of the town, where to-day numbers of trees stand partially submerged which I can remember high, and dry two years ago. At that time, too, there was a little



A TYPICAL SCENE IN A MACEDONIAN VILLAGE ON THE SERBIAN FRONT.

promontory with the ruins of a Turkish tower upon it, which it was just possible to reach dry-footed; to-day the promontory is a veritable island, and may justly give its name to the lake, Ostrovo meaning "island."

Ostrovo is particularly memorable to me

as the spot where three friends and myself were compelled ingloriously to abandon the attempt to drive a couple of cars from Salonica to Monastir, whence we proposed to continue the journey across the whole length of Serbia, for this was before the days of that country's great disaster. had not sufficiently reckoned with the condition of the road. From Vodena, up to which all was plain sailing, the road was little more than a track plentifully interspersed with great boulders. How we ever. succeeded in climbing the hill to Vladovo is still a mystery to me. Certainly it demanded the combined effort of all the available villagers to drag the cars up the latter part of the slope, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that there was not one among them who had ever seen a car in that place before. It may be imagined that our arrival caused some excitement, as also it did at Ostrovo, where all the town turned out to see us.

It is very different to-day. The road, if still not of the best, is practicable for motor-cars of all dimensions, and not even the school-children of Ostrovo will exhibit any particular interest in the constant procession that passes their doors in one direction or the other.

We met with one or two narrow escapes on that eventful journey, especially as we lost our way the other side of Vladovo, and

had to descend to the plain by narrow, precipitous tracks encumbered by stones brought down by recent rain. But it was the mud of Ostrovo that defeated us in the end. beyond the town, and before the road rises again, there is a broad stretch of land which becomes a regular slough after rain, while it is a glorified sandpit when the weather is dry. In either case it presents a most serious obstacle to motor traffic, and only quite recently, I believe, has the difficulty been Many a efficiently overcome. lorry driver last year has good reason to remember the Ostrovo

Luckily for us, we had the railway to fall back upon. We spent the night on our cars—as Ostrovo had no decent accommodation to offer—a prey to mosquitoes, and each one of us taking his turn to watch, as we were warned that the place was infested with

thieves, and worse. The next day we got our battered cars on the train, and returned, somewhat crestfallen, to Salonica. There was only one train a day in each direction then; I could hardly venture on a guess as to how many pass through Ostrovo station now.

The road from Salonica to Florina follows, for the most part, the famous Via Egnatia, the Roman-built communicating way between the great capital of the world and Constantinople. It traverses Salonica from west to east to-day, even as it did in those bygone times, and the street, still bearing the Roman name, is one concerning which many chapters might be written without thoroughly exhausting the subject. Its course eastward to Constantinople does not for the moment concern us; but if you should be travelling west to Florina or Monastir by road, instead of by train, you will often enough be reminded that you are traversing historic ground. Here and there the Roman paving can easily be traced, and, especially in the neighbourhood of Florina, there abundant remains in the shape of walls, ditches, cisterns, and ground-works.

But your mind will more easily dwell upon a yet earlier civilisation. You are in the land of great Philip of Macedon and his still greater son. The capital of Alexander was near Yénitsé-Vardar, some thirty miles west of Salonica, once a great seaport, and

famous for the beauty of its

houses and gardens.

You could hardly believe it Practically nothing renow. mains of the ancient city. Yénitsé-Vardar is a typical little Turkish town, sun-beaten in the midst of the great low-lying, malaria - stricken plain of the Vardar, the sea hardly in view. The road lies like a great basking snake, white with dust, across this plain. On either side are stretches of marshy, uncultivated land, with muddy pools in which buffaloes, looking like great hippopotami, love to wallow; great flocks of black-and-white sheep and goats crop what herbage they may; horses and

cattle, roaming practically at will, stare stupidly, still half frightened, at the scurrying cars and at the tireless human traffic that has now mysteriously invaded the land that has been theirs by right of ages.

For the comforting shade of trees you will

look in vain. It is not a pleasant land to dwell in, as they whom duty has summoned here, and whose camps lie white on either side of the road for many miles out of Salonica, will readily affirm. It will be good for them when they may once more raise their tents and leave the Vardar plain to its native desolation.

You will be glad to reach Vertikop, with its railway depot, so often the mark for enemy aeroplanes, for here you are at the foot of the hills, and the Vardar plain will be finally left behind. A couple of kilometres from the station, and close to the road, you will find a regular city of tents; it is formed by a couple of big British hospitals for the Serbs, giving accommodation together for some three thousand patients.

Here, after the manner of the Monastir railway, I should like to make a wide digression in order to sing the praise of these hospitals and of the excellent work which they have accomplished, in spite of peculiar outside administrative conditions which are their misfortune and not their fault. I should like to tell of the difficulties that befell them upon their first arrival in the torrid heat of July 1916—how they, their hundreds of tents, and their accumulation of valuable stores, were dumped down by the side of the railway, with no labour of any sort available to remove the goods, and nobody, apparently,



GROUP OF OFFICERS FROM A "DEPÔT DI TAPPA" ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

responsible for the supply of such labour; yet how they all set to work with a will under the burning sun, accomplished the most essential of the work for themselves, and were able, the next day, to open their tents for the receiving of patients. I could tell,

too, of the many hostile aeroplane attacks—in certain instances deliberate—and of the conspicuous bravery of the nurses, among whom were those who sacrificed their lives to their devotion to their patients. I could quote, with pleasure, Serbian opinion of the



AMONG THE RUINS AT SANTI QUARANTA.

English, and English opinion of the Serb. Finally, from my own experience, I could let myself go on the invariable courtesy and hospitality extended by all, from the commanding officer downwards, to those who may stand in need of rest and entertainment.

Regretfully, however, I must tear myself from Vertikop and point out to you the steep road up the hill to Vodena, one-time capital of Macedonia. You will reach it by car in half an hour, but the train panting up the slope, with its two powerful engines, will usually take double the time.

I can imagine—so remarkable is its site, so unique its water-channelled streets—that a day may come when Vodena may be regarded as one of Europe's beauty spots. Then, perhaps, decent provision may be made for the traveller. Accommodation is better even now than is usually to be expected in similar towns of Turkish habit; but that is poor praise, and it will be long, even in peace-time, before the fastidious will care to travel in Macedonia.

The town—associated with the name of Philip of Macedon, whose remains are reputedly preserved in a monastery at the base of the hill—contains some fifteen thousand inhabitants. It stands on the edge of a steep cliff, over which the water of many streams throws itself in surging cascade to the valley below. One or two factories already make use of this water-power, and

you will notice that many houses possess primitive little wheels by which their own water-supply is constantly preserved. The Turk is fond of waterways in his towns and villages, but, unfortunately, the cleanliness suggested is not to be found in Macedonia.

As usual, the paving in the maze of narrow streets is execrable, and there is the added danger of great gaps where it has broken down over some hidden stream. To walk or drive through Vodena in the dark is no task lightly to be undertaken.

Of Ostrovo I have already spoken. Here you approach the scene of heavy fighting in 1916, for all this part of Macedonia was occupied by the Bulgars in their so-called peaceful penetration of Greek territory for strategic purposes. How they were gradually thrown back until Macedonia was clear of them

belongs to the war history of that year, and mainly to the credit of the Serbs.

It was my good fortune to be on the road to Gornitchovo, the next village of importance after Ostrovo, when this spot was cleared of the Bulgars. The heavy French artillery had been too much for them here, as in many other places, and they took to flight, leaving the village strewn with their dead.

From here onwards to Florina, in shellriddled houses, crumbling walls, and ruined edifices—especially churches—you may see much evidence of Bulgar occupation of the territory of their Greek friends; but you will turn away from the scene of recent fighting -Monastir and the famous Buckle of the Czerna—for the road to Florina branches off from that to Monastir at Banitsa, where you descend from the hills into the plain of the Czerna, and where you find yourself once more in a region of tents and camps, and where, along the road, you will meet men of so many nationalities that you may almost imagine yourself travelling, in a brief space, over the greater half of the world. A bend of the road will carry you from Europe to the Far East; another turn, and the lithe, child-like Senegalese—most useful, though, in all manner of work behind the line-give place to tall, stalwart negroes, and you wonder what enchantment has carried you to the All races and conditions of heart of Africa. men have been represented at Salonica.

Arrived at Florina on our cross-country journey, we quickly found that our anticipation of easy transport was not to be realised. Luckily I possessed a letter of introduction to the Italian "Comando di Tappa," who had the arranging of such matters, as far as the Italian cars were concerned, and they were certainly in majority upon the road; but the unfortunate part about it was that he was not stationed at Florina, but at a spot towards the Front, in exactly the contrary direction to that by which we wanted to travel.

However, there was no choice, so we got a lift for the drive of sixteen kilometres, amid scenes redolent of active warfare; and it was only to be informed, most civilly, that the particular permission we required could be granted solely by the Chef d'État Major himself, and to obtain this we must perforce travel a further dozen kilometres or so out of our way to interview another officer of the "Tappa," who would communicate by telephone for us with headquarters, more distant still from our line of route.

Being in no absorbing hurry, and never having visited the Italian front, this deviation provided us with unexpected interest. it carried us into reconquered Serbian territory—for the first time since the great retreat, in my friend's case, though not in my own.

At X-- we were most hospitably enter-The Italians, both in their own country and out of it, have won, during this War, a high reputation for their consideration and helpfulness towards the stranger in their midst, and, for my part, I cannot say too much in their praise in this respect. record of our journey to Santi Quaranta under Italian auspices may stand as some confirmation of the statement.

My friend, justly afraid of the possibility that we might find ourselves stranded en route, had insisted upon a full supply of provisions and other necessities being carried with us; we conveyed these quite safely to Corfu, almost untouched.

We remained for two nights at Xthe familiar sound of artillery and bursting shrapnel pretty constantly in our ears. village itself is little more than a collection of crumbling walls; but these have been roofed where possible, and huts erected for the convenience of the officers. saw a more shell-riddled building than that devoted to the Staff mess.

The reason for delay was not that we did not obtain our permission to travel.

We received our formal "permits" on the first day, with the kind assistance of my friend, the English liaison officer to the Italian General Staff. It was simply that

no car happened to be going through.

We left X——, at 3.30 a.m. on a morning unexpectedly cold for the time of year. over-zealous soldier had called us at two, and as we had packed overnight, we had nothing to do but walk up and down for an hour in the starlight, and conjecture upon the direction of the tireless artillery fire. Later on I had reason to regret that I had not filled in the time by putting on warmer clothes; it was really cold when we climbed the heights beyond Florina.

We did not get back to Florina as quickly as anticipated. We mistook the road in the light morning mist that lay like some miraged lake upon the valley, and we were nearly in Monastir before the error was realised. The sun was rising behind grim outlined Kaimaktchalan, so long and fiercely contested, so gloriously won by Serbian pluck and endurance, when we regained our course and at last found ourselves in

Florina once more.

Florina, called "Lerin" by the Bulgars, is a little town of some twelve thousand inhabitants, chiefly Turks and Albanian Mussulmans. It was once renowned for its dancing girls, a hundred or so gipsy families supplying these for all European Turkey. It consists mainly of one long street, where the picturesque Macedonian peasant dress is well in evidence. It is situated at the mouth of a gorge sloping up into the mountains, and it is by this steep ascent that one enters Albania proper. Soon after noon we reached Koritsa, where a halt was called for the midday meal.

Our strongest impression of this part of South-Eastern Albania was the striking contrast it presents to the north and centre. We found well-cultivated fields, peacefullooking villages, a conventionally attired population. Where were the fierce Albanian tribesmen, with their weird, clown-like costumes and their extraordinary fancy in headgear, with whom we had been too closely acquainted in the north? were the fortress-like houses, with their lookout towers and their many loopholes for shooting purposes? Instead of entering a wild country, it seemed as if we had come to a more civilised one than that which we had left behind. Certainly Italian influence has made itself felt all over Southern Albania.

We were almost ashamed of the revolvers

in our belts. It was not so much, however, with the idea of guarding ourselves against Albanian brigandage that we had been advised to go armed, as against the by no means improbable interference of Greek comitadiis. Political feeling at the time we selected for our journey was running pretty high, and though we might come through unscathed, we knew that others had not been so lucky. Furthermore, the road in places approaches pretty near to Bulgarian occupied territory, and its complete clearance of the enemy was a matter of comparatively recent date. No doubt by now it is as safe as any road on the Salonica front.

Koritsa is a town of some importance, but in my brief survey of it I missed the colour and the characteristics which I had expected. To my mind it was too conventional for its out-of-the-world situation; nor, indeed, did I find anything that came up to my ideas of real Albania until we reached Lyaskoviki—that made up for much.

Lyaskoviki, situated a good thousand metres above sea-level, might, indeed, be a brigand's stronghold. It is seen at its best as one approaches from the other direction; then, as one slowly ascends, one gets repeated views of it frowning down from the mountain ridge, and of the great conical stony mass that stands sentinel above it. For ourselves, we came down upon the town—which shows the height to which we had ascended—by a very steep zig-zagging road, and rarely have I travelled so fast on so dangerous an incline.

There was reason for our speed. At a particularly sharp turn we had come across an Italian lorry which had met with a bad accident, the driver having taken the bend too abruptly. He himself was unhurt, but his passenger, a non-commissioned officer, had his foot nearly wrenched off. The wounded man sat quietly by the roadside, waiting for help, while the chauffeur lay prone, his face buried in his hands, wailing loudly in a very agony of remorse.

We lost no time in picking up the injured soldier, who behaved with the most admirable pluck and endurance. He essayed to comfort the sobbing chauffeur, and, once in the car, he shook hands with us all, cried "Vivent les Allies!" and tried to sing. We set off at breakneck speed, leaving the unfortunate chauffeur still wailing disconsolately by the wreck of his car. His cries echoed in my ears for some time afterwards. I do not think I blamed him

for his tears—mental pain is harder to endure stoically than much physical suffering.

And so we swept into Lyaskoviki. I might have wondered more at the pace attained to, had I not already experienced what Italian lorries are capable of in this direction. I once crossed the "danger zone" of bombarded Monastir in an Italian "camera," and I have never travelled so fast in my life.

We made no longer stay at Lyaskoviki than was necessary for the needs of the patient, and, descending the slope, we enjoyed a wonderful backward view of the town through a mist of rain that lifted gradually like some hazy curtain at a theatre. The conical mountain, appearing huger and huger as our elevation decreased, was stained blood red by the rays of a setting sun that ourselves we could not see. Distant thunder still rumbled among the hills. We had had several storms that day, but I was not disposed to grumble that the tail of one had followed us to Lyaskoviki—it was all

so fitting to the picture. We spent the night at a little spot called Perati, where the Italians have a depôt of the "Tappa." There was but one officer there, and the little camp, by the side of a stream in well-wooded country, suggested forcibly the home of some voluntary recluse from the We were entertained as royally as circumstances permitted—even to a bottle of sweet champagne—and we enjoyed the wonderful sweetness and stillness of the night, war seeming very far away; and yet, as matters then stood, the position for our Italian friend, if not for ourselves, was anything but a secure one, no one being able to foretell from one day to another what might transpire in the adjoining territory of Greece.

For a little while, the following day, we passed back into Greece, for the road descends south as far as Delvinaki, where it makes a sharp bend to the west and re-enters Albania. We were travelling in greater comfort now, for our friend at Perati had placed a car at our private disposition, and so we were able to enjoy at our leisure the delightful scenery of this part of the road, utterly different to any of that of the preceding day.

It was like driving through miles of an undulating English park. There was little of cultivated land, but the road, in excellent condition here, wound up and down through shady avenues and on the slope of tree-covered hills, with, every now and then, panoramic

views, kaleidoscopic in colour, over sunny valleys to the tall peaks of distant mountains. Plenty of villages nestled here and there, but, practically speaking, the road passes none till, back in Albania, Delvino is reached, and Delvino is a little town rather than a village.

But long before this the scenery has changed again. The broad, dusty valley in which lies the town of Argyrokastron—we do not touch it—is crossed, and then we are among the mountains again, perpendicular-sided, black, bare, and repellent, striated slate-wise—mountains that make one dizzy to look at, if it were not for the glorious masses of yellow broom that soften their grimness. It is from these strongholds that one descends upon Delvino.

The little town was gaily beflagged, and its pleasant, tree-shaded square was crowded by an interested population. Evidently something of importance was on foot. Black-coated gentlemen, sporting the national fez, and comely maidens, in light summer frocks of quite Parisian design, provided a picture

startling enough in such a place.

The centre of the crowd was formed by a batch of Italian officers, and troops were drawn up round the square. We had just arrived too late, so it transpired, to hear the proclamation of Albanian independence under the protection of Italy.

"This is a great event for Albania," an Italian officer remarked to us. "Her independence is proclaimed to-day in every

town and village of the country."

At Santi Quaranta, where we arrived in time for a late lunch, we were kindly housed and entertained at mess under the auspices of the same colonel who had read the proclamation at Delvino. Naturally, Santi

Quaranta was en fête as well.

The little port is by no means a cheerful spot. It consists mainly of wooden shanties hurriedly constructed to meet requirements; there are not many solidly-built edifices. Certainly, however, these existed in the past, for there are very extensive ruins close by, as well as on the neighbouring hills. One of these is the remains of an ancient monastery.



"ON THE RIBBLE." BY HENRY DAWSON.
From the original in the Public Art Gallery, Leicester

# THE PACIFIST

#### By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.



HERE'S somethin'
about me," said
Lieutenant Tibbetts, in tones of
wonder and admiration, "that's very
cowin'. I've been
told by people, dear
old officer, that
there's a strange
look in my eye—a

sort of terrifyin' glance—er—you know the sort of thing I mean—a sort of concentrated stare like—like——"

"Like a squint?" suggested Hamilton

helpfully.

"Behave yourself, dear sir and senior," enjoined Bones testily. "Of course, I don't mean that. It was rather neatly described here."

He slipped a small leather case from his uniform pocket and extracted a newspaper cutting.

Clearing his voice, he read—

"'Lieutenant Tibbetts, one of the most respected of our Empire builders—a son of Blackford, we are proud to say—is a typical Empire builder. Like other Empire builders, he is modest almost to a fault, quiet, retiring, and courageous——'"

"Where did this fairy story appear?"

asked Hamilton curiously.

"It is from The Blackford Herald," said Bones.

When he was being unusually severe, he dropped his chin to his breast and stared solemnly over invisible spectacles. It was a habit, he had explained, which he had caught from a whilom schoolmaster. In such a manner did he now regard his unabashed superior.

"Read on, good gossip," said Hamilton

cheerilv

"'Quiet, retiring, and courageous,'" continued Bones. "'He has the Empire builder's eyes—grey, deep-set, and inscrutable. He has the Empire builder's—.'"

"Nose," suggested Hamilton—"long, red, and impossible. Really, Bones, when did you build all these theatres? You never told us anything about it, you secretive dog. Go on."

"There's no more," said Bones shortly.

"'Inscrutable' was the word I was after."

"But what is this all about, Bones?"
asked Patricia Hamilton, balancing herself
on the broad ledge of the verandah rail.

"Nobody said you weren't overpowering.
I'm sure that, when you look at me, I go
quite shivery."

"Do you really?" demanded the delighted Bones. "Do you really, dear old sister? It's personality, dear old princess—a sort of—well, it's somethin' that inspires confidence."

"Angels and ministers of grace!" exclaimed

Hamilton piously.

"Why do people bring their troubles to me?" demanded Bones rapidly. "Why do people ask me to act as a sort of mediator, dear old Ham? I ask you why?"

"Am I bound to answer?"

"I ask you, sir and Excellency." Bones was getting excited; Hamilton, in his flippant mood, usually had that effect. "Why is it, sir and jolly old Excellency, if it ain't personality?"

Mr. Commissioner Sanders put down the Blue Book he was reading, and smiled up

at the red-faced young man.

"Because you've a clean mind and a clean heart, Bones," he said, "and people know that."

"And because I'm jolly shrewd, sir," insisted Bones immodestly, "an' I've got the knack of pacifyin' people with a word in season."

"It might even be that," admitted Sanders from behind his book.

"By the way, Bones, who wrote that thrilling description of Bones, the Empire builder, you've just read to us?" asked Hamilton.

Bones hunched his shoulders.

"Dear old Ham," he said carelessly, "these things get into the papers."

"Did you write it yourself?"

Bones eyed the other with a pained smile.

"What a perfectly horrible opinion you have of me, dear old sir!" he said reproachfully.

"But did you?"

"There are some matters, sir and respected captain, which I must refuse to discuss."

"But did you?"

Bones wagged his head in sheer exaspera-

"If you insist upon poking your-upon prying into my affairs, sir—deuced ungentlemanly I call it—I admit that I supplied a

few particulars."

All this was the sequel to the fact that Bones had undoubtedly pacified the enraged wife of Sergeant Ahmet Ali, upon whose character the wife of Private Mahmud Kabbatt had cast aspersions. The husbands of these ladies being temporarily absent from the station, Bones had set himself the task of restoring harmony between the Kano women-who had reached the stage of annovance when they were searching their huts for their lords' razors-and had marvellously succeeded.

"You're a truly great pacifier, Bones," soothed Hamilton. "You are wasted on the The next time there's a war palaver, sir "—he turned to Sanders—"I vote we let Bones turn loose his personality upon the belligerents. Unfortunately, we're all at

peace."

"Touch wood," said Sanders, reaching for

the rails.

Bones, behind his superior's back, winked at the girl and gently tapped Hamilton's helmet—a huge jest which sent them both into shrieks of insane laughter.

"Oh, you Empire builder!" said Hamilton

scathingly.

Well might Sanders touch wood, for war

was stewing on the Upper River.

Bosambo, chief of the Ochori and ruler of the High Rivers, was patient and kindly up to a point. Beyond that he was both brusque It was not long before he came and rude. to that point with Gigini, the elder son of M'furu, chief of the Inner N'gombi. For Gigini was a tedious talker and given to roundabout metaphors, utilising the imagery of forest and river and heavens to convey his turgid thoughts.

"Since the sun came up I have listened to you, Gigini," said the weary Bosambo, "and you have likened me to the strong trees and the little weaver birds, also to snakes and monkeys, and yet I am no wiser. Also you speak of kings and chiefs and of people as of leopards and ants, and yet I

know nothing of your meaning.

"Lord Bosambo, I am a great talker," said the other proudly, "and I am very cunning. Few understand me, for I am a mystery. Often I sit for days in the forest, thinking of wonderful sayings which are mysterious to all but me, therefore I am called 'O-Ko-churu, The Surprising Speaker."

Bosambo looked at the other for elementary evidence of lunacy. But his eyes were clear and his skin was bright, and if he spoke

wildly he spoke coherently.
"Gigini," he said, "because your father is a great chief and my friend, and because cala-cala you came to me in the forests of your father and showed me where the okapi had been, I will do much for you. Now, tell me no riddles, but speak straight, for I have sat with you since sun-up, and I am tired."

But to speak straight was not the way of Gigini, and he propounded a riddle, simpler

than all the rest—

"Ten men went, by dark of night, to fish in a little river, and that which they took with them was as great as the canoe, yet the rain came, and there was nothing left.'

"Salt," said Bosambo.

"A father had a loving son, but the father was cruel and beat the fruit that grew from him, if he stole. Yet it was not stealing, for one day the father would die, and all that was his would be his son's. Moreover, it was a shame that the city of the Inner N'gombi should see its future chief beaten for ten bags given to the wife of the slave M'lami-Kosogo."

"O Gigini, your father will beat you because you have taken ten bags of salt and given them to a woman; and I am to give you ten bags, and one day, when you are chief, you will repay me. O ko! Do I sit here from the sun-under-the-trees to the

sun-without-shadows for salt?"

"Lord," said the abashed Gigini, "this is For my father has many men who are not men, who are free, yet are bound, who live, yet are dead."

"Slaves," guessed the exasperated Bosambo. "O tongue that runs like a river! O monkey that says 'Cheepi-chee'! Tell me all before

the shadow touches my foot, or go."

So the talkative man spoke of a grievance. For the father had amongst his slaves one who had lost two fingers, and as such was For the native secretly worthy of death. slays the maimed and the abnormal, and not all the laws of white men will prevent the practice of his crude eugenics. And this slave it was who had betrayed Gigini, telling of the salt which he gave to the woman, and

now Gigini desired the man's life.

"And because you are my friend, Bosambo, I ask you to buy this man and give him to me, for the chief-my father-will not let me take him, and if I kill him and he is not my slave---"

Bosambo rose.

"Gigini," he said, "salt you may have from my great store, which Sandi has given me because he loves me, but I buy no slaves, and if I buy them, they come to me as mine. Also Sandi has spoken the word that no man shall die save at his hands, whether he be a slave or a noble. And I am Sandi's man, and I keep the law for him through all this land; and I tell you, Gigini, that if you kill this slave, and it shall come to my ears, I shall take you and hold you for my master. This palaver is finished."

Gigini went away, carrying ten bags of salt, and Bosambo heard no more of him for a Then one day his spies brought word from the city of the Inner N'gombi that M'furu had taken his son into favour, and had given him two slaves, one of whom had certain fingers missing from his right hand. That day Bosambo took a pigeon from a great cage which had been made in the shade of the trees, and flung it into the He watched it circle higher and higher, until it turned southward and disappeared.

Two days later there fluttered down to the cage another pigeon, very weary and very hungry, and Bosambo carefully removed the slip of thin paper which was fastened to the red legs of the bird, smoothed it out, and read, with some labour, the answer to

his message—

"To Bosambo, in the Ochori city "Peace on your house.

"Send word to Gigini, the son of M'furu, that when the rains cease I will come, and he shall bring to me this slave without fingers; and later I shall come again, and also he shall bring the slave, and if he says that his slave has gone a long journey, or has died or is ill, I shall take Gigini, the son of M'furu, with me to the Village of Irons, and there he shall stay until his slave returns.

"At my fine house where the river ends by the sea."

Bosambo was instructing his messengers before his hut, when he heard a shrill outcry at the southern end of the village, and stood up. He heard a dozen voices cry "Salt, salt!" and he saw the crowd open to allow the

passage of a dust-stained man, who swayed as he ran. A minute later the new-comer had flung himself at his feet. He was panting, almost breathless, his arms and his legs were scratched and bleeding, which showed that he had left the beaten path and had run through the thorn bushes; but the hand which was raised in supplication to Bosambo interested the chief most of all, for it was minus two fingers.

"Salt!" cried the man hoarsely.

Bosambo looked down at him and stroked his chin. The man's eyes were wide with fear. He watched Bosambo eagerly, appealingly, for on the next action which the chief took depended his life. Bosambo turned to his headman, nodded, and his capita disappeared into a hut. The chief's keen eyes looked back the way the man had come. He saw a group of running men passing from the forest towards the village street, and the sunlight glittered and gleamed upon their polished spear-heads. The headman returned, and in his hand was a small heap of salt, which Bosambo scooped into his open palm. He leant forward and offered the salt to the With trembling fingers he took a pinch and smeared it on his lips, deliberately, finickingly almost. The chief followed his He damped his finger, lightly example. touched the salt, and as lightly touched his own lips, emptied the salt from his hand into that of the waiting headman, and leant back expectantly.

He had not long to wait. Gigini, at the head of four spearsmen, elbowed his way through the group.

"This is my slave, Bosambo," he said. Bosambo held out his hand. The white, glittering dust of the salt still lay on his

"Look, Gigini," he said, "this man has

eaten salt."

The young man's face was puckered with

"This man is my slave," he repeated. There was a murmur from the big crowd who now surrounded the group, for Gigini's insistence was little short of indecent, for if a slave escapes from one chief and is given salt by another, he has automatically changed masters. That is the law of the country, and has been the law from immemorial time.\*

<sup>\*</sup> In some parts of wild Africa, particularly in the In some parts of what Arica, partendary in the Lower Congo, the exchange is made by the sharing of goat flesh; in others, by the breaking of bread. The custom may very easily be traced to the Semitic influences which are observable throughout Central Africa, and probably dates back to the period anterior to the growth of the Babylonian Empire. - E. W.

"Salt is salt," said Bosambo briskly, "and I tell you, Gigini, that this man is a slave of the Ochori, and lives behind my spears."

"Am I so little a one? Am I not the son

of M'furu, the great chief?"

"Who knows?" said the philosophical Bosambo. "But if you were the son of all the chiefs, this man is salt."

Gigini restrained himself with a mighty effort. Threats would not serve him, that

he well knew.

"Bosambo," he cried, "you have been my friend and the friend of my father; also I have given you many kindnesses, and we have been like brothers."

"Also," said Bosambo, "I have lent you ten bags of salt, which is most wonderful of all, and I think you have now come to give me back those ten bags and one other bag for interest, for I am very poor."

"I will bring you twenty bags," said Gigini eagerly, "also ten fathoms of cloth and two pigs, and you shall return me my slave."

Again there was a murmur, for a slave who buys his freedom by the supreme risk of salt cannot be bought. He automatically gains his liberty in that strange ceremony, and Ochori sentiment was outraged at the suggestion that ancient custom should be amended.

"This palaver is finished," said Bosambo.
"You shall remember me," said Gigini,

shaking his fist.

"Gigini," said the other, "when I go into my fine store, I see ten little circles with dust about them, where once were laid ten beautiful bags of salt, and when I think of these fine bags, I remember you also."

Gigini went away with his four spearsmen, and the slave who had lost two fingers became a free man of the Ochori. And Bosambo learnt that his name was M'lami-Kosogo, the same M'lami-Kosogo to whose wife Gigini had given his treasure of salt.

And then, a fortnight later, in the darkest hour of the night, came M'furu and three hundred spears to the edge of the Ochori village. They were selected spears, drawn from people who are notorious fighters, but they had little opportunity for displaying their valour.

It was unfortunate for him that M'furu himself led the band that passed, in single file, along the forest road that led to the village, for Bosambo had constructed a large elephant trap right in the centre of the path to the royal kraal, and M'furu and his son, who held the post of honour, were at the bottom of a ten-foot pit before they realised

that the ground they trod lacked stability. And for their followers, they fled.

The side of the pit was very smooth— Bosambo had seen to that. Neither M'furu nor his son could secure a grip of the edge, which had been most carefully rounded, and from which all the long grass and bushes had been cleared. Bosambo had seen to Nor did their stabbing spears, that, too. when dug into the angle of the pit, give them the slightest assistance to escape; and. if the truth be told, had they reached the surface of the level of the ground, they would have been pushed back again by the four headmen who squatted patiently in the bushes, not only willing to do the command of their supreme lord, but most anxious.

It so happened that that night it rained, and a native caught in the open under these circumstances is naturally supremely miserable, so that when the grey morning dawned, and Bosambo, with well-simulated surprise and concern, arrived on the scene and assisted his victims from captivity, his enemies, father and son, were decidedly unhappy—the more so since neither had a legitimate grievance against Bosambo, for he had the rights of spear and bow, fair hunting and trap, net and trident, over all this area.

He entertained them for two days, and, by all accounts, fed them on bad fish and cakes of manioc, which gave them terrible griping pains, and then he sent them back to their

villages, two very vengeful men.

"Lord Bosambo," said Gigini, at parting, and his voice shook with the rage of injured vanity, "I have many wonderful thoughts, and I shall sit in the forest making riddles which no man can guess."

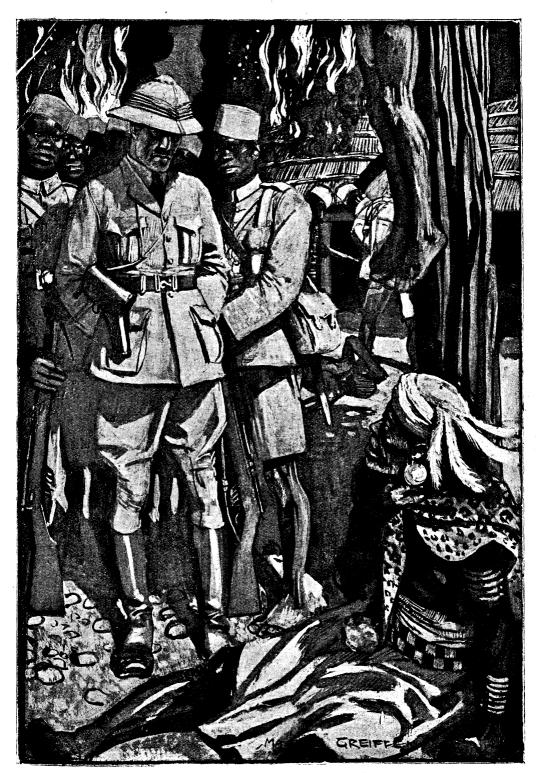
"Riddle me ten bags of salt," said Bosambo brusquely, "that you gave to the woman whose husband you would have killed. Do I know the answer to that riddle, Gigini?"

M'furu and his son took long counsel together, and they called to their palaver several wise men, notoriously artful. And they discussed all manners of means by which Bosambo might be brought low, none of which were entirely satisfactory.

"For if we go to Sandi," said Gigini, discussing one possibility, "how shall we tell him, for whom every leaf in the forest is an ear and every flower an eye, why we went to

the Ochori city with spears?"

"And if, lord king, you take your young men to a killing," said one of the wise headmen called to the conference, "and you follow the river, how may you pass Bosambo's guards, who watch the river by night? It



"M'furn was dying when Sanders reached him."

seems to me that Gigini, who makes riddles, must go to Sandi, and by his great cunning bring Sandi to a mind which will order the

punishment of Bosambo."

Now, it is remarkable that the conference should have reached a decision, and that men should have spoken throughout one long day, and have discussed ways and possibilities, should have canvassed methods and causes, and yet that none should have spoken of the principal cause or offered the simple remedy which the situation called for. Sanders was delivering judgment in the bend of the Isisi, and the white Zaire was surrounded by the canoes of litigants. Gigini, being the son of a ruling chief, was granted an immediate audience.

"Lord," he said, squatting at the feet of the Commissioner on the sunlit upper deck, "I have a great riddle." He settled himself down to a most enjoyable morning. "My greatest enemy is a red snake behind a

hedge of thorns," he began.

The opening riddle was designed to puzzle, if not, indeed, to paralyse; but Sanders knew the answer, for he had a large stock of conventional native proverbs, and this was

one of them.

"O Gigini," he said, "you speak of a man's tongue which sits behind his teeth. and you would tell me that your enemies are speaking evilly of you. Now, I tell you that there is no tongue more dangerous than your own, and you shall speak me straight, for I am here to give the law in plain words, and to hear of men's grievances without disguise, and I tell you this, that if you give me another riddle I shall say: 'Gigini, go home, for this is a very difficult palaver, and you must wait three moons before I give you an answer."

Whereupon Gigini, accepting the situation,

told his story.

"Bosambo has done no wrong," said Sanders, when he had finished, "for the law of salt is not only the law of the Territories, but the law of this great land. As for your slave, he has gone, and there is an end of it."

He rose from his canvas chair and looked

down at the supplicant.

"Much you have told me, Gigini, but on one thing you have not spoken." He paused and eyed the other steadily. "What of the woman?"

"The woman, lord?" stammered Gigini. "O ko! Now I think you have ears bigger than an elephant," he complained dismally, "for none knew of this woman except me and the chief, my father."

"And the slave," said Sanders softly.

Gigini shifted uncomfortably, swaying his body from side to side in his agitation.

"The slave's wife is a slave, too," said Sanders, "yet they tell me she lives in one of your villages like a queen, and has women to wait upon her and young men to dance for her.'

"Lord, you know everything," said Gigini

bitterly.

Sanders returned to headquarters a few days later, and after dinner, on the night of his arrival, he held what Lieutenant Tibbetts described, in his magnificent way, as an imperial council. It was not in accordance with the regulations laid down for the government of Crown territories that one of the four who sat round the Residency table should be a slim girl with grey, laughing eyes, but somehow Patricia Hamilton had made herself indispensable at these "women palavers," and even the fact that they dealt with the elementary passions of a primitive people embarrassed nobody but Bones, who was given to the practice of coughing very loudly and quite unnecessarily at the wrong places.

"It may, of course, be only a salt palayer." said Sanders, "though we have had very few of these in the past years. But salt palavers usually lead to war, and when behind the trouble there is a woman, the signs are not promising. Apparently Gigini, after making her his principal wife, is endeavouring to rid himself of her husband. Nothing can come of this trouble if the lady—whose name, Ahmet tells me, is M'seri—has no particular reason for desiring her husband's death. But since, in this country, it is not considered to be good form for a woman to have two husbands living at the same time, and that fact is taken to reflect both upon her thrift and her ingenuity, I think we may expect

some kind of trouble."

"Why not deport the woman?" asked Hamilton.

"That means postponing, but spreading

the trouble," said Sanders.

"Of course it does. Hamilton, I am surprised at you!" said Bones reproachfully. "How often have I told you that the best thing to do in these circumstances is to go up to the jolly old dame and say: 'Look here, Mrs. What's-your-name, you're giving us a devil of a lot of trouble-\_\_, ,,

"There are ladies present, Bones," said

Patricia Hamilton calmly.

Bones blushed, rose, saluted, apologised, and resumed his seat in almost one movement. "I see no reason to suppose that you could argue with the lady," said Sanders. "The only thing to do is to send somebody up on the Wiggle, to patrol the river between the Ochori city and the mouth of the Isisi. Neither M'furu nor Gigini would move if they knew we were on the spot."

"I am not so sure Bones isn't right," said the girl thoughtfully. "He has a wonderfully persuasive way with these women. Why not let him go up and speak to her?"

"I've got it!" said Bones, jumping up.
"I've got it! Brain!" He tapped his forehead. "I know the exact solution."

"What is it?" asked Hamilton curiously,

but Bones shook his head.

"Give me the Wiggle and a free hand, sir, and I'll restore the troubled situation. Not for nothing, dear old sister, am I called the great peacemaker. I'll have 'em like cooing doves in a fortnight, dear old Excellency. Trust old Bones!"

"What's your plan?" asked Sanders.

"A free hand," said Bones imperiously. "Give me a free hand, dear sir and Excellency. I've got one of the dinkiest little plans—worthy of Napoleon, dear old Ham."

He departed the next day full of confidence. Bones's first call was at the Ochori city, where he interviewed the slave who had lost

two fingers.

"Lord, I am of the Inner N'gombi," said the man, "and I was taken prisoner cala-cala long ago, and have been a slave always. And the woman M'seri, she also was of my tribe, and I built a hut for her, giving her father two fat dogs and a goat as the price of her. This M'seri was a wonderful dancer, and Gigini wanted to take her to his hut as his wife, but his father would have no slave wife for his son. So there was a great palaver, and M'furu beat his son, and also he beat me with a *chicotte*, but he would not put me to death because he feared Sandi. But M'seri spoke in Gigini's ear and cried all night because I was not killed, for she hated me, saying that I shamed her by living when she was Gigini's wife. Then Gigini bought me, and M'seri and he were making a secret killing palaver in the forest, but one of his women cut the hide that bound me."

"Very sad, my poor old sport," said Bones sympathetically. He spoke in English, for Bosambo—something of a linguist—was present, and Bosambo loved an opportunity to display the learning he had acquired at

the Fathers' School at Monrovia.

"That womans, her be bad," said Bosambo.
"She be no good. She lib for make dis

feller dead one time. Then she get spliced dis Gigini bloke."

"My dear Bosambo," said Bones faintly, "your language! Where did you find 'bloke'?"

"She be fine word," said the proud Bosambo. "Plenty ship feller use um."

Bones had a theory, and in his choicest Bomongo he explained his plan. The husband of M'seri listened in perplexity. There were parts he understood, and his eyes brightened. There were other parts that were beyond his grasp.

But when the husband of M'seri had agreed to all that was suggested—though he little comprehended many of the high-falutin arguments that Bones adduced—that young man addressed a letter which he

sent by fast canoe to headquarters.

Spelling was never his strongest point, so please excuse—

"Your Excelency, ladies and gentlemen,— "I have accomplished the imposible!! My idea was this as follows. Recconcile the husband and wife show her show her how naughty &c. she is was is, make her feel sorry for him and awfuly ashamed of herself and then let her steel silently away with her true love love. Gigini will be upset but I'll talk to him for I've got a wonderfull argument which will do the trick do the trick. Dear old old Excelency trust Bones!!! There'll be no trouble no war palayer no Everything will pass off quietly trouble. and you wont know that the iron hand, the velvet glove has been taken off the iron hand. Salute for me noble lady Patricia and the jolly old Centurian Ham.

"Bones P.B. (Pax Britanicca)."

To the village of N'chu—that pleasant, knoll-covering community which lies at the end of a long, broad road through the stateliest trees of the N'gombi forest—came Bones, accompanied by a small escort. He halted on the edge of the village and gave instructions to one of these, a certain man who had lost two fingers from his right hand.

"You shall remain hidden in the wood," he ordered, "yet you shall so stand that you may see me, and when I wave my hand so, you shall make your way secretly to the hut of your wife, and you shall speak very kindly to her, and presently take her away to Bosambo's city."

As for Bones, he walked through the village and stopped before the largest hut,

where a woman sat grinding corn with a big pestle and mortar—a woman with a straight back and a small, proud head well set upon a graceful neck, who looked up at Bones curiously and without fear.

"O M'seri," said Bones, "Sandi has sent me to make a palaver with you, also with

Gigini."

"Gigini is in the forest, lord," said the woman, and went on pounding her corn.

"Then I will make a palaver with you, M'seri," said Bones, "for the heart of Sandi is very sad because you have left your man and gone to the hut of M'furu's son."

"My husband was a slave and a dog," she said calmly, "and Gigini has given me many fathoms of fine cloth, and salt, and other

treasures."

"Yet this man-your husband-loved you, M'seri," said Bones, with a choke. "Every night he cries for you in his empty hut."

"If he were dead, he would not cry," replied the woman, pounding the corn viciously.

"O M'seri," persevered Bones, "if he came to you, you would give him hands?" \*

She thought.

"If he came, Tibbetti? I wish he would come here," she said, and Bones glowed.

"Go to your hut, M'seri," he said, "and I

will hold a palaver with my spirit."

She hesitated, but obeyed, gathering up the heavy pestle and mortar, and disappearing, with one backward glance, into the hut.

The slave without fingers came swiftly to

Bones's signal.

"Go-she is there," said Bones, in a low

He saw the man vanish in the dark opening of the hut, and took out his pocket-book.

"Dear old Commissioner," he wrote, "I Without fuss, without have done the trick! trouble, I have-

There were voices in the He stopped.

hut, and he heard a woman's wail that ended in a sob.

"I have reconciled them. All is peace."

There was a mighty rustling in the hut, and he heard the slave speak sharply. Then the man without fingers appeared.

He was a little out of breath, and he was

bleeding from a cut in the shoulder.

"Lord, it is over," he said.
"Good business," said Bones in English.

"The woman I killed with my hands," said the man, "but Gigini, who was in hiding, I slew with his own spear."

Bones rose, speechless.

"Now I will kill M'furu, the father, and burn his village," the man went on, and, turning, he ran into the forest.

Bosambo heard the news, and flew his S.O.S. pigeons. He took six hundred spears and fought back M'furu's northern army, whilst the loyal chief of the Isisi held the rush to the south. On the seventh day came the Zaire, which shelled the last stronghold of the enraged king before the Houssas stormed the palisade.

M'furu was dying when Sanders reached him. He was lying with his back to a tree, on which he had crucified the slayer of his

son and the attempting murderer of himself. "Lord," he gasped, "it would have been better if you had given me my slave."

"It is better that you die, and all your land is blackened, than that the law be broken," said Sanders sternly.

Later he sought out a very humble Bones that Bones who had come flying down the river, followed by M'furu's war canoes, and had been rescued by the timely intervention of the Zaire.

"It was my fault, Bones," said Sanders. "I should not have allowed you to go without proper equipment. The pacifist who hasn't the support of a Hotchkiss gun isn't a pacifist—he's a provocation."



<sup>\*</sup> Literally, "Would you welcome him?"



"UN CHANT D'AMOUR." BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES, BART.

From a photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

## SONG IN PICTURE

#### By AUSTIN CHESTER

S we saw in a former article in this series on pictures representing subjects from the art of music generally, it is not always appropriate to subdivide any such range of themes into groups instrumental or vocal, since many pictures representing the act of song necessarily include that of instrumental accompaniment. This applies especially to some of the themes which belong chronologically to the earliest records of religious celebrations, both classical and Biblical. William Gale's picture of "The Song of Miriam," after the passing of the Israelites over the Red Sea, for instance, depicts not merely the act of song, but that of choric dance to the music of timbrels; and, passing onward in the allusions to song in the Old Testament, we see in the principal pictures of the boy David singing before Saul, by Joseph Israels, Ernest Normand, and other modern artists, more prominence given to the instrumental music with which the youthful player charms the distracted king than to any exact expression of poetry in words.

Of David we are told that "with his whole heart he sang songs, and loved Him that made him. He set singers before the altar, that by their voices they might make sweet melody and daily sing praises in their songs.

"The singers also sang praises with their voices; with great variety of sound was there made sweet melody."

When, as a youth, he first sang to while away the evil spirit of melancholy of Saul, one wonders with what song he sought to charm "the worm of conscience," and what words he is singing in Israels' fine picture.

The word "song" occurs in the titles of several famous pictures illustrating "The Song of Solomon," but these are more concerned with the pictorial symbolism and Eastern allegory of that exquisite poem than with the act of singing.

Classical literature in part contemporaneous with these pictures of the music of the Old Testament, and pagan myth yet older, have inspired many a painter to express some phase of the art of song. Like the Biblical pictures already mentioned, some of the most

to permit of the return of his beloved Eurydice from the dim Underworld? But there is no such division of the sphere of influence in Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Ulysses and the Sirens," or in William Etty's earlier treatment of the same theme

of the binding of Ulysses to the ship's mast to prevent his succumbing to the alluring song, or in the "Evoe to Bacchus" of Miss Amy Sawyer, or the "A Song of Victory" of Mr. Herbert Horwitz. Clearly vocal and almost even articulate is "The Lament for Icarus" of the mermaids. as painted by Mr. Herbert Draper in his picture, now to be seen in the Chantrey Collection, and equally lyrical is Mr. Wilfrid Glehn in his charming fantasy illustrating the lines—

What songs the mermaids whisper to the gulls, And bid them speed

And bid them speed their way to distant seas.

A m o n g the modern pictures which have been exhibited in recent years we have some half-dozen descriptive of song at so early a date that the chronology of their theme is necessarily precarious. This is the case with "The Hymn to Osiris," a subject, chosen by

subject chosen by Mr. Knighton Warren, and it is almost useless to conjecture when the hymn was first sung.

Song and religion are intimately intermingled. "Hymn" was a word used by the ancient Greeks which signified a song or poem to be sung on some joyful or mournful



"A SONG OF LOVE." BY ISAAC SNOWMAN.

Reproduced from the large plate published by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner & Co.,
Golden Lane, E.C., owners of the copyright.

famous renderings of "Orpheus With His Lute" belong to both divisions of our subject. For who shall distinguish between the perfectly played instrument and the cadence of the perfect voice in such a work as Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's fine picture of Orpheus charming the influences of Hades



"ALLELUIA!" BY T. C. GOTCH.

From the original purchased for the Nation by the Trustees of the Chon'rey Bequest, and now in the National Gallery of British Art. Reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Fyre & Spottiswoode.



"MARIANA, IN SUAKESPEARE'S 'MEASURE FOR MEASURE,' WITH THE PAGE SINGING 'TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY." BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

From a photograph by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

occasion. Hymns and hymn-singing, whether of classical times, as in Lord Leighton's "The Daphnephoria," or in pictures of the religious services of Christianity, have been favourite subjects with painters.

Now and again, in modern Church music, we catch an echo of some gay old pagan song, lent to new service: as Pippa says—

No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right, All service ranks the same with God— With God, whose puppets, best and worst, Are we: there is no last nor first.

The great religious songs have been represented in paint, from those sacred songs of the Church Service, "The Benedicite," "The Magnificat," and "The Nunc dimittis," down to the early carols associated with Christmas, and then on to quite modern hymns, written in our own time. Carols have been delightfully illustrated in the curiously decorative work of Rossetti, "A Christmas Carol," and in Mr. Seymour Lucas's "God Rest Ye, Merric Gentlemen!" and Mr. Robert Anning Bell's

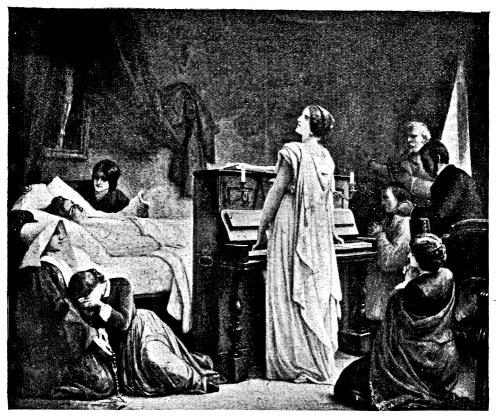


"THE VILLAGE CHOIR." BY THOMAS WEBSTER, R.A. From the original in the South Kensington Museum.

"The Waits." From the later group of modern hymns that accomplished and sympathetic painter of child-life, Mrs. Seymour Lucas, has been especially happy in her picture illustrating the singing by a row of small village children of the familiar hymn—

We are but little children weak, Nor born in any high estate; What can we do for Jesus' sake?

and the same artist has successfully sounded a more solemn note in her picture of old represented by Mr. Grenville Manton, and the deeply emotional hymn for those at sea, to which Mr. Harold Percival has given poignant illustration. In the latter a mariner's wife, with her baby in her arms, is seen in the porch of a church, between the brilliantly-lit interior, in which the congregation are singing the hymn's eloquent words of intercession, and the raging of a storm outside, from which this special suppliant is barely sheltered by the open archway of the porch.



"THE DEATH OF CHOPIN: THE COUNTESS POTOCKA SINGING AT HIS BEDSIDE." BY FELIX BARRIAS.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Braun & Co., Great Russell Street, W.C., owners of the copyright and publishers of the plate.

age contrasted with childhood at a harvest festival service, during the singing of the hymn which begins—

Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest-home!

and contains the line—

Till the final harvest hour,

Among other hymns familiar on the lips as household words, which have been especially chosen by artists as themes for pictures, are—

Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call! Another picture representing the hearing of a hymn outside the actual congregation is that entitled by the late G. H. Boughton "The Evening Hymn," which shows the arrested mood of a woman, pausing in the churchyard, with her bundle of work laid on the stone slab of a massive old tomb, while she listens to the strains that come from within the village church. For the austere beauty of its graveyard setting, this church might be one with that represented in fuller detail in the picture to which

Mr. B. W. Leader has likewise given a title from a famous hymn with the line-

Fast falls the eventide.

Of hymns not actually identified with any one line of verse, there are many tender

and lyrical representations, notable among them "The Evening Psalm" of Therese Schwartze, and Mr. Blair Leighton's charming "Devotion, in which the old-world gro.up is singing a hymn or psalm. Hymns or canticles or psalms are suggested, though not identified by actual words, in Thomas Webster's "The Village Choir" and the two notable pictures by Mr. Titcomb here reproduced. The still more general theme of praise which is vocal, but not necessarily set to music, has inspired the "Alleluia!" of Mr. T. C. Gotch, now the property of the nation in the Chantrey Collection,

and the "Laus Deo!" of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, and a hymn or psalm, not named in so many words, is suggested in the vivacious fifteenth-century procession of children in the church of St. Pietro Castello at Venice, represented by that distinguished Spanish painter, José Villegas y Cordero, in his picture "Palm Sunday."

Song in every portion of our lives is admitted to have its part. Birth, love, marriage,

> and death have each their special songs. But to these large. events song is not limited, for it plays lesser important parts in "delighting all ages and beseem-

ing all states." Children, young in the youth of the world, as well as to-day, have heard "small fowles maken melodie," and in such pictures as Mr. E. A. Hornel's"The Blackbird's Song," Miss Flora Lion's "The Sky-lark," and Mr. Briton Riviere's " Hark, Hark, the Lark! we have reminders that indeed

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,

The earth and every common sight to (them) did seem Apparelled in ce-

lestial light, he glory and the freshness of a dream.

Shelley's

"Skylark" is illustrated in Mr. Hacker's picture- Hail to thee, blithe spirit! Bird thou never wert, That from Heaven, or near it, Pourest thy full heart In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.



"LE CHANT PASSIONNÉ." BY ALFRED STEVENS. From the original in the Luxembourg Gallery.

To the child the voice of the birds is "an unbodied joy," but to the woman in the picture by George Henry, entitled "The Nightingale," and in Mr. Arthur Hacker's "The Skylark," it carries probably

And twilight's phantasm.

Passing from the songs of classical story to those of mediæval setting, such as early carols and hymns, we might have paused midway to mention two pictures of song in the changeless East—Mr. Frank Craig's charming illustration of one of the most exquisite quatrains in Edward Fitz-Gerald's version of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, and Herbert Schmalz's "A Love Song of Damascus." Mr. Craig takes the quatrain beginning—

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the rose, That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

and interprets it by showing us a woman, beautiful but no longer quite young, seated in a garden, with a tiny boy, half Cupid, half mediæval court jester, if we take him on his costume, playing a lute and apparently singing the words of old Omar's stanza to her, her own lips moving the while as though she sings the same pensive words in unison with her small minstrel. ground beside her lies neglected an open book, which may or may not symbolise exactly "Youth's sweet-scented manuscript," lawn while fallen leaves upon the some upon the lady's widespread robes reiterate that all things must pass, and Spring must vanish with the rose.

From the love song of Damascus, or the classical setting of Isaac Snowman's "A Song of Love," to pictures of other love songs in the rendering, such as Burne-Jones's beautiful "Chant d'Amour" and other more modern subjects, is no very far cry, for the theme is universal and the drama is the same—only the costume and the setting vary with change of time and place. One of the most completely satisfying representations of a perfect lyric in paint is to be seen in Edwin Abbey's charming picture from the Fool's song in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night"—

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? O stay and hear; your true love's coming, That can sing both high and low. Trip no further, pretty sweeting, Journeys end in lovers' meeting, Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter; Present mirth hath present laughter— What's to come is still unsure. In delay there lies no plenty; Then come, kiss me, sweet-and-twenty, Youth's a stuff will not endure. How curiously the last line,

Youth's a stuff will not endure,

brings back the thought of the Omar Khayyam stanza already quoted! And the feeling in the work of the two artists engaged in rendering the two moments of pensive reflection on youth's evanescence is curiously similar, although one illustrates a famous song, and the other goes beyond his literal text, and formulates his own idea of an emotion

by representing it as being sung.

A curious instance of the different points of view that may be taken by two artists in the interpretation of a famous song is to be seen by comparing with Abbey's picture the rendering of the Fool's song by that clever painter of old English life and character in their quainter moods, Henry Stacy Marks, who sees chiefly the comedy of the theme, without the poetry of it which inspired Edwin Abbey, and shows two rather bucolic lovers, more reminiscent of the rôles of Touchstone and Audrey in their wooing than of the poetry of this particular lyric.

Then there is Rossetti's beautiful "Mariana," illustrating the song from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," which holds much of the sentiment, the kindling force and poetry which, in the lines "Take, oh, take those lips away!" seem, as Pater says, to allow the whole beauty of the play to pass "into an actual strain of music."

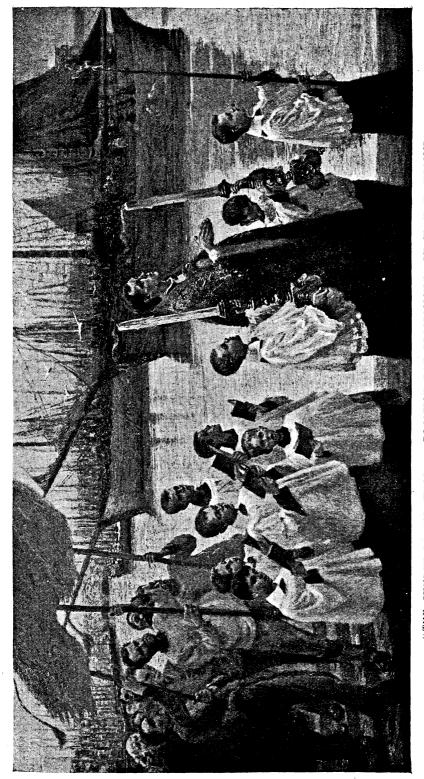
Another charmingly happy picture of a Shakespearian song in the singing may be recalled in the late Lady Alma-Tadema's "Sigh No More, Ladies," which the artist puts into the mouth of a woman singer, despite the fact that in its proper place, in the play of "Much Ado About Nothing," it is sung by a man, Balthasar. The change is justified, if one thinks of the song only, apart from its setting in the comedy, for the genial disparagement of men as lovers contained in the words of the song gains point from the lips of a playful woman.

Among other representations of actual songs may be recalled the "Home, Sweet Home," of Mr. Sydney Muschamp, the "Thursday" of Mr. Dendy Sadler, with its humorous insistence on the refrain—

To-morrow will be Friday, And we've caught no fish to-day,

and the same artist's quaintly pleasing "Simon the Cellarer." The words of the last-named, written by W. H. Bellamy, and admirably set to music by John Hatton—

Then ho! ho! ho! Old Simon doth know Where many a flask of his best doth go!



"THE CHURCH IN CORNWALL: A ROGATION DAY PROCESSION." BY W. H. Y. TITCOMB. Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

hold the humorous suggestion which makes

so largely for a song's popularity.

A song that made history inspired a dramatic picture by Val Prinsep, "The Marseillaise." The celebrated revolutionary song, "The Marseillaise," composed after dinner one night in the April of 1792, in a moment of inspiration and excitement, by Charles Rouget de L'Isle, was first adopted by the populace at the storming of the palace, when men, women, and children marched forward to the stirring air, singing the spirited words.

century, because the words, under their first title of "Blyth Camp," date from about 1759, in the form in which we know them; but they were probably written a little earlier, and nearer to the time when there were encampments along the coast, to which the story distinctly applies—

I'm lonesome since I left Blyth Camp, And all the moor that's sedgy, With heavy thoughts my mind is filled Since I parted with my Betsy.

Famous singers actually rendering a song



"A REVERIE," BY FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.

From the original in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, reproduced, by permission of the Corporation of Liverpool, from a photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co., Oxford Street, W.

A picture by Pils represents the composer singing his own song to some friends, before giving it to his country.

Another song closely identified with military exploits, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is represented in the public art galleries of both Manchester and Leicester by two distinguished modern artists—by Randolph Caldecott in his native northern town, and by Charles Green in the capital of the shires.

Charles Green, in his picture of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," has put his soldiers into the uniform of the late eighteenth

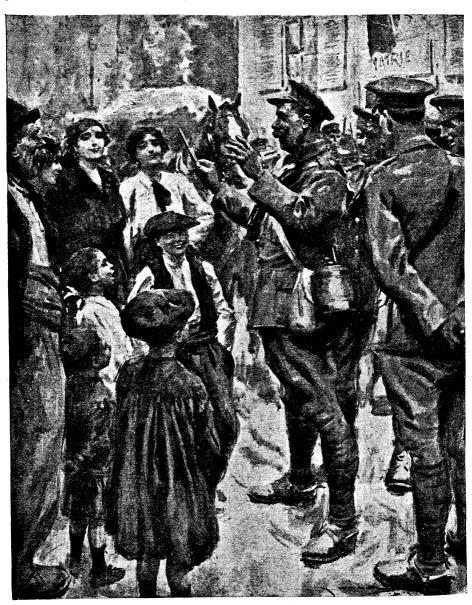
have been depicted by more than one artist. The beautiful Elizabeth Linley, for instance, is shown in the late Margaret Dicksee's picture, singing to the accompaniment of her father, Thomas Linley, the composer, while the youthful Sheridan, with whom she was presently to elope, gazes spellbound at her graceful beauty. A more recent picture from the repertoire of a distinguished singer, by Mr. Julian Story, although entitled only "Song," represents Madame Emma Eames singing in the rôle of the Countess in Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro." The former



"THE BLUE MAIDS OF BRISTOL." BY W. H. Y. TITCOMB,
Reproduced by permission of the Artist,

picture of the beautiful Miss Linley is one of the few paintings representing the performance of a duet, one of the other daughters of Thomas Linley taking part in

Mendelssohn's exquisite songs for two voices. A more recent picture was named by Sir David Murray "The Duet," but with the further sub-title "Windsor from the



"A LESSON IN 'TIPPERARY." BY A. C. MICHAEL.

An English soldier singing the popular song to a local audience "somewhere in France."

From a sketch by John A. Bryan.

the song with her sister. Among other pictures of two singers is a charmingly mid-Victorian early work by Mr. James Sant entitled "The Duet," in which one can almost fancy the very sound of one of Eton Fields," which shows its artist introducing more than his usual amount of human action into a flower-strewn landscape.

In a kindred pastoral of modern life, "A Morning Song," by Mr. George Wetherbee.

we have horses and landscape as the setting for a song in a scene which might have been planned to illustrate the line from Sir William Davenant's exquisite lyric—

The ploughman from the sun his seasons takes. In Mr. Wetherbee's work there is a

From the modern operatic stage Mr. Stanhope Forbes has painted a vivid rendering of the singing of the Prologue to Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci"; and song in a less sombre episode from English rustic life plays its part in the same artist's delightful picture



"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY." BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK.

British soldiers singing the popular song as they march through a French village to the Front.

combination of the modern and the old; for while careful to render his animals truthfully in relation to their aerial surroundings, he has a classic feeling of design which makes his work escape the domestic character of most pictures on such themes. "The Village Philharmonic." That gifted woman-artist, the late Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, gave us a wistfully charming picture of the singer of Shakespeare's lyric "Take, oh, take those lips away!"

Song as a medium of recollection, or a

voice out of some half-forgotten yet still memorable past, has been chosen for a theme by more than one modern artist. Mr. Frank Dicksee's "A Reverie," in the

with the shadowy form appearing before him," it is certain that the song calls up the vision of one who had sung that song in the days of long ago, for the



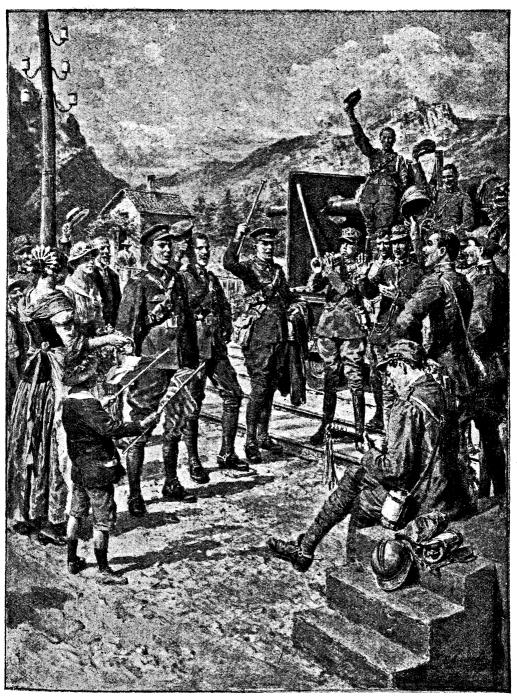
"'FOR AULD LANG SYNE' AT THE FRONT." BY A. C. MICHAEL.

Walker Gallery at Liverpool, has become widely known by many reproductions, and though, as the interesting Walker catalogue says, "Speculation has been rife as to the relations of the seated male figure

artist himself affixed to his painting the lines— In the years fled,

Lips that are dead Sang me that song.

A picture with a different motive, yet



"'GOD SAVE THE KING!': BRITISH AND ITALIAN SOLDIERS SINGING THEIR RESPECTIVE NATIONAL ANTHEMS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT."

BY S. EDUARDO.

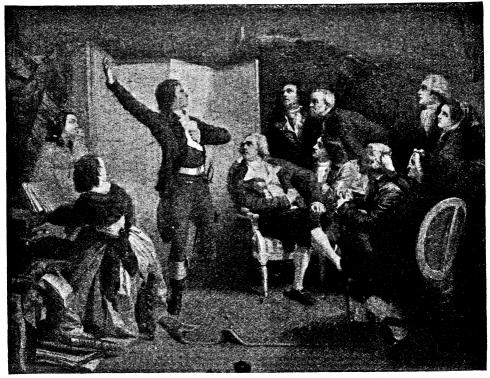
still one of recollection inspired by the strains of a song, is Mr. Sigismund Goetze's "The Echo of a Voice."

Reminiscence, too, is the theme of "Her Mother's Voice," by Sir William Quiller Orchardson, which illustrates the sentiment expressed in the lines—

Upon his widowed heart it falls, Echoing a hallowed tune.

Pictures of the act of song which introduce composers have not been as numerous as those which have represented instrumental music of one kind or another, but one of the most interesting is the work of Félix Barrias depicting the scene, at the death of Chopin, in which one of the master's favourite pupils, the Countess Delphine Potocka, to whom he had dedicated his Concerto in F minor, is singing to the dying musician at his request. According to Liszt, she is singing the famous Canticle to the Virgin, which is said to have saved the life of Stradella. "How beautiful it is!" exclaimed the dying Chopin, who then asked the Countess to sing again, whereupon she sang a hymn by Marcello. Gutman, however, another pupil of Chopin, who was present, says that the two airs sung were a psalm by Marcello and an air by Pergolesi. The other people represented in the picture include the sister of Chopin, Gutman, and the 'cellist Franchomme.

No survey of this subject, however brief. would nowadays be complete without a reference to the various representations in current art of moments identified with patriotic song in the course of the present War, and it is curious to note how distinctly such records take their place in historical succession to pictures of earlier war-time songs, which range from representations of the Song of Miriam in the Old Testament to pictures of the Marseillaise by Val Prinsep and other modern artists. From these latest pictorial records of war songs and their singers we have chosen for reproduction in this article four which represent the British and Italian National Anthems, a song almost equally familiar, "Auld Lang Syne," and the quite modern, but greatly popular, ballad of "Tipperary."



"ROUGET DE L'ISLE SINGING HIS OWN COMPOSITION, 'THE MARSEILLAISE.'" BY J. PILS.

Reproduced from a photograph by Mansell & Co.

# THE MOVING STAIRS

## By LAURENCE NORTH

### Illustrated by Norah Schlegel



EOPLE," said Letitia,
"who can't be
properly punctual
don't deserve to be
waited for. I was
only five or, at the
most, ten minutes
late myself. I shall

She was standing outside a Tube

station, one of those where the lift is obsolete, and the moving stairs growl their helpful way up and down from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve. She had come by taxi to the convenient rendezvous Algernon Raeburn had proposed in his note. They knew each other rather better now, but Letitia was still taking the measure of the young man's foot, so she told herself, at least. She would not admit that he interested her overmuch, but the friendship amused her, and their meetings, still sub rosa, gave a point and a spice to life. Of love she would not think. Freedom was too noble a thing for that. Love? Oh, no—quite absurd!

Algernon was shockingly late. She would not wait. She had never tried the moving stairs. Here was a chance for a new sensation. A penny ticket to the next station would be enough. If, half-way down, she should decide to give Algernon another chance, she could come up again and enjoy the trip both ways. If he were already in waiting—well, it was her right to be last, and his duty to wait. The getting on seemed formidable, but with a big resolution she achieved it. Quite tame, after all, but the glide down not half bad. The best fun was the endless procession of living pictures coming up on the other side of the What infinite variety and what motley clothes!

Letitia found herself gazing, without recognition, into the eyes of someone on the ascending scale. How rapid the double

movement was! Those ghosts of the other ladder slid onward, passed, and were gone almost before one knew. But this person opposite—surely—— Yes, there was recognition in his look—he was actually lifting his hat. He had attempted the impossible—he had turned, he was trying to step downwards, so as to neutralise the motion of the stairs and keep himself level with Letitia. She tried to play the like in the reverse direction. Impossible, doubly impossible! Who would have thought the apparently slow movement was, after all, so quick? They were being pulled remorselessly apart. Letitia held out her hand across the barrier.

"Don't," said Algernon. "I daren't shake hands. It's dangerous."

"I'll come up again at once!" Letitia cried, looking backwards across the everwidening gap and resigning herself to the imperious mechanical force. "Wait at the top——"

Algernon nodded. Further speech was out of the question.

Letitia turned and bethought her of the getting off. The moment was at hand, but she had looked back just too long. She tried to remember which foot first, and made a mess of it. The steps were flattening out. She was being swept towards the barrier. Irresolution seized her. She felt a tug at her skirt; it had been caught in the joint of two steps as they fell level. She wrenched and pulled, she screamed, and, with a frantic wriggle, got off on to terra firma and stood clutching the barrier. There followed a long, rending screech of parting fabric. She stood clear, but the best part of her skirt was being chewed up by the staircase as it retreated from out of sight under the barricade. An official stopped the machinery and began to tug at the wreck of the garment. People crowded round for a moment. A few of them murmured sympathy, but, being on business, and seeing that the lady was not hurt, they soon hurried on to catch their trains.

It was a very much disarranged Letitia who stood staring rather hopelessly at the official, as he dug out the ruin of her dress. It took him some time to get all clear and set the stair in motion again. Most politely he held out the tattered flag of drapery. "Sorry, miss," he said; "I fear your skirt's done for." There was no answer—Letitia had vanished. It was impossible to face the She had not waited until he had finished his salvage operations. She struck blindly for the nearest passage. For the moment it was empty. She sped along for a few yards. Then-oh, joy!-she spied a notice: TO THE EMERGENCY STAIRS. There was a refuge where one would hardly meet a soul. She could at least sit down, recover a little from the shock, which had left her trembling, and collect her wits for the

Well, she was a prisoner. The only thing to do would be to toil up to the top and see whether some passing good Samaritan of a woman would take pity on her and call a Letitia sat down on a step and drew her rags about her. They were pitifully inadequate. How could she ever make her dash to the street, even if the cab-caller were And Algernon would be waiting there, wondering what had become of her. Would he think she had given him the slip? But that was now a minor matter. What he might think could go by the board for

the present.

As the slight shock passed away, Letitia began to reassemble her humour. accident was annoying enough, but it had its laughable side—it was even rather ludicrous. What would Algernon be thinking of her delay? Did it matter what Algernon thought? Well, perhaps it mattered a little. They were going to lunch. That had now become slightly problematic. Anyhow, Algernon was just as well out of the way at present, all things considered. And he was fairly safe to stay out of the way. It was in the highest degree unlikely that he would come down the emergency stairs. he come down to look for her, he would take the line of least resistance. Then, failing to find her about the platform, he would suppose that she had either run away altogether by train, or had somehow missed him in the maze of passages. The Tube can play curious tricks on people. Once take a wrong turning, and it is sometimes no easy matter to get right again. One comes out at all kinds of odd places, shot sometimes out upon the street, but not always the street one expects. And as for the labyrinth below, there is sport and sport enough down there for the lost at any junction station. It was at a junction station that Letitia had been tripped by Fate. She felt sure that the emergency stairs, always unpopular, would be the very last place Algernon would try, if he should

begin a search.

The recognition of these possibilities was instantaneous, but it seemed to Letty that she had been sitting for some time on the stairs. She glanced down at herself and smiled a crooked smile. Hopeless! oh, to see Aunt Maria's face, could she behold her niece in this plight! Rags and It was fortunate that moving tatters! stairs coincided with modern costume. And, after all, bar the torn remnant, she was quite correct for Alpine work. stairs were certainly Alpine. She rose and prepared for the long climb. A step—a man's

step—in the corridor!

Letitia went a little further up and stood just round the first bend, listening. footsteps passed the entrance to the stairs. Oh, the relief! But no, they halted, returned, entered the short passage, and then rang on the iron lattice-work of the corkscrew. Letitia moved on again and climbed steadily. Just one turn of the stair below her the unseen intruder was climbing also. seemed to be gaining. She mended her pace, but, oh, Heavens, what an interminable stair! Who would have thought the Tube was sunk so deep below London? Always another twist of the stair, and, above that, another! Her breath came fast, and her heart began to thump, chiefly through agitation, for Letty was sound enough in wind and limb. Was she keeping her distance, or was the pursuer gaining? Pursuer? Nonsense! Why pursuer? Only in one event could that word be properly descriptive, and such an event was not likely to occur. Still, it might be so. Should she let him overtake her? If it was Algernon-well, there was no help for it. They could laugh at the mishap together, and he was really the best person to help her out. If it was a stranger—well, a hundred to one the stranger would pass by as a stranger should, and she could rest again. She was quite fatigued now.

Letitia stopped and, leaning slightly over the stair-rail, looked down the well, very much interested in nothing. The position had its advantages, for she was thus enabled to keep the most ruinous side of her equipment safe from observation. What still remained gave a passable imitation of



useless to her in the grever hours that were to lead her from careless girlhood to perfect womanhood and a fuller conception of life. That will evolve in its own good time. For the moment this history is all of clear horizons—the interchange of cloudless days and starlit nights of happiness, the birthright of youth and hope.

She waited, while the ascending footsteps drew up to her. In a moment the person would have passed, and she would be free to continue her climb. It seemed rather an The passer-by had not passed by. Letitia's heart became unruly. She was seriously annoyed. She was more seriously annoyed when someone spoke.

"Will you forgive me if I-

Letitia turned her head. She was quite cool again, and prepared to resent intrusion with proper defensive dignity. Before her stood a young man, a personable enough young man, a little embarrassed in his manner, but not offensive. He was not exactly good-looking, but he had kind grey eyes and a rugged honest face. He wore business-like clothes, well-cut, without any touch of dandyism. Letitia took a good look at him and felt reassured. Somehow he gave her confidence. She was not, she felt sure, in any danger. She noted that he carried a big cardboard box tied with On the box was the name of an string. eminent firm.

"Perhaps you won't mind the liberty. I saw what happened to you just now down there, and I ventured to follow you, thinking I could, perhaps, be of some use." He said "perrhaps," and Letitia surmised Scotland or Yorkshire. She came to a decision when he added: "Verry awkward it was, miss, verry awkward indeed."

Letitia caught at the straw. "You are very kind. Perhaps you wouldn't mind getting me a taxi and coming back to tell me. I'll wait at the top and make a dash

for it."

"I think we may better that, if you don't mind. Ye see, it so happens that I've got something here "-he tapped the box-" that might be your salvation. I'm taking it to a customer of ours, a lady who's terribly particular, and insisted on seeing some responsible person. She's in a great hurry, and too busy to come in to the warehouse herself. It's a rain-coat, just about your size. There couldn't be an atom of harm in your having it just to lift ye over your difficulty." As he spoke he undid the string and pulled out the godsend of a garment,

which he held up in invitation. "Let me

help you on with it, miss."

"Well, really, you know," Letitia began, "you're awfully good, but I don't altogether know whether I ought-the person it belongs to mightn't like it."

"She'll never know a thing about it."

"But, for all that-

"Oh, ay, the principle of the thing, ye mean? I quite understand, and I'd be the last man in the world to advocate such a course in ordinary circumstances, but desperate diseases need desperate cures, you know."

"And my disease," said Letitia, with a serio-comic look of despair, "is desperate enough. Still, if you'd call a taxi, I think I can manage. It's merely a moment's rush to safety, and done with. I won't draw a

crowd."

"I'm not so sure. Little sets Londoners starin' and daffin', whereas with this you're all right at once, and run no risk of the slightest discomfort or annoyance." He held the coat a little nearer. Letitia slipped her arms into the sleeves, buttoned the garment, and turned, a free woman—her own woman again—to face her benefactor.

"Now, suppose I run away with this." "No fear of that. I'm a great judge of

character by the face."

"I thought Scots were so canny."

"They know when it's the proper time to take risks: they even take risks without countin' the cost—— But that's neither here And maybe I'm cannier than nor there. you think. If ye'll just let me follow you at a respectful distance, it'll be all right. can get the coat back when you reach home. Will you be taking the Tube?"

"That's an idea, certainly, now I'm presentable again. I want to go to Gloucester The Tube will be more suitable than going out into the street in this, seeing it's not raining. What's that still in the box?"

"A tweed cap, miss."

"This summery hat's rather idiotic with a rain-coat, isn't it? I wonder if I might have the cap, too, and put my hat in the box?"

The young man made no objection. fastened the string again. They went down to the platform. A train was coming in.

"If you sit near the door, miss, in one car, I'll go into the next, close up, and you can keep me practically in sight."

Verily a most delicate and not uncanny

Scot!

"Not at all," said Letitia. "You shall

sit with me and talk to me all the way.

should be dull otherwise."

"We change at Piccadilly," said the They hurried on board. benefactor. the last moment someone ran along and leaped on the gangway of the next car. Letitia, after a quick glance, turned her back and made extra haste to find a seat. She flushed for a moment, and then, smiling, grew composed again. Was she not very well disguised? And the late comer had gone into the other car. But before the two doors slammed, her companion, leaning forward, had shot an intelligent look through into the other compartment. He seemed interested. But he was an observant person, likely to be interested in many things. sat silent and smiling to himself.

"Have you been long in London?" Letitia

asked, to make a beginning.

"Not so very long. I'm only just up to get insight into the business. My father's in a biggish way in something the same line in the North, and I'm going back to be general manager. I was two years in the business after I left St. Andrews."

"St. Andrews?" said Letitia. "A lovely place. I was there once. Did you play

golf?"

"A little."

"So do I. You were in business in St. Andrews?"

"To a certain extent, but not what I'm doing at present. I had chiefly to do with books."

"Weren't you sorry to change?"

"A little, perhaps, but the pater will need my help, ye see."

"A bookseller's work must be very

fascinating."

"I think it must. But I wasn't a bookseller, except when spare cash wasn't to be had otherwise. But here we change."

Again Letitia's colour rose. Her companion glanced at her with frank admiration, but she was not offended. For a tradesman he had surprising manners, and his talk grew better and better. She was puzzled by his undeniable tone. At the present, however, she had other preoccupations. It was a moment of risk. She must trust to the huge alteration in her dress. She pulled the cap well down over her eyes, and, following her man of business, left the train. Another quick glance behind showed her that the risk had not diminished. There was a considerable crowd, however, and they had got off first. Her back was turned now. She quickened the pace as her companion guided

her through the passages to the Piccadilly-Brompton line. If there was no long wait on that platform, she might still escape. And even then the crowd might serve her well. She moved rapidly for safety to the far end. The platform filled up. Letitia breathed again. The risk was now slightly less.

The train tarried.

"Excuse me a moment," said the artist in garments. "I see someone along there I want a word with. I'll only be a minute."

"Aren't you afraid I'll vanish?"

"Not in the least." He laughed so whole-heartedly and pleasantly that Letitia felt more attracted to this singular person than ever. "No," he added, "my man's disappeared again, and here's the train. It was our future Member—at least, I hope he's our future Member—for the Strathmore Burghs. A fine fellow and a thorough Radical. My father's keen on him, and the old man's interest is worth having. It means votes."

"You are interested in politics?" Letitia

remarked.

"It's great sport. The game—well, next to golf. I won't put it higher. I wish I'd seen our man, though. He asked me to call on him in London, but I've never had a minute's time. I take a sort of fatherly interest in his chances. You see, I introduced him to the governor. Some of his writings attracted me, and I got him down to lecture at St. Andrews in my fourth year, when I was President of the Union."

Letitia opened her eyes. "Oh, I understand now. You mean you were at St.

Andrews University."

"I had that honour, madam, that unique experience. What says Andrew Lang?"
With extraordinary feeling he quoted—

".... the little town,
The drifting surf, the wintry year,
The college of the scarlet gown,
St. Andrews by the Northern Sea,

That is a haunted town to me."

Letitia listened, amazed. This warehouseman dealt in more than rain-coats!

"Then—then," she cried, "you must be George Bruce!"

"The same. But how on earth could you

guess that?"

"Well, you see, I happen to know your candidate rather well, and he often speaks of you. He says you and your father are his mainstay; he thinks no end of you. I know how brilliant you were at college, and I heard you had gone into business, but—but——" Letitia checked herself, tried to save herself, and for once failed.

Her companion, nowise embarrassed, faced

the issue without mercy.

"You think it curious I should be-well, what I am now. My dear lady, in Scotland the relations of trade and education are slightly different from what they are here. Just now I am going through another necessary mill. The future of a big concern, my father's life-work, will ultimately depend on me. I must do the best I can for it. I must know the business inside out, in every department, even rain-coats. I shall supply them none the worse for knowing a little Greek."

"But isn't that a waste of talent, of

energy?"

"I do not think so. Perhaps I might have chosen otherwise, had I been free to choose, but my duty lies here. And knowledge culture, if you will—sweetens commerce and keeps a man afloat. It teaches him how to enjoy and use his leisure, otherwise a very purgatory to the mere trader, who is a dead man when the shutters are up."

Letitia listened with growing wonder. When he was roused, this commis voyageur had certainly something to say. Somehow he reminded her of another, but the contrast was very piquant. The broad, incisive, but not unmelodious speech, the choice of words, fascinated her. This carrier of parcels was no common man. She had never met, never dreamed of such a type. Strength, yet reserve, not Algernon's reserve—this young man had been frankly autobiographic—but something of Algernon's outlook without any of his teasing compromises. There was something supporting about the Bruce, as she had already nicknamed him. He had not Algernon's polish, his finesse, his absence of self-consciousness, but was he the worse As he spoke, the Bruce's plain for that? features lighted up, his grey eyes flashed, he seemed to sweep everything before him. Letitia forgot his occupation, forgot that she had known him scarcely half an hour, forgot where she was, or where she was going, forgot that she was rigged out in things not her own, things unsuitable to the weather—the joy of a new spiritual discovery was upon her. All former adventures seemed flat and tame to this. Letitia saw old prejudices tottering. She had not known that they were prejudices; she had believed it to be in the natural order of things that a person such as this young man had seemed to be could have nothing in common with herself. By rights, the ancient rights of her class, he should have

uninstructed, impossible, servile in manners, jarring, empty and inconsequent in speech—in a word, not a gentleman. He should have washed his hands in invisible soap, been alarmingly presumptuous and familiar on her slightest hint of unbending. Not a person one would ask to dinner. this Bruce had upset her theories. Letty was sure he would be a delightful guest at the dinner-table. She did not share the trembling anxiety of a noble lady who asked fearfully, when compelled to invite a distinguished general who had risen from the ranks of trade and of the Army, whether such a person knew the proper use of a fork. The Bruce bred no such doubts; he seemed to be born to compensate the accidents of the moving stairs of society. Their ups and downs could rend the fashionable draperies convention; the conquering Bruces, accepting facts and doing the right thing at the right moment, came along with plain and serviceable remedy for denuded conventionality.

Letitia smiled at her own fancy. Perhaps her figure was a little mixed. She wondered if her Scot would blow it to pieces with native logic, if he knew. He should not

know just yet.

Letitia, lost in her reflections, was dimly conscious of her companion's voice saying, "This is Gloucester Road," but she disentangled her thoughts slowly. Little practised in the ways of the Underground, she sat still a few seconds too long. The Bruce had already made haste to alight, but Letty reached the gangway only in time to hear the ting-ting of bells along the cars. The conductor's back was turned to her; he slammed the gate, and she was a prisoner.

"Oh, please, let me off!" she cried. "Stop, stop!" But the official smiled officially and

shook his head. The train moved.

"He will wait for me," she thought, and took the small mishap as a joke. But as her eye fell on her borrowed plumes, she was seized with alarm and annoyance, for it occurred to her that she might be mis-Would he take her for an understood. adventuress—a picker-up on easy terms of property not her own? She sat down again, uncomfortably conscious that people were smiling, as they always do when one gets caught by the inexorable gates, and the three minutes' journey to the next halting-Letty complace seemed to last an age. forted herself with the thought that so sensible a person, to all appearances, as that young man would at first, at least, put the



"Miss Shackleton, amazed, looked the Bruce up and down."

best construction on the affair. She must, however, get back to Gloucester Road, and all would be well.

At last the crawling train stopped, and she rose, only to find that it was an

unscheduled halt in the tunnel. People smiled again. Letitia's cheeks began to burn. Then the lights went out. Something had gone wrong. Conductors with lanterns passed along the corridor, refusing,

as is their way, to answer passengers' questions. They fiddled with machinery in dim, mysterious regions reached by little trap-doors in the floor. The public sat in cimmerian gloom. Some advanced theories entirely erroneous, others cracked feeble jokes. Letitia felt more like crying. It was maddening. Thus a quarter of an hour went by. The atmosphere became unpleasantly close. A young woman opposite had hysterics, fainted, and was removed to the gangway to be aired in such ozone as could be found there.

"Out-of-date creature," said Letty to herself, and the incident pulled her together. She refused to be alarmed or upset, but it was undeniably stuffy. Perhaps the poor The mechanical girl was not to be blamed. fiddling went on to no purpose. would the Bruce do? Anyhow, she had given him some clue to her respectability and identity. He could always refer to Algernon. Meanwhile, however, his benevolence was likely to land him in a nice double-barrelled scrape. The owner of the rain-coat, the lady hard to please, would be out of all patience. And what of his firm, if he had to go back empty-handed to make a highly peculiar and unbusinesslike confession? Here was a fine kettle of fish. consideration of the issue almost persuaded Letty that her young man would certainly give her every chance to return. And so she spent the time rather more cheerfully until the moment of deliverance

There, she was clear of the train at last! The lift seemed a hospitable thing after imprisonment. It would slide her upwards and outwards into the light of heaven once more. There she could breathe and settle her further course. First, home, and a rearrangement of apparel, then to the firm, whose name she had seen on the box, and ask for Mr. B. Not the pleasantest of duties, in some ways, for there might be complications, but honour prescribed.

"All tickets, please!" said the lift-man.
Heavens! Her ticket! Letitia realised that both it and her purse had been in the pocket of her skirt in the portion carried away and eaten up by the moving stairs. Here she was, ticketless and, what was worse, penniless! Oh, luck was dead! Yet not so luckless. It had brought curious new interests, new vistas, a wonderful widening of the horizon even in the bowels of the earth, but, for the present, awkward explanations and a stern official.

"I am sorry I have lost my ticket."

"Where from, miss?" The man took it easily, it seemed.

Letitia named her point of departure.

"Twopence, please, miss."

The gates clashed, the lift soared. Letitia fumbled in the pockets of the rain-coat in order to gain time. She would confess destitution only when the lift had emptied of

staring people.

The official, well used to such mishaps, took it stolidly, went through the void formula of forbidding smoking and of ordering his passengers to stand clear of the gates. Then he shot them out, with sublime indifference to all but his prisoner. When the last person had gone, Letitia told her tale of woe. The man was not unsympathetic.

"Perhaps it's in an inner pocket, miss."

"I know it isn't."

"I've seen people make mistakes before this, and find their ticket all right." He looked hard at the rain-coat, and his eye suggested other and more intimate researches. Good, easy man, he knew not the wreck within.

"Give me your name and address, then,

please."

Letitia confessed further to no card. functionary produced his book and wrote to The lift was filling up again. Letitia, released at last, gained the street. The lovely morning had broken downtorrential rain was dancing on a swimming pavement. She drew back into the vestibule. Perhaps the weather would clear soon, but it did not look promising. Letitia was well accoutred, as it chanced, but she hesitated to drench Mr. Bruce's undelivered goods. What would the owner say? The thing could not be spoiled, to be sure, but it would never be quite new again, and, supposing she found her man, the coat could not be handed over wet. Very much damped in spirits, Letitia looked drearily for a taxi. Many passed, but none empty.

At length she made up her mind to walk home and take the consequences. As she stepped out, a taxi—blessed sight!—drew up at the station door. She signalled rather frantically to the man, lest others should get before her. He nodded. Someone else nodded, it seemed, from within, let down the window, and waved an encouraging hand.

"Great luck!" called a full, broad-vowelled voice. "But I thought I was pretty safe to find you here. That was an awkward breakdown—the whole service was held up."

"Oh, Mr. Bruce!"

"The same—not his ghost."

The benefactor, laughing, alighted and handed Letitia into the carriage. "Now, if you will tell me where to drop you—"

he began, as he sat down beside her.

"All right; but first"—Letty blushed charmingly—"will you please be so good as to lend me twopence to pay the lift-man? My purse and my ticket went to glory with my poor skirt. I was in another horrid scrape. See, the lift's up again. That's the person. He was quite nice about it."

The Bruce jumped out again, appeased the official, and came back smiling. "Now,

where——"

Letty gave her address. The Bruce, she thought, opened his eyes rather curiously as he heard it, but there was really nothing

to be surprised at.

"It's not far," she explained. "There will be just time for me to slip off this, and for you to get out my hat, and all's well that ends well."

"Wouldn't you rather run in with the

coat on, and send it out to me?"

"Very well. Many, many thanks, Mr. Bruce. You have really been an angel. Good-bye! Come and see me soon! Promise!"

"Thank you very much." But the Bruce

gave no promise.

The cab stopped at Aunt Shackleton's.

"Oh, my latch-key-it's gone, too, with

the rest! Never mind."

"Won't you take the box? Your hat's in it, remember, and it will be simpler for sending the things out. And here's my umbrella."

"You think of everything. Again, thanks so much." Letitia shook hands in a way that might have set a less well-balanced person seeing visions and dreaming dreams. Her eyes, too, were full of gratitude and quick lightnings, very upsetting to average man. Mr. B. was not an average man—still, he was very human. He had his undeniable thrill. It was his due.

Letty rang the bell. After an interval she disappeared. Another interval, and a maid brought out the box and umbrella, with Miss Fortnum's compliments and thanks. Mr. Bruce drove on, wondering what Letty's

Christian name might be.

In the secret sanctity of her own room Letitia sank down in a chair and drew a long breath. "What a day!" Then, as her eyes fell on the ruins of her dress, she laughed until the tears came, and set about making herself presentable. Would she ever see her good Scot again? She meant to, even if she had to employ Algernon to bring him along. Some instinct told her that the Bruce would not presume upon her impulsive invitation. She would have opportunities, however, for Aunt Shackleton was going to the country this evening for a fortnight's visit, and Letty would be free to please herself about many things. Miss Shackleton was at that moment in the very height and bustle of preparation; her visits were serious affairs, involving many knotty questions of costume.

Remembering this, Letty bethought her to go down and see whether she could be of use. On the stairs she met her aunt, looking

worried.

"So provoking, Letitia! Simpkin and Wearall have disappointed me. I had to send back my Oh, perhaps that's it!" she added, as the bell rang. "I asked them to send some responsible person to see what I really meant about the alterations. said Miss Shackleton, as she looked over the banisters, "I believe that's the person at How tiresome of them to be so late! Into the morning-room, Jane. Come and have a look at the thing, Letty." Shackleton sailed downstairs. Letty, her heart beating rather confusedly, followed, telling herself that the thought which had occurred to her was too preposterous.

But nothing seemed to be too wild for this day of days. As Letitia entered the morning-room behind her aggrieved aunt, she knew that she was up against another situation. The messenger was untying his box. He looked up and bowed to Miss Shackleton. To Letitia he also bowed very slightly. His

face was a study in self-control.

"You are very late," Miss Shackleton

began, in her most icy tone.

"I apologise, madam—I was detained. There was a bad breakdown on the Underground." Here his eye caught Letitia's for a moment, but it was, save for the faintest possible twinkle, the eye of a stranger, a subordinate, a young man from an outfitter's.

"I have been much put about," Miss Shackleton complained. "I leave town in an hour or two. Well, let me see the thing,

now that it is here at last."

The young man held up the coat. Miss

Shackleton tried it on.

"Yes," she said, turning herself about and moving her arms, "that is really better. The tightness across the shoulders is removed. Thank you. I think it will do, Letty?"

"Quite all right, I think, Auntie."

The messenger took up his hat. Again he bowed, allowed himself another look at Letitia, and turned to go. "Good afternoon, madam."

"Good afternoon," Miss Shackleton returned, in the tone proper to the occasion.

But Letitia held out her hand; her eyes were dancing. "Good-bye again, Mr. Bruce, and, once more, thank you ever so much. Dear Aunt Maria, this gentleman was very kind to me to-day after the accident on the Underground Railway."

Miss Shackleton, amazed, looked the Bruce

up and down.

"I am much obliged to you, I am sure," she said, still in the tone she believed proper to the occasion.

"It was nothing, I assure you, madam. I am only too pleased if I was of any use."

Miss Shackleton opened her eyes wider than ever when her niece accompanied Mr. Bruce out into the hall. Wonder held her rooted to the spot. Letitia was incalculable. What next? Yet Miss Shackleton had to admit to herself that the young man had a puzzling air of distinction. He had seemed quite at his ease. She had not been able to find so much fault as she had intended.

His quiet dignity had somehow disarmed her. Very extraordinary!

From the hall came a murmur of voices, Letitia's full of laughter, the young man's even and well-modulated. Miss Shackleton devoutly hoped that Letty was not allowing gratitude to outrun discretion. There were limits, of which her niece's impulsiveness took too little regard at times.

But it seemed the young man had the sense not to linger presumptuously. Within half a minute Miss Shackleton heard the front door close. Letty came back radiant.

"I don't want to be inquisitive," Miss Shackleton began, "but, my dear Letty, whatever service this person may have chanced to render you, it does not do to be so gushing—it tempts to presumption, to embarrassing familiarity in inferiors."

"Mr. Bruce is not my inferior in any

way—quite the reverse."

"Who, then, and what is he? Surely I

have a right to know."

But with Letty's cryptic answer Miss Shackleton was wise enough to understand that she must be content.

"He is," said Letitia, with a far-away light in her eyes, "merely a fellow-traveller on the Moving Stairs of Life."



### SONG.

WHEN Autumn reddened all the woods, And silence lay along the hills, Love peeped into my life and smiled, And filled my heart with daffodils.

But when once more the gladdening earth
Put on Spring's green-and-gold array,
Love, passing, looked at me askance,
And turned his head the other way.

M. V. GARLAND.

# THE SAVING OF PETE CONLAN

## By E. R. PUNSHON

### Illustrated by Dudley Tennant



EWS came through
first from an
Indian; it was
confirmed by Dan
O'Neil, who had
passed that way,
"hitting the trail
for all he was
worth," as he said
himself, for fear of
being caught by

freeze-up, and then there was the Count to tell us how Pete had shown him his injured foot.

Both Dan O'Neil and the Count had advised Pete to clear before the bad days came, but Pete wanted to wait for the Evans boys. Unluckily, the Evans boys had come back on the valley trail, and so there was Pete caught by the winter in his cabin way up north.

Well, we all knew what that meant, and there was a good deal of talk about it. Of course, he could have pulled through very well with plenty of stores; but we knew he couldn't have much, and Dan O'Neil said he wasn't far from the bottom of the flour bag even then, near a week before freeze-up. Some blamed Dan O'Neil and the Count for not just toting Pete along, anyway, but he had seemed sure the Evans boys would be along before a great while, and it hadn't occurred to either of them to doubt it. In fact, it wasn't once in a hundred times anyone took the valley trail so late in the year. More blamed the Evans boys, but no doubt they had supposed Pete would clear out same as he generally did, maybe they had never thought about him at all.

The Count didn't think Pete was as short of stores as Dan O'Neil made out, but, anyway, it wasn't likely he could have enough to hold out much after Christmas. A man up

against it can do wonders on snow and birchbark, but, all the same, that's feed that has its limitations. Then there were his dogs, but by the time it comes to dogs, dogs don't amount to much. I know that's my experience. Likely enough, Pete's would have wandered off before he was real pressed, or eaten each other, or else the wolves would have got them. A very good soup can be made of boiled leather—boots and such-like -which I've known help a man to hold out till help came; and there's other ways a starving man finds out. But, on the whole, Pete's chances didn't seem too rosy. Anyway, he wasn't what the insurance companies would call an eligible subject.

It was talked about a good deal in the saloons, and the more we thought of him out there, the other side of Lost Men's Hills, miles from help, with the winter gales roaring past straight from the Pole itself, and the thermometer dropping and dropping like it meant to touch bottom and couldn't, but would go on trying—why, the warmer and cosier the saloons used to seem.

"Wonder how Pete's doing?" men used to say to each other, and then they would liquor up and grow quiet and thoughtful.

One of the parsons in the town made a sermon about it, which most thought playing it a little low down on a fellow in a sight worse fix than the parson had ever known, and men used to swop stories of fellows they had known cut off by freeze-up and forced to winter way up. It was in the bar of the Morphy house one night a big, tough fellow from the Ottawa River was telling us a story like that—it was about two fellows and some Chinks caught by freeze-up without any grub, and in the spring there was two fellows fat and rosy, and no Chinks at all, and none of us believed a word of the tale—when a little man in

the corner near the stove spoke up sudden

"If this man is starving out there," he said, "why don't some of you go and fetch

The Ottawa River fellow-his name was Mike Pierce—looked at the little man steady like over a glass of whisky, same as if the little man was some kind of worm, and an unpleasant kind at that.

"Been long in the country, mister?" he

asked at last.

"Nope," said the little man.

"Well, then," said Mike, and drank off his whisky as though that were settled.

"Where I come from," said the little man, "if a bloke's in a hole, and another bloke can give him a hand, he does.

Mike turned round and looked at him as if he disliked him more and more every minute.

"See here," he said at last, quiet like, "I'll go if you'll go."

"Right-o," said the little man.

No one else said a word. Mike knew what he was in for all right, but we suspicioned the little man didn't, not by a long way. It was just plain foolishness, nothing more or less. The distance was great, the weather was worse than usual, there wasn't the semblance of a trail, there was Lost Men's Hills to cross, there wasn't one chance in a hundred of getting through. Besides, likely enough Pete was dead by now.

"See here, gentlemen," said Morphy himself, "there ain't no one sorrier for Pete than what I am. It's tough luck, but he's struck it tough, and there's no more to be Some does, some don't—it's the way

things go."

"That's so," we all agreed, for it sounded good sense, anyway, and, besides, Morphy is a lot respected—naturally, him being the owner of the best-run and most respectable saloon in the town.

Sort of encouraged by our all agreeing

that way, Morphy went on—

"I ain't saying but what it does a mighty lot of credit to these two gentlemen, Mr. Pierce and— I don't think I know your name, sir?" he says to the little man.

"I'm 'Arry 'All," said the little man.

It took us a little while to tumble to it that he meant Harry Hall, him being an Englishman, and weak about the "aitches," as they all are. One of the boys did spot that he came from London, though, and asked him, and he said, "Yes, he did—from

the Mile End Road." He told us later that that is a well-known locality and a leading

quarter of the town.

"Well, Mr. Hall, sir," Morphy went on, "I only wish it could be done, but it can't, though the notion does you credit, and does us all credit, and to show my appreciation, gentlemen, the drinks are on me. Name your liquors. Mike, what's yours?"
"Meaning," says the little man from the

Mile End Road, "meaning nobody ain't

going?"

We had started talking again, but we all stopped at that and stared our hardest at the blame little fool in the corner by the stove, who didn't know what he was up against. I tell you you could have heard a fly sneeze in that saloon. Rummy thing, too, the more silent it was, the more plain we seemed to see Pete in his cabin way up, across Lost Men's Hills, waiting and waiting till the cold and hunger got him, and the wolves broke in and gave him his funeral.

"Gentlemen," began Morphy, drinks---"

But no one took any notice of him, and his voice trailed off into silence, and Mike Pierce let loose a flood of language that laid out a bull-puncher talking to his team the way Morphy's rag-time kid would lay out you or me at high-toned music on the piano.

"It's just plain foolishness," said Mike at last, "but what I said I stick to."

"Right-o," said the little man, and Mike gave him the sort of look you give your best Sunday go-to-meeting enemy the day after he's played you the lowest down trick you

ever heard of.

The very next day they started. Mike was no slouch, once he began, and he fairly made things hum, getting all ready. had passed the hat round, and they were as well equipped as could be—good stores, good dogs, first-class outfit in every way. All they wanted they had, for the boys had come down with the dust ready enough, and some of us even began to think they had a dog's chance of getting through, especially those who didn't know Lost Men's Hills.

But they had no luck from the start. Only two days after they left the weather broke. It was bad enough in town; what it was like out there we knew well enough.

I remember, when it cleared a bit, there were five suns in the sky, and by the warmth that came you couldn't tell which was the real one and which the mock.

Bad as the weather was, Mike Pierce and Harry Hall pushed on, Likely Harry Hall didn't know what he was in for. He had been in the country a while and done journeys, you understand, but none like this. Mike knew, though—he knew what was before them, and he didn't like the prospects one His only consolation was to sit by the fire at night and think what Hall would have to go through. Great Heavens, I don't suppose any man ever hated any other quite so awful as Mike Pierce came to hate that little London chap from the Mile End Road.

When the weather broke, the snow came, the bitter, blinding snow, driving so thick and fast before the gale that a man could not see his mittened hand if he held it before his face, and the dogs set on the trail would only whimper and turn their noses up-wind. For a week they were held fast, and they not fifty miles on their journey. Then the wind let up, and the curling snow wreaths dropped, and Hall said-

"It can't be done; let's go back." Mike cursed him good and hearty.

"You let us in for it," he said, "and

you'll see it through."

So off they started, and hard work it was, breaking a trail through that untrodden snow. They lost two dogs in a drift, and the cold—sixty below it was—grew till trees they passed would split, rent by the frost as by an axe, and no matter how big a fire they lit, the heat from it seemed but a lost thing in that enormous cold—a little lost futile thing that made no difference at all.

Their week's delay had made them a bit short, for their supplies had been very carefully calculated, so that they should travel as lightly as they could. They tried to make up the time they had lost by pushing on faster, and then there came the wind again, the bitter wind from the north that stabs clean through you like the point of a spear. It brought the snow, too, the driving snow that covers all the world in one white pall of It seemed to get colder every day. When they halted they cut down whole trees and heaped them up till the flames roared sky-high, and yet it is a fact that the meat they cooked would be crisp and frizzled on one side and still raw and frozen on the other. Then they lost their best dog, the team-leader. It slept so near the fire one night it scorched all one flank, and the next day the frost got in the wound and it died. The loss was a heavy one, and they made slower progress than ever, for the dogs hadn't fought out which was to be the new leader, and pulled mighty badly. Hall was fair broken up.

"Mate," he said, "we've given it a fair trial, and it can't be done. Let's go back."

"We ain't quitting," was all Mike said. "You let us in for this, and you'll see it through."

And he sat quiet there by the fire, hating Hall as I suppose one man has seldom hated

"You're going on," Mike said.

A day or two later, when they had lost another day, Hall tried again. He argued, entreated, implored, wept-but what's the good of tears that freeze before they've well come into your eyes?

"You're going on," Mike said again, as he sat there, hating Hall with all his heart.

"We ain't quitting.

They came to Lost Men's Hills. It was crossing them finished the thing, as most of us expected it would. Half-way through the dogs got at the stores while Mike and Hall were away from camp, trying to chop a trail clear. There wasn't an awful lot left by the time the dogs were through, and Hall was so mad he killed two of them, letting fly with his axe and never thinking. Mike was pretty near killing him in return, only he thought that would really be doing Hall a kindness. Another dog ran off and vanished —likely the wolves got him—and so there they were, only half-way over the hills, with two dogs left.

But they kept on some way, and, what's more, they shook clear of the hills and came out on the plain beyond, which the wind had swept fairly clear of snow, so that the going But the cold was worse, for was better. the wind from the Pole crawled over it like a thin flame without warmth; and if they shut their eyes, to save them a minute from the glare of the snow, the lashes would freeze to their cheeks, so that they could not open them again. There wasn't much wood about here, and what there was was mighty small stuff. They used to dream of great fires and of rooms with huge blazing stoves and big red curtains over the doors and windows, and then they would wake shivering, to find themselves still alone in that tremendous cold. lost an ear the frost bit off, and Mike was glad when that happened, and would have smiled had his frozen muscles been capable of any such movement.

The days were short, the nights black and Often the Northern Lights would blaze overhead in great streams of red and crimson and yellow, and the stars were a glory and a wonder; but little those two



"It was nearly sun-up next day when he and what he bore came

heeded as they fought their way on, frozen, starving, despairing, hating each other more fiercely with every hardship they endured.

They had almost forgotten their errand now. They were like automata, as if the cold had frozen even their thoughts. All they knew was that they had to push on, through the cold that was like a lost soul's despair, through the silence that was like that which reigns half-way between the stars.

They lost both their last dogs, and quarrelled feebly, in bitter whispers, about whose fault it was. Mike got his knife out, and Hall tried to load their gun; but his fingers were too stiff to get the cartridge into the breech, and Mike was so weak he let the knife fall in the snow and lost it. Luckily there was plenty of wood about, and Hall built the biggest fire they had had for a long time, though its warmth was against



at last to Pete's little cabin on the side of the hill."

the cold as a child's lifted hand against the march of a conquering army. That night Mike refused his supper—he said it was curry he wanted, curry so hot it blistered your mouth as you ate it, and then blistered you all the way down. If he couldn't have curry, he wouldn't have anything.

"I'm done," he said; "I'm going to cash in this trip."

There were twenty miles still to cover, there or thereabouts, and Hall sat a time considering when he found out what had happened.

"Done it so far together," said Hall to himself; "may as well stick it out together."

You see, there were wolves about—wolves that had followed all the way from the woods on Lost Men's Hills, and Hall, for all he had hated Mike, couldn't make up his mind to leave him so.

He slung up the rest of their stores on a tree—it was mighty little they had left now—so as to be safe, and he hoisted Mike, who was stiff as a log of wood, on his back, and off he started.

How he did it no one will ever know. The cold struck through and through him, so that there was no longer left to him even the memory of warmth. He was worn out with what he had been through, he was only half conscious of what he did, the dead man on his back weighed him down, but somehow or other, stumbling, falling, reeling, on and on he went, and the slow, snow-covered miles grew less one by one.

From above the four mock suns looked down on him as they followed the true sun to his westering, the stars came out above, the Northern Lights flamed above his head, above the strangest sight that even they had ever seen. In that great silence of the vast white wilderness even the faint crackling of the far-flung streamers was something of a relief, and Hall was glad of it, and

mumbled sometimes in reply.

It had been soon after sun-up when, with the dead man on his back, he started out to cover the twenty miles that still lay between him and his destination; it was nearly sun-up next day when he and what he bore came at last to Pete's little cabin on the side of the hill. It is to be supposed some instinct held him straight on his course through the night, for they say his trail was as true as a deer's to the waterhole. But he was nearly done when he came at last to the door of the shack and hammered on it with his fists.

Pete had the scare of his life. He had never dreamed there was a living soul within a couple of hundred miles or more. Since freeze-up he had heard no sound save the howling of the wind, or the drifting of the snow, or the splitting of a tree or a stone in the rending cold. For the rest, there had been the silence that falls where the rule of  $-60^{\circ}$  bears sway, and now here were

two men, one living and one dead, coming hammering at his door.

At first he was inclined to believe he had gone mad, as men have done in the frozen solitudes, and that his visitors were only visions of his own; but he says he reckoned even a vision would be glad of food and warmth, and he hustled round right smart to fill up the stove with fresh wood and get a hot breakfast ready.

Mike they hoisted up on the roof of the shack. They reckoned he wouldn't mind, and they wanted him out of the way of the dogs. Then Hall tried to get thawed out, while Pete hustled around. There is no doubt he was mighty good to them, but, of course, a man's glad to have visitors when he hasn't seen a soul for months, and then, too, he was mighty sorry and concerned about Hall's condition, and what had happened to poor Mike Pierce.

"It's real lucky I have good and plenty

stores," he said, "ain't it?

"Plenty stores, have you?" asked Hall.

"Yep, plenty and to spare," answered Pete. "Gosh, we'll make a big feed, we will so. There's some tinned tomatoes we'll have, and some canned corn, and I'll fry some pancakes. Which would you rather have—venison or bear meat? I've got both."

"Ain't no ways short," said Hall, "that's

a sure thing."

"I should say," agreed Pete. "The Evans boys left me a whole heap. They went back the valley trail, but they pushed on here first and left me plenty of stuff, and then I got a bear and a couple of deer before the bad time began. But, bless me," he added, remembering suddenly, "what was you two doing this way this time of year?"

"Oh, just mouching around," answered

Henry Hall.



# THE QUEST ALONE

## By RONALD GURNER

### Illustrated by Lucien Davis



ES, it's music. But I think Tennyson almost always is. Read it again, Irene, please."

"And even in saying this,

Her memory, from old
habit of the mind,
Went' slipping back
upon the golden
days

On which she saw him first, when Lancelot came, Reputed the best knight and goodliest man, Ambassador, to lead her to his lord..."

The measured words fell slowly and distinctly from Irene Fielding's lips, and Ralph Harding, watching her, felt in some real sense awed by the blended effects of the words, the beauty of the girl who read them, and the sheer magic of the Cornish sea and scenery on a summer morning. For all these things were still new and intoxicating to one of his temperament. Seventeen is an age of possibilities—false starts, perhaps, but adventures spiritual and physical. At times, even during the healthy but prosaic routine of life at Hillfield College, he had felt that his newly-discovered Tennyson or Keats or Blake opened to him new vistas of thought and dreams; and here at Newquay he had found a consummation, indeed, with Nature to interpret written words, and Irene to read

And, in truth, Irene was no ordinary girl. Her appreciation of beauty was keen and catholic, but it had in it nothing merely sentimental or flabby. She criticised with the unequivocal criticism of youth. She looked askance upon any tendency towards decadence. Browning she admired, though, naturally, hardly to the full as yet; but in appreciation of Tennyson above all she and her new friend found a common meeting-ground. And the long-suffering Bedruthen Steps and Fistral Bay had heard their full share of that poet's works that summer.

The holiday was drawing to an end, and

on this particular morning Irene and Ralph were reading old favourites associated with the beginning of their friendship.

"...and on again,
Till yet once more, ere set of day, they saw
The Dragon of the Great Pendragonship,
That crowned the state pavilion of the King,
Blaze by the rushing brook or silent well."

Her reading stopped on a full note of feeling, and Irene looked away across the sea. Ralph was content to wait till she should speak. He asked for nothing more than to watch her. With the echoes of the last words still in his ears, he gazed upon her profile, feature by feature, the forehead half bathed in sunshine, half shaded by the mass of dark hair, the clear-cut nose and chin, the parted lips. Irene was by no means the first pretty girl whom he had met, but he recognised that something more than any prettiness was here. A boyish distrust of emotion made him suddenly rouse himself, and he moved ever so slightly away.

Irene turned to him and smiled.

"Thanks, Irene. It's—it's fine, isn't it?"
"Yes, that's true poetry—ideas and music, and everything else. I think Tennyson is almost always good."

"Yes, it must be fine to be able to write

like that."

A new thought came to Irene.

"Ralph, I wonder if you will ever do it?"

"Write like him?"

"Yes."

"I'd love to, but it's a big order."

"But you understand these things now, Ralph. Why shouldn't you?"

"Would you like me to?"

"Why, of course. They are the things that matter most—you know they are."

"I suppose they are, really."

Neither Irene nor Ralph stopped to define the vague word "they." There seemed to be no need.

"Yes, they must be," continued Ralph. "After all, making money, and all that,

doesn't go beyond a certain point; then

other things must come in."

"It seems wonderful," said Irene inconsequently, and almost as if talking to herself. "Tennyson was just a man like anybody else, but he'll live when most other people are forgotten. It's a wonderful power.

Ralph was silent.

"Penny, Ralph!" said Irene, in a lighter voice, smiling at him. "You're looking very serious."

"Oh, I don't know. I was thinking that the ordinary sort of life we lead at school, for example, doesn't give these things much chance. And masters and parents and people —they don't value them as they should. bet Dad doesn't even know 'Œnone.'"

"No; but that's no reason why we, who do understand them, should drop them.

know I never shall."

"I shan't, either, especially now."

The sternest censor could not have accused Irene and Ralph of any cheap sentiment. But it was impossible for them not to realise what this meant. In a dim, unconscious way they realised that they were pledged to a purpose together in which each would help the other.

"Fancy people calling it all tosh!" said

Ralph, after a moment.

"Yes, it seems funny. Doesn't Wordsworth say something about it—'a yellow primrose, nothing more '?"

There was silence for a moment.

"I'm awfully glad we met, Irene," said Ralph.

"So'm I."

This was all quite old to the Bedruthen Steps. Strangely enough, it had happened But it was very new, and was becoming wonderful, to these children.

"He kissed her!" one might imagine a spiritual Mrs. Grundy say with horror. "Well, what about it?" the Bedruthen Steps might reply. "You didn't expect him

not to, did you?"

And what Irene and Ralph said was immaterial, but to them the words and the kiss were a secret pledge of a common aim. It was a milestone, they knew. They could not know to what ultimate goal it led.

"Poetry, as usual, I suppose," said Mrs. Fielding, when they returned for lunch to 'The Atlantic,' where the families were staying together.

"Oh, no, servants!" said Irene quickly. "A shrewd stroke withal," said Mr. Harding, smiling at Mrs. Fielding. "They will grow up, won't they? It's the worst of children nowadays."

"I like 'children,' Dad. Why not 'babies,'

while you're about it?" said Ralph.

"No, children, just children. It isn't a very dreadful thing to be, after all," Mrs. Fielding answered.

"But wise-oh, so wise!" And Mr. Harding

pointed to the Tennyson Ralph carried.

"I suppose it's all rot to you?" Ralph glanced quickly at Irene. This was to be the allies' first encounter and victory against the material outlook.

"Of course." Mr. Harding smiled and continued slowly—

"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear To reverence their king as if he were Their conscience, and their conscience as their king. To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,

To ride abroad redressing human wrongs.

Oh, yes, mere rot!"

"Then you've read it, too, Mr. Harding?" Irene asked quickly and almost excitedly.

"Suppose I must have—long time ago, you

know.'

"And it isn't rot to you, after all?"

"No, but it's the blossom on the tree, Ralph, my boy, and you must grow your tree first." Harding looked quietly at his

"I don't quite understand."

"Perhaps not; you will, though. Swinton! Going strong?"

A boy of about eighteen approached,

carrying a well-filled golf-bag.

"Yes, thanks; round in eighty-four to-day.

"Good; that's well beneath your handicap. They'll play you for Cambridge, if you aren't careful."

"No fear; the river for me every time."

"When do you go?" "October the tenth."

"A year ahead of Ralph. Well, he'll be

on your heels all right."

"Come for a walk this afternoon, Irene?" asked Swinton, with studied indifference.

"Sorry I can't, Phil. Ralph and I are

"And spouting verse, I suppose?"

Ralph looked at Swinton quickly and said nothing. But afterwards, when waiting for Irene, he met Swinton and said quietly—

"Pretty cheap that."

" What?"

"About spouting verse."

"Well, you're always doing it."

"Why not?"

"Irene Fielding, I suppose?"

"You dry up, even if you are jealous."

But that evening, when dressing for dinner, she suddenly looked at herself in the glass.

"You were a little beast to-day, you know,"

"Jealous! Why, I could cut you out any day I wanted!"

"Why not do it?"

"I will, perhaps, when I've time."

she said, "although I do rather like him," she continued. "But he's not Ralph." Irene appeared at Little then did any of the party guess that, that moment, and she before twelve months were over, Mr. Harding and Ralph walked would have succumbed to a sudden heart away together.

What do you think of that?"" "He's afraid, Fido, afraid of us.

"I don't much like Swinton, do you?"

asked Ralph. Ralph was young.

"Oh, I don't know-he's rather fun." Irene was a girl not so very far from womanhood. She looked at Ralph as she spoke, saw the cloud pass over his face, and smiled to herself.

seizure, leaving a bare income of two hundred pounds a year to his wife. But Mrs. Harding and her only boy bore the blow bravely. They moved from Hampstead—Mrs. Harding to rooms, and Ralph to his uncle's house at Willesden. His uncle had taken him into his

leather business for the sake of his brother, whose executor he was; and at eighteen Ralph found himself, not, as he had hoped, at Cambridge, but pinned to a clerk's desk. Grey years followed. His uncle was kind enough, but his outlook was not what Ralph's had been.

"Got to make yer mark, my boy—that's what you've got to do in this world. Make money when you can and how you can. Business is business the world over. If you don't best the other feller, he'll best you. This new line of Taplins in Russian leather, now. Their fellow at Moscow is working it. We've got to beat 'em. Sell at a loss, if necessary, for a time. We can make it up. Lucky their capital always was their weak point."

Mrs. Harding noticed that Ralph was quieter than usual that week-end.

"Anything wrong, Ralph?"

"No, mother, only-

"Only what?"

"It seemed so sordid after what I—what we'd hoped. Just money, money, all day long. Uncle seems to think it's an end in itself."

"He's a fine man, though, Ralph."

"Yes, they all say that—because he's hardheaded and rather close-fisted, I suppose."

"No, but because he's strong and determined, and has faced many difficulties. helped your father, you know."

Ralph nodded.

"I know it's all strange to you, dear. But remember these things are tests. Character is only made in one way."

"By making money." Ralph spoke bitterly.

"No, dear, by sticking to your guns and working, and not losing heart. Do that, and it'll come all right later on, I feel sure."

"There is no time now to read even-

poetry and things about life generally."

"No, but you're living instead. Do you remember what Dad said last year at Newquay?"

"Yes, I remember," answered Ralph, in an altered voice. "I'm sorry, mother"—and he

kissed her.

"I know it's hard, dear," she replied

tenderly.

And she knew what to him was the hardest part of Ralph's lesson. He had seen and heard from Irene Fielding only seldom But an old school since his father died. friend had told him how a certain Philip Swinton had developed alarmingly literary tastes, and had stayed with the Fieldings \*wice—he had met him there.

"Talked about Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde and Nietzsche and those Johnnies all day," he said. "Irene is jolly clever, and kept up to him. She's read an awful lot. They're studying 'The Ring and the Book' together now, I believe. Couldn't understand a word of it myself. But she swallows it all right. Writes herself, too. Found this in a local paper last week."

Harding took the sonnet and read—

Two friends in this strange world of mystery, Good friends I made in happy days gone by. Keep you the past alive, you Cornish sky! Keep you our secret safe, you Cornish sea!

"Yes, good enough. Do you mind if I keep it?"

No; I should probably lose it myself."

"So Swinton scores, after all," muttered Harding, when the friend had gone. "Clever fellow, Swinton - his games, Cambridge, manners generally, and now this. I had my day; it's something to look back upon, I suppose—will be, anyway. It's a bit painful now."

Soon afterwards an invitation arrived for him to spend a week-end with the Fieldings.

He thought deeply and refused.

"Better make the final break," he said to

himself. "It's so different now."

The unexpected result of his refusal was the arrival of Irene Fielding in person at his uncle's house the following week. The social preliminaries over, she soon came to the point at issue.

"Why won't you come, Ralph? Why are

you avoiding us like this?"

"I'm not, but I thought that—that

perhaps it was just politeness."

"Then you're an ass," said Irene, with some determination. "Politeness!"

She turned full towards him.

"Ralph, what's the matter? Have you forgotten?"

"What?

Newquay?"

" Yes."

"Not I. But it isn't as if I was at Cambridge, and could keep these things up. I depend on uncle, and he just doesn't like them. And there's so little time. You see, I do books, and that means evening work." Ralph paused, realising that he was entering upon the sordid details of business life.

"But you haven't forgotten?

And even in saying this, Her memory, from old habit of the mind . . . "

Ralph turned quickly.

"Don't, Irene, please, don't. It hurts - you don't know----

"Oh, yes, I know, Ralph. Do you know

you make me feel very small."

"Make you feel what?" Ralph's astonishment was reflected in his emphasis.

"Yes, small. Do you know why?"

" No."

"Well, I don't think I shall tell you—yet."

"How's Swinton?"

Ralph had to change the subject, and he felt he could ask the question more easily now.

"All right, I believe. Trying to grow up

at Cambridge."

"He speaks in the Union, I hear, and writes in *The Cam*."

"Does he? He would. Well, good-bye,

Ralph. But don't drop us altogether."

So it happened that Ralph spent more than one week-end in the following few months at Richmond. And he went with a better heart, for the drudgery of his work was giving place to a certain feeling of achievement, of success. Swinton was doing well at Cambridge, was he? Well, he was head of a business department, and he knew his uncle was beginning to rely on his judgment. He was making money, too—the business was prospering. A branch was being opened at Bristol that year, which he expected to manage. In his own small way he was, after all, making his mark.

"Capable feller," his uncle had said. "No nonsense about him." Hard-headed and narrow or no, Ralph knew the value of such

praise as this.

Then came a strange period, when he found suddenly he almost despised Swinton and all his ways and works. His only excuse, Harding thought, was that he was young. But all this "hot air" about Nietzsche and Blake and Keats—that didn't make one's way or teach anything. Its value was, of course, that so only were appeals to Irene to be made. He recognised that, and gave Swinton credit for recognising it as well. He would have done the same. But he couldn't help feeling vaguely glad he hadn't.

"You're a materialist in these days, Ralph," said Irene once. Ralph had made some chance remark about Omar Khayyam

being one of the "poet fellows."

"Not really, but I don't like gush."
"Yes, really, almost," said Irene.

Ralph was arrested by an unwonted

seriousness in her voice.

"Fat, forty, and successful," she continued, looking at him. Then: "'Just for a handful of silver he left us."

"That's rather cruel, Irene."

"Cruel to be kind. Oh, no, I understand

well enough, Ralph. But we did promise one another, you know."

"Yes, I'm sorry, Irene. But I think I'm almost afraid of you now—you're so clever."

"He's afraid, Fido," said Irene, fondling her dog, "afraid of us. What do you think of that?"

But these words of Irene's had cut deeper than perhaps she guessed. That night Ralph took careful stock of himself—his present and future. Twenty-four years old, presentable in appearance, successful, with every prospect of wealth ahead-life was not using him badly, after all. But what of the things that were, he had believed, the only things that gave life meaning? He had once lived among them—had made them his daily food for thought. He had then learnt, through dire necessity, to live without them; and now had come the period when he was doing that very thing which he had so failed to understand others doing only seven years ago. "Tosh!" The word came easily to his lips. But were these things really tosh? He remembered his father's quotation at Newquay. It had not been tosh to him. "The tree and then the blossom." There was little fear that he would forget the tree. Was he forgetting the blossom? The very words, he knew, would have sounded absurd to his uncle. But was life necessarily so one-sided?

So, during his new and bigger work at Bristol, the old life came back to him more and more. The discontent, for some time quelled, returned in a different form. He read, but the bare words read alone either left him cold or brought memories that he could do well without. He read, too, naturally enough, in a more critical spirit, and more than one idol fell as a result. The measured lines of "In Memoriam"—were these the accents of despair?

Beauty is truth, truth beauty . . .

But was this all we knew on earth, or needed to know?

"Got to know the price of leather in New York as well," he said to his self. It was unfair criticism, he knew, but there it was. And the fact remained that life was hard to harmonise.

During this period he saw nothing of Irene. He missed her. She had criticised, and criticised truly, and he wondered what her future criticism would be—also what her present life was. "Swinton and Browning, I suppose." But he felt, as he said it, that it was not the truth.

In due course he returned to London, and

a dinner with Irene was the natural thing to suggest. "Only somewhere quietly," she stipulated, and the dinner became a river

picnic.

Irene lay quietly and contentedly in the boat, while Ralph Harding punted her from Staines towards Laleham. Past Penton Hook he turned up a backwater, and there they made fast to the bank.

"Suit you, Irene?"

And now settle down and tell me " Quite.

all about yourself."

"There's not much to tell. The Bristol show is going well, and I've returned to run the main branch. Uncle is getting old, you know."

"Yes?"

"And I'm a materialist still, except that I've realised it now. But it seems hard to change."

" Why?"

- "Oh, one is so alone in these other things -our things, you know. It's all right for you, with people like Swinton right and left.
  - "Swinton!" The scorn was unmistakable.

"Why, what's up?" "Oh, a good deal."

Irene sat up a little in the cushions.

"Do you feel you're missing something that what you Ralph?  $\mathbf{Is}$ sometimes. mean?"

"Well, I miss a thousand times more. thought I knew so well what mattered most. We both did, didn't we? And now I've read poetry and philosophy, and seen plays, and talked with Swinton and others, read and talked, it seems, for years and years, and done —just nothing.

Good Heavens, what hae ye done? And the printed god of a printed book be with ye, Tomlinson.

Kipling knew, so did Tennyson, in 'The Palace of Art.'"

"But does a girl need to do these things?

Do you?"

"You a Victorian, of all people! What else is life for?"

"I don't know, but it seems different

for you."

Late Both may be an in the con-

"And is a girl to watch while a man can do things and make his way? Talk about life while a man lives? Do you know, Ralph, I read 'The Lady of Shalott' only yesterday, and it seems to have brought it more home What am I doing but gazing in the mirror, after all, while the knights go to and fro?"

"Yes, but you understand."

"Understand! And what is that?" Irene spoke scornfully.

"You aren't happy, then, Irene?"

"No, I don't really think I am. Ralph, do you remember those Newquay days? All we planned and dreamed of then? We were young enough, but we thought we held the keys. We grasped at all the world and all the glory of it. Good days they were, because we knew no better, I suppose. We talked together, foolishly enough. And you were to be a poet, Ralph, and I—

"What were you to be?"

"I've rather forgotten."

"Doesn't a poet need a comrade?"
"I—I suppose so."

"Irene," said Ralph, speaking rather slowly, "I think I know what it is. We were together then, and that's just it. We may have learnt more, grown since, but we've learnt alone, as perhaps we had to. And now you are lonely in your world of thought, and I in mine of figures and stocks. Neither is enough, alone."

Irene looked at him without speaking.

"Irene, haven't we learnt enough to start again—together? I think we still may find the secret, if we try."

"Do you mean—" Irene paused.

"Yes, dear, just that." Ralph gathered her to him.

"It's often done, you know. always loved you—ever since Newquay days."

"Oh, Ralph, why didn't you tell me, instead of avoiding me as you did?"

"I couldn't, dear, for all sorts of reasons. And, after all, I had to learn, to find the meaning in common things, and to wait till you could love me."

Irene smiled.

"You needn't have waited long for that, dear boy. Never a day since Newquay that I haven't thought about you—too much to let you know."

She nestled closer to him.

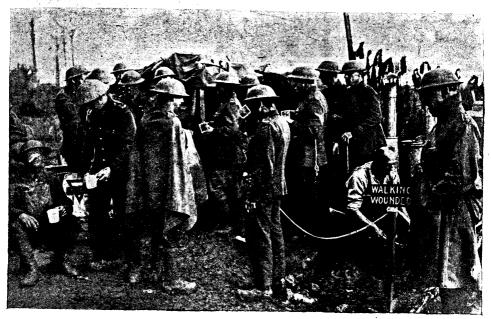
"Never a day, dear Ralph."

"And will you start again—with me?" Irene smiled. Softly the words came—

"Her memory, from old habit of the mind, Went slipping back upon the golden days On which she saw him first..."

She stopped and looked at him.

"Go on," said Ralph. "Do your worst it doesn't hurt me now."



A Y.M.C.A. STALL FOR THE WALKING WOUNDED JUST BEHIND THE LINE.

From an official photograph issued for the Press Bureau by News, aper Illustrations.

# THE EPIC OF THE WALKING WOUNDED

### By JOHN OXENHAM

HE long, rolling sweep of slightly elevated land on which stood Wytschaete and Messines was once a prosperous and smiling countryside. Now Wytschaete and Messines are only handfuls of rubble. It is all an abomination of desolation and death—a cratered, crevassed land, pitted and pockmarked with shellholes, its only harvest mud, barbed wire, the remnants and refuse of the great battle—and many never-to-be-forgotten memories.

Now, indeed, it is busier than ever it was before, but now with death as once with life. For from somewhere back there the camouflaged big guns are hurling death and destruction into the driven-back German lines, night and day without ceasing, and the enemy does not always take his flailing quietly. The ground we now occupy, after driving him out, has suffered fiery torment

from both sides, and bears the tragic marks of it.

It is arduous walking there even for a fit and healthy man in full possession of all his limbs and his wind. To the broken men coming down from the fight it must have been a veritable purgatory—a Via Dolorosa from which the imagination shrinks. I was wading through its mud and dodging its pitfalls but a few days ago, so I know.

But a great and imperishable memory of good deeds nobly done attaches to Messines, and thousands of men will recall them as long as they live. But for them, indeed, many of them might never have had the chance of ever recalling anything again.

Before this the Canadians, in their magnificent advance at Vimy Ridge, had received the prompt assistance of their Y.M.C.A.'s as they came out of their big

fight, and the value of that assistance had been so obvious, and had received such grateful recognition from Headquarters, that when the great advance at Messines was planned, the British Y.M.C.A. was taken into consultation, and arrangements were made for succouring the wounded on a scale never before attempted. Later on, the same thing was done by their Y.M.C.A.'s for the Australians at Polygon Wood and Glencorse and the Menin Road, and for the New Zealanders before Passchendael.

The Director of Medical Service had it all most carefully planned out beforehand with their leaders. The advance was to be along such and such lines. The wounded who could walk would come down from the advance dressing stations, about one hundred yards behind the Front, by such and such tracks to the corps collecting posts half-way down, and so by other clearly indicated tracks to the rear, where, at the railway evacuating stations, the ambulance trains awaited them.

Every road at the rear would be packed to its uttermost possibility with the where-withal to consolidate the advance—the success of which was never for one moment doubted—ammunition wagons, Service motors crammed with food, guns, limbers, field-kitchens, men, horses, mules. No room for wounded men in such a maelstrom. So they were to keep to their own marked tracks, where at all events they could take their time and walk unhindered and unhindering.

And so, behind the nine-mile battle-front, the night before the advance, in four-and-thirty different places little mushroom shacks of timber, corrugated iron, sods—anything that would afford a semblance of shelter—were hastily erected and, with the help of limbers, Service wagons, and motors, were amply supplied with all necessaries, and, above all, with the choicest spirits among the devoted workers, who carry their lives in their hands and their hearts on their sleeves in the device of the Red Triangle—two or three leaders to each post and a number of picked orderlies.

That little Red Triangle on the black ground has done more to win this War, and still much more to save men's bodies and souls, than we at home as yet fully recognise. But the Army chiefs out there know it to the full, and their appreciation is large and warm. To hundreds of thousands of our men it represents a new evangel—the gospel of practical and most genial Christianity. Thank God for the wisdom that lifted it out

of its old-time groove, and gave it a new birth, and opened its lusty new-born arms wide enough to take in the whole world.

The Red Triangle asks no questions, requires no creeds, when it offers its help. Like the Samaritan in the parable, it sees simply the need, and to the uttermost of its power supplies it. Wherein is a mighty lesson for all of us.

The nearest posts were not more than two hundred and fifty yards from the actual battle-front. The Red Triangle had attained one among its many summits of desire. It was no longer merely an adjunct to advance camps and rest camps. At last it had its regular place of service on the battle-field, arranged and ordered by Headquarters, and its leaders were invited to the medical conferences which settled the programme for dealing with the wounded.

At 3.30 a.m. the curtain went up to the tune of the explosion of the seventeen great mines, and the roar and crash of the barrage began. All night long the Red Triangles had been toiling like busy ants and—do permit it!—genial-faced uncles! The fires were burning brightly, kettles galore were steaming, chocolate, cakes, cigarettes, were all laid out handy, and the eager-faced workers waited, tight-strung, for the event and for their own work to begin.

The men went over the top, following the travelling line of fire, and a few minutes later the front posts were receiving their first guests—welcoming them with cheery words, handing out hot drinks - coffee, cocoa — and lemonade, chocolates, cakes, cigarettes, and speeding them on their way down the slippery tracks to the next house of call, where just the same attentions awaited them, and so to the next, and the next, till they arrived, at long last, at the railway evacuating post. And how some of them would ever have got there without. the assistance of the Red Triangle, it is hard to say. Some could barely stumble along, faint with loss of blood and dazed with the horrors of that rush through the hell-fires of No Man's Land. Some had to sit down every hundred yards. helped one another and got along somehow. And, no matter what their injuries, the Red Triangle put a bit of new life into them at each stopping-place.

One irrepressible joker, indeed, expressed the belief that, if he died on the road, "one of you blooming fellows would be waiting at the gate of Heaven with another cup

of cocoa for me!"

Every man whose wounds permitted of his walking walked that day. The stretcherbearers had their hands full to overflowing of the too-badly broken. But as they came down, all were succoured—German wounded exactly as our own. To the Red Triangle a wounded man is a man in need, and they are there to supply the need of every wounded man, even though the one may have blown off half the face of the man alongside him a minute or two before. Our man would have done the same for him if he could, and without doubt the German casualties were of our making.

had provided them right there in the very thick of things, and just at the exact moment when they were most needed. It is just that doing exactly the right thing at exactly the right moment which is more than ever needed nowadays. It is that which will help to rebuild all life. There has been so unnecessarily much of the reverse on every side since we tumbled into this hideous world-war.

I cannot refrain from quoting the words of one good worker up there that day. He says the experience of the day left some indelible impressions on his mind—as, indeed,



COMFORTS FOR FRIEND AND FOE.

From a Canadian War Records photograph issued by Central News.

There were ghastly enough wounds even among the walking cases, and soon every one of the four-and-thirty little aid-posts was a blessed centre of bleeding humanity, its clothes and its flesh alike in shreds, its faces gory and haggard and twisted with pain. At times no face whatever could be seen—nothing but bloody bandages hastily fixed by the stretcher-bearers under fire. But in most cases there was a mouth somewhere, and if it could by any means drink or could hold a cigarette, it felt one hundred per cent. happier for these things, and thousands per cent. bester for the brotherly love that

how could they fail to do?—"a sense of horror at the dread price at which even an overwhelming success has been purchased. The horror of blood everywhere. It is horrible, horrible! A sense of amazed admiration at the fortitude, courage, and modesty of our men. Not one groan or whine did I hear as I moved about among them, from four in the morning till six at night, and again from twelve at night till eight next morning. Constantly in and out between closely-laid stretchers, not one man made a groan, not one man pitied himself, but even the inost sorely wounded endured

their pain and the additional pain of redressing without a murmur. The man to whom the lifting of his head and shoulders, so that he might drink, must have given further pain, gave no sign save of his grateful appreciation. The man whose wounded foot I accidentally touched, as he sat on a crowded bench, met my apology by smilingly saying it was nothing. The man whose jaw was so badly smashed that he could not have a drink did not repine; the men whose wounds were such that drink must not be given them were just as grateful for a spoonful of water with which to wet their parched lips and throats. The courage and fortitude of the men is a thing never to be forgotten. And their modesty! In normal times we have to limit supplies—no man is allowed to buy more than three bars of chocolate. On this day we were using the kind which breaks most easily into half bars, and almost every man had to be asked to take a second, and to take two or three cigarettes, rather than the one to which he would have restricted himself.

"Their chivalry also knows no bounds, as just this incident will show. About two o'clock we had to refuse drinks of water to unwounded German prisoners, as our water-supply was very nearly giving out, and we could not be sure of the early arrival of a water-cart. Almost immediately I caught a wounded British soldier offering, before he had touched it himself, a drink of his cocoa to two unwounded Germans."

Roughly speaking, all the wounded had first claim, next the stretcher-bearers, whose work is as risky and taxing as any, and lastly the battalion runners, who keep up the difficult communications between front and rear and between the lines, a business strewn with risks and terribly trying.

The German wounded were amazed at their unexpected good treatment. Unwounded German prisoners, acting as stretcher-bearers, appreciated it so highly that one batch, who accidentally got lost by their guard, came back to one of the stations to carry more wounded—and get another drink.

The actual cost to the Red Triangle of that three days' service was two thousand pounds. The actual gain to humanity—who shall assess it? It runs beyond the computation of all the figures in the world, for it touches men's souls.

Here are some telling little incidents, and until you have been through the fire and smoke which has left your throat like a limekiln, and your nerves quivering. and your limbs shaking in spite of themselves, to your intense disgust, and are plastered with mud and blood from head to foot, you cannot fully appreciate the vivifying wonder of a clean drink of lemonade or steaming hot coffee or cocoa, and the new rapture in the old, familiar flavour of a cigarette. Apart from the actual joy of them, there is the unfailing glory and wonder of being still alive after going down into hell over there—the magical flavour of life and safety which adds its keen and dearly-bought zest. After his refreshment, one man emptied his pockets of every farthing he possessed—three francs and fourpence-halfpenny in English moneyand insisted on giving it to the Red. Triangle by way of acknowledgment. An officer who received assistance at the same time laid down a fifty-franc note. All honour to them both, but the Tommy gave even more than his master. Like the widow, he gave his all.

A man came staggering in on the third day, one solid cake of mud from head to foot. His story was very simple, as the greatest deeds are. He was badly wounded in the arm. His chum at the same moment had his legs shattered and rolled into a shallow trench half full of water. The other followed to see what he could do, and found his chum's head under water. He held it up, lest he should drown, and sat by him, holding it up, for two and a half days, till he died, and only then staggered down to the station to be seen to.

Another, a burly Australian, badly wounded, head all bandages, shaking with fatigue, was brought down in an ambulance. He was handed a cup of hot coffee, and was needing it badly. He had put it to his lips, when he glanced round at the ambulance and saw a chum just being carried out, more sorely wounded even than himself. He put down the coffee untasted, staggered back to his friend, and bent over him. "Skinny, old man, I hope you'll pull through. Goodbye!"

Chum first, then self! That is one of the many mighty lessons men are learning out there. For this terrible stress of war, with all its unhuman and unbalancing conditions, has produced in the minds of men a state of absolute objectivity. The things that appeal to the outer senses are the things that bulk largest—life, death, shelter, food, rest, mud and worse things.

and friendship-pal-ishness, if you like. That is one of the great vital and redeeming forces. What will a man not do for his chum? Greater love hath no man than thisand many a man, unknown to all save One. has proved it in his dying. His expression of it may be amazing at times, and his language sulphurous and hair-raising, but the iewel of that greater love is there, like the pearl amid the putrefying oysters, and its surroundings cannot impair the lustre of it.

Dr. Kelman's text to the men one day is an old story, but worth repeating. "Faint, yet pursuing," said the Doctor. "Fed up, but sticking it," translated the men. that, from my own experience, is the spirit

of them all.

No human man but is sick of the horror and waste of it all. But we are in it, not of our own will, but of direst necessity, and the men intend to see it through. You see it in every hard-set face, as you pass them in their mud-caked thousands, tramping steadily to the Front.

They also intend something more—that, when this dread thing is over, the world shall be a better place to live in for those who are left and for those who are to come. And in that still greater work which is to follow the job on hand, the Red Triangle, and all it has come to mean to them, will have its appointed work.

Unstinted thanks and praise have been given to the men of the Red Triangle by the Chiefs of the Army for their devoted

service.

General Plumer wrote most warmly, saying

"how very much the work of your Association was appreciated by all ranks, and how much the Army, as a whole, is indebted to you for

your arrangements."

The Director of Medical Service to the Second Army wrote: "I wish to express my thanks and high appreciation of the splendid work done by the Y.M.C.A. at the numerous aid-posts and dressing-stations during the recent successful operations. Please convey to all the personnel engaged my thanks for the excellent work done, often under most trying and dangerous circumstances."

And many other leaders out there have

written to the same effect.

It is good to learn that, in General Byng's recent great advance on Cambrai, similar arrangements were made. The Red Triangle has won its golden spurs.

And you at home, who cannot go out and share the dangers and glory of the work, do your part by helping those who do, in every way in your power.

#### INASMUCH

As you did it to My brother, You did it unto Me His wounds were Mine, his hardships Mine, We bore them all for thee.

It was I Whom you did succour, When he trod that toilsome track; He had been in hell, and you knew it well, When you gave us welcome back.

I am there with all My brothers, Who give their all for Me. Can life grudge aught to those who sought At such a cost to set her free, And on their painful crosses bought Her larger liberty?



# LOVE AND WAR

# By J. E. WHEELWRIGHT

Illustrated by A. Gilbert



HE fact is," said
Gregory VerekerDrummond, as he
threw down his
spade, "I was
educated to be one
of the governing
classes, and I would
much rather govern
than plant this
beastly wire netting.

The ruling classes always have blacks to do beastly spade work. Why didn't I go to a

country of blacks and rule them?"

Gregory Vereker-Drummond was speaking to himself—there was no one else within sight to speak to—and, having spoken, he lay down upon his back, crossed his legs, put his hands behind his head, shut his eyes, and gave himself up to meditation and a pipe.

The spot in which he meditated was in New South Wales, Australia. This may seem vague, but if we say that it was called Too Wanda Creek, no one will be much the

worse or the wiser.

He meditated chiefly about wire netting in connection with the common or garden rabbit. "A murrain upon all rabbits!" summed up his thoughts, but they were not so elegantly expressed. Wire netting lay about in rolls and heaps, and it was his present job to surround large pieces of land with it, if he wished to grow any crops and to keep the wolf from the door. The netting had to be buried more than a foot in the ground—hence these lamentations.

"There's too much of this bit of land altogether," he said. "I wish I hadn't felt such a blooming millionaire when I came out and bought all this. Here's a bit of earth half the size of Oxfordshire to go round. If I don't, I starve. If I do, what

then?"

A wave of home-sickness swept over him. He looked at his little home in the distance, a four-roomed wooden "humpy," or hut, which he shared with a pal. In two years he had expected to have amassed a fortune, and to be ready to go home and buy a yacht, and a moor in Scotland, a house in town, and many other things. And here he was, no further on than when he started.

His parents had died in India when he was a boy at school, and since then his affairs had been in the hands of a guardian. When school-days were over, he had spent two weary years trying to be a bank clerk, as he seemed to have no particular genius for anything, and there was not much money to start him on anything else. He had proved himself a surprisingly poor bank clerk, and, after prayers and entreaties on his part, the guardian had at last consented to give him a few hundred pounds, a ticket to Australia, and an introduction to an uncle out there—who did not want him. And this was the result.

Gregory—strong, willing, sober, and industrious, an early riser, like a good servant's "character"—was not making a rapid fortune. Drought and rabbits had been the great hindrance.

And now it was August. War had broken out. What was to be done?

He kept his eyes shut and thought of home. He thought of pleasant country houses, with green grass lawns, and drawing-rooms with chintz furniture and roses, and English ladies with soft voices. who had nothing to do but be pretty and agreeable.

And, above all, he thought of one English girl in one English home. Nearly all his holidays had been spent at the house of one of the masters of the school, as this master had been a friend of his father's, and he

was fond of the boy.

It was a delightful old house, with a beautiful old-world garden, grey, mossgrown, not far from the school buildings, and of the same date. How he remembered the garden! He gave an unconscious snift, and smelt the scent of newly-mown turf and

hot sun on beds of wallflowers. He thought of tennis—tennis with Angela. Angela was the master's daughter, and they had grown up together. She was a pal worth having, and, as she grew older, something more than a pal. To her he confessed all his joys and sorrows, all his school triumphs and failures—his success at cricket, his failure at mathematics. She shared them all.

He had talked to her about himself—told her things that no one else knew. There was one great misery of which he told her, and her alone, and that misery was the awful hatred he had for his form-master in his last year. His life had been made

miserable by this hatred.

And he felt that the master hated him in return. It was a very subtle feeling, and

poisoned Gregory's days.

He was small—this man—and Gregory thought him curiously hideous and malevolent, with his lidless eyes, half leaden, half bright, like a serpent's. There seemed something Oriental, cruel and cunning, about him. Gregory used to dream about the man. He was brilliantly clever, and had taken splendid degrees, and Gregory felt that he despised him as a stupid British youth, stupid at books, though brilliant at games.

The little worm, thought Gregory, took a mean delight in making a fool of him whenever he could, and he could quite often.

When in class the man said, "Go on, Drummond," all the lines of Ovid, so carefully committed to memory, fled from Gregory's mind and left him crimson, blank, stupid.

And yet he had a horrible fascination for the boy. Gregory used to sit where he could see him, and wonder about him. He called him Viper—his name was Vibart—and the name stuck. Little Vipe they all called

him.

All this he had confided to Angela. Angela! What was she like now, he wondered, with her fair, straight hair, her clear voice, and slim figure? He saw her playing tennis, he saw her skating. He danced with her; he remembered that last evening how her soft hair fluttered against his cheek—he felt her in his arms. The illusion was so complete that he opened his eyes to see her better, but the only thing he saw was the black mail boy coming shambling across the sunlit plain on an old stock-horse.

The black boy drew up beside him.

"Big fellow letter, belong you," he said. Gregory took the letter.

An English newspaper, a parcel—evidently a book—and a letter. The letter had a thin black edge.

It was to say his guardian was dead, and had left him one hundred pounds, free of legacy duty. The lawyers enclosed a cheque on account. He opened the newspaper parcel. It was a newspaper of the fateful day in August which had the awful declaration of War heading that had stunned so many million hearts on that day.

Of course, they had known it all at once out here, but this was the first English newspaper he had seen. Gregory looked at the awful head-lines which had horrified so many million British eyes, and read the columns through with a stern face. He struck the paper with his clenched fist. "This is home for me, anyway," he said. "I must go and join up at once. This settles it about the rabbits," he went on, sitting up and gazing out at the horizon. He looked longingly in the direction of England.

"Should I stick it out here a bit—and fight rabbits? I must kill rabbits or

Germans, it seems."

He took out a coin and spun it.

"Heads—Germans! Tails—rabbits!" he said.

Tails it was. "The rabbits have it. Curse! How deadly!"

He turned to the newspaper. Would the War be over before he could get into it? No, he thought not. There would be plenty of time. But how unbearable to wait! No, he must go at once.

He thought of Angela again. There had been an "understanding" between them, for he had been determined not to bind her by promises, though she was the only girl the world held for him.

She had said: "You will really work, and come back for me?" Her voice had broken and failed.

And he had said: "If I can't come back with enough for us both, I won't come back at all." He could not speak. It was a silent good-bye.

So they had not even corresponded.

And rabbits and drought had been his lot ever since.

He leapt to his feet and took up the

spade again.

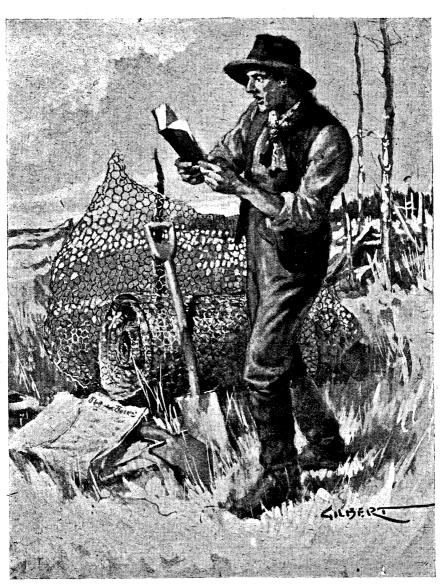
Then his eye fell on the parcel. It was a book. Surely—surely he knew the writing on the cover. He remembered it of old. It was Angela's writing—very peculiar writing. He had often laughed at her about it—big, bold, and black.

He opened the parcel. It was a book called "The Boy," by "Angel Fayre." There was no inscription—no letter.

He opened it and began to read it.

The first words held him spellbound. It

His own life unfolded before him. The book was simply the story of his own life from the age of ten—his school-days, his hopes, his ambitions—all told so simply. But it was clever. Gregory was not a



"He opened it and began to read it. The first words held him spellbound."

was obviously a description of his old school, and "The Boy" was—amazingly—himself.

He laid himself flat on the ground among the spades and wire netting, and began to read.

As he read, his wonder grew.

literary person, and he was deceived by its apparent simplicity. He did not even know how clever it was. But he thought it a miracle that any mind could see into another so well.

Anyway, the writer had liked him very much, he thought. It described with

uncanny minuteness the hatred he had felt for the Viper, the form-master.

That must be Angela's work! He turned

to the title-page - "Angel Fayre."

He saw it all. Angela Frazer must have written it. This was her nom de plume.

He read on. The book had evidently been written by someone who not only liked him, but was extremely fond of him. He followed breathlessly the career of The Boy. And such a nice boy he seemed to have been. Then came the love interest. The Girl was described—evidently Angela. The writer seemed to know her through and through. And in the book Angela loved The Boy very much. But The Boy went away.

Then the book ended. It was very beautifully and artistically told. To Gregory it seemed obvious and simple, but unfinished. For the Girl was left waiting, with her hands held out, waiting for the boy lover

who had gone to Australia.

He shut the book with a bang, jumped to his feet, and went up to the hut, his face—wreathed in smiles.

His pal was sitting on a packing-case, drinking tea out of a billy-can, eating some-

thing hard off the end of a knife.

Gregory had picked up this pal, who was the son of a squatter, and glad to find a friend with a little capital. They had joined forces for mutual convenience, but had little in common.

"Bert," said Gregory cheerfully, "I'm going home to get married and to fight

Germans.

"Budgery for you," said Bert. "What about me, though? We will have to talk about that."

They talked about it pretty steadily for a week. After that it was settled—quite settled, anyway, that Gregory sailed for England.

Six weeks later Gregory stepped delicately out of a first-class carriage at Waterloo. You can do things well on a capital of a hundred near the

hundred pounds.

He had read Angel Fayre's book seven times through on the voyage, and felt he knew himself really well, and Angela even better. The thought of Angela was Heaven.

"Ah, this does smell good and Londony!" he said. "Same old noise and smell. That's different, though." He surveyed a line of marching soldiers, filing past him as he sat in his taxi. He looked grim. "I must do something about that, too, when I have seen Her; she will advise me what to do."

He had not written to her. He meant to

be very dramatic—it must be a denouement. The taxi took him to his old digs. By a miracle they were unoccupied. The landlady had been taking care of some of his clothes, and she proudly produced a trunkful of quite presentable clothes, reeking of mothkiller.

That evening he wrote and tore up many letters. His sitting-room looked like the beginning of a paper-chase.

The final effort was—

"Dear Angel Fayre,

"I have read your book, and have come all the way over to see you. Tell me when and where—as soon as possible. Please wire.

"Yours, Gregory."

He wandered about next day, waiting. Everywhere recruiting posters met his eye, everywhere soldiers—soldiers marching, recruits drilling—war in the air.

"Love and war," he said, "but they

always put love first."

The wire came at last—

"Meet me four to-day, Amazon Club.
"Angel Fayre."

The Amazon Club! An alarming place, surely, but it was a club where women who wrote and painted pictures lived. He supposed he could nieet her there and take her away to talk. He always remembered Angela laughing, jumping, running—he could not picture her inside those solemn portals.

At half-past three he was outside the Amazon Club. He peeped through the glass doors. In the hall was a large, bright fire. In front of the large, bright fire, with his

back to it, stood a man.

Gregory met his eyes through the glass, gazed amazed, then horror-struck. They were dull, snake-like eyes. It was his old enemy, the Viper. Had he seen him? Gregory did not know.

Agitated, he retreated and paced up and down outside. He would meet Angela on the pavement and warn her. All his old

horror came back to him.

What horrible fate had brought the little worm out on this particular day to this particular place?

It seemed incredible.

The quarters struck. Four o'clock. This was desperate.

"What a fool I am!" he said. Taking a long breath, he dashed himself against the

glass door and on to the mat, ignoring the astonished page-boy.

"How are you?" he said breezily, holding

out a hand.

He had nearly said: "How are you, Viper?" What was the little beast's name?

"Well, Gregory, how are you, my lad?" replied the man, without winking his black eyes. "You are late, you know, sir. It used to be a habit of yours, if you remember."

"Late?" said Gregory blankly, feeling a fool, the same sort of fool he used to feel in the old days. "I came to see Angel Fayre,"

he said flatly.

"I am Angel Fayre," said the little man, looking at Gregory with his leaden eyes.

"It is my nom de plume."

Gregory looked at the top of the fender, and thought how horrible it must have been polishing that steel top. They had scratched it rather. It must have been rusty. The thought of it set his teeth on edge.

The rest of his mind listened vaguely to what the man was saying. He was looking at Gregory intently. A thin, wide smile

crooked the corners of his mouth.

"You have read my book, you say? You remember Angela Frazer? We were married last year, and Angela and I wrote it together. You have come to congratulate me? I am waiting for her here now. Clever, wasn't it? The book, I mean."

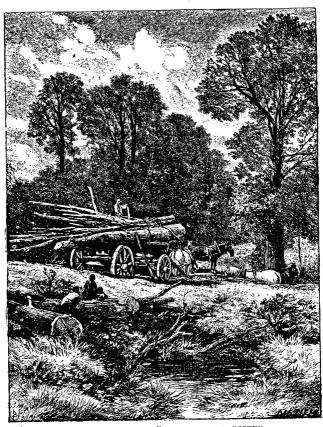
"Yes, very," said Gregory, in a perfectly bland voice. "Congratulations? Yes, rather. But what I came to ask you about was enlisting. Can you advise me?" ("I think I'm doing this rather well," one part of his brain seemed to be saying.)

"Oh, yes; there is a recruiting office round the corner. First to the right, second——"But the glass doors had

banged behind Gregory.

Six months later Captain Gregory Vereker-Drummond advanced under cover of thick darkness. Barbed wire was all round him, wire-cutters were in his hand.

"Hang it!" he said. "There seems no getting away from wire netting of sorts in this world. But it's better than rabbits."



"THE WOOD WAIN." BY BIRKET FOSTER.



Son of the House: I say, Mr. Brown, do you wear a belt like an officer wears? Guest: No, Bobby, I don't wear one at all. Why?

Son: 'Cos Daddy told Mummie he hoped you'd jolly well tighten your belt when you came to dinner again.

### THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

ARGUMENT.

By W. J. Clarke.

"A cold day," I said.
It seemed an inoffensive remark, and the man I spoke to looked an inoffensive person, but he turned on me with a sneer and said—

"Yes, it is cold—for December."

"I mean, it is colder than it was yesterday."

"Not a bit of it. The thermometer is half a degree higher."

"It seems colder, anyhow."

"It may seem colder to you, but a thermometer can be relied upon to tell the truth."

I saw that his intention was to quarrel with me. We should digress from our national climate to our national Constitution, and from the Constitution we should degenerate into Party Politics, and the fight would begin. I determined to keep the peace, and said-

"The War keeps on a long time."

"That is because the generals don't pay sufficient attention to civilian opinion. I have met three people to-day already who know

enough to end it in a month."

Evidently the maxim "If you want peace, talk about war," was unsound, and I tried another tack. "It is curious that, after defying the efforts of explorers for generations, the North Pole and the South Pole should both be discovered about the same time."

"It is the most natural thing in the world.

When the art of Arctic exploration arrived at such a pitch that one could be discovered, why not the other? What is there curious about it?"

I pulled out my watch and made a last attempt. "A quarter past two already! I had no idea it was so late.

"Reliable watches are cheap enough nowadays. It is only thirteen minutes past, by the correct time."

I left him and went to the luncheon room. There I happened to meet one of those philosophers who are still to be found amongst us, though nobody ever hears of them because they never advertise. Being a philosopher, he was disregarding the ephemeral and giving his attention to the essential. The first necessity of life (discovered by Anaximenes) is fresh air, and he was purifying the heavy vapour in the room with tobacco smoke. The second necessity (discovered by Thales) is moisture, and there was a glass beside him. The third necessity (discovered by the original protoplasmic Globule) is food, and there were still crumbs on the table-cloth. The fourth necessity (discovered, when it was too late, by Adam) is rest, and he had just turned the cat out of the arm-chair. The fifth necessity (invented by Eve) is talk, and he invited me to sit beside him.

"A disagreeable sort of man, that fellow near the palm!" I said, indicating my late

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opponent, who had followed me into the room. "Do you know him?"

"I know him well. An excellent fellow—one of the best and brightest men in this country."

"He didn't strike me that way."

"He wouldn't. I suppose he tried to get up an argument with you about something or about nothing?"

" Yes."

"He is not altogether to blame. You should rather blame the laws of Nature."

" Why so?"

"Have you ever reflected that we are all descended from hundreds of thousands of ancestors, who spent their lives, right back to the beginning of things, in never-ending

strife? A few recent generations have had a certain amount of peace and quietness, but, before that, it was all war, and feuds, and quarrels, and cussedness generally."

" Well?"

"That being the case, it follows that we all have a pretty big strain of quarrelsomeness about us, for habit is the mother of instinct, and what the old people did because they had to, we have to do because it is our nature. You follow me?"

" Yes."

"In the course of ages things have improved, and the instinct that used to make a man hanker after manslaughter now generally impels him to the milder sin of argument. It is less offensive to argue than to slay, but both are due to the same evil instinct. This will be recognised some day, and the man who is

and the man who is always on the look-out to argue his fellowcreatures to death will receive the same treatment as the man who tries to get the

same result with a gun."

"If you mean that that fellow over there ought to be electrocuted, I quite agree."

"In his case there are extenuating circumstances. The instinct that makes a man argue must find a vent somehow, and if he has a wife who never talks back——"

"Go along with you."

"—a wife who never talks back, he has to get up a row with every stranger that Fate throws in his path. That man is so happy at home that it is pie to him to get up an argument out of doors. His wife is one of

the best and noblest women in the world, and their home life is perfect peace; nothing ever happens to disturb their tranquillity."

"All the more reason why he should be

tranquil."

"Not at all. You probably imagine, like most superficial observers, that domestic turmoil is a thing that might very well be abolished. But, if you look deeper, you will find that it is a necessary factor in the evolution of the race. It is the people who can get all the talk they want at home that are pleasant company abroad. In the days of the Subjection of Woman, the men were like wild animals, red in tooth and claw, but since she asserted her equality and began to make

things hum about the house, our behaviour has steadily improved. That is what is meant when it is said that to woman we owe all the graces and refinements of social life."

"All this is obviously

absurd."

"It may be. But it has a certain theoretical value, for it is the first attempt ever made to find a plausible excuse for our custom of allowing a man who takes pleasure in argument to continue to exist."



THE MODERN METHOD.

OLD GENTLEMAN: And you manage all right with your passengers?

CONDUCTRESS: Oh, yes! But I have to mother them a good bit.



A POPULAR literary man and humorist was to lecture on "Fools," and the chairman, a famous bishop, introduced him thus: "Ladiesand gentlemen, we are now to have a lecture on 'Fools,' by one of the most distinguished"—long pause and loud laughter—"men of our time."

But the lecturer was not to be outdone. He arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am not so great a fool as Bishop Vincent"—long pause and uproarious laughter—" would have you think."



A very pretty girl said to a famous artist at a dinner-party: "I saw your latest painting, and kissed it because it was so much like you."

"And did it kiss you in return?" asked the

artist gravely.

"Why, no, of course not," was the reply. "Then," said the artist smilingly, "it was not at all like me."



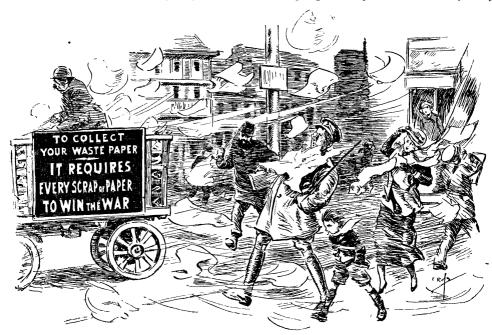
JOHNNIE WALKER: "'The greatest heroes are aye the most modest.'"
PENSIONER: "Perhaps so, sir, but they all like their healths drunk in 'Johnnie Walker.'"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers, KILMARNOCK, Scotland.

#### ABOUT PIANOS.

"PLAYING on instruments runs in some families," said Mrs. Perkins. "It did in ours, but it didn't run as far as me. My father was an organist—oh, no, I don't mean a church one, but a mouth-organist—and one of my brothers played the bones, and another the triangle as good as any professional. We used to have some jolly evenings. 'Train up your children to appreciate good music in the home,' my father used to say, 'and they won't go gadding about the streets of a night.' It was the people next door, both ways, who used to do the gadding about as soon as our little orchestra struck up. They did say it drove some of them to drink, and all because their ears hadn't been trained when young. Then

munitions. If she hadn't, I don't know where she'd put all the photographs. There's twenty. two standing on the top lid of the instrument, and several fallen down inside the works, not to mention two asperdistras and a castor-oil plant. Her eldest girl has been having lessons from a retired stevedore for two years, and she can almost play 'Keep the Home Fires Burning' with variations, and the funny part of it is that the money they've spent on working her up to this pitch would buy a couple of tons of coals. One day I happened to pop in, and I heard the usual miserable row coming from the drorring-room, and I thought it was the child practising, so, just to be pleasant-like, I ses: 'Ethel does get on nice, don't she?' Maude got quite huffy, and ses in a very nasty



A LEAKAGE OF SUPPLY.

there was an uncle on my mother's side who was a champion big drum performer.

"Once, when a new opera was a-coming out in London, they sent all the way to Birmingham for him. He only had to give one whack on the drum, mind you, but he had to count six hundred bars before he chipped in, and he was the only man they could trust with the job. Unfortunately, he counted six hundred and one bars, and came in three seconds too late, and ruined the show. The conductor told him he must have counted the refreshment bar in, and that preyed on his mind, and he was never the same afterwards.

"Now, of course, it's all pianos, though I don't think much of 'em myself. A lady I know tried to get a bit of her husband's compensation money out of the County Court, to buy a piano with, and the judge told her pianos was luxuries. I think they're nuisances. My married daughter's got one, all through being in

way: 'Oh, don't be so silly, mother—that's the man tuning the piano!'

"But what surprises me is the way people with time and money on their hands, according to what I've read in the papers, will put down a guinea just to hear a party with long hair doing fireworks on a piano for half an hour, when for sixpence they could go nice and comfortable to a cinema, and hear it played all the evening continuous, and the pictures thrown in."

R. H. Roberts.



"For the life of me I can't understand how the railway company managed to smash up your furniture so badly," said the visitor.

"H'm! What I can't understand is how their cars stood it while my stuff was being knocked around so roughly."



AN OLD SAYING REVISED.

"How far is it to C—, matey?"
"I couldn't say how far by road, to be exact, Jock, but it's about seven kilos as the Tauks go."



BACK TO THE LAND.

"How did you get on with the milking, mate?"
"Rotten. I couldn't get the blessed cow to sit on the pail at all."

### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

#### MRS. PERKINS AND BREAD.

"Well, we've got over a good many shortages all right," said Mrs. Perkins, "and one more or less ain't going to make much difference. There was the bacon shortage and the paper shortage, and I think I missed the bacon less than I did the paper they used to wrop it up in. I'm such a one to work on and on, I

am, that it used to be a bit of a rest in the middle of the morning to sit down and read the paper what was wropped round the bacon. It can't be done now, and I'm still alive. Now it's bread. I didn't mind waiting in a cue for potatoes, but if the Kayser thinks I'm going to do it with a Hun bread card in one hand and my birth certificate in the other, he's wrong again. But we're up against it, all the same, and we've got the tip from King George to go steady, and I take more notice of anything with 'G.R.' on it than all the Parliamentary I'll take good care my family don't run past theirselves. Perkins never was much of a bread-eater, that's one blessing; he likes his in liquid form, and can't get much of that, either. All the others are going to have it weighed out to 'em When I told 'em I wasn't going to make no more pies, they said it was a 'appy release for all parties. That's the way your family turns round on you after you've slaved and brought 'em up."

R. H. Roberts.



If a man were to give another an orange, he would simply say: "I give you this orange." But when the transac-

tion is entrusted to a lawyer to put in writing, he adopts this form: "I hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantages of and in said orange, together with all its rind, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or

hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of whatever nature or kind soever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."



"SEE there!" exclaimed the showman to the gaping crowd, as he exhibited his tall hat



A LITTLE PRACTICE.

"I 'EARS we're startin' the bombardment to-morrow."

with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will ye? Ye see, if it had been a low-crowned hat, I should have been killed outright."



"It's no use. Mother will never learn society ways."

"How now?"

"I found her in the kitchen to-day, cooking rice and stirring it with her lorgnette."

### PELMANISM IN 1917

### By EDWARD ANTON

HE annals of the past year would be incomplete without some reference to the prominent part in the affairs of the Empire which has been played by that remarkable new force—"Pelmanism." The progress of this movement may be taken as an earnest of the still greater part which it will play in the future; for, in the space of a few months, the Pelman Institute has risen from the status of a private concern to that of a truly national institution.

The credit of "discovering" the immense possibilities of "Pelmanism" as a factor of national and individual betterment belongs largely to *Truth*, which, after a close and critical investigation of all the available evidence, devoted an entire supplement to a report on the work of the Pelman Institute in May, 1916, and issued further supplements in September of that year and in May, 1917.

The effect of these reports—emanating from a source well known for its fearless independence—was electrical. Every section of the community responded to Truth's sounding call to efficiency. To satisfy the enormous public demand for the reports, several large editions (amounting to some hundreds of thousands) were reprinted and distributed free through the medium of announcements in the Daily Mail, the Times, and other leading journals. A large proportion of these reprints was reserved for the Army and the Navy; but every class of the public displayed eagerness for copies, and the demand, I may add, is still unabated. I venture the opinion that Truth performed a national service of no small value when it devoted its columns to the work of opening the eyes of the public to the practical importance of "Pelmanism" as an aid to personal efficiency and progress.

And now, I repeat, "Pelmanism" has become a national movement; and every day—nay, every hour—brings fresh evidence of its almost limitless possibilities. It is affirmed—and I believe it whole-heartedly—that no man or woman who has conscientiously followed Pelman principles has ever failed to reap substantial benefit.

Some have utilised it primarily as a means of gaining increased incomes and better positions

in business or professional life; others adopt it with a view to securing greater mental development and a higher standard of personal efficiency; others, again, find it of superlative value educationally and intellectually. It appeals to every individual who desires to progress and to prosper, no matter what the sphere of his or her work or ambitions may be.

The registers of the Institute show that every conceivable vocation or occupation is represented therein. I will deal with the various "groups" further on; but in the meantime I desire to emphasise, by every means in my power, the fact that there is no class of men or women who can afford to disregard "Pelmanism," whatever their education may have been, whatever their present position and attainments may be.

What is the Pelman System? The question is not easily answered in small space. I can best illustrate the effects of a Pelman Training by a reference to what takes place when a course of scientific physical culture is followed. The physical culturist first learns the use of each group of muscles; he then exercises them systematically in order to develop their power and to bring them under his direct control. The result is a very high maximum of physical efficiency, every set of muscles being brought into fully effective use and proper co-ordination of effort being introduced. The Pelman System applies the same scientific methods to the various faculties of the mind, and with equally definite and equally certain results. But whereas the degree of physical development is limited, the possibilities of mental development are practically limitless. That is why the University man and the Army chief are able, equally with the man of elementary education, the clerk or the private, to derive direct and tangible benefits from the adoption of "Pelmanism."

The Pelman System is, moreover, distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is not a mental strait-jacket, but an instrument of wonderful range and elasticity. Instead of attempting to impose "cut-and-dried" rules and methods of thought, it shows the student how to give effective expression to his or her own ideals, aims, and personality. In fact, it completes a man or woman in the

mental sense, just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense. That is possibly why the Pelman System has so very often been the means of developing latent (and unsuspected) powers of the mind. It arouses the student to a recognition of his or her own powers and opportunities, inspiring self-confidence, moral courage, and the desire for effective action. As a mental and moral "tonic" it is, by the testimony of many students, well worth many times the time spent upon it.

### INCOMES DOUBLED AND TREBLED.

Let us first see what has been accomplished, in a financial sense, as a result of following the Pelman System. Evidence is piled mountain-high in this regard, for probably 60 per cent. of those who take up the Pelman Course do so with the idea of increasing their incomes. Having achieved this object, they proceed to realise some of the "higher values" of "Pelmanism"—values which, to quote the words of an ardent Pelmanist, are "far above money."

It will be conceded that, in one sense, financial gain is the most solid evidence that could be desired. A man might imagine that his power of concentration and application to work had improved, or that he was more observant, or had developed greater will-power, but not even the most vivid imagination could explain substantial monetary gains such as are daily reported by students of the Pelman Course. Here are a few reports, taken almost at random, from the records of the Institute:

—Rise of £145 per annum.

-Doubled my turnover.

—Salary increased by £125 (woman).

—Salary improved 300 per cent.

—Literary prize of £250.

- -My income has gone up 300 per cent.
- Substantial increase in my salary.Increase of salary of 50 per cent.

—Increased turnover and salary.

My turnover has beaten all records.My business has increased considerably.

-Salary exactly doubled.

—Added £80 to my commission account.

—I have had a 40 per cent rise.

—The means of making my income double.

—Great increase in business.

The above "results" are quoted in the exact words of the writers; in every case they are reported with *other* benefits which have accrued from the Course. In some cases the gains have resulted from a few weeks'

study of "Pelmanism"; in other cases a longer period has elapsed. The time depends upon the diligence and adaptability of the student; and those are factors which are not within the control of the Pelman Institute.

#### THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Over 15,000 officers and men of both Services are now Pelmanists, the list being headed by forty-six generals and nine admirals. The mere fact that such a large number are studying the Course, in spite of such drawbacks as scanty leisure and adverse environment, speaks volumes for the estimation in which "Pelmanism" is held by the Services. Equally significant is the frequency with which generals send their subordinate officers to be enrolled, and regimental commanders often pay the fee for one or more of their N.C.O.s.

Whilst the bulk of Army and Navy men take the Course as being indispensable to their professional efficiency, it is worthy of note that a secondary object is to gain increased efficiency for business when the War is over and the soldier or sailor returns

to civil life.

Two typical letters may be quoted here from amongst the many hundreds received from "the Front." Both are from Army officers. The first letter runs:

"I should like to call your attention to the facts of the story of my Pelman Course.

"When I began I was looked upon with disfavour by the C.O. of my battalion at home, as being a sleepy, forgetful, and unsoldierlike sub. When I began your Course my star began to rise—I had the ability, but had not been able to use it. I left the home battalion with my C.O.'s recommendation as being the best officer he had had for more than a year, and came to France.

"I was then appointed as a secondlieutenant to command a company over the heads of four men with two 'pips,' and have

now three stars and an M.C.

"That I was able to make use of my abilities so successfully I attribute entirely to the Pelman System."

The second letter presents another in-

teresting view:

"The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove a moral salvation to many a business man. 'Success,' too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary."

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND "PELMANISM."

All classes of professional men have displayed the keenest interest in the Pelman System. Doctors, solicitors, barristers, architects, auditors, journalists, authors, civil engineers, educationists — these have all enrolled in large numbers, and have supplied astonishing evidence of the value of the Course to them in their daily work. A few examples of letters received from professional men are appended.

From a Doctor.

"I took the Pelman Course because my practice was not in a satisfactory condition. and I could not discover the cause. lessons enabled me to analyse the trouble. discover the weak points, and correct them with most satisfactory results. Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me. My chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning of my student days."

From a Solicitor.

"I have found the Course particularly useful in my business; it has helped me to advise far more usefully, and to deal with professional work and problems far more efficiently. Altogether, I have no hesitation whatever in recommending the Pelman Course as a wonderful tonic to the mind. No one who practises the System perseveringly can possibly fail to receive great benefit."

From a Clergyman.

"It is now twelve months since I used a note of any kind in public speaking. I hardly dared to believe that I could so completely abandon them. I thought that for special occasions I should fall back on notes; but this is not so. This is a great satisfaction to me."

From an Architect.

"The benefits derived from the Course are inestimable. A Pelman student is equipped with a wonderful stock of information and devices that cannot fail to help him to get the best out of any problem in life. consider the lesson on personality is alone worth the whole fee. My position has undoubtedly improved, both socially and financially, since I took the Course."

#### PELMAN TRAINING FOR WOMEN.

The number of women students of the Pelman Course has noticeably increased since the War had the effect of greatly enlarging the sphere of women's activities. Here are some interesting letters from women who have taken a Pelman Training.

"Benefit and Enjoyment."

"I have derived much benefit and enjoyment from the Course. I have been enabled to perform more difficult and responsible work, and my salary has been increased."— A Woman Clerk.

Rapid Business Progress.

"Ten months ago I decided to venture on a business life. I had no business experience at all, and anticipated a difficult time, being very nervous and shy. I took up the Pelman Course: Began in September last as a clerk; was promoted and my salary increased 25 per cent. in November; and in March, 1916, I was again promoted—to bookkeeper (not a war post), with another increase. Within a year I expect to be earning double my salary. I attribute the greater part of my success to Pelman, for I worked on Pelman lines."— A Woman Bookkeeper.

A Lady of Fifty.

"My object in studying the Pelman Course was not in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of 50, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty. I have found the Course not only most interesting, but calculated to give a mental stimulus, keenness, and alertness to one's mind, which is what most people need at my age. Anyone who goes through the Course is bound to receive real benefit and find a delightful occupation." -INDEPENDENT MEANS.

From a Titled Lady.

"So struck is my husband by the good I have already derived from the Pelman Course, that, as soon as his present arduous duties permit, he fully hopes to do a Course himself. Also he brought Pelman to the notice of a brother-officer whom he felt it would benefit. and this same officer has not only started the Course himself, but, in his turn, wishes his wife also to take it up."

Social Advantages.

"From a mental point of view one's faculties are not only rejuvenated, but kept youthful, and there is consequently a keener zest for Mental ennui is avoided, and a useful store of knowledge accumulated. social point of view, one is a more efficient member of society (since all one's faculties are alive), and certainly a more pleasing and entertaining one."

### "PELMANISM" IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

The new movement has made tremendous progress amongst all classes of business men. In many cases the enrolment of one member of a firm is quickly followed by others from the same firm. Quite recently enrolments were made, in one day, from eight members of one large firm (including managing director, works manager, warehouse manager, cashier, correspondent, foreman, invoice clerk, and forwarding clerk). Such facts render comment superfluous. The frequency with which business principals pay for the enrolment of their employees proves that "Pelmanism" supplies a convincing answer to the question "Is it worth while?" Here are a few interesting letters from business men:

From a Director.

"I consider the Pelman Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course."

From a Clerk.

"Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. . . . If only the public *knew* your Course, I am sure your offices would be literally besieged by prospective students."

From a Works Manager.

"Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business."

From a Bank Cashier.

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the Pelman System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision, and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained."

From a Printer.

"I only wish I had taken the Pelman Course twenty or thirty years ago. The System is interest-compelling, is easily understood, and, if intelligently and conscientiously followed, produces results which are unmistakably encouraging."

From a Textile Buyer.

"From my own experience I would strongly recommend the Pelman Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping."

From a Manufacturer.

"The Course has been of decided benefit to me; it develops orderliness of mind and purpose. Its value lies in its suggestiveness and in not burdening the mind."

From a Salesman.

"I have never regretted taking the Pelman Course; it has been my salvation in much uphill work. There is no department of life in which Pelman principles cannot be applied."

"TRUTH'S" SUMMING-UP.

I cannot do better than to quote from the conclusion arrived at by *Truth's* investigator, and which formed the *finale* to the first report:

"The Pelman System places the means of progress within the reach of everyone. It does not provide a brain for the brainless, but it does provide everyone with the means of making the best use of the faculties with which Nature has endowed him, and bringing them to full fruition. What that fruition will be depends, of course, on the original capabilities of the student, but it needs no great knowledge of the world to be aware that the man with well-ordered mind and reliable memory is at an advantage over him whose faculties, though naturally greater, have been undeveloped or developed at The moral is, of course, for those who want to make the most of their natural endowments, to equip themselves for success in the battle of life, to see that their minds are trained to the point of efficiency. With that object they cannot do better than take advantage of the course of instruction offered to them by the Pelman Institute."

A full description of the Pelman System is given in "Mind and Memory," with many interesting illustrations of the manifold utilities of Pelmanism, and evidence of its value to various classes of men and women. A free copy of this book, together with a free copy of "Truth's" third report, will be sent, post free, to any reader of The Windson Magazine who sends a postcard applying for same to The Pelman Institute, 40, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

### THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK.

#### THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

As I walked out of the church at Stratfordon-Avon, I dropped into conversation with one of the two hundred and forty-seven Americans who had also visited it that day.

"I reckon he was one of the brightest men this country has produced," he said, nodding his

head in the direction of the chancel.

"Possibly," I agreed, "although there is also the unknown genius who first discovered that there are a hundred thousand women in London who would never dream of paying four pounds for a new costume, but would walk a mile through the fog to get it for three pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence, provided the three pounds was printed big and the nineteen

is the nature of a man to be meek and lowly. If a man wants to have a look at the things in a store, he buys something cheap that he doesn't want, and has a hasty look round while they are wrapping it up. A woman is different. She goes in boldly, makes them show her every. thing they have, finds fault with each article as it comes along, and then tells them to send their illustrated catalogue to her address, together with some free patterns of dress material suitable for training a rose tree along

"It is almost unbelievable, but business men have put up with that sort of thing ever since the Creation, and in every place from China to Peru, as our friend over there remarked. It



OVERHEARD IN OUR VILLAGE,

GEORGE (home on leave): 'Xcuse me, Miss, your puttees are the wrong way up for cavalry.

and sixpence small. I don't remember any-

thing in the plays quite so clever as that."
"Sure," he said. "That's the line of business that promotes intelligence. Lady customers mean trouble all the time, and there's nothing

like trouble for making a man smart. We walked in silence for a few minutes, and then he said: "It's queer, but the greatest man in every country is always unknown—a mute, inglorious Milton, as our friend over there remarked—I forget which play it's in. The greatest man America ever produced is as unknown as Columbus would have been if he had never balanced eggs, or George Washington if he had left the cherry trees alone. His lifehistory was reconstructed from internal evidence by a professor of sociology at one of our universities.

"The professor began by pointing out that it

worried them to death and it drove them to strong language and strong drink, but that didn't help them to find a remedy. It was a case of put up with it or go out of business altogether, so they put with it, like they put up with toothache and taxes.

"Then—nobody knows exactly when or where the great American genius was born, and in the fulness of time opened his little store. We don't know what he looked like, but I expect he wasn't too good-looking-a big, bulgy forehead doesn't add to a man's beauty, and he had lots of grey matter. Instead of simply cursing the day he was born every time a woman had been to his store, he studied the problem that was turning his hair grey. Then he bought a second-hand looking glass, a packet of hairpins, a box of face-powder, a packet of envelopes, some cheap writing paper with his advertisement

### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

printed on it, and some pens and ink. The whole installation cost him about a dollar, and he put it into a small room with 'Ladies' Writing Room' painted on the door, and hung up a notice: 'Please come right in and write your letters. You are not expected to buy anything.' Then he fired all his smart, pushing saleswomen, whose wages were keeping him poor, and hired some girls from the country, choosing those who were too shy to look a customer in the face, and who never spoke until they were spoken to.

"He made no other alteration in his business, and continued to sell at the old prices, but he spent a dollar a week on hairpins and notepaper and gave them away for nothing. There wasn't a woman in the United States who could

a later generation, who had learnt it when they were young, to take up the idea and improve on it, and now every up-to-date store in America is a palatial free hotel, with a few rooms set apart for selling things."

"It seems to pay."

"Of course it pays. The thing our unknown genius discovered was that a woman goes shopping because she wants amusement, not because she wants to buy anything. So the problem before him was: What is the cheapest way of amusing her? He figured out that it cost less to give her a dab of face-powder and the loan of a novel than to pay a crowd of smart young people high wages to hustle round and amuse every lady who wanted to while away an hour looking at goods she couldn't



THE POINT OF VIEW.

"HAVE a sardine, Pat. You like them, don't you?"

"No, and I'm glad I don't, for if I liked 'em, I'd eat 'em, and I hate the blamed things."

resist that, and, when it got noised abroad, they began to come from Canada and Mexico. During the first month he lost money, but at the end of six months he bought up the opposition store over the way at his own price."

"Why didn't the opposition people do the same thing? Procrastination is the bane of business, especially procrastination in taking

over other people's ideas."

"They couldn't grasp what the idea was, and therefore had no inducement to annex it. They had been taught for generations never to let a customer leave the place until she had been badgered into buying something, and the salesman who could hustle a customer to death was reckoned a good man. They saw no boodle in letting a lady come in and use their stationery free and then depart unmolested. It required

afford to buy. The result is the same both ways—the lady gets her hour's amusement, and if she happens to want to buy anything—and they do sometimes—she just goes and gets it on her way out without any fuss."

"Does a free hairpin please them as much

as personal attention?"

"More! They are used to being waited on and fussed over all their lives, but to be able to go right into a store and take something without paying anything appeals to their highest instincts. It is twice as good as getting things at half price, and any woman would let her husband go without boots to do that."

"You are sure it was an American who

discovered why women go shopping?"

"Quite sure."

"I should have thought the first Egyptian

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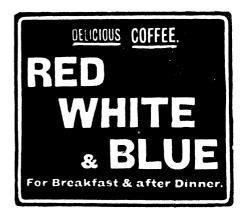
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### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

mummy who started to sell things in the year one would have found that out."

"You forget that it is only once in a thousand years that a man is born with an intellect capable of finding out why a woman does anything. It shows that we have more than the average amount of intellect in America, for we haven't been discovered much more than four hundred years, and we have had one idea already."

W. J. Clarke.

ARS.

"I WANT to get this cheque cashed," said the young wife to the clerk at the bank.

"Yes, madam; you must endorse it, though."

UNCLE BOB: If I was to give you a penny, Tommy, what would you do with it?

Tommy: I'd buy a penny stamp and write to you to send me a postal order for half-a-crown.



THE CHILD: Mother, what is "leisure"?

THE MOTHER: It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, dearie.

A PRE-WAR hostess was giving a luncheon. Observing that one of the guests had eaten all her portion of ice-cream, she said—



HOW THINGS SPREAD.

"DID that bottle of medicine do your aunt any good?"

"No. As soon as she had read the wrapper, she got three new diseases."

"Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business."

"Yes, madam. But just endorse it. Sign it on the back, please, and your husband will know we paid it to you."

She went back to the desk, and in a couple of minutes came back with the cheque endorsed—

"Your loving wife, Edith."



Grandmother (to grandson whose father has been medically examined for the Army): Well, Arthur, how did your father get on?

ARTHUR: Oh, he can't join the Army at all, Grandma—the doctors say he is too presumptive!

"My dear Miss Lane, do let me give you some more of the ice-cream!"

"Well, thanks," said the young woman; "I will take some more, but only just a mouthful, please."

"Hilda," said the hostess to the parlourmaid, "fill Miss Lane's plate."



"IF a woman came into the hospital who was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down her back, could you do anything for her?" asked the inquiring small boy of his father's doctor friend, being fond of propounding remote conundrums.

"Well," replied the great man, "suppose we treated her for bacteria?"

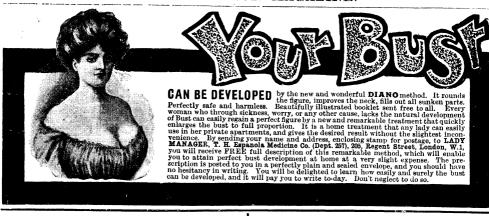


### HOW TO HAVE THICK AND PRETTY HAIR.

lifeless surface skin in tiny particles, showing the fresher, younger, beautiful underskin. Naturally, it takes with it all surface defects.

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair, and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft, and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely, and quickly stimulates hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax is very expensive. It comes to the chemists only in sealed original packages at half-a-crown. However, this is sufficient for 20 or 30 shampoos, and nowadays smart people do not mind what they pay if they can only get good results.

A simple but very effective hair and scalp tonic may be made up at home by merely mixing an original package of boranium with  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint of bay rum. Applied to the scalp occasionally with the finger-tips, this very soon produces good results.



### Darn No More.



2 pairs Stockings ... 3/10 post 2d.
2 pairs Stocks ... 2/10 post 2d.
2 pairs Socks ... 2/10 post 2d.
8ilk Holeproof (Guaranteed as above)
2 pairs Silk Stockings ... 10/8 post 2d.
2 pairs Silk Stockings ... 10/8 post 2d.
Throw away your darning basket with its everlasting worry
and eyestrain. A dated guaranter ticket with each pair.
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Searches out and expels from the vital current every lurking trace of poisonous matter, curing blood and skin diseases, bad legs, abscesses, ulcers, eczema, gout, rheumatism, etc.

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NERVE FOOD

For nervous exhaustion and chronic weakness.

Send P.O. 3/- (crossed for security) for Trial Bottle of either remedy to Vetarzo Remedies Co., Gospel Oak, London, N.W.5, England. Unprincipled vendors may try to sell you something else for extra profit; do not accept it; insist on having Vetarzo. The genuine has words "Vetarzo Remedies" on Government Stamp. Sold by LEADING CHEMISTS.



### DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restore your grey and faded hairs to their natural colour with



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HAIR RESTORER

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Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Lockyer's gives health to the hair and restores the natural colour. It tleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing. This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists—

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### WarWorries bring Wrinkles\_

You cannot help worrying in War-time, what with food shortage, high cost of living, and days of suspense. But—you can remove those wrinkles that are rapidly appearing as a result of worry.

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### WRINKOLENE

It possesses wonderful power for eradicating wrinkles and imparting a youthful appearance. "Wrinkolene" nourishes the skin and gives tone to the face muscles. Try a supply to-day and watch them QUICKLY DISAPPEAR. Send 1/- P.O. to-day. Address RENÉ VERLAINE, Manageress, Wrinkolene Co.. 13, Northwold, Beverley, Yorks.





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"War made in earnest maketh wars to cease, And vigorous prosecution hastens peace."-Tuke.



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## TRADE FRUIT SALT MARK

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure, and the nerves normal. Sound refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

CAUTION.—Examine carefully the wrapper, bottle, and capsule, and remember that "FRUIT SALT" IS PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO LIMITED.

DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON BY IMITATIONS.

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SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.



### Your friends in a hundred troubles



### THE WORD

although unknown 50 years ago, is one of the most popular throughout the whole world to-day, but at the same time there are still a great out the whole world to-day, but at the same time there are still a great many people who have yet to learn that the word is a registered trade mark and the exclusive property of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., of New York, London, Moscow, Montreal, etc. "Vaseline" was coined by Mr. R. A. CHESEBROUGH to immortalise his discovery of the substance which he named Petroleum talise his discovery of the substance which he named Petroleum
Jelly, and in order that the future generations might benefit, and
the sufferings of the afflicted alleviated, he registered "Vaseline"
as a distinguishing mark, to protect the public from
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Hands, etc., for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Healing Cuts, Wounds, for giving
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THEIR AMMUNITION FAILING.

Drawn by H. W. Kockkock, from materials supplied by an eye-witness. See article on "The Yeomanry's Fine Record in the War," on page 517 of this number.



A NAVAL GUN IN ACTION ON THE CANADIAN FRONT.

From a Canadian War Records photograph issued by Central News.

## WITH THE GUNS

### By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE,

Late of the Canadian Field Artillery

THE artillery is the last dashing phase of the war game. For the cavalry and the infantry the élan of old-time combat has passed, but the glory of Mars still lingers with the guns.

He is a slow and timorous spirit indeed who does not feel a quickening of the pulse as he beholds a battery of horse artillery going by at the gallop—

With steeds that neither gods nor man can hold, And screams that drive your innards cold.

To stand in the darkness of the night behind a battery, listening to the sighing of the wind and the rustling of the trees, then out of silence to hear a voice, imperious and sharp, ring out, "Battery, fire!" and to see the lightnings leap and feel the earth reverberate, is a memorable experience. It is as though one had heard and seen the mighty Jove let loose the thunders.

For the poor infantrymen, crouching like hunted beasts under the crashing parapet of the front line, there is little of splendour in modern war. But back with the guns, to hear a quiet voice directing fire, and to look out as from a height upon the storm, to behold far and wide across the night that white and iridescent line where star-shells flame and Very rockets flash, where red

signals of distress call out through bursting clouds of shrapnel—to see and hear all this is to feel the thrill of battle.

That trail of iridescent white is leaping hell for the men who hold the trenches, but for the gunners who loosen the lightnings it is still replete with the splendour of war. Lord Nelson, at the battle of Copenhagen, when the mast was splintered beside him, said: "We may be dead in a minute, but I wouldn't be elsewhere for thousands." This is the feeling at the guns, where, over death and chaos, the voice of man still holds the mastery.

To an old artilleryman the gun possesses a soul—a soul that speaks for him. In the rage of battle the voice of the guns is the voice of rage for the men who serve them.

For two years I moved up and down the various portions of our line in France, ever learning more of our foe, until the knowledge of their atrocities produced in my soul, not a mere spirit of opposition, but a flaming passion.

On the fifteenth day of September, 1916, it wasn't somebody else's quarrel—it was my own fight. With me were a group of the old Canadian Artillery drivers, every single

1918. No. 280. 267 2 K 2

one of whom had a personal hatred in his soul for the Huns. We were moving up with ammunition for our greatest bombardment on the Somme. Imagine, then, the music to our ears as we tore over the last crest and heard the unbroken voice of a thousand guns speaking down Sausage Valley. It was four o'clock in the morning, and pitch dark, but the long valley itself was one continual stream of leaping lightning. Over a thousand guns were massed there that morning, and every gun was firing at whiteheat.

At first far away, like distant surf, I heard the bombardment. But as I came over the top of each successive hill, the sound grew louder, and when I rode my horse over the last crest, and Sausage Valley burst out before me, it seemed that the whirlwinds of thunder would sweep me from my saddle.

For a moment I was dazed by the awful shock of noises. Then the meaning of it all flashed upon me, and I was happy—a creature of the very storm itself. This was England's answer to the Hun, our voice to the Beast. From the smoking chimneys of our arsenals to the recking mouths of our guns we had one spirit, and now down Sausage Valley with an unbroken voice that spirit spoke.

The rapid-fire 18-pounders were massed with quick staccato; 60-pounders spoke with the crack of a giant whiplash; 9.2-inch and 12-inch howitzers bayed like bloodhounds from hell; while the naval guns behind added their roar to the diapason of battle. Altogether, blended in one voice, this was our challenge to the German Song of Hate.

The picture of Sausage Valley on the Somme, as it stretched out before me that morning, was my most splendid spectacle of all this War—it was a spectacle of the glory of the guns.

Few realise that modern artillery in the field still thrills with war's romance. It is the aim of this article to show something of that dashing side of war, and to convey some idea of the day's work for the servants of the guns.

There are three different branches of artillery—light, siege, and heavy. With the light guns one sees the most adventure, and it is fullest of danger and dash. The siege artillery includes the howitzers above the 4.5. The 4.5 is included in the light artillery. The difference between a howitzer and an ordinary field-gun is that the howitzer may be fired at a higher angle, and the charge may be lessened so as to cause a steep angle

of descent. The howitzer is used chiefly against entrenchments and redoubts with strong overhead protection. When a field-gun with a maximum charge would pierce through, a howitzer bursts in from the top. It is, therefore, an ideal gun against entrenchments and overhead defences.

The heavy artillery is made up of the long-range naval guns of heavy calibre. They are used to take on distant targets far behind the enemy's lines. I saw a battery of 6-inch naval guns in action one day near Albert—or, to be more exact, I felt them in action. I was riding my horse in front of the battery, and did not notice the long barrels pointing high into the air until there came a report with a whir over my head, and a concussion that nearly laid me on the ground.

For a moment I strained my ear to the whir of the shell, and in imagination I followed the great projectile, until it crashed into some peaceful headquarters town far behind the Boche trenches, perhaps causing consternation to a German general and his staff, or perhaps bursting on the cross-roads amidst a group of ordnance people who esteemed themselves miles outside of danger.

We call the shells fired by the great naval guns "Silent Lizzies," because they pass with such high velocity that one hardly hears them in their flight. Like a bolt from the blue, in places where folks preen themselves on their immunity from shell-fire, the "Silent Lizzie" may burst with sudden and awful havoc.

We talk a good deal about the 15-inch guns along the line, but we never see them, and they are rarely heard. They are moved up and down on a railroad, and are situated so far behind as to be the envy of all the men on the front line. One often hears those who are sick of the trenches declare: "In the next war I'm going to join the 15-inch guns."

In the Ypres salient last year, whenever the Germans bombarded the town of Poperinghe, as was their habit, we always got busy with our 15-inch naval gun in reply. A few shots from our "Silent Lizzie" always caused Fritz to cease bombarding Poperinghe, bearing witness to the accuracy of our long-distance ranging. Fritz, by his sudden ceasing of fire, mutely implored: "Please don't fire any more of those awful things at us, and I won't fire any more at the women in Poperinghe."

With a battery in action there are three distinct zones of operation—first, the

ammunition column; second, the guns; third, the observation post.

### THE AMMUNITION COLUMN.

The supply of ammunition to the guns is a task of crucial importance. The issues of battle depend as much on the proper supply of shells as upon the skilful handling of the

The ammunition comes up from the seaboard base by train. It is delivered at the rail-head of the army to motor-lorries, by which it is conveyed to the ammunition-dump, situated on the fringes of the zone of shell-fire.

From the ammunition-dump the shells

are taken through by pack-saddle. Sleds are sometimes used over the mud. Trench tramways also serve as an expedient.

If a battery is situated in a position the approaches to which are under observation of the enemy, the hauling of ammunition must be done at night. Moving across an unknown country in the inky blackness, where the roads are obliterated and the ground pocked with shell-holes, with a long column of horses and limbers, is a baffling task for the officer in charge.

Sometimes, in desperate straits, the order comes to rush ammunition through to the guns in daylight under observation. A veritable Balaclava charge ensues, with the



CANADIAN ARTILLERY HAULING A 4'7-INCH GUN INTO POSITION.

Photograph issued by Central News,

are delivered direct to the guns. The heavy-stuff is hauled by motor-lorry, while the light artillery keep up their supply by means of horse transport. Before a big battle an unmistakable evidence of the coming storm is the road blocked with ammunition limbers moving in one continuous stream toward the guns.

When a field battery is situated far forward in a position of difficult approach, all kinds of obstacles have to be overcome to get there. Sometimes the ground is so bad in wet weather that it is impossible to take limbers through, as they become mired on the way. On such occasions the shells

wreckage of horses and limbers and gallant drivers strewn along the way. In a place known as Death Valley, on the Somme, the artillery drivers on several occasions made a gruelling hell-for-leather charge in the face of the enemy's guns that equalled that of the Light Brigade.

#### AT THE GUNS.

The guns are generally situated a mile or two behind the trenches. The heavy guns are often at a greater distance.

One of the most important things in a good gun position is concealment. Woods and groves of trees always make ideal

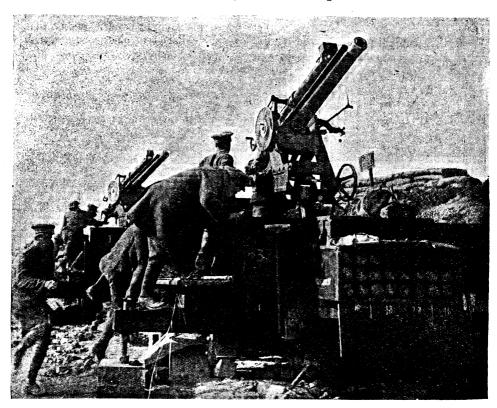
hiding-places for batteries. Sometimes they are in the open, behind a crest. A trellis-work of wire covered with leaves is often erected for overhead concealment from aeroplanes.

Batteries of howitzers, with high-angle fire, may be situated in all kinds of unlikely places, as there is no trouble for them in clearing the crest. I saw a battery of howitzers in a farmyard, covered with tarpaulin when not in use. In that position they were practically immune from observation. When in action they would merely

one who is not acquainted with that region, as he does not know whether he is in front of or behind the wicked creatures.

Flash screens made of canvas are erected at a distance in front of the guns, to conceal their flash from the enemy at night.

The sight of an aeroplane over a battery position causes immediate cessation of all movement. From a funk-hole one watches the enemy's 'plane with apprehensive eye. If he detects the battery, it means a living hell for the gunners.



CANADIAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS IN ACTION.

From a Canadian War Records photograph issued by Central News.

shoot over the roof of the barn. The poor barn had been shelled over so much that it required the reinforcement of many steel rails to prevent it from collapsing.

The greatest precaution must be taken at the guns to prevent the enemy from observing their position. The science of concealment is now a fine art. One could pass over a country bristling with guns and never dream that there was a battery in the vicinity until, without any warning, they start to pop off in every direction. Such sudden surprises are most disconcerting to

Being shelled out of a battery is a distressing experience. The enemy's guns are registered accurately on the battery position by aeroplane. One may hear the whir of a few shells, never dreaming that they are scientifically searching for him. When the registration has been accurately completed, an exact record of the ranges and deflections is kept. Some quiet night the doomed battery awakens in terror to realise the fact that its fate is sealed.

The lines of fire are laid out by an officer from a map by a system of triangulation.

A fixed aiming-point is picked out on the base line, and all orders are given as so many degrees right or left of the aiming-point. During the hours of darkness a night-light is hung in front of the guns, to serve the same function as the aiming-point by day.

In registering the guns by aeroplane, the observer flies to a position from which he can command a view of the target, and signals back by wireless that he is in a position of readiness for observation. The wireless on the ground answers, "No. 1 gun

misses this. I always enjoyed the days I spent in the front trenches as forward observing officer, looking forward to them as a relief from the monotony of life at the guns.

The orderly officer of the battery inspects the sights of each gun, once by night and once by day, to see that they are laid correctly on the S.O.S. targets, ready for any emergency.

When not in action the gunners are generally busy keeping gun-pits and dug-outs in condition, erecting new or stronger



REPAIRING A 9.2-INCH GUN BEHIND THE LINES.

From a Canadian War Records photograph issued by Central News.

firing," and a few seconds later the officer in the aeroplane observes the burst of No. 1 shell. He orders the corrections according to a prearranged clock system, and thus finally directs the gun on to the target. I have seen a gun being registered by aeroplane make the target on the third shot, which is fine registering.

The daily round at the guns on quiet seasons is rather monotonous. There must not be any excessive movement, for fear of disclosing the position, and in the dark gun-pits and holes in the ground the hours drag heavily. In the front line there is an air of expectancy, but at the guns one

overhead protection, perfecting concealment, or adding to their domestic comfort. It is wonderful what labour and inventiveness will accomplish when it sets itself to making "a happy home" underground.

There are many different tasks assigned to the guns in the day's work. In the morning they may have a job cutting wire for the infantry, who are going over for a raid or an attack. They may be called upon to retaliate on certain vulnerable positions of the enemy in reply to a "strafe" which he is giving our infantry. If a barrage, or curtain of fire, is being kept up on the enemy's back roads, to prevent the bringing up of

applies or ammunition, one battery may take on the job at schedule time, to be relieved again by another battery later on. This continual keeping up of a barrage around a certain place effectually shuts that place off from all outside communication. In the town of Combles we found the Huns starved to death in the streets, no rations having been able to penetrate our barrage for days.

The bombardment is a time of intense excitement and activity at the guns. A 4.5 howitzer battery to which I was attached in the Ypres salient, in 1916, fired three thousand rounds between 7 a.m. and the following 1.30 a.m. This was at the time that the Canadians retook Sanctuary Wood, which they had lost a short time before. The major was called out at night for a conference at group headquarters. returning he announced: "We've got a stiff day ahead to-morrow; three thousand rounds is our assignment." The continual shock and roar of the guns during such a bombardment is a terrific strain on the nervous system.

At one o'clock that night we opened up an intense bombardment of every gun in the Ypres salient. From the 18-pounders to "Old Grandmother," away back on the far hill, every gun joined in. At the last five minutes of a time like this the officer's nerves are strained as taut as a violin With trembling hand he examines his watch, apprehensive of every last second. To fire overtime would be to kill our own infantry.  $\mathbf{At}$ 1.30 sharp the cry of "Stop!" rings out, and a silence almost as distressing as the previous roar ensues. We know that in that grim silence our infantry, far up under the star-shells, are going "over the top."

Sentries are mounted at the battery every night to keep a continual watch of the front line for the S.O.S. signal, which is the cry for help from the trenches. From time to time during the night the sentries are relieved, but those on duty always have their eyes fixed on that zone which comes under the protection of our guns. Out of the darkness suddenly a long trail of blue and crimson light may shoot up into the night, bursting above into a crimson spray. At this signal the sentry shouts "S.O.S.!" and rushes down the battery, awakening the gunners, who come tumbling out of their dug-outs and rush for the gun-pits.

The guns are laid on permanent S.O.S. targets, and it is only a matter of a few minutes until they can be fired in answer to the S.O.S. But every second counts. Perhaps a mine has been sprung, or a front line has been penetrated by a surprise attack, and the complete success of the enemy can only be prevented by the instantaneous action of the guns.

Down in the gun-pits the gunners work like furies at their task. Nothing could excel the rapidity and precision with which each man goes through his movement. With the infallibility of a perfect machine, the fuse is set, the shell is rammed home, the charge prepared and placed in the breech, the breech-block jammed, and the layer sings out "Ready!"

"Fire!" orders the No. 1, and the gunpit shakes to the reverberations, and a long tongue of forked lightning shoots out of the gun-pit. As the gun runs up from the recoil, the No. 2 opens the breech-block, and a great rush of lurid backfire leaps from the breech, disclosing for a moment an uncanny picture of seven men who make up the guncrew, stripped to the waist and working for dear life.

Five minutes after the S.O.S. signal sent its cry through the night a thousand guns might be answering to its call. The effect of such a sudden outburst is most inspiriting to the fighting men. I once heard an infantryman, who was passing by our battery when the lid was thus suddenly blown off of hell, yell in an ecstasy of delight—

"That's the idea, bo! Soak it to 'em—

hit 'em one for me!"

#### THE OBSERVATION POST.

Indirect fire is the general method in this War—that is, firing at an unseen target by means of a fixed aiming-point, the fire itself being directed by a forward observing officer, known as the F.O.O., who from some vantage-point in advance observes the burst of our shells and wires the correction to the guns in the rear.

The observation post may be situated in any convenient position that commands the enemy's zone; the top of a house or a barn, a lofty tree, a high cliff, or a shell crater, may serve as the O.P., as the observation The O.P. is always a post is called. dangerous place, as the enemy's guns are continually searching the opposite side for points likely to serve for observation.

Early in the War, when artillery officers got together, one heard of wild experiences in precarious O.P.'s, most of which have long since been shot to kindling-wood. On

one occasion an artillery officer had just ensconced himself in a lofty building, which had been all but shot away, when the enemy opened fire on the building again. Before the observer could make good his retreat, the enemy registered a direct hit on the tottering structure, and the whole thing crashed to earth, smashing the unfortunate gunner to death and burying him in heaps of debris.

Among the commonest places for an O.P. is the upper storey of an old house or barn. These lonely buildings, often all that remains on a razed and shattered landscape, are the

The attic of "The Haunted Château" afforded a splendid observation post. Below, everything had been smashed to pieces. Careful hands had gently nursed that rickety attic, and new beams and piles of sand-bags had kept it from crashing down.

From the top-gallant window of this precarious structure a perfect view of the enemy lines could be obtained. Only the concealment of the wood had saved the château from being pulverised long ago. Fritz, however, suspicious of the wood, had a bad habit of suddenly popping off a few rounds



A LARGE NAVAL GUN.

From a Canadian War Records photograph supplied by Central News.

most deplorable places imaginable in which to spend the night. In the long, silent hours of darkness it seems as though the ghosts of other days were ever running riot through the place.

We had an O.P. once in a place known as "The Haunted Château." It was situated on a high hill, surrounded by a grove of trees which were stripped bare from shell-fire. Through the bare wood the wind would moan at night like a lost soul, while the rafters of the place would creak, and from the vaulted cellars imagination seemed to catch all kinds of voices.

in that direction. At such times the rickety attic was a most unpopular place.

To fire the battery from the O.P., the F.O.O. would first get his telescope on the target, and then call out "Ready!" which the telephonist would repeat over the 'phone. From far down at the guns would come back the warning, "No. 1 gun firing," and a moment later the F.O.O. would observe the shell burst, perhaps a little short and too much to the left. So he would call out, "Ten minutes more left—add fifty!" meaning that the gun would be deflected ten minutes more left from the aiming-point,

and elevated for fifty yards' more range. If the next was not on, he would make another correction, and continue in this manner until the shell hit the target. This is called

registering a battery.

Sometimes the O.P. is situated in the front line, as often in the flat country of Flanders there is no vantage-point in the rear. The observing officer goes forward for a two days' stunt in the front line, taking with him a party of signallers and linemen. On arriving in the trenches the F.O.O. reports to the battalion commander at the headquarters dug-out, situated in the support trenches.

While in the front line it is the duty of the F.O.O. to keep the guns in touch with the infantry. The battalion commander may call upon him at any time for retaliation, or to shoot up any new target that may

present itself.

After leaving the battalion headquarters the F.O.O. relieves the officer who has been on duty the past two days, who hands over to him a log-book containing intelligence of all happenings in the front line for

the past forty-eight hours.

The gunner officer in the front line is not merely there to observe for his guns; he is also to gather all possible intelligence pertaining to his own zone. A record is kept of all hostile fire observed, by which it is determined whether the enemy's artillery is weak or strong at the time in that particular zone.

In his intelligence duties the F.O.O. is the newspaper reporter of the front line. With periscope and compass, followed by a trusty signaller, he moves along the bays of the fire-trench in his quest for news. Three balloons are observed, and he takes the bearings of them with his magnetic compass. Next he makes note of an aeroplane crossing the line, flying low.

Seeing a group eagerly peering at a looking-glass attached to the end of a bayonet, which serves as a periscope, he inquires: "Anything doin' here, boys?"

"Yes, sir," answers a sergeant. "It looks like a new emplacement five degrees left of the bare tree."

The artillery officer turns his own periscope, which magnifies ten diameters, on the object named, and whistles to himself.

"Yes, you're on to something all right, sergeant," he exclaims. "That's what we call the major's dug-out, which we shot up some time ago, and now they've built it up again, only a little lower. But we'll

shoot it up again to-night with our howitzers. I think it's a machine-gun emplacement."

A little farther along he observes a great rent in the Boche parapet. This is the work of our trench-mortars, which have been having a little "strafe" of their own. A sentry in another bay shows him a fuse which he has found. The gunner recognises the fuse as coming from a certain high-velocity shell, and makes a note of a new gun on his front.

At night all the various items gathered together by the F.O.O. are written down and telephoned back to the artillery group headquarters. On the following day they appear in the war zone newspaper known as *The Corps Intelligence Summary*. Under the heading "Information from Our Own Front: I. Enemy's Front and Support Lines," the trench reporter reads his news gathered the day before.

The Intelligence Summary is regarded by some as a weighty production, but Tommy, in fine contempt, calls it "Comic Cuts." But, despite the irreverence of Tommy, this sheet contains the ultimate war news, and the unknown cub reporters on that front-line street of adventure are daily recording history that some time ponderous professors

will sift out with weighty comment.

In time of battle the F.O.O., if he is not observing in the front line, is generally at battalion headquarters, giving every latest happening to the anxious ears at the guns. Into the battalion headquarters, as into a whispering gallery, come the rumours from all parts of the trenches. "Our guns are shooting short"—"Enemy are coming over"—"Enemy have penetrated into our front in thirty-seven"—"Trench-mortars are crumping in parapet of thirty-five"—all these items are passed back immediately to the guns, and determine their policy in the battle.

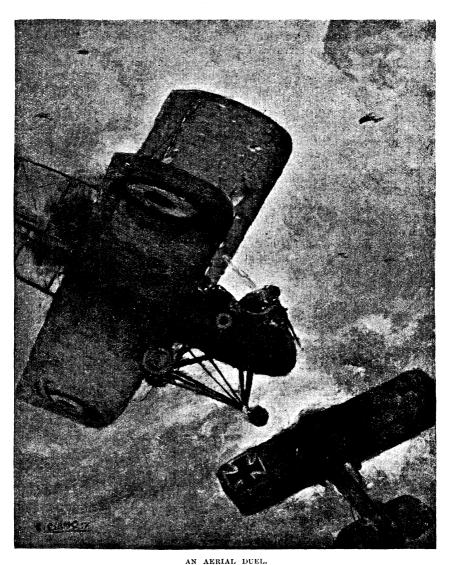
Keeping up communication during a bombardment is a most difficult and dangerous task. Sometimes the lines are broken in several places by shell-fire. Instantly that communication is broken, linemen are dispatched to mend the wires. They move out simultaneously from both ends, following along the line until they discover the break and mend it.

To move out across a field where death is falling like leaves in an autumn forest requires the finest kind of pluck, but the signallers never seem to fail.

"Hearn, the wires are down!" exclaims the officer, who has been for a minute fruitlessly fingering the telegraph-key.

"Very good, sir," answers the faithful Hearn, and immediately leaves the protection of the deep dug-out and begins to run along the trench, with shells crumping in every direction. Some time passes. Hearn does

dispatched, and all fail to return. But at all costs communication must be reestablished. There are no braver men in the War than the artillery signallers, and none who make a greater sacrifice in the



From a drawing by Christopher Clark, R.I.

not return, and the communication is not re-established.

"Mitchell, I guess Hearn has gone down;

you carry on in his place," is the next order.
"Very good, sir," answers Mitchell, and
without a question goes out into the storm
of bursting. of bursting shrapnel.

Sometimes one lineman after another is

path of duty. During three months in the Somme our battery had its signallers completely wiped out three times in succession. It got so that I never expected to meet one of the old-timers after the second or third trip.

"Where is Mac?" one would inquire, missing an old face.

"Oh, he went west last week," would be the answer.

When we are attacking, the forward observing officer goes over the top just like the rest. He generally goes with the second wave, which also includes the colonel and headquarters staff of the battalion. Once out in No Man's Land, the F.O.O. and his signallers make for a prearranged point in the enemy's line, which is to serve as the new advanced O.P.

As the artillery party crosses No Man's Land, a field telephone is carried with them and a wire is run out connecting them with the guns. If the first F.O.O. goes down, word comes back to the reserve officers waiting in front-line dug-outs, and a second steps forth to fill the place of him who has fallen. Sometimes, before the attack is over, the third or fourth may be called out to fill the gap.

It is the duty of the F.O.O. during an attack to keep the guns informed as to the position of our advancing infantry—as to what objectives have been gained, how we are holding, where we are losing, and if any guns are firing short.

One sees bloody sights on first entering the front-line trenches, where the mopping-up

battalions are busy with bombs and bayonets. The tide of battle here is always shifting, and what is ours now within an hour may be in the enemy's hands again. Everything is uncertain, and our line is always changing.

One F.O.O., who had advanced with the farthest wave, established himself in a Boche dug-out, and was busily engaged in studying his map, when he heard bombs explode in the next dug-out, occupied by his signallers. Rushing to the entrance of his dug-out, the officer was startled to see the backs of three Germans, who were engaged in bombing his signallers next door. With a quick draw of his Colt '45, he dispatched the three Huns through the back, and, leaping out, found the trench entirely abandoned by our troops, they having retired without giving the artillery officer warning.

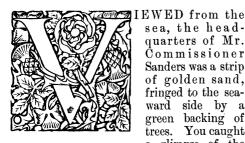
The artillery still thrills with high adventure—in the precarious and shell-swept observation post, by the roaring, reeking mouths of the guns, or with the ammunition limbers thundering around Suicide Corner or tearing down Death Valley—in all its phases it still presents the colours of romance against the otherwise sombre background of modern war.



## THE FETISH STICK

### By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.



sea, the headquarters of Mr. Ĉommissioner Sanders was a strip of golden sand, fringed to the seaward side by a green backing of trees. You caught a glimpse of the

white Residency, with its red roof, and on a very clear day the little flagstaff, where the national standard hung limply. Perhaps you might even see the long rows of yellow barrack huts where the Houssas lived, but

you saw little more.

Officers of passing steamers which came sufficiently near the West African coast would point out the mouth of the river, and show the passengers how the yellow waters ran far out, cutting a muddy roadway into the indigo blue of the sea, and sometimes a mail steamer would slow down and drop into a waiting surf-boat a small mail-But the Territories and the three white men who ruled them had personality to the ocean-going wanderers, until a certain day when a beneficent Government placed in the hands of the Commissioner a means by which he and his fellows might become at least articulate.

Lieutenant Tibbetts, coming to breakfast one fiery morning, discovered a folded sheet

of foolscap paper beneath his plate.

" Ha! Monday, sir," said he, with an extravagant start, as though the discovery that this was indeed the second day of the week came in the nature of a shock, "and Orders of the Week, as per regulations."

"Read 'em, you lazy de—fellow," said Hamilton, catching his sister's reproving

"Quite unnecessary, my jolly old tyrant," said Bones airily, as he shook his serviette free with a loud flap, and all but caught Mr. Commissioner Sanders's coffee cup. "Quite superfluous—I know 'em by heart.

The orderly officer of the week is poor old Bones, who will do everything every day.

2. Field trainin' will be carried out on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, an' Saturday, under the command of poor old Bones.
3. Kit inspection on Thursday—Bones

will arrange.

By order."

"Read it," suggested Hamilton.

With a hoist of his shoulders Bones opened

the paper and read.

- "'Orderly officer for the week: Lieutenant Tibbetts.' What did I say? 'Field trainin' in accordance with paragraph '—um—um— 'Lieutenant Tibbetts,' as expected. Hullo, dear old sir, what's this?
- 3. On the erection of the new flagstaff and signal yard, Lieutenant Tibbetts will assume the duties of O.C. Signals. He will be responsible for the maintenance in good condition of the signal locker and flags, code-
- "They are sending the pole down from H.Q. Administration," explained Hamilton, "and it should be up by the end of the week. Do you know anything about signals,

Bones smiled.

"I think I may say in all modesty, dear old sir," he said, with a fine carelessness, "that there's jolly little I don't know about signals. I hate to boast, dear old Ham, as you've often said-"

"I've never said anything so untruthful, but I should not let that discourage you," interrupted Hamilton. "Nor should it divert your mind from the fact that I asked you a very simple question, to which you have not yet replied. Do you understand signals?"
"I won't deceive you," said Bones solemnly. "I do."

And this he proved, for when the great new flagstaff had been erected, and the

L.

В.

Т.

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U.

Government tug which had towed the pole to the beach had turned its nose for home, Bones, with the aid of the Government codebook, signalled—

"Wish you pleasant voyage."

Whereupon the tug spun round and came

back at full speed.

"The signal flags H.L.M.I., sir," said the exasperated skipper of the tug, "do not mean 'Wish you pleasant voyage,' but 'Return at once; natives in revolt." \*

"Dear me!" said Bones. "How jolly

romantic!"

And so the tug went off again, and Bones, undeterred, sent a string of flags fluttering up to the yard, which the skipper read: "Am short of coal. Can you tow me?" and which he rightly interpreted as being something rather complimentary in farewell messages.

Bones not only took kindly to his new job, but it became for him an absorbing passion. Not only did he spend his spare hours poring over the Government and mercantile codes, but he invented a code of

his own.

Not only had he signal flags, but in a great box, each enclosed in a neat canvas bag, were the ensigns of the nations, "for employment," said the printed instructions, "in saluting war-vessels, governors, commissioners, etc., of foreign Powers."

"Some of 'em wholly superfluous, dear old sir," he complained, "unless we receive a visit from the Swiss Fleet, or hobnob with the jolly old King of Siam. An' who the dooce am I to salute with the German Royal Standard? It can't be done, dear old

thing!"

Life had a new interest, not only for himself, but for every native within ten miles of the station. Visitors and residents alike would gather about the flagstaff and watch Bones as he played with his new toy. And one of these visitors was the son of the sister of a certain Buluta, and a notorious thief. Of this small fact Bones was oblivious in the ecstasy of new discoveries, for he found friends which in olden days moved outside of his orbit.

He sent astounding greetings to little old tramps that came rolling over the edge of the ocean, spoke hilariously to passing liners, which answered briefly and often coldly—the "affirmative," in answer to a sixteen-flag message, was little short of a snub—and once, when a lean, grey American

warship came nosing out of nowhere, looking for submarines, Bones surpassed himself in a cordial greeting which ran, literally—

Y. D. S. Y. D. has arrived at this port.

X. A. Have cavalry chargers on board.

 $\stackrel{ ext{S.}}{ ext{Y.}}$  Am carrying feathers and hats.

G. Please arrange supply wine and M. macaroni for Italian emigrants.

The commander of the American warship, fortunately, thought that there was a regatta or a Fourth of July celebration on shore, and contented himself with signalling "Good-bye."

"And what the dickens were you trying to say?" asked Hamilton, when Bones complained bitterly of the lack of international

"My dear but dull old landlubber," said Bones wearily, "it's as plain as your jolly old nose. If Sanders were here, he'd understand it in a minute. I've studied the dashed thing an' worked it out."

"But what does it mean?" insisted

Hamilton.

Bones uttered impatient sounds.

"It's a verse," he said shortly—"that jolly little tune

Yankee Doodle came to town, Riding on a pony; He stuck a feather . . . .

If you're going to laugh," said Bones huffily, "there's nothin' more to be said, sir." And he closed the book with a bang.

Bones was frankly bad-tempered that morning, for, in addition to other vexations, he had discovered the loss of a certain national ensign which had disappeared from under his eyes.

About this time, in the forest village of Kasanga, a man fell sick. He had pains in his head, shooting, throbbing stabs of agony that did not cease by day or night.

He was lucky in that there lived in this village a very famous witch-doctor, one Buluta, to whom all the forest folk went in their hour of adversity. His fame passed

<sup>\*</sup> The signal groups given here are, for obvious reasons, fictitious.—E. W.



"At the third shot the rope was severed, and the flag came fluttering down."

the frontiers of his own land, and you might not travel for a day anywhere in the river territories without coming upon a man or woman who wore on his or her breast one of those charms which were characteristic of Buluta. If you take a palm kernel, soak it in a solution of gum and camwood, thread it neatly with two steel wires, and turn the free ends of the wires until each forms the letter P, you have a fair imitation of that powerful spell-maker which cured coughs and ensured for married men the fidelity of their wives.

The sick would pay him a chicken for his services, and this gift was tied to one of the legs of the sufferer, and Buluta, kneeling by the patient's side, would knead and pound the unfortunate body of his victim, starting from the head and working down to the feet, until the evil spirit which possessed the patient, and which caused his unhappiness, would depart with a loud cry—which Buluta himself supplied—into the body of the bird. Whereupon he would cut off the head of the bird, sprinkle a few drops of his blood upon the gratified patient, who by this time should have felt such relief as would enable him to rise and call his doctor blessed.

And in most cases this relief was instantaneous and complete. Sometimes Buluta would find no response to his treatment, but that was invariably explained to his own credit by the discovery of bewitchment or a peculiarly strong devil whom the sick man had offended. In such cases as these Buluta would go into the forest for a consideration, and conduct an expensive wrestling match with the devil. Usually by the time he returned to the village to discover what had happened to the patient, the patient had died.

Now, this man who lay so grievously sick was rich, and Buluta had long envied him his wealth, so that, when he was summoned by the man's principal wife, he saw the

magnificence of the opportunity.

He had the patient stripped and laid upon a wooden grille, and beneath him he lit a fire of herbs that sent up a very thick and pungent smoke. He also painted all the toes of the sick man with red camwood, that the devils might not enter his body. Then he cut little patterns in the chest of Kofubu—that was the man's name—with a small keen knife.

What other treatment he would have introduced may only be surmised.

Since it was acknowledged that none was greater than Buluta, and that, if he could not cure Kofubu, no other witch-doctor could perform that service for him, the philosophical villagers decided that he must be left to die; and death would certainly have been his fate but for the happy circumstance that Mr. Commissioner Sanders was making a tour through the forest villages, and arrived one evening when the seven wives of Kofubu were discussing the division of his property.

Sanders carried a hairy little medicine chest which contained a few, but powerful, drugs designed to meet the half a dozen epidemic or simple maladies native to the country. If the disease was outside the range of the six diseases for which he had made provision, the sick man or woman was treated for the commonplace ailment which

it most nearly resembled.

Sanders went into the hut of the man, and found two strands of wire tightly bound about his skull, these strands having been in place for some twelve years. They were rather difficult to cut, and Kofubu suffered something in the process; but when they were removed, and after the man had spent a night under the influence of one of Sanders's six medicants, he discovered that his pain had disappeared.

"I think you are a fool, Kofubu," said Sanders, "for who but a fool would put wire

about his head?"

"Lord," said Kofubu ruefully, "that was a very powerful charm which kept from me ghosts and evil devils."

"You were nearer to ghosts and evil devils than you know, my man," said Sanders, with a wry smile. He had no use for witch-doctors of any kind.

Sanders sent for the medicine-man.

"Buluta," said he, "do you believe in devils?"

"Lord, I do," replied the man, apprehensively eyeing the stick which Sanders carried.

"And do you believe that your devils will save you pain?"

The man, still with his eye on the stick, edged away.

"Answer!" said Sanders sharply.

"Lord, it is said that we wise men do not feel. Ouch!"

"And now," said Sanders, when the flogging was finished, "hear my words. I will have no witch-doctor who draws blood in this land. This time I beat, but if I send for you, because you have done this evil again, I will await you at the Village of Irons, and there you shall stay for ten years."

The Commissioner passed on the next day,

and Buluta was forgotten, but Buluta did not forget.

It was a month or five weeks after Sanders had come and gone, that Buluta sent secret messengers to all the tribes, to the N'gombi, the Inner N'gombi, to the Akasava, the Lesser Akasava, and the Three-Streams Akasava, to the Isisi, the Lesser Isisi, to the Ochori and the Upper Ochori, and even into the forgotten land of the Old King.

To no chiefs or headmen did his summons go, but to strange old men who lived apart from the communities to which they were attached, and on the night his call reached them they left their villages furtively and came by hidden ways to the rendezvous which Buluta had appointed. This was one of those famous islands where bats hang in great bunches from the trees throughout the hot day, and fly by the thousand over the river at night.

There never was such an assembly in all the history of the land since the day when they buried Gufufu, the witch-doctor. There were old men and there were young men, too, men fantastically arrayed in skins of unknown animals, men belted about with teeth and claws, men cloaked in feathers, men streaked and circled with paint, and they came to sit at the feet of Buluta and learn his will.

"Wise goats," said Buluta, "I have called you that I may tell of wonders, for I, who understand devils and have fought with terrible ghosts, have been beaten by Sandi because he hates me. Also I have discovered a great wonder. All men know that Sandi has a ju-ju which tells him when any man breaks the law, for have not the people of the river held very private palavers, and has not Sandi come swiftly? And when the Akasava went secretly to make war, and none knew, save the king, where the goats would bleed, was not Sandi waiting in the Isisi River for their coming?"

"Wa!" chorused his audience.

men know this."

Buluta's eves blazed.

"Now I have found the mystery," he shouted in triumph. "Sandi has a wonderful fetish."

"That is foolish talk," said a sceptic in the circle, "for all people know that Sandi is a white man, and white men have no fetishes."

"Wa! That is true," said another, "for did not Sandi beat me cruelly because I smelt out one who had bewitched the daughter of Kumulubu, the Chief of the Lesser Isisi?"

"Let all men hear this!" cried Buluta. "Sandi, who lives in a fine house by the sea, has put up a great stick near where the big water runs, and that is his fetish, for the son of my sister, who has newly come from Sandi's home, tells me this, and every morning Tibbetti, the young one, goes before this stick and bows himself, and picks up pieces of cloth and hangs them upon the stick, and puts his hand to his face thus."

One of the old witch-doctors nodded.

"I also have seen Bonesi put his hand to his face when he speaks to my lord Sandi and to Militini, and a soldier of Sandi's told me that he does this thing to do honour to Militini and to Sandi, who are his chiefs. Now tell us, Buluta, what may we do?"

Buluta raised his hands; he was almost

incoherent in his excitement.

"We will make a dance and a devil palaver—such a palaver as never was seen in this land—and we ourselves will put up a great stick, so that we may talk with ghosts, for the son of my sister has stolen a wonderful cloth such as Tibbetti hangs, and this is surely a great magic and a charm for sickness. And since we shall be as great as Sandi, he shall not harm us if through our medicine men die. Also, because he beat me, I will lay a spell upon him, and he Wa!" will go mad.

For six days there were mysterious doings on the Island of Bats. Fifty separate fires burned and smoked, and the awe-stricken villagers on the mainland watched this evidence of the witch-doctors' activity with their knuckles to their teeth. There was sacrificing of goats and chickens, and a score of snakes died in the course of twenty There was a pounding different rituals. and a mixing, a dancing and a chanting, beyond all precedent, and when a week and three days had gone by, Buluta and five delegates launched their canoe and struck down the river to the forest of tall trees to chose "The Stick" and anoint their find with proper ceremony.

News of a gathering of witch-doctors reached Sanders, and the Commissioner acted quickly. Bones was torn from his tangled halyards and his chaotic signal locker, and dispatched, he protesting, in search of proofs.

Near the Forest of Happy Dreams the river broadens until it forms a great lake, where, on hazy days, it is almost impossible to see from shore to shore. Steersmen loathe this breadth of water, because sandbanks grow in a night, and islands that you chart on your way up give way to five fathoms of water on your way down stream. There are places in this lake where a steamer can bump her way into deep water and find herself within a sandy circle from whence there is no escape. On such occasions all the crew descend into the water and literally lift the steamer from her embarrassing situation.

On a hot day in July a little steamer, specklessly white, her tall twin funnels belching a constant billow of black smoke, picked an erratic way through the lake. Two sounding boys sat in her bows, and stabbed the water at intervals of a few seconds with long rods, transmitting the depth in tones of abysmal weariness.

Bones, standing on the bridge of the Zaire, with a telescope under his arm, and a very severe and disapproving frown upon his forehead, watched the manœuvre of the Government ship with every indication of

impatience.

"O Yoka," he said at last, turning to the steersman, "is there no straight course, for when I brought the Zaire through this broad river, I turned neither to the left nor to the right?"

"Lord," said the Kano boy who steered, not taking his eyes from the waters ahead, "who knows this river? Every day the water

finds a new way."

Bones turned to a weary "Tut!" and his thoughts went back longingly to a cool beach and a high white flagstaff.

Presently he spoke again in Arabic.

"Now my great eyes can see the course," he said, "you shall go to the middle waters."

"Master," said Yoka earnestly, "I think there is sand in the middle waters."

"It is an order," said the imperious

The wheel spun round under the helmsman's hand, and the nose of the Zaire pushed round. They struck the strong river current. The black waters piled themselves up before the bows.

"Exactly," said Bones complacently; "I

thought we should do it."

Suddenly the speed of the vessel perceptibly stopped, and Yoka, who knew that this meant that she was reaching shallow water, spun the wheel with feverish haste. There was a shivering bump, another, and a whole series of frantic little hops, and, though the stern wheel thrashed furiously,

the Zaire went neither backward nor forward.

"Master," said Yoka simply, "this is a

sand-bank."

Bones said nothing. He took his big pipe from his pocket, deliberately loaded it with tobacco, struck a match and lit it, and puffed cloudily. He was apparently deep in thought.

Then at last he spoke.

"We shall have to get her off," he said.

Unfortunately, the Zaire on this trip was carrying a skeleton crew. There were a dozen Houssas, a few deck hands, a native engineer, also half a dozen villagers who had begged a passage to Youkombi. Moreover, part of the Zaire lay in deep water, so that it was impossible to wade. Bones rang the engines first to stop and then to astern, but the Zaire was firmly fixed.

"But presently the river will rise," he said to Yoka confidently, "and the water will

wash away the sand."

Yoka scratched his chin.

"I think the waters are going down, lord," he said, "for the river was in flood six days ago, and there have been no rains."

"You are a silly old ass!" said the annoyed

Bones.

He scanned the horizon for a sign of a village, though he might have known that there was none, for he had passed through the lake fifty times. Bones's motto, however, was that "you never know," and such was his optimistic spirit that he, at any rate, would not have been surprised to have discovered a fairly large-sized township equipped with, amongst other things, a complete dredging plant, had established itself since his last visit.

There was only one thing to do. Bones ordered the canoe to be launched, and, with four paddlers and one Houssa as an escort, he made his way to the nearest village, which, as it happened, was situated on the big middle island that lay athwart the northern end of the lake. There was, as he knew, a footpath close to the river, and he started off on his two-mile tramp to Youkombi, the village in question.

A mile from the point of his departure the path divided, for here the land forms a promontory. One path naturally followed the water, but the other cut straight across the neck of the salient and formed a short way for such people as did not fear ghosts. Bones took the nearer path, and in consequence he did not see the two watchers who squatted by the side of the water, only

waiting for a glimpse of the Zaire to fly back with their discovery to Youkombi.

It also happened that when he reached the point where the paths were reunited, instead of following the one broad track that leads to the village, he followed the forest path which took him away to the left, for he was anxious to see for himself whether certain allegations against the people of the Youkombi were well founded. Though he was not conscious of the fact, he thereby missed the second group of watchers, who, as a matter of precaution, had been placed on the road half a mile from the village.

Bones searched diligently and patiently, for in all matters of strict and serious duty Bones was conscientious to a fault. His search was well rewarded, for under a dwarf mimosa, and almost hidden by the rank foliage which smothered the ground, he discovered a bundle wrapped in native cloth, and containing certain little wooden pots of native manufacture which were filled with vari-coloured clay. There was red and green and vivid orange, blue and brown. Also there was a necklace of human teeth, a mask of feathers, and a strange-looking ivory instrument shaped rather like a tuning fork.

Bones met no villager, and it was extremely unlikely that he would, because the whole of the Youkombi was sitting in rapt silence, watching a man, fantastically hued with great white rings painted round his eyes, and blue and green stripes of ochre running across his shrunken breast. They would have been interested in Buluta under any circumstances, for his name was a household word from the territory of the Great King to the villages by the sea. But what added fascination to his own personality was the fact that he was at that moment engaged, under the professional inspection of fifty witch-doctors, in curing the first wife of the headman of the Youkombi.

The cure was a simple business. She lay spreadeagled on the ground, ankles and wrists attached by stout raw hide thongs to little sticks which had been driven in the ground, and he was letting out the ninety-and-nine devils with which she was possessed, from time to time lecturing as an anatomical professor to his fascinated audience.

"O people and wise ones, thus you see my magic," he said, brandishing his little knife and rubbing his nose with the back of his lean hand. "Because of the wonderful things I do now, Sandi would hate me and follow me with guns. But now, because of a great magic which I have done, I am greater than

Sandi, and I may do many things which were forbidden. I cut this woman a little—so! What do you see, wise brothers and people of the Youkombi? Just a little blood. Do you see the little devils with eyes like moons? Only Buluta sees those. Look, there he goes!"

His bony finger pointed and traced the passage of the mythical devil, and as it indicated a progress nearer and nearer to the circle, those who stood in its line leapt out and sprang, shivering, back to allow it passage.

"There it goes," he croaked, "into the forest! I see it! It is gone! Presently it will come back a very beautiful wonder. None will see it but I."

He bent his head as though listening, his hand to his ear.

"My ju-ju tells me it is coming! Look! Look!" He pointed again to the forest. "It comes!"

An appropriate moment, this, for Bones to make his appearance, which he did, quite unknowing that he fitted so well into the scheme of clairvoyance. The people stood dumfounded, their knuckles to their mouths.

"This is a great wonder," said the headman of Youkombi, "for this good devil looks like Tibbetti."

But the witch-doctor did not reply. This was a moment too great for words. As for his fifty hideous colleagues, they faded into the shadow of the woods.

Bones marched into the circle, his helmet pulled rakishly over one eye and an eyeglass in the other. He stood looking down at the medicine-man and his victim, and dropped his cane lightly on the shoulder of the headman.

"Take this woman away, Kabala," he said. "Afterwards you shall call a palayer of your people."

He turned his attention to the witch-doctor.

"O Buluta," he said, "Sandi wants you." The witch-doctor licked his lips. Before him was the supreme injustice of a ten years' sentence, and that it was unjust he stoutly believed.

He looked round helplessly, and then-

"Lord," he cried, his eyes bright with hope, "by my magic and my ju-ju you may not touch me, for I am favoured by a fetish stick greater than Sandi's! Look!"

Bones's eyes followed the pointed finger. For the first time he saw the tall, roughly-dressed flagstaff.

"Good gracious, heaven an' earth!"

gasped Bones.

"Lord," Buluta went on proudly, "that is a great devil, more terrible than M'shimbam'shamba, very fierce and terrifying, who eats up people. I call this thing Ewa, which is death."

Bones shaded his eyes and looked steadily upward at the one standard that floated at the head of the staff. He saw the big black cross on the white ground, and the double-headed eagle with its clutching talons, and nodded.

"Ewa, which is called death," he repeated soberly. "I think you are wiser than you

know, Buluta."

His automatic pistol cracked three times, and at the third shot the rope that held the Imperial standard aloft was severed, and the flag came fluttering down.

A further story in this series will appear in the next number.



"THE MOB CAP." BY G. HERVÉ.

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# THE BLUE STOCKING

## By J. E. WHEELWRIGHT

### Illustrated by Stanley Davis



HE Tube on a beautiful spring evening is a place to get away from as quickly as possible.

> I was leaving it without regret, leaning wearily against the side of the moving staircase, which was

bearing me up out of Hades into the heaven of the blessed daylight after my day's toil. At present I am working in a stuffy office in Whitehall from 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., the first year of the War having left me with a very stiff left arm and two immovable fingers. Massage is gradually putting this right.

Vacantly I gazed up to the top of the stairs, where light and air were. Outside in the road there lurked, I hoped, the red 'bus which should convey me to the suburb

in which I lived.

But, gazing thus upwards, I suddenly saw a vision. A girl entered the descending staircase at the top and began to sail down towards me.

"A girl!" you may say. "What of it?

They are as plentiful as daisies."

So they are—one sees them all day long. But this was not just any girl. It was suddenly the girl, as far as I was concerned, though I had never seen her before. Her face and hair just caught the light of the westering sun as she began to slide down the stairs. Her hair was like a new penny with the light on it, and her whole personality seemed to radiate life, light, colour. She was carrying a big country basket of daffodils. We glided past each other. Our eyes met. Almost before I knew what I was doing, I had bounded up my ascending stairs and run past two astonished ticket-collectoresses at the top. One said "'Ere!" the other said "Hi!" but even that did not stop me. Bounding down, two steps at a time, I was just in time to stand behind the girl as she was reading with a strained gaze the notice: "Step off with the right foot

My sudden descent behind must have startled her, for she turned her head, caught my eye, advanced the left foot waveringly, twisted the other round it in some curious manner, jumped sideways, and landed on all fours on the ground. The daffodil basket turned a complete somersault in the air, and a shower of daffodils, primroses, and violets fell gracefully around us. I say "us," because, of course, I was helping her up by

"It's a wonderful year for daffodils," she said calmly, getting up and dusting her

"It must be," I replied, with equal calm. collecting a handful. "I never picked them in the Tube before. But I do hope you are not hurt?"

"Oh, no," she answered, in an offhand voice, as if it were the usual manner of leaving an escalator. "But I did give my knee rather a bump," she added.

She also began to crawl about, collecting small flowers from odd corners. The other passengers had left us by this time. They concluded this casualty was my business. The place was almost empty. It is a new Tube station—a far suburb, and never crowded.

"Do come and sit down," I said, leading the way along the dim and windy platform; " you must feel rather shaken."

"Not a bit," she said, looking carefully

and searchingly at my face.

The inspection must have been satisfactory. She smiled frankly; she had little white teeth like a puppy's.

"But these flowers are in a dreadful mess. And what do you expect me to sit on?"

There are no cosy seats on a Tube station platform, but I indicated the step of a penny-in-the-slot weighing machine.

She arranged herself and the basket on it,

and began to make the flowers into bunches as contentedly as if she were in a Devonshire lane. I sat down beside her, with my back against the white tiles, and helped her. all seemed very natural. She was neither shy nor self-conscious, but quite friendly. I took off my cap and collected the violets and primroses in it, and did them up tidily.

My young friend—she looked about twentyone or so-had two neat brown brogues stuck out in front of her. I noticed with some surprise that she had on one brown stocking and one blue-nice stockings they were, of thick knitted silk. Her gloves also were of the same knitted silk, and also one was brown and the other blue. The right hand was blue and the right foot was blue. Very odd. She had on a tweed skirt-Harris tweed, by the scent. Evidently a country girl. I sat a little behind her, so could study the line of her cheek and her hair without her being aware of it. It was a very delightful study. I had been feeling tiredso very tired—of town girls. They were so "stylish"-their own expression-that they really frightened me very much, as I am a shy man.

Being afflicted with a perfect passion for fishing, I always in my mind place the girl to whom I am talking in an open boat, with a rod in her hand. Few London girls pass

this test, but this girl did.

She was arranging the last bunch of daffodils in the basket. I had made all the primroses into neat bunches in my cap, removed for the purpose-most unusual in uniform, I feared. I hoped my Colonel would not pass that way.

We put them all in the basket. She was putting on her odd gloves-blue on the right, brown on the left. This meant I felt desperately anxious to departure.

prolong the sitting.

"I'm sure you ought not to go yet," I

"Why not?" She looked round and down at me from her superior position enthroned at the foot of the slot machine.

My heart beat rather fast. Her beautiful eyes seemed to have golden light in them.

"You must really need refreshment after such a shock."

I sprang up and put all the pennies I could find in my pockets into the nearest chocolate machine.

The result was: Three pieces of toffee, two slabs of chocolate, one box of throat pastilles, one box of matches.

We solemnly divided the toffee,

She put a fair-sized piece in her mouth. I detest toffee, but did the same, out of good

fellowship.

One or two people passed and looked at us with surprise. We made a pleasant contrast, I am sure. My companion is distinctly blonde, and my hair very black, though my eyes, I have been told, are blue. Her skin was like apple blossom.

I arranged the toffee in one side of my

cheek and said: "Do you live here?"

"Do people live in the Tube?" she replied, looking round. "I've never been in one before."

Dear, innocent person! was my inward comment. She speaks with a faint Scotch accent—or is it the toffee? Something tells me she is the daughter of a minister, and comes from a manse in the Highlands.

"I meant, do you live in the neighbour-

hood?" I explained.

"No, I come from Scotland, but I am staying near here at present."

Ah, I thought I was right! It must be

a manse.

"I am living at Golders Green," I volunteered. I would rather have been able to say St. James's. But when I came over from Ireland to work at Whitehall, someone recommended me to lodgings in Golders I thought it was a small village, with green complete with ducks. However, the landlady is a good soul, and the air is breathable. So there I stay.

"I wouldn't have known you were Scotch," I said, not very truthfully. "people would, as a matter of fact." "Very few

"One does not necessarily speak the patois

of one's country," she said.
I felt snubbed. "I am Irish," I volunteered.

"Anyone could tell that," she replied.

I felt snubbed again. I did not think

I was afflicted with a patois, either.

"It's more your appearance," she said, looking at me with a smile—"your eyes, blue with black edges, and black hairthat's typical."

"Now, yours-" I began, looking straight

into the amber ones.

"Don't let us be personal," she said rather severely, and went on with the daffodils.

My father is most intensely Irish. and his ancestors have inhabited for centuries an immense and hideous barrack of a house in County Cork, built about the Stone Age. He married the daughter of a rich man who made something—knives, probably in Sheffield. He made them so well that

she had a great deal of money. She had a good deal, at any rate, until she married my father and his ancient lineage. But he has myriads of poor relations, and they absorb most of it. Still, there is a good deal left, and she is determined that I shall marry an English lady of title. So she would have been horrified to see me eating toffee in the Tube with a Scotch minister's daughter—and such a charming one!

"Isn't that a train?" my companion suddenly asked, after a prolonged attack on

the toffee.

It certainly was. It was on the up line,

and its noise filled the whole tunnel.

"No, I don't think so," I replied, not moving. Two or three trains had come and gone, as a matter of fact, while we were there. Without being tiresome or inquisitive, I very much wanted to know where she was going, and how I could see her again.

She rose to her feet, picking up her basket. "I'm taking these to a wounded cousin. He has just two days' leave, so I must go back on Saturday."

"So soon!" I said fatuously. I felt sad, but could think of no means of keeping her against her will in the draughty Tube.

"I have to play the organ on Sunday, you

see."

I knew it. That tiresome manse, and little ministers—or was it Stickit Ministers and Wee Frees, and so on?

I had an inspiration.

"Will you let me see you off?" I asked. "I should be very useful, as there are so few porters about."

I held my breath in suspense. Would she be offended? She could be very haughty,

She looked at me in silence for some seconds. "Thank you very much," she said; "I believe you would be very helpful" -holding out her hand and smiling-the hand in the blue glove. "The Edinburgh Express — Euston — Saturday morning. I believe it leaves about ten a.m.," she called

She was off with a run, and just nipped into a train—the brown stocking was the last thing I saw. The dusty Tube seemed very dull and empty when she had gone. I picked up a little neglected primrose and put it in my buttonhole.

Reflecting a few moments before boarding my red 'bus, I made a dash for the nearest post-office and did some brainwork at the telegram counter—a little wire-pulling, in fact, for I meant to take some leave due to

me, and commence it on Saturday. Also I meant to take it in Scotland.

For, after all, was not Scotland a beautiful land of lochs and mountains and burns? And I had never been further north than Sheffield. Anyway, one could go and fish, or prospect for future fishing. I pictured myself hovering over trout streams, boating on lochs, and climbing mountains with my coppery-haired little friend. It was to be a regular Crockett novel, and I was to be the hero, if only I could get leave.

I was seated in my red 'bus while brooding thus. It stopped—someone got in. The breath absolutely left my body. It was Herself again. No basket of flowers this time, though. I waited impatiently for her to look up and see me, but she pulled some knitting out of her pocket and began to

But this all strangely puzzled me. How had she got there in the time? I had seen the train leave, going in the opposite direction, with her in it, and ten minutes later I was in this 'bus. Unless she had

flown, the thing seemed impossible.

Still, I tried to catch her eye-her obdurate, uncatchable eye. She was absorbed in the knitting. I hemmed and scuffled—I am afraid I must have stared. At last she did look up, seeing my obvious distress, and, giving me a cold glance, moved to a seat next the door, continued to knit, also to frown slightly. I felt wretched: I had left her so smiling, and felt we were friends. She was not a bit the sort of girl to frown one moment, to give value to infrequent smiles. She must have reflected about me, and concluded I was no good.

At the moment of my disappointed reflections she dropped her ball of khaki wool. Some idiot at once wound his feet He tangled it till, in a frenzy of embarrassment, he kicked it under the seat at the far end. It first took a turn or two

round its owner's ankle.

Here was my opportunity to crawl again in her service. It was becoming positively a habit. I dived under the seat and pounced on the ball, and, winding busily in and out among boots and sticks and umbrellas, brought it up to where it had taken a turn round its mistress's foot.

Modestly handing the ball for her to finish the unwinding herself, I received another small shock. The right stocking had now become brown, and the left blue.

I raised my eyes to the gloves. They corresponded. Now, I could absolutely swear



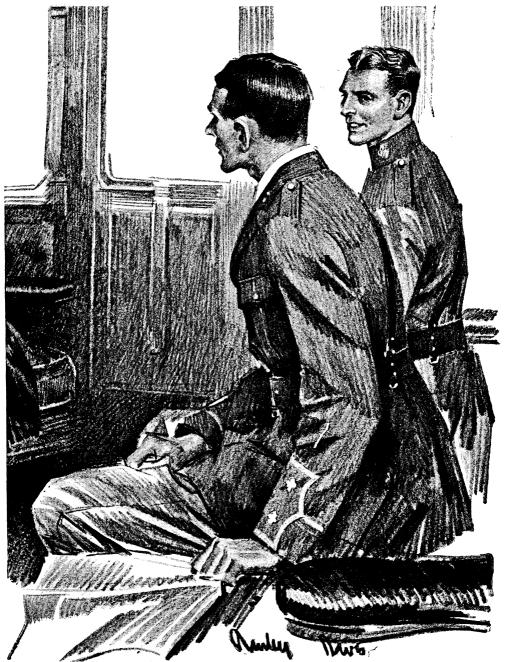
"There were two copper-haired girls, absolutely identical, sitting side by side."

that it had been the other way about before. Had I not shaken a blue hand?

Was this shell-shock or failing eyesight? She did smile at last, as she finished the last lap of the untangling. But no word did she speak, and she resumed that hideous knitting.

Suddenly she looked up at the sky through

the door of the 'bus. We were near the Aerodrome. Outside, far above our heads was an aeroplane, looking like a squashed mosquito against the blue sky. A look of rapture—nay, absolute devotion—came over her face as she looked up at the distant insect. Then her gaze descended to earth again, concentrated itself with surprised



"Really, I was thinking, twins should not dress alike."

eagerness on the pink face of a motor-cyclist, with a side-car attached to his machine, who was spluttering along behind us.

The motorist was evidently in the Flying Corps, and wearing the jaunty uniform of his species. As he came close behind us, the girl—my copper-haired girl—waved to him, her face sparkling with smiles. With

one bound she was out of the red 'bus, with several more she was in the side-car. He stopped for a few seconds. I saw her gaze into his face. I noticed that above his pink face he had fluffy yellow hair like a canary's feathers.

Br-r-r-r! Off they went. What a distressing end to all my dreams! I could see,

by the very turn of her head, that he absorbed

all her thoughts.

That evening my landlady almost wept at my loss of appetite. I did not exactly push the untasted food away, but left a valuable potato, and had only one helping of my favourite pudding.

Telegrams soon strewed the table, the result of ten minutes' brainwork in the postoffice. It seemed I was quite at liberty to

take leave, commencing on Saturday.

Of what use was leave to me now? Sad. bitter thoughts crowded my brain. was the use of anything? Abso-quite-lutely nothing!

Friday evening came, and with it indecision. Should it be Scotland or Ireland? Leave I must take, having made myself an unmitigated nuisance to obtain it.

I must toss for it.

Tails, Ireland; heads, S-

Just then my landlord came in with my evening potations.

"Do you mind having Scotch this evening,

We're quite out of Irish."

"Rather not," I said, with an enthusiasm that startled him.

"That settles it," I said to myself; "that is a good omen. Scotch always for me in future."

I took a dose and felt better. After all, perhaps the flying man was a cousin or a brother. I would risk it, and take a ticket for Edinburgh to-morrow. might or might not come to see her off. Anyway, I might ask about those stockings, if I got a chance. A little thing like that quite worries me. Nothing much mattered things might be worse.

Next morning saw me and my portmanteau, labelled Edinburgh, very early, hidden in the corner of a first-class carriage

in the Edinburgh Express.

My plans were all laid. I would take cover and watch the platform carefully. she appeared alone, I would spring to her assistance, and, leading her and her belongings to my compartment, would persuade her that every other carriage was full to its utmost Ministers' daughters, I thought, capacity. probably did not invariably travel first class. But I had a few moments' quiet conversation with the guard, and made that all rightwe put the situation on a cash basis. He was a nice guard—Scotch also, and not very busy that morning.

If she appeared under escort, I would have

to use tact in some form.

Carefully screened by a newspaper, I arranged a loophole and watched for any glimpse of copper-coloured hair and odd stockings

The suspense was awful. Everyone in the train but myself had been kissed, and love had been sent to all the relatives that could be thought of. Suddenly there was a rush and a flurry, and a pink-faced man, with canary-coloured hair, plunged like a runaway horse down the platform. Behind him, swift as Atalanta, ran the lady of the daffodils. Parcels hung about them, dangling from every finger and elbow joint.

They both got into the train, he helping

her in, in a most lover-like fashion.

After that one glance I knew no more, but, completely enveloping myself in newspapers, relapsed into sulks and depression.

All my hopes were shattered. Lochs. burns, trout, salmon, mountains, gillies, haggis, porridge-everything Scotch-was hopeless. And here was I hurrying, friendless and alone, to Edinburgh, and the copper hair and the canary hair were both doubtless close together and oblivious of all else.

Sulking, reading, dozing, an hour passed. Suddenly a face appeared, a pink face crowned by a little khaki cap over canarycoloured hair. It was pressed close to the glass against my left eye—I was on the corridor side—and it gave me a frightful

A hand pulled open the sliding door, the man came in and plumped himself down in

the seat opposite.

He pulled out a pipe, filled it, and slapped There could be no room himself all over. for matches in that tightly-filled tunic, I thought. I held out a box in silence from behind the newspaper, hoping to avert a conversation.

"Just came aloang for a smawk," he said.

"Indeed," I replied coldly. That quieted him for a bit.

"Ma wife's not just that fond of the

smell of tobacco," he announced.

His wife! Oh, bitter moment! And had everything and everybody in this world suddenly become Scotch? It was a perfect blight. We smoked in silence—a newspaper is an excellent screen.

No one can admire the British airman more than I do—he is the best and pluckiest thing, bar none, in the world, I consider but I felt I had no use for this blond specimen at the moment.

Just then steps sounded along the corridor;

someone peeped in. It was Herself of the radiant hair.

"There you are, Jock," she said, in her pretty voice. "I'm coming in here."

And come she did.

"You'll not be minding the smawk?" Jock said, seeing me put down my pipe.

"Oh, no, I like it at times—indeed I do. Please smoke."

Lowering my guard—the newspaper—I looked her full in the eyes.

No recognition—a cool blank gaze.

I rummaged out a Bradshaw from my suit-case, and tried to discover from its bewildering pages how one could get from Edinburgh to Cork without an instant's pause.

A failure. I am no good at mathematics, and the works of Mr. Bradshaw have to be approached with an otherwise untroubled Besides, I began to think about those odd stockings again. I looked. They were quite normal—both brown.

"I'll go and find Nancy," I heard her say above the roar of the train, and she went out. It was a relief. Three is such a poor number under the circumstances. Who was

Nancy? But what did it matter?

I heard Mrs. Jock return with someone, so lowered the page again, to see whom she had brought with her.

Was it a mirage?

were two copper-haired girls, absolutely identical, sitting side by side. The left one looked at me, her eyes opened in surprise and apparent pleasure, likewise her mouth, and she said-

"Oh, it's the Irishman from the Tube! I wondered why you didn't turn up to help with the luggage." She smiled like an angel.

The other one said—

"Oh, I remember now—I thought I knew your face. You sorted my wool in the 'bus."

I said absolutely nothing, but breathed hard, and probably beamed. Really, I was thinking, twins should not dress alike. might have altered the whole course of our lives.

Then I looked at the stockings. girl had blue, wool girl had brown.

Daffodils came and sat down beside me.

"How do you come to be travelling up with Jock and Dora?" she inquired.

"It just happened," I said. "A telegram came that seemed to require my presence in Edinburgh. Business of sorts.

"I see. I just hopped into the train as

it was moving."

So that was how we missed.

"Funny," she said musingly, but did not seem at all displeased.

It was a glorious sunny day. The country looked simply superb. Jock was a fine chap, of whom any girl might be proud, and Nancy, with three little golden freckles on the bridge of her nose, was simply You can easily tell them indescribable. apart, when you know. Nancy had three freckles, Dora only one.

We talked a good deal, but not enough to make one's throat sore. Talking in the train is hard on the vocal chords. My voice is an extraordinarily deep bass; hers is like a wood-pigeon's. I caused her to believe that I was a perfectly respectable person without

unduly straining my throat.

She, as far as I could hear through the roar and rattle of the train, really did live in a manse—at least, the word occurred pretty often, though I lost some of the context. I had asked her to speak a little closer to my ear, which she did, so I managed to gather some of the story. It seemed that Jock had left his native village, close to them, to join the Flying Corps and live near London. Dora had followed him to the same spot, to do war work, and part of the war work had been quietly to marry Jock—a fact she had not divulged to anyone. Nancy had come to London for two days to see a sick cousin. She had asked Dora to put her up, as Dora was supposed to be living in lodgings with an old nurse. Dora found rooms for herself and sister for the night, but next morning "confessed all."

Nancy and she then had a tiff. Nancy had taken her departure hurriedly. Ah, at last I saw the reason of the ill-mated gloves, etc.! Both having raiment only for one day, Nancy had taken, in haste and darkness, one of each in the early morning of the day I saw her. She had wandered about all day, remembered the sick cousin and the flowers rather late, and was taking them to him when I saw her. Finally she returned to the lodgings, and all was forgiven. They were now on their way to confess to the parents and obtain the paternal sanction rather late in the day. And here we all were. It was a long and breathless history, but that was the gist of it.

"And now we've all made it up, and we're going to tell them all at the Manse,

and Aunt Mary."

Who was Aunt Mary? I must have missed that bit. And where did I come in?

I looked across at Jock—Jock Menzies, his name turned out to be,

"I want to offer you my congratulations, as a bridegroom," I said, holding out my hand.

Jock seized my hand and gripped it as if he were tightening a nut—a real engineer's grip.

When I had recovered from the pain, I said: "Will you all come to lunch with

me in the dining car?"

They all would, and did. We had rather a merry lunch. Never was there such roast mutton or such rhubarb tart—rhubarb, which is generally to me a poisonous growth, seemed food for angels. Even I went so far as to order and obtain champagne. They were all practically teetotalers, it appeared, though. However, they all drank some, even Jock eventually, as he said it would be "such an awful waste to leave it."

The rest of the long day passed pleasantly. We chattered, Jock entertained us with stories of flying feats and adventures, till his voice cracked and he went to sleep. Dora also went to sleep with her head on his shoulder. Lucky Jock! Why had not I a head on my shoulder? Nancy and I shared illustrated papers till our heads nodded, and it would have been so comfortable.

We all regretted parting, I am sure, when we finally arrived at Edinburgh Station. However, it was not to be for long, for though I saw them off on another platform for their own village, I was to go to an

hotel for the night, to transact my business," and go out and see them next

day, to learn what had happened.

In the falling dusk Edinburgh was an enchanted spot. It seemed to me the most romantically beautiful town I had ever seen, with its great fortress-castle brooding over it against the evening sky. I saw Highland soldiers in kilts, I heard bagpipes, I ate porridge in the morning at the hotel, and left it as early as possible and started for the Manse.

Going out in the train, all my visions of lochs and mountains returned to me in full force. I shut my eyes and thought pleasant thoughts which resolved themselves into pleasant dreams. I had slept little the night before. A porter awakened me by opening the carriage door and saying what sounded like "Whogglehurrochog!" in an angry voice. I saw I must get out, as the line went no further, so accordingly emerged sleepily on the platform.

I looked round. Where were the lochs and

burns?

The country was flat and black, the grass

blacker, the trees were dead. Tall chimneys rose on the horizon. Heaps of slag and shale were the only mountains. Clearly this was a land of coal-pits.

"Can you direct me to the Manse?"

I inquired of a dusky-looking porter.

"Up over yon," he said, pointing to a perspective of eindery road that took its way between dingy cottages for miles, it seemed.

"Over yon" I walked and walked. The sun was hot and the dust unusually dusty. The houses became more frequent. Again I inquired for the Manse "over yon."

There it was—a little grey stone house, very respectable, with laurels round it and,

thank Heaven, a few flowers.

I was shown into a room—the very best room, evidently, but not very cheerful. I could not see my Nancy in it, somehow. She was my Nancy already in my mind.

Nancy came in. I counted the freckles on her nose, to make sure. The whole room was radiant at once. Nancy was positively

an illuminant to any room.

"I am so glad you have come," she said.
"It has all been rather trying, but they are quite used to the idea now, but dreading to tell Aunt Mary. And, do you know, they were so taken up about Jock and Dora, I haven't really been able quite to explain you," she said. "You must explain yourself."

A little grey-haired lady came into the room. Nancy went out, saying to me: "This is Jock's mother."

"How do you do?" I said, unable to say

anything else.

"Vairy wail, thank you." Then there was a pause.

"I came," I began—"I came—er——'

Why had I come?

I had meant to say I came because I had heard the place—was it Whurrel-hurrog?—was so extremely beautiful, and so on, but all these mines spoilt that.

Would no one help me?

Heavy steps sounded in the passage.

A large minister appeared—pink, like Jock, but with a beard—evidently Jock's father. He also assured me he was in excellent health. Conversation flagged.

"May I congratulate you on your new daughter?" I said. That was surely an

inspiration.

"Aye, the lassie's fine," he beamed. "But

what will her leddyship say?"

"I wonder?" I said, mystified. I wished I had made more definite inquiries as to all the relationships before.

"A wurrud with you, young man, if you please, in the garden," said the minister, in a huge whisper.

We went into the garden and paced up

and down the twelve feet of path.

"You see, it's like this way, you understand. You've taken a great fancy to our Jock, I hear," he said, "and come doon here to see him."

"Yes, exactly," I said., "Splendid lad,

your son! I've never seen—"

"Oh, he's fine; but, ye see, he's no match for her leddyship's niece, and I'm feared she'll be verra, verra displeased when we tell her. Nancy is going over awa just now to break it to her leddyship. I'd like fine if you'd go with her and speak for our Jock. One soldier can say for another what no girl can. Her leddyship has been that kind to us these twenty-five years—ever since Jock was born—but she'll think we've no call to marry him to her niece."

"Then the twins don't live with you?"

I said.

"'Deed no! What for should they? They live with her leddyship over at the big house, and it's just for the one night we managed to put them all in here. She'll not be knowing any of them are in the place till she sees them. And she's an ill lady to cross."

I understood at last. Her ladyship had been kind to the minister and his big son, and the boy and girls had grown up in the same village, as friends, with the inevitable result. No wonder! I should

have married them both.

"Ye see, the young leddies were much sought after, and were expected to make great matches," he said ruefully. "They came out the year before the War, and made some sensation. Then the War broke out, and they had just to go in again. Anyway, ye'll go up to the house with Nancy, and speak for our Jock."

Oh, Heavens! Speaking is not my forte. But the words "go with Nancy" caught my ear. I would go with her

anywhere and everywhere.

"By all means," I said.

So presently Nancy and I were tramping

along the cindery road again.

"Aunt Mary just loves the Menzies and Jock," said Nancy, "and has always made pets of them all, and given them lots of grapes and peaches, and built up his church, and so on, and had Jock out to play with us, but I'm afraid she won't like this development. And she's so dreadfully deaf, and will never admit it. We almost always

live with Aunt Mary," she further informed me, "as there are five more sisters at home, and we simply fall over each other."

On we marched, sometimes passing groups of miners, with their coal-black faces and pale eyes, squatting silently by the side of

the road. They stared at us.

We arrived before handsome iron gates in a high stone wall, and passed through. We had arrived at the big house. Children ran out from the lodge and bobbed curtsies. Inside the gates the black pit country ended. All here was green, with young spring freshness carefully tended. We walked up the long, winding avenue. The house, when it came into view, was a long, imposing building in the "Scotch baronial" style.

We walked through a billiard room into a large, solemn hall like a church, lighted by stained-glass windows. The gravity of the occasion impressed itself upon me. The house was so quiet, we spoke in whispers like conspirators. She pointed at a door. "Aunt Mary's in there," she whispered. "I'll go in and prepare her. Will you wait, and come in when I come out and fetch you?" She indicated a large leather chair beside a stuffed peacock.

I sat down beside the peacock and gazed at it. A large clock ticked bop-bop-bop.

Through the door I could hear the sounds of explanation. Aunt Mary—Lady Macbeth, I had discovered, with awe, was her name—must really be very, very deaf. Loud, louder, loudest grew the explanations. They went on some time. Surely it must be painful work for a person with a voice like a wood-pigeon to make such a noise. Presently it subsided.

The door opened. I jumped, as one expecting a summons to the dentist. Nancy came out. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked harassed and embarrassed, especially the latter, and seemed to have a tendency to hopeless laughter.

"Quite impossible," she said, breathless,

very pink.

"What is it? Is she adamant and

very stern?"

"Oh, it isn't that! She got over Dora and Jock astonishingly quick. Very surprised, of course, but not so dreadfully angry—just irritated at the secrecy. But it's you she can't understand. She only hears about half I say, and my voice is quite gone. I wrote your name down on a piece of paper. This is right, isn't it?" She showed it to me. "Lieutenant Featherstone-haugh. I never could have spelt it, but it was on your suit-case."

"Perfectly correct," I said.

Nancy looked still very embarrassed.

"She was delighted, and said, were you from County Cork. I said I believed so, and she says her great-grandfather married your great great-aunt, or something like that."

"Is that all?" I said. "Well, what if they did? Splendid! We are relations, then."

"Oh, it's not only that. It's awful, and so difficult. Go in yourself and explain." She opened the door and pushed me in.

I had on new golf shoes, with nails as big as filberts. I was rather startled, and, entering hurriedly, fixed my eyes on a figure enthroned at the far end of the long room, calculated the immeasurable distance I should have to walk before I reached her, skidded badly on a piece of polished floor, and sat down with a tremendous bump.

"You're as bad as me in the Tube!" A little hand was held out to me in succour. I grasped it, and as my left arm, being stiff and almost useless, was helpless, could only kick like a horse down on a wood

paving.

When, with a final plunge, I regained my feet, I was still holding her hand, and

continued to hold it.

The old lady had in the meantime been sailing towards us with outstretched arms.

To my overwhelming amazement, she put both her arms on my shoulders and kissed me on the cheek.

"Nancy has told me all about it," she said. I heard a convulsive giggle, and

looked round. Nancy had vanished.

"Thank you very much," I said. She was really a beautiful old lady, and must once have been very like Nancy. So I kissed her on both cheeks.

"You are dark-haired and blue-eyed, like all your people," she said. "Now go away, and don't waste time kissing an old woman

like me."

I went to tell Nancy what Aunt Mary had said, and found her with her head on the billiard table, laughing helplessly, with very

pink cheeks.

"We can't possibly disappoint Aunt Mary, can we?" I said, leaning down till I could see her face quite close. "Don't you think we might be engaged, just on trial, so to speak?"

She made no reply in actual words—I

gave her no chance.

"By the by," I said, after an interval, "do you mind telling me your surname?"

"Miss Macfarlane-Macbeth," she said.

"We could soon change all that," I answered.

And we did—eventually.

### RETRIEVAL

YOU came in, bringing with you—as one brings from rifled hedgerows,
Lore that makes the groping schoolman's long endeavour seem in vain—
Trail and treasure from a kingdom that perplexed me with its mazes,
Till your claiming of that kingdom made its inmost meanings plain.

You went out, taking with you—as the twilight takes the sunset,
As the clouding of a goblet dims the sparkle of its wine—
All the glory and the gladness that we shaped to life together,
All the splendour of the knowledge that your highest hopes were mine.

Now no more the memoried hedgerows fling their sweet, detaining tendrils On the path that never broadens to our olden, wedded track! Yet your coming and your going seem alike but fitful shadows That shall vanish at the road's turn where I'll meet you, coming back!

ETHEL M. HEWITT.

# APRIL FOOLS

## By GRACE MARY GOLDEN

### Illustrated by Bertram Prance



KNEW there was a beastly, cold east wind blowing, as soon as I put my nose outside the bed-clothes, so I promptly put it back again, and determined not to get up for some hours to come—

perhaps not at all. After all, what is the good of getting up? You only have to go to bed again at the end of the day, and if there has been a vile wind blowing on you all the time, you go to bed in a thundering bad temper when the time comes, and nobody is any the better for it. However, just because I'd made up my mind to go to sleep again, I couldn't. I felt most unusually wide awake, and in a few seconds I found myself wondering what letters there were for Baines had been up with my early coffee, I knew, because the sound of him going out had woke me up. He is such a model servant that his entrance and the drawing of the curtains never disturb me, but he always manages to shut the door with a sort of quiet ostentation that drags one back to consciousness. Of course, it's his business to wake me up, and when I shout "Baines!" in a fury of early-morning temper, and threaten to dismiss him if he can't learn to shut the door quietly, he only answers "Very good, sir," and does just the same next day.

I stretched out an arm to the table, and felt in the spot where I knew my letters would be, beside my coffee. I secured them with one grab and pulled them into bed, where, without raising my head, I peered at them and decided whether each was worth opening. Not that I expected anything attractive, but there are always possibilities about a bundle of unopened letters. You may have been left a thousand a year—you never know. There were two or three bills:

I knew them by instinct. Probably they all remarked that a remittance would obligethey generally do. I threw them all on the floor. Baines could have them if he liked. There was a letter from my eldest sister. asking me, I knew perfectly well, to go down to her place for the week-end. She is always asking me, in hopes I shall take a fancy to one of the "nice girls" she always has to meet me, and occasionally I go. There were two or three post-cards, and then, at the bottom of the heap, I came to a largeish square envelope with a typewritten address. Somehow it did not look like the ordinary communication from the gentleman who is anxious to lend you anything up to five hundred pounds on your note of hand alone, and I opened it with the rather pleasant feeling that here was something whose contents I could not gauge without so doing. And, indeed, if I had guessed all day, I should never have come within a thousand miles of the right solution. There was no address, no date, and no signature, and the letter started straight away like this—

"DEAR MR. SLOANE,-

"If you care enough about me to guess my identity, come round and propose to me on Saturday morning before eleven o'clock. Of course, it is Leap Year, but even then I should not have dared to go as far as this if I had not a strong suspicion that you would do it of your own accord, if you were not so horribly shy. But, whatever you do, don't dare to mention this letter to me until I give you permission, or I shall die of shame."

Did you ever! And I had actually nearly turned over and gone off to sleep again indefinitely without looking through my letters! And to-day was Saturday! I hardly gave myself time to recover from my state of absolute amazement before I was out of bed, and ringing for Baines, and dressing myself in such a violent hurry that everything went wrong, and I had to do it

all over again. Probably Baines thought I had suddenly gone mad, but he never lets me see anything like that, if he does think it—it's not his business.

For, you see, the only girl I'd ever shown enough interest in to warrant her writing a letter like that was Valerie Storey, and it was perfectly true that I should have proposed to her before, if I hadn't been such a perfect fool. And, besides, when almost the only thing you've done for your country is to get invalided home with a game leg, and have to accept your discharge because the beastly limb is no earthly good for military purposes any longer, you don't feel as cocksure of yourself as you did before, somehow. It seemed to me that Valerie was more likely to favour a chap with possibilities of service in him, even if he'd never yet got to the Front, than one who'd crocked up and was done And there were Dunbridge and young Lesley, both crazy about her, and both likely to go abroad again at any minute. And then Billing's an "indispensable" Government servant, and Colton's medically unfit, but doing awfully good work in all sorts of ways. Oh, there were several with more chance than I thought I'd got.

However, there was no mistake about it. I knew Valerie had got a typewriter, which she used for doing secretarial work sometimes for her father, who's such an old firebrand that no typist could ever satisfy him, or, satisfying him, would stay in his employ. Valerie manages him like a lamb, but then Valerie's an angel.

It wasn't till I was half-way to the Storeys' house that it struck me there was a fly in 'he ointment. Of course, I suppose girls do propose sometimes in Leap Year, but it had never occurred to me that it happened anywhere except in penny novelettes and so By the time I was on the doorstep I had got a dim sort of feeling that I wished I'd had the courage to ask her before, so that Valerie wouldn't have had It wasn't a bit like her. before I'd gone far along that line of thought I felt a warm glow all over me, as I realised how awfully fond she must be of me to bring herself to the point. had rung the bell before I had time to get nervous, so, when I did begin, it was too late to turn and run away.

"Is Mr. Storey at home?" I said, as Dawes, most decorous and immaculate of maids, opened the door. Of course, I knew he wasn't, and she knew I knew it, but she gave never & sign.

"No, sir," she said solemnly and with an elaborate air of concern.

I turned away, but Dawes knew better, and, when I turned back, she still had the door standing invitingly wide open.

"Er—is Miss Storey in?" I asked weakly.

"Yes, sir," said Dawes.

I was inside. I was in the library, waiting for Valerie. I was sitting down on a chair, doing something with my gloves. was standing up, looking out of the window. I was wandering round the walls, looking at the pictures, and I didn't in the least know what I was doing any of the time. One thing I knew, and that was that if I didn't say this time what I'd been going to say to her dozens of times before, and never managed to get out, I should lose her for But how I was going to work up to it, and what words I was going to use, I hadn't the vaguest idea, and I didn't attempt to prepare anything, either—I was in too much of a whirl.

She came in suddenly, without my hearing her approach, and I stood and said nothing at all, just gazing at her and thinking how sweet she looked. She smiled in just her ordinary way, and said "Good morning!" and remarked what a lovely day it was; and if I hadn't known what she knew, I should have thought she looked the tiniest bit puzzled at seeing me there at that hour in the morning. I could never have carried it off like that, but then women are so clever.

I found my voice all of a rush at last, when Valerie had looked at me twice inquiringly, and what I said, without any preamble, was—

" Valerie, will you marry me?"

She stood still for a minute and gave a little gasp. Then she walked a few steps and took hold of the back of a chair very hard, as though she were afraid of falling down. Then she looked up at me, and in a funny, little, frightened sort of voice said—
"Yes, Alec."

Well, what came next has really no literary value, and, as a matter of fact, this story seems as though it ought to end there. But it doesn't. We came out of a sort of ecstatic trance after a bit, and Valerie said-

"We must be sensible! And you must go now, Alec, or I shall never get some work done for father that I promised should be sent off by the midday post. It's frightfully important, and it won't make him very kindly disposed towards you if he finds you've been responsible for my neglecting it. You may come back directly after lunch—if you want to, that is," she finished, looking up at me wickedly.

She had not said a word about her letter, so, of course, after what she'd put, I didn't, either. There hadn't been much time, but I guessed she'd mention it in the afternoon, and really it didn't seem to matter much now.

"Have you been to see Val?" he asked, and I told him, still cheerfully, that I had. And then he grinned a slow grin, as though he were enjoying something very much inside, and remarked—

"April fool!"

He was scudding away among the trees



I went down the drive fairly walking on air, as they say. I thought that a silly expression before, but really it's just how I felt—as though I were being carried along on wings, somehow. Just by the gates Valerie's young brother Noel appeared out of the shrubbery, and I shouted a cheery greeting to him.

before I had recovered my breath. Such a solution had never for a minute entered my head, for Noel was one of those quiet, studious, spectacled boys that no one would ever suspect of playing pranks. But with boys, as some wise man has remarked, you never know. When I did get my wits, I saw

what a good turn he'd done me. Of course, he never dreamt his sister would accept me, and if he hadn't played the trick, I might never have given her the chance of doing so. As it was, of a sudden the one tiny cloud that had existed at the back of my mind was dispersed, for I realised that Valerie had not asked me to propose, after all. With the knowledge came a burst of gratitude to that young scamp, her brother, and I hastily put my hand into my pocket and flung half-acrown as hard as I could after his retreating figure.

"April fool yourself!" I shouted. "Take that, you young rip—it's a good one!"

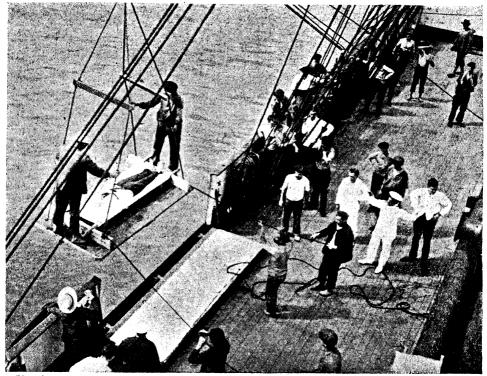
I looked back after a minute and saw that he was biting the coin and watching me

uncertainly. Evidently he thought I was having some game with him in my turn, and was wondering where the point came in. But even that isn't quite the end. On my way home I met young Lesley and Colton and Billing and Dunbridge, one after the other, all on their way to the Storeys'. How they'd all managed to get free time just then I don't know, but there they were. I asked each of them if he had had a typewritten letter from Miss Storey, and you should have seen their faces as I explained to them the little game of the studious Noel. I'm afraid, when he meets any of those young men, he will have such a bad time of it that he will need more than my half-crown to restore his self-esteem.



"UNDER THE MOONBEAMS."

BY BIRKET FOSTER.



BRINGING THE GRAVER COT CASES ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL SELP.

#### 170000

# LIFE ON BOARD A HOSPITAL SHIP

IN the grand harbour the atmosphere was close and sultry and it the sun, unobscured by any cloud, rendered the shady side of the boat-deck an inviting retreat for the members of the R.A.M.C. staff of doctors and nurses, who, in one of the many enforced periods of idleness, were taking a final view of the scene. The pilot had arrived, and his small row-boat was attached to the ship, ready to convey him home again when his charge had been cleared of the intricate windings into the open sea. The steam siren had belched forth its hoarse and penetrating vibrations, as the moorings to the buoys, fore and aft, had been cleared, the gangway—the last connecting link with the island shore-was rapidly drawn up, and the voyage towards the East was being commenced. The engines' rhythmical movements instilled life into the

ship's framework, and the swish of the water against its sides, as the impelling screw forged it steadily and slowly ahead, made one realise that a new glamour over existence was awakened.

To one unaccustomed to voyaging, the change that takes place when the engines begin to work is startling, and unconsciously the mind turns to the future, and thoughts lean forward to what events may occur to alter one's life's course. I have often noticed on these occasions that the chief theme of conversation, naturally enough, is connected with home ties. With the usual English reticence, the loving secrets appertaining to personal home life are untouched and unmentioned. Speculation as to the future, when our ship may start on its Western tack for home, is rife and freely discussed, and probably the time also when

the next mail may reach its destination will lead to small bets, freely indulged in and often forgotten. Little doings and little words help to make the life of this isolated community less monotonous and more cheery, and I have invariably perceived that optimism is the prevailing tone on the ship.

In the open blue sea way was increased, and the freshness of the Mediterranean soon persuaded some of the staff to descend to their quarters. The problem why the movements of the ship cause sickness is still unsolved, but curious facts occur as regards this. Before proceeding further, I want it to be understood that I am writing as an

anonymous spectator, accustomed for a short period of time only to an ocean life. I will try to describe events without any exaggeration, and, having been in a position of responsibility, I am able to record the daily routine and the rules observed appertaining to the successful working of all that part of a hospital ship which deals with sick and wounded. As regards sea - sickness, I may say that I watched a member of the crew, with many years' service, being violently ill when the ship's launch was dancing about furiously in choppy waters, while I, who had every cause to fear a similar ex-

perience, was perfectly well and comfortable. The air, as we gradually curved towards our Eastern destination, was bright and clear, and a large amount of shipping was visible. The stately and compact Messagerie ship, making for the harbour, and passing us quickly with the mails from home—which, alas, we had vainly looked for in the morning—dipped its flag in salute and soon left us in the distance. Our pace, averaging twelve knots an hour, is, as a rule, soon outclassed by any transport.

The receding cliffs, grey and hazy in appearance, and the undulations of the land, unrelieved by green verdure, so pleasing to our insular eyes, were left behind, and in

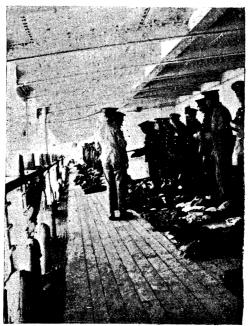
two or three hours nothing was to be seen on the face of the waters but the smoke of some far-off steamer.

A strict unwritten law relates to the early routine of lifeboat drill. As soon as a hospital ship is on its way, the fire-alarm is sounded, and then all is apparent confusion, but with a well-defined method. The orderlies are lined up on the well-deck, the sisters on the boat-deck, under the charge of the padre, and all the members of the crew have their respective stations adjacent to boats, ladders, and gangways, the water-hose being put into action at the same time. When patients are

carried, the arrangements differ somewhat as regards the R.A.M.C. staff. this case the sisters take their same position on the deck, but the medical officers and the orderlies go to their alloted places in the different wards, and supervise the hurried exit to certain stations on the promenade - deck of all the invalids able to walk, two of the officers being detailed to superintend the working of the lifts. The patients are lined up facing the sea, and the O.C. and the sergeant - major in spect every individual man, and correct any defects as regards the

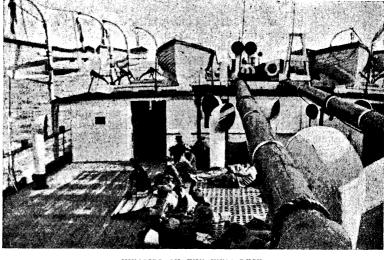
man, and correct any defects as regards the adjustment of the belts. When everyone has been passed under review, the bugle is sounded and the drill is over. Meals may be in progress when the alarm is given, but nothing is allowed to interfere with the urgency of the summons. Throughout the voyage patients are compelled to have their life-belts constantly adjacent to them, in case of any accident.

Relief at length was afforded to the lassitude produced by the afternoon heat in the ringing of the tea bell. This meal on an outward journey was, for the staff, one of informality. Like all other meals, it took place in the dining-saloon, and the only rule observed was that the matron and sisters sat at their own table.



KIT INSPECTION.

Then the hours of the evening passed slowly by. No cloud could be seen, and the sun as a ball of fire sank into the west and disappeared. Dinner took place at 8 p.m. arrangements at this meal never changed. The master or navigating captain of this ship and the officer commanding the hospital dined together at one table. Here seats were always available for two others-either



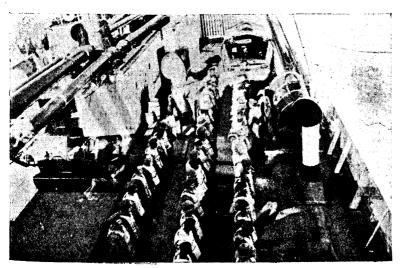
INVALIDS ON THE WELL-DECK.

for guests or for two senior officers, to whom the officer commanding might issue invitations if he so desired. The matron and the sisters had their own table, the medical officers, with the two padres, sat together, and the ship's officers were also congregated in their own locality. A marked feature of all meals was the total absence of all stimulants when no patients were carried. This abstention was an entirely voluntary one. It did not extend to any unwritten regulations observed in the smoking-room throughout the day. Here one could indulge in beverages. I must record my observations in the matter of intoxicants

by stating that, during the voyages I took, I saw no excess in drinking, and this to me was surprising, as one could well realise that at times the deadly monotony of inaction, the home anxieties increased by absence of news, and the moist heat of the atmosphere day and night, unrelieved by sleep or by a breath of moving air, would all naturally tend to an excuse for momentary forgetfulness and a dulled brain. All honour to our English staff and orderlies, volunteers to the just cause of our country's endeavours towards humanity. When officers, sick and wounded, were carried, a limited amount of drink was ordered for them, through a

routine regulation, and to the serious cases amongst the rank and file no stinting existed to the necessary prescriptions of alcohol.

The amusements indulged in by the members of the staff were varied. Bridge, with very limited stakes, the gramophone and the piano, with vocal music when available, and an occasional game of chess, comprised, as a rule, all the recreation



LICE-BELT DRILL.

obtainable, and an early bed-time was rarely missed. Each officer had possession of his own cabin, and the officer commanding, in addition, occupied a comfortable sitting-room of his own. A certain number of vacant single bedrooms were used, when necessary, for sick passengers. These apartments were situated on one side of the saloon, on the level of the promenade-deck. On the other, or starboard, side were placed the various rooms appertaining to the accommodation for the nurses. A stewardess had charge here, and two stewards did duty on the other side. The orderlies had quarters in the

No human being was visible on deck, but one well knew that the officer on duty was keenly and restlessly peering into the forward distance, and that the seaman in the crow's-nest was ever alert and wakeful. The two hours' watch undertaken by these men must be at times exhausting and wearying. Morning breaks at sea suddenly and luxuriously, not with the change of temperature obtained in our northern island, but with the promise of a still greater heat than hitherto has had to be borne, and with a fiery glow over the waters that decks the waves with brilliant golden beams. In the



Photo by

[Central News.

WOUNDED OFFICERS ON THE DECK OF A HOSPITAL SHIP HOMEWARD BOUND.

forward part of the ship. In an ample space were two tiers of bunks in one portion of this allotted deck, and tables and seats for all meals were situated in another part. The centre of the room was kept cleared for amusements, such as boxing, etc. The N.C.O.'s had their own diminutive rooms, and the sergeant-major was given a fair-sized cabin for his own use.

The night was dark as I stood and looked over the rails of the ship, and watched the unceasing miniature foam waves gradually widening on each side until they were lost to sight. The phosphorescence was very marked and beautiful, and I left for bed with great reluctance,

early hours idleness is not rampant. Seamen, with mops and with a freely-running hose—which, when dragged along the deck, almost persuades one that some catastrophe is at hand—lavishly flood the boards and continue their spotless appearance, a sight characteristic of the ship.

The breakfast bell was punctually sounded at 8 a.m. At nine o'clock the roll call for the R.A.M.C. men took place, and the usual morning inspection was made by the sergeantmajor. Then the orderlies proceeded to their wards to their various duties. Office work occupied certain of the O.C.'s time. This was not onerous, as a rule, when no patients were on board. After leaving port,

occasionally delinquents were brought up, perhaps on a charge of overstaying their leave on the previous night, but these acts were not common. It was the constant endeavour of the O.C. to relieve the monotony of ship's life to the men under his command by granting as much shore leave as possible.

It was the custom of the O.C. to inspect all the wards and adjuncts each morning, not necessarily at the same arbitrary hour. Each ward was in charge of a medical officer, who was the one really responsible for its cleanliness and good working order, and he had in his care theoretically all the and sanitary water, pumped up constantly from the sea, was used for flushing purposes. A certain number of buckets of electrolised water, manufactured on the ship, were drawn each morning, and this was employed as a reliable and satisfactory disinfectant. The receptacles for sterilising dressings and instruments were heated, when necessary, by electricity, and the wards were lighted in the same manner. Oil lamps were always kept in reserve, to be of use in case the electric lighting should fail. The equipment, with the exception of bedding, was handed in to the quartermaster's stores at the end of each voyage, and any deficiencies were



Photo by

The Daily Mirror.

THE SWINGING COTS IN A WARD OF A HOSPITAL SHIP.

equipment. This included, amongst other numerous items, surgical instruments and dressings, bedding, feeding utensils, etc. Each ward was presided over by a sister, and under her was placed an N.C.O. and a proportionate number of men. Connected with each ward was a pantry, in charge of a working steward. Amongst his duties were the conveyance of food from the galley to the pantry—where it was kept warm over extensive gas-heaters—distribution of the food to each patient, all washing up of utensils used in his department, and at the end of the day the enumeration and the safe custody of all knives and plated ware. Fresh water was supplied in connection with the ship's tanks,

Thermometers were the articles most frequently broken, and in consequence these had to be replaced at their own cost by any delinquents. After lunch, which took place at 1 p.m., the heated atmosphere, although a strong breeze was blowing, The sirocco wind. became very unpleasant. conveying moisture and finely-grained sand from the distant African coast, creates a feeling of laxity and depression to all those who may have experienced it. distance were to be seen several large, ferocious-looking hawks intent on prey, and as to a harbour of refuge hastened many smaller birds—doves, quails, thrushes, finches. etc. - and, hiding in the boats and in

various corners, vainly imagined they were Many, however, became food for the larger rapacious birds almost before the next morning had broken.

Often one of the day's events was a lecture on nursing, given to the orderlies by the O.C. These men, all being at the time in which I write volunteers to our

the sick convoy. Newspapers were naturally non-existent, but, in the place of these, wireless news was obtained each morning before breakfast, and this was typed and placarded in the hall for all to read. Occasionally electrical dis-

being able to listen to the voices of first-

class professionals who might be amongst

turbances in the air prevented the receipt of this. morning after breakfast, when apparently the little work that had been required was accomplished for the day, and the medical officers who had sufficient energy were indulging in a game of deck quoits, suddenly the announcement was made that an S.O.S. message had been received by the Marconi operator from a distance of about thirty miles. One of these officers was always on duty on the bridge.

listening at the wireless receiver for any stray sound-wave. One felt the sudden alteration of the twin-screw, the impulse of the increased speed of the ship, and the frantic hurry towards a rescue. It became known that it might be possible to save some hundreds of our countrymen, and every preparation was made in the way of food and bed accommodation. All rope ladders were



AN AFTERNOON ON THE PROMENADE-DECK.

country's great upheaval for the rights of mankind, gathered together from various occupations and pursuits, giving up lucrative appointments and roughing it in one common lot, had already passed through the training in ambulance brigades, and the majority were very efficient in their work; but they appreciated the reiteration of their former teachings, and an hour spent in this

manner relieved the tedium of work. In the evening, when they had their leisure time, often' the recreation indulged in was the practice of bandaging and the making of splints. Otherwise, various games were in their possession, and a small library of books was at their disposal. Music was a great attraction. A piano, through the kind influence of the Commissioner of the Red Cross Society, was obtained, and singing in the well-deck

could often be heard in the evening. Good concerts were held during the voyages. These, I considered, aided in a great measure towards the nerve recovery of many men who had existed in apparent despair for months at a stretch, away from friends, distant from any town, and in mosquito-infected districts. We had good talent amongst our own orderlies. and often a further treat was afforded us by



DECK CRICKET.

unloosed, the gangways were unlashed ready to descend, and the life-boats were swung Within a very short time the excitement on board became more intense. One could see in the far distance a large ship apparently in distress. As we watched, it gradually sank lower and lower, and then nothing more was visible. One more huge vessel had succumbed to this relentless



THE NURSING STAFF.

warfare. Swiftly passing to the rear, a thin line of foam was seen marking the quickly-disappearing track of a submarine.

On the horizon, as we approached the scene of desolation, we could see numerous ship's boats moving aimlessly on the waters. The boats quickly clustered around our ship, and the crews were soon safely landed on board. None had any of their belongings, except one man who treasured his dog in his arms, and one sailor who was able to rescue his pet monkey. Many were without hats and boots, and some without proper clothing. It was interesting to notice the apparent nonchalance in the men's behaviour, but the subdued emotions evoked by their so recent danger could still be

seen below the surface in the expressions of their Now was felt so prominently the utility of the Red Cross stores. These had been placed by the O.C. under the matron's charge. Here were kept many things that one would think might often be required. Combs, hair and tooth brushes, soap, etc., various articles of clothing, were soon unearthed, and everything that could be possibly used for the comfort of the rescued men was requisitioned.

I should like to give many words of praise concerning

the fine captain of the vessel. Calm and dignified in manner, he stood out as a British gentleman, a man who had lost nearly his all—his ship and his personal belongings—but who retained his self-command and his great manliness, and was entitled to the respect of us all.

On the morrow, at the special request of the shipwrecked crew, could be seen an impressive function on the boat-deck. A service of thanksgiving was held in the calm of an autumn day. Every visitor was present except four, who were on the sick-list and were in hospital. The officers of the ship, the whole of the R.A.M.C. staff, and many members of our own crew voluntarily attended. The words of the padre, in voicing the



Photo by

[Central News.

heartfelt feelings of joy for the profound fulfilment of God's mercy to those who had been rescued, elevated the thoughts of us all, and gave a solemn glow to our human existence; and the familiar words of the hymn for those at sea universally touched the emotions and raised many a furtive tear to the eye. incident I should like to mention. In the evening I was watching, in an idle mood, three of the crew, and they were discussing various matters. In their conversation they spoke, not of their dangers, not of their personal losses, but they discussed in grievous terms the loss of their cat and its three small kittens, and they described each one as if they were recollecting dear friends and companions. Seamen, I can truly affirm, are not all rough and uncouth, and many of them possess feelings of kindness and affection that are only surface-covered by an outward callousness.

A voyage that passes by the Greek Islands is a life experience. The air is so clear that often, when many miles away, it is possible to distinguish, by means of glasses, the movements of people and animal life on the distant land. The clusters of glittering white houses, nestling in a protecting valley, the mountain ranges, ever varied in shape, and the green patches isolated by extensive grey wastes, lend an enchantment to the view and an exhibitation to the mind. The Eastern destination of our ship was approached in the early morning hours. The majestic mountain heights to the west were speckled with miniature snowfields, which glittered in brilliant rays where the beams of the rising sun had searched them out.

The well-protected and broad entrance to the harbour was passed, and to our gaze came an immense panorama of shipping, of miles of coastal buildings, of an ancient historic city, clinging to the sides of undulating ground, and scattered through its structure, rising in picturesque confusion, numbers of towering mosques. background were hills of various altitudes with forbidding and sombre aspects. about two miles from the shore, the engines ceased their hitherto incessant movements, and one heard the ominous rattling of the chains and the dull thud of the anchor as it imbedded itself in the mud of the ocean. We waited for pratique and for the steamferry boat, and we then visited the shore for official information and for news. wonderful mixture of nationalities was visible—the Albanian, with his independent

and upright swagger; the swarthy Greek, whose appearance did not tally with our preconceived idealism imbued in younger days through the study of history; the fine, alert, clean-cut figure of the Russian; the tall, thin, wiry Italian; the active, vivacious types of Frenchmen; our own men, whom we were proud to recognise as compatriots; and the Oriental type of mankind, including the intelligent Egyptian and the stolid, business-like Turk with his conical red fez. Over heated, irregularly-laid cobbles we wandered into by-streets, through mire and dust, gazing at houses of which the outward structures were ruinous and neglected, and which seemingly only held together through the kind aid of Providence, avoiding, if possible, the natural open drainage schemes which occupied time-worn channels in the centre of the streets, and continually imbibing the thick odours of the wonderful

and awe-striking Eastern cooking.

The pure atmosphere inhaled, when we returned to our ideal ship, was luxuriant, and after dinner a quiet rest in a deck-chair was a delightful relaxation for mind and body. A cool breeze was blowing, darkness was on the face of the waters, and the numerous lights on the shore-line demonstrated to us that we were well to be outside the radius of the turmoil and excitement of the distant night life. In the far distance could be heard the occasional deep booming of our guns, bringing to our minds the grim remembrances of the war zone, and the constant vigilance of our enduring Allies. the morrow a message from the authorities stated that patients would be embarked during the morning, and arrangements were accordingly made as to their disposition. They were conveyed from the quay either by lighters or in the old familiar pleasure steamers that one recognised as boats formerly doing duty at home. However, they have been well adapted to their present work, and they are most comfortable. some instances the cot cases are carried up a gangway through the ship's side; in others they are slung up in a tray by means of a steam crane, and they are landed carefully and successfully on to the deck adjacent to the lift. Refreshments are distributed on the small carriers from the shore by ladies, members of a Voluntary Aid Detachment, who are nobly devoting their energies to a most praiseworthy cause. Their constant work is hard and unremitting, and it is rendered very trying by the great heat of summer and the rigorous winter climate.

Mosquitoes and flies are great sources of danger and annoyance. The highest recognition is due to these truly Sisters of Mercy.

A night's undisturbed rest on board of the ship, a breath of pure air, and, what is most important, a good and healthy meal, are to the patients like a sparkling cool spring on an oasis in an arid desert. During the progress of the work, an orderly has been sent ashore to procure, at the last opportunity, any mails that might have arrived for the ship. These are obtained very irregularly, and often, in frequent journeyings, they are waiting for some weeks; but when they do arrive, sometimes to the amount of twenty or thirty bags, visible everywhere, and excitement is freshened thoughts and ideas arise by means of their contents. It was a fixed rule that all revolvers and ammunition that might have been conveyed aboard should be landed again before sailing, and this was accordingly carried out by the O.C.

Many stretcher cases could be brought directly into the wards; other cases were placed on the lifts by the orderlies detailed for this duty under the superintendence of an officer, and they were lowered directly to a lower berth. As a general plan, infectious cases were confined to separate quarters, and mental cases were invariably isolated. soon as the requisite number of patients to be carried, with the miscellaneous baggage, was received on board, it was necessary, before sailing, to hand to the embarkation medical authorities on shore a complete nominal roll stating the name, rank, number, regiment, and disease or injury of every officer and man. intimation was conveyed to the naval port officers, and the order to sail was given. Whilst waiting in harbour, lighters containing very pure water had replenished This was used for the engines our tanks. as well as for culinary and drinking purposes. A wise system was in existence so that steam could be again utilised as water, by a process of condensation.

One of the first duties of the officers was to make out diet sheets. The ordinary diet was very liberal, and it was supplied at contract rates by the hospital carrier companies. Milk and bread and butter, eggs and innocuous puddings, were ordered for certain patients, and in severe cases it was necessary to supply extras, such as meat essences and farinaceous prepared foods. Cooling drinks and abundance of ice were much in

demand during the hot weather. The nursing orderlies were divided into two parties for day and night duty, and a sergeant supervised each section. Two sisters were appointed to take charge of the wards at night, and to visit them at regular intervals. At times, in very severe weather, the task of completing the rounds was too hazardous to be attempted. In visiting the forward part of the ship it was necessary to cross portions of the open and exposed deck. The O.C. invariably wandered round late at night to see that all was well. All invalid officers able to walk had their meals in the dining-room. When a considerable number were carried, it was necessary to divide the principal meals into two sittings.

At 10 a.m. every morning each officer and man was requested to be in the wards for medical inspection, which was carried out by the several medical officers. adjuncts to the hospital portion of the ship were many, and I will briefly mention them. The office was presided over by the sergeantmajor, and two R.A.M.C. men, as clerks, assisted in the various details of the work. All the returns and various communications were typewritten. Besides the nominal rolls already mentioned, a roll was required also for England. This included various lists of special cases—mental, infectious, etc.—and separate lists of men from our different oversea possessions, and of men from the various seats of our war operations. The dispensary was in charge of a staff-sergeant. All prescriptions were brought here at a certain hour in the morning, and the medicines were, when ready, forwarded to each patient. In the laundry was treated a quantity of the equipment used for clothing, especially the material supplied from the Red Cross stores, such as shirts and flannel suitings. The R.A.M.C. personnel had permission to occupy this building every Saturday afternoon, for the washing of their own personal belongings. The laboratory and mortuary were situated on deck in the after part of the ship, and the former was much used for microscopic and bacteriological work. A well-fitted X-ray room was in the hold, and an operating theatre, clean-looking and splendidly kept, was adjacent to the principal wards, and always ready for surgical emergencies. Under the care of the engineer, a special engine was used for the manufacture of ice and for freezing purposes in the cold storage rooms. These contained every manner of meat, vegetables, and foods, and their various contents were

quite fresh and possessed perfectly natural flavours when eaten. Periodical inspection of the cold storage was made by the O.C. It was also possible, by means of a separate engine, to obtain, from the process of condensing salt water, a supply of water for drinking purposes. The O.C. was responsible for the charge of all the equipment Government stores, and they were placed under the care of a sergeant. Every item received and given out was noted in books, and a correct balanced account was required to be handed in at the end of each voyage.

In this article it may be observed that I have incidentally noted the duties of the officers of the staff, but here particularly I wish to mention them more individually. The matron and the sisters on board these ships are often chosen from amongst those who have volunteered to help their country. They are very generally efficient and energetic, and from personal experience I can testify that they are always eager and willing to help in every possible way towards the comfort of patients. Risks are considerable and their discomforts numerous, but cheerfully they live their life and brighten the routine of the ship. Two clergymen were carried on the staff, of Church of England and of Roman Catholic denomination respec-They held services on Sunday, and visited daily in the wards. They hold the rank of captain in the Army. The duty of censoring letters is usually delegated to them by the O.C. This is a weary and thankless task. Intimate communications have to be passed under review, so that nothing disallowed may be conveyed by post. As regards confidences exposed to the spying glance of the censor, the writers of the letters may have little fear that any mental notice is taken of them. On one occasion. when I was acting as censor, two hundred letters passed through my hands at one sitting, and when I had completed the irksome duty, my mind was a confused blank, and memory of any of their contents did not exist.

The medical officers were generally married men of mature age who had voluntarily joined up for the War. Undeterred by thoughts of diminishing home practices and of their continued absence from home ties, they gave their utmost assistance. They held the rank of captain or of lieutenant in the Army. The O.C. was generally of the rank of major. His task was a difficult one. To be affable to equals, to be firm and tactful towards those

placed under his charge, and to be justly severe towards delinquents, called forth resolution and brain activity; and to bear the responsibility of the good working of all the details connected with the hospital rendered his daily life a thoughtful anxiety.

A general call on the homeward journey is to the harbour of Gibraltar. Not long did we stay, except for a brief interview with a transport naval officer who had brought instructions as to our ultimate destination. Then once more we swung forward, and with expectant feelings realised we approached no more land until our English coast-lines should be seen. As we proceeded we could watch the arid, sandy dunes of Africa, and. on the other side, the undulations, covered here and there with intensely green fertile patches, and in the background the impressive mountains of Spain. White towns and many fine isolated buildings increased the picturesque scenery as we went by. night was fine and beautiful. It was possible to allow plenty of air and ventilation through many of the portholes, and the spirits of our invalids were cheerful and improving. gradual change from the dull mental apathy produced by the enervating and stagnant existence endured further east to the hopeful influence obtained, as these men once more were approaching their mother-land, was wonderful and contenting to behold.

The change from the continual heat of the Mediterranean to the freshness and sharp aspect of the Atlantic currents of winds has been found, in some few cases, too sudden. One death I record here, although every means possible were tried to retain the patient's strength. The solemnity of the funeral was very great, and its impressions will ever remain in my mind. the early morning, with a fresh breeze blowing and in a choppy sea, the speed of the ship was much reduced, and over its stern the body was committed to the deep. No coffin was used, but the shroud, sewn up carefully by thoughtful hands, with iron weights inserted on each side, enshrined the remains, which were covered by an ensign. The bearers consisted of some of members of the crew, and their movements were reverent and quiet. The Service for the Dead was read by the padre, and the body, as it was carried from the mortuary, was followed by the O.C. and one of the ship's officers; and when the words of the Prayer Book were uttered, "We therefore commit this body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection

of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead," and when the stately plunge was over, and the remains were beyond our ken, one wondered as to the future of that man, not young and full of enthusiasm for adventure, but a volunteer from amongst many who held back for selfish reasons, and who, beyond his prime of life, had ventured his all for his country's good; and one could not look forward but with perfect hope to a joyous rest for him in eternity, and a reunion with those he loved and for whom he fought and died.

Through the greater part of the thirty

mattresses. As the voyage was continued further north, the weather did not improve, and the proximity to Cape Ushant was well avoided. The haze produced by patchy fogs in the Channel is very worrying, and it reduces the speed of a ship, and at times, in consequence, we stood still. Many anxious eyes gazed into the darkness at midnight for the distant beams from the Guernsey Light, as our accurate position would then be known, and it was a great relief to everyone to know, very shortly afterwards, that all was well. The morning broke dreary and wet, and it was with



Photo by] [Central News. WOUNDED MEN PLAYING CARDS ON BOARD SHIP ON THEIR WAY HOME TO ENGLAND.

hours' run in the Bay of Biscay we experienced very severe gales of wind and high seas. It was necessary to have all the hatches covered over with tarpaulins, to prevent flooding of the wards. This, unfortunately, excludes one necessary important means of ventilation, and when the doors also at the top of the staircases are closed, as is sometimes the case, and the airtight coverings to the portholes screwed down, only the wind-shafts remain for the currents of air. Two of these are placed in each ward, and possess good down draughts, caused by the working of electric fans. In the warmer latitudes patients are allowed, and encouraged, to sleep on deck on

very great difficulty that the outlines of the Isle of Wight could be distinguished. Our home country did not show itself under the best conditions, and as the air felt very cold, in contrast to the extreme heat endured in the Southern climes, warm clothing again appeared. It was a rule, enforced very strictly, that each patient must possess a greatcoat and warm underclothing. We gladly, but impatiently, picked up our pilot off the island, and our ship glided on through the winding passages of water towards its resting-place.

As we passed slowly up to our final halt, the ship entered into the dock habitually used for unloading the wounded. It was manœuvred skilfully by two tugs, and soon it was moored alongside the quay and connected to the shore by two gangways. Here it comes under the authority of the naval transport officer. One saw, on the further side of the long adjoining shed, an ambulance train ready to bear to some destination, often as far as Scotland, its complement of our patients. The courteous and active embarkation officer soon appeared, and to him were handed over the nominal rolls of officers, of ordinary and of special cases, and the patients were quickly directed ashore. The two lift parties are responsible

at each end of the ship for the careful evacuation of all cot cases from the lower wards. The remaining officers and the sisters superintend the emptying of those wards under their charge until the work is completed. The O.C. casts a general supervision over the various proceedings, and the padres, their duties terminated, wait until the ship is cleared.

When we had parted from the last of our kindly invalids, one looked with anxiety for the official orders which bring leave to all the staff and a loving welcome to our home

surroundings.



## AU REVOIR.

Now all things hushed and sweet,
All thoughts that tremble into tears and laughter,
Go forth and follow after
The echo of your swiftly-passing feet.

Quaint baby-fancies fled,
The primrose scent of half-forgotten springs,
And little laughing things
Go with you by the bloody paths you tread.

The childish faith you had,
The memory of little plans and plays,
And hidden elfin days,
Abide with you to keep your laughter glad.

The prayers you used to say,
The little bed-time rhymes, the good-night kiss,
All quiet remembered bliss,
Uphold the heart of you by night and day.

Swift thoughts of flowers you knew,
The pinks that edged your mother's garden-bed,
And daffodils long dead,
Rise through the smoke and blood to comfort you,

So all things still and clear,
All secret-shining thoughts and calm,
Be strength to your right arm,
And shriving to your eager soul, my dear.

MARGERY RUTH BETTS.

## BELINDA

## By PAULA HUDD

### Illustrated by Harold Copping



ELINDA had had "some education," which, as far as Belinda's peace of mind in this exacting old world was concerned, was rather worse than no education at all.

Belinda was under-housemaid in

a doctor's family in Harley Street, and was in most respects quite an ordinary young person, save that she possessed a mouth—a mouth with a short, adorable upper lip that lifted tremulously to show an equally adorable row of small, even, white teeth.

When the doctor and his family and three of the maids departed in August for Scotland, Belinda was left in charge of the house and a small kitchen-maid.

It had never fallen to Belinda's lot to open the door to the doctor's aristocratic patients before, so she spent most of her leisure time in the spacious hall, stepping briskly down the green-carpeted length of it and flinging open the door of the consulting-room, in order to be in perfect practice to open the front door when necessary.

She had also stood in the middle of the consulting-room floor and—having previously ascertained that the kitchen-maid was occupied with some sufficiently noisy cleaning operations downstairs—rehearsed the small, carefully-prepared speech which she had based upon the doctor's instructions. She had flung open one half of the folding screen, and, standing very erect, with her hand in the exact position that she judged the door-handle would be, announced clearly—

"The doctor is out of town; but if you would kindly step inside a moment, I will give you the name and address of one of the doctors who is doing his work for him."

Belinda had spent some time debating whether it should be "is doing" or "are

doing," and had even, in a grudging surrender of her newly-acquired dignity, asked the advice of the milkman, who had once sent the cook a Christmas card containing a verse of his own composition. They had finally agreed on the "is doing," and he had suggested "step inside" as an improvement on the original "come inside,' quoting as his authority a second cousin who was a commissionaire outside a large cinema theatre, and wore three medals on a green-and-gold uniform.

Already a week had gone by, and Belinda had only opened the door to one small boy with a parcel—who had looked impertinently up and down her erect five feet five inches, and called her "starchy"—and one deaf old gentleman, to whom she had to repeat the speech four times—finally, with a most humiliating loss of dignity, shouting it into his ear—before discovering that he was hawking some patent kind of sticking-plaster.

It was true that she had had to answer the telephone four times, and had on one of these occasions enjoyed the bliss of being taken for the doctor's wife. But Belinda's secret ambition was to open the door to a living lord or lady, one of the aristocratic patients whose dress and doings the parlourmaid so often described during meals in the servants' hall.

She had also considered the wonderful possibility of the house getting on fire when the kitchen-maid was sleeping on the top floor. Belinda saw herself, with a wet handkerchief tied over her mouth, saving the doctor's most treasured household gods, and finally rescuing the kitchen-maid from a fiery grave.

She had quite decided that she would wave aside the purse of gold the doctor was bound to offer her in recompense, and only accept his and his wife's fervent thanks, and promotion over all the other maids.

Failing this, there was always the possibility of a burglary, and an encounter between herself and the would-be thief, in

which she would, no doubt, sustain severe injuries. In that case, of course, she would be nursed in the spare bedroom, and would receive congratulations as she lay in bed, all covered in bandages and court-plaster.

It was when she reached the congratulations and court-plaster stage in her afternoon musings that Belinda suddenly remembered the gentlemanly-looking old hawker, and flushed pink with annoyance.

She was still pink when the door-bell

rang.

She adjusted her cap, gave a hitch to her right cuff, and, stepping briskly to the front door, flung it open, to face the back view of a Norfolk jacket with the belt hanging.

Belinda presumed that the wearer of the jacket was a patient, though she strongly

disapproved of the hanging belt.

"The doctor is out of town," she began clearly, when the man swung round and revealed himself as the doctor's eldest son.

Belinda's nice little speech came to a halting and untimely end, the pink flush in her cheeks deepened perceptibly, and her upper lip went up in a small, embarrassed smile.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, thrusting one hand into her apron pocket. "I didn't recognise you."

By this time the doctor's son was in the

nan.

"I want you to give me dinner this evening, Jennings, if you can. I'm not going up to Scotland till to-night's train, and I can't very well dine out in these things. I've sent my bags straight on."

He put his hat on the hall table and strolled into the consulting-room as though

the matter were settled.

Belinda followed and stood hesitating in

the doorway.

"I'm not a very good cook, sir," she said anxiously. "Would some soup, and then a chop, and—and some fruit and custard do?"

"Oh, I see, you're in charge, then? Yes, that'll do splendidly. I'll have it at half-past six."

Outwardly calm, but inwardly perturbed, Belinda descended to the basement and proceeded to hurl voluble directions at the kitchen-maid, from which that somewhat stolid functionary gathered that a party had unexpectedly called itself together in the upper regions, and was demanding the finest banquet the world could produce, the said banquet to be served in five minutes. But, as Belinda became somewhat calmer,

it appeared that there was one young gentleman upstairs who wanted soup, a chop, and some sweets served at half-past six. Whereupon the kitchen-maid, since the clock pointed to five minutes to four, leisurely dried her hands on her apron, and, after a mental calculation, decided that she would just have time to discover the final fate of the abnormally unfortunate heroine in the novelette she was reading, before commencing on the dinner preparations.

Upstairs the doctor's son sat in his father's chair, smoking one of his father's best cigars. Being very far from a fool, there was every likelihood that he would attain to his father's

position in due time.

He had just finished some heavy locum work, and had done particularly well, but he was feeling desperately fagged. A desire for the company of some nice girl took vague shape in his mind.

It was that moment which Belinda chose for her entry with a tray containing tea and

a plate of dainty sandwiches.

"I thought you might like a cup of tea, sir; it'll be some time to your dinner." And Belinda set the tray before him.

"Oh, I say, that's good of you. Thanks

awfully."

Belinda turned to go, tingling with pleasure to her finger-tips.

He called her back to pour a cup out for

At half-past six precisely Belinda presented herself at the consulting-room door—a somewhat flushed Belinda, with a sparkle as of triumph over unseen foes in her wide-set eyes.

Downstairs the unseen foes reposed, warm and vanquished, in their various dishes.

"Dinner is served in the morning-room, sir; I thought you would prefer it to the dining-room."

The doctor's son, who had anticipated a tray meal on the desk, followed the vanishing

Belinda with alacrity.

The table had been set with dainty precision. He took it all in with a casually approving eye, so that he missed the strained look of anxiety in Belinda's face and the quick expression of relief that passed over it as she caught the glance of approval.

It was Belinda's first table, and—if the kitchen-maid's fervent hopes were to be

fulfilled—her last.

For that kitchen-maid had worked! Just as the heroine of her novelette had had her third accident, and was lying in the road, all

dust and dishevelled curls, and had caught the sound of approaching footsteps, Belinda had whirled into the kitchen and insisted on the kitchen-maid fetching the things for the dinner. It had ended in the kitchen-maid and perpetual corns, she managed to possess some sense of humour.

She served the soup from the sideboard, then stood aside decorously. She became painfully conscious of the ticking of the clock.



"'Where's Linda?' Belinda leant forward again."

sarcastically inquiring whether Belinda wouldn't like to draw the exact pattern of chop that she required from the butcher.

Whereat Belinda laughed, for in spite of a father with a bent for street-corner evangelism, and a mother with nine children She wished the doctor's son would give some indication on his face as to his feelings with regard to that soup. Suddenly he spoke.

"Have there been many callers, Jennings?"
He turned a little and saw Belinda's lip
go up in that strange little smile.

"One old gentleman, sir—selling courtplaster—and one boy."

"I suppose most of his patients know the

doctor is away?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"Why afraid?" He pushed his empty soup-plate away a little.

Belinda stepped forward.

"I've not opened the door before, you see," she explained, as she took the plate away.

It suddenly struck the doctor's son that Belinda was very young.

It was at the end of Belinda's first dinner  $\mathbf{Wonderful}$ and Unexpected

She had just brought in a cup of coffee, when the door-bell rang long and insistently.

The doctor's son looked up.

"Let us hope it's not a court-plaster vendor or-a small boy," he said, and watched to see Belinda smile.

When she came back, her face was white and her eyes were wide with excitement.

"It's an accident, sir—a newspaper boy," she panted. "The policeman saw you come in, so they brought him here before going to the hospital. They think it's rather bad."

The doctor's son was down the stairs and out at the door almost before she had

finished.

He shouted at her over his shoulder—

"Clear the consulting-room couch and have some hot water."

He came back carrying a limp form, the policeman behind him.

He put the boy down on the couch. "You'd better go," he said curtly to Belinda, hiding the figure on the couch with his body.

She shook her head.

"I shan't faint, sir," she said almost "You may want me."

She was afraid he saw the policeman smile at her.

One o'clock found them still there, with a second doctor. Belinda, minus her cuffs and with her sleeves rolled up, stood holding the boy's head. He was showing the first signs of consciousness.

"Hullo, Lizzie!" he murmured. Belinda looked round inquiringly.

"His name's Dick," the doctor's son whispered.

"Yes, Dick?" Belinda said gently.

"Where am I?"

"Quite safe with Lizzie, Dick."

Then he went off again, and another two hours dragged out their weary length.

The doctor's son took out his watch.

"You'd better get off to bed," he said to Belinda. "We shan't operate—it wouldn't do any good. You've been a brick. Now go and get some sleep."

"You mean-" Belinda's eyes went from one face to the other. "You mean he

won't live?"

"Not till morning, I'm afraid." "Will he be conscious again?" "Probably just before he goes."

"Then I should like to stay, please. What a terrible thing we don't know where he lives! But perhaps I can pretend to be Lizzie, and make him a little bit happy before he—dies. I'm glad you didn't let

them take him to the hospital."

The doctor's son looked across the couch straight into Belinda's eyes. He wondered why he felt pleased that he had done something of which she approved. He had a strong desire to point out to the other doctor what a beautiful mouth Belinda had.

She came round the couch.

"I'm going downstairs a minute," she "Please call me if he comes round."

The door closed gently behind her.

"Rather good for a housemaid, eh?" The doctor's son jerked his head in the direction of the door.

"No, rather bad for a housemaid," the other answered. "She won't be happy long in these circumstances - she's a bit too intelligent."

She came back to tell them there were sandwiches and coffee in the morning-room.

"Have you had something yourself?" the doctor's son asked.

"Yes, sir, thank you."

The doctor's son put his hand firmly on her shoulder.

"Sure?" he asked, looking hard into her

Belinda's lip went out of control.

"Quite sure," she answered.

Outside the doctor's son pushed his hand through his hair wearily.

"Did you notice that girl's mouth when she said 'quite sure'?" he queried of the other.

"No, I only noticed that she didn't say 'sir' that time." And the elder man's voice held a subtle quality which brought the blood to the face of the doctor's son.

He began to discuss the patient.

At three o'clock the boy became quite conscious.

Belinda was at his side in a moment.

"I thought Liz was 'ere," he murmured. "Who are you?"

Belinda knelt down.
"I'm Belinda," she said softly, but clearly. "Most people call me Linda for short."

"I remember the accident now," the boy "The motor come so quick I never see it. Here!" His hand groped out over the rug that was thrown across him and met Belinda's. "Something 'urts awful—Linda!" he said chokingly.

"I know." Belinda's clasp tightened. "I know, Dick; but after a bad time you always get a bit of Heaven to sort of-make up. It's a lovely feeling when a bad pain goes.

The elder doctor came forward and put something to the boy's lips.

"You're the doctor, ain't yer?"

"Yes, that's me."

"'Ow long afore I peg ahrt?"

"Not long, sonny. Is there anyone-

"Only Lizzie," the boy interrupted, as a little spasm of pain twisted his face. "Three, Railton Road, Holborn. · Where's Linda?"

Belinda leant forward again.

"Here, Dick."

"You go ter Lizzie, won't yer? 'er she mustn't use the cash . . . . wot's in the sardine tin to 'ave me buried proper ... She'll want to ... but don't let 'er ... An' tell 'er not to 'ave nothin' to do with Alf Rogers . . . 'e ain't no good . . . An' if . . .

His voice trailed off, and the doctor put

the cup to his lips again.

The boy's face grew calm, and he smiled

suddenly.

"I didn't think you'd come so soon, Liz ... The tin ain't no bother to open ... use that there ol' fork . . . That ol' gent over the way wants one, Bill . . . Orl right, I'll slip acrost. Don't go, Liz . . . That's better . . . When the bad time's over . . . yer said it 'ud be ... like 'Eaven ... Liz ..."

Belinda's hand went to her throat.

At four o'clock the doctor parted from the doctor's son on the doorstep of the house, and at five o'clock all that remained of Newspaper Dick had been carried away and down the dim, still street.

The doctor's son came back to the consulting-room and, sinking into the chair,

buried his head on his folded arms.

Belinda's voice roused him.

"I've prepared the spare bedroom for

The doctor's son looked up.

"It was a long fight," he said. "I can't thank you enough for all you did."

"It was nothing, sir." Belinda turned

The doctor's son shifted a little.

" Belinda!"

"Yes, sir?" Belinda turned a little wearily, and because at four o'clock in the morning, cuffless and capless, one is scarcely a servant, she ventured to steady herself against the doctor's desk.

The doctor's son stood up suddenly.

"You're done," he said gently.

Belinda shook her head, and somehow, in spite of all the weariness, her lip went up in that strange little half smile.

The doctor's son gripped her shoulders

almost fiercely:

Belinda looked up with strange, tired eyes. Then quite suddenly she began to

sob unrestrainedly.

The doctor's son led her to an arm-chair, and stood looking down at her bowed head and shaking shoulders.

"I'm sorry, Belinda," he said gently.

" Have I hurt you?"

Belinda shook her head.

"It was the awful pain—in my throat," she said, and suddenly became calm.

"Look up," he said, and as Belinda raised her eyes: "Has the pain gone?" he asked.

She smiled uncertainly, and her eyes were .

frightened. She stood up. "Good night," she said unsteadily, and then she looked towards the windows, where a faint light glimmered through the blinds.

She tried to say "Good morning," but the words stuck, and the pain came back to her

throat.

She went away and up the stairs, her face very white, almost unconscious of the slow tears that were rolling down her cheeks.

The doctor's son stood in his father's study and gazed a little whimsically into the eyes that looked out steadily from his mother's portrait.

Belinda blinked up at the kitchen-maid,

then sat up quickly.

"What's the time?" she queried anxiously. "Eight o'clock, an' the young master sez 'e don't want breakfast till ten, so you needn't 'urry. 'Ere's a cup of tea for you."

The kitchen-maid perched herself on the edge of the bed and suddenly gave a prodigious wink.

"Who told him yer Christian name was

Belinda, eh?"

Belinda drank the tea at a gulp.

"Thank you, Rose," she said. "You had better get on. I'll be down quite soon."

Rose retired to the door with the cup.

"He used the 'ouse telephone to the kitchen, and when I took the receiver off——Well, you ain't 'alf a sly one, Linda!"—and, with another wink, she escaped hurriedly.

Belinda called her back.

" Rose!"

The kitchen-maid poked her head cautiously round the door.

"The boy died soon after three o'clock,

Rose."

The kitchen-maid set the cup down and came back eagerly, and, as she passed the little crucifix hanging over her bed, she crossed herself hurriedly.

"Why didn't you tell me?" she questioned, big-eyed, resting her arms on the footrail of Belinda's bed. "I wouldn't 'ave chipped you if I'd known. It must 'ave been bad for you."

She eyed Belinda meditatively.

"You ought to 'ave been a nurse," she went on. "Yer manners would 'ave suited the perfession much better. I knew a cook once—she was at my first place—and she was just cut out for a showroom lady, and her engaged to a baker's man, too! She left while I was there, and went to an awfully classy shop; but she married the baker's man, after all, so she didn't do much good for herself."

Her eyes wandered to the window.

"So 'e died, did 'e? Makes the 'ouse seem more solemn-like and different, don't it?" she said, in an awestruck whisper, and she went away on tip-toe.

Belinda snuggled down again and gazed at the ceiling. Gradually the night's events were coming back to her. She remembered that she had come upstairs crying, and the

fact puzzled her intensely.

She was surprised, too, at her own action in cutting short an interview that might have proved quite interesting.

She leant across to the dressing-table and

picked up her hand mirror. Then she lay back again and studied her face at various angles.

She wondered when the doctor's son would go, and whether there would be another

interview before his departure.

There was a movement in the room beneath her, and a snatch of song in a nondescript baritone voice floated up through her open window.

Her thoughts were suddenly arrested.

Once more she felt his arm round her shoulders, heard his voice, and saw the gleam in his grey eyes. She remembered how, over his head, she had met his mother's eyes looking down on them from the portrait on the wall.

Fiercely the Belinda who was born fought with the Belinda who had been made—turned out like a machine-made pattern from

an elementary school.

Her eyes wandered from the window to the chair whereon lay her black dress and apron, and on a table near by her cap and cuffs.

She hated them suddenly and bitterly. She laid one of her hands on the white

sheet, then hid it again quickly.

She buried her head in the pillow, and wished that she hadn't got to get up, and that there weren't such things as work, and caps and aprons, and red hands.

She got out of bed hurriedly to get a

handkerchief.

Downstairs the doctor's son, after a good sleep, lay smoking a cigarette in bed.

He was thinking over the case, and wishing that he need not turn up at the inquest. He thought perhaps the other chap could manage the thing for him. He would telephone him, and, if he could, he would get off to Scotland that night.

Lazily his thoughts wandered to Belinda. He rather wished she wasn't just a

housemaid.

He reached out for another cigarette.





Photo by] [The Daily Mirror.

DORSETSHIRE YEOMANRY CROSSING THE DESERT ON THE WESTERN EGYPTIAN FRONTIER MOUNTED ON CAMELS.

# THE YEOMANRY'S FINE RECORD IN THE WAR

By CAPTAIN F. A. M. WEBSTER

TOR generations past we have boasted of our peerless Navy, since the days of Agincourt the "Bowmen of England" have been a household word, and in latter days the Territorials have exacted their meed of praise, but of the British Yeomen little has been said and less written.

Scattered broadcast throughout the land, in many an ancient village church, are to be found solitary brass and marble tablets, "Erected to the Memory of Trooper——, Company, Imperial Yeomanry, who fell in South Africa, fighting for his Queen and Country," and in the hallowed peace and solemn beauty of our great cathedrals and abbeys stand many monuments to testify to the heart-whole patriotism of these loyal sons of the land, who went away gladly and willingly to serve their country at the call of duty, and who made the great last sacrifice—the sacrifice of life itself—that

Britain's honour might remain unsullied and her word unbroken.

On the African veld, among the rocks of the Gallipoli Peninsula, and in the mud of Flanders, they lie buried, sleeping their last long sleep. Their part is played, their task accomplished, and Britain rests surer and more secure for their splendid patriotism.

People will tell you that the old yeoman spirit is dead—that it died with the agricultural prosperity of England in 1828; but how can this statement be maintained in face of the fact that thirty-five thousand five hundred and twenty Yeomen went across the seas to fight in the South African War? Certainly a proportion of them were drawn from the town-bred classes, but vast numbers came from the soil—the sporting sons of their old fox-hunting farmer sires.

What was true of South Africa is true of this War also. In village after village I have visited, the same thing has been told me—the farmers' sons have gone away to join the Yeomanry. In most cases these are young men well endowed with the good things of this world, and yet they have contentedly taken service in the ranks as troopers. Moreover, they continue to serve happily as such.

During the South African War the Imperial Yeomanry were armed with the rifle, and operated throughout the campaign as mounted infantry, earning high praise from the late Lord Roberts, who said: "I do not know what I should have done without

them.

Apart from the splendid service the Yeomen have rendered to the Empire in the past, and are still rendering, they are entitled to consideration on account of their

antiquity, traditions, and history.

From the dim ages of the past, stories come down to us of the prowess of the English bowmen, but it was not until the reign of Edward III. that it occurred to anyone to render the archers more mobile by mounting them upon hardy ponies. Once, however, the idea was formulated, it was quickly put into effect, and the outcome was a force known as "The Hobelers," or mounted bowmen. To these soldiers of Edward III. I trace the inception of the Yeomanry cavalry.

Throughout the history of England one finds constant reference to the "troops of light horse," who were, in point of fact, "Yeomanry," and in this term I embrace, not only the farmers, but all hunting men, for Yeomanry service and the hunting field have been intimately connected through the ages, the officers being drawn from the more affluent members of the hunt, while the farmers' sons and small landowners served in the ranks. If confirmation of this is needed, it will be found in the records of "The Hunter Volunteers," who are mentioned in the Ordnance Book of 1761.

An attempt was made in 1778 to form auxiliary cavalry on a permanent footing, with certain definite functions to perform in times of national danger, and to this force was given the title of "Volunteer Dragoons." Great keenness was displayed in the formation of these troops, but the real impetus was not given to the movement until France declared war upon England in the spring of the year 1793.

There seems to have been a general resolve throughout the land to form volunteer troops of horse, composed of gentlemen and

Yeomen and others willing to mount themselves on horses not less than 14-3 hands high, and to clothe themselves at their own expense. In this way large bodies of troops were raised by private enterprise, and it soon became apparent that Government must recognise this citizen army and put it upon a proper footing.

On March 6, 1794, Pitt moved a Bill to augment the Militia, and, in doing so, stated that "it is in contemplation to raise Volunteer Companies for the purpose of local defence, particularly in maritime ports, which will consist of the gentry and yeomanry of the different counties." The Act which followed put the Yeomanry upon a proper basis, and more or less defined their duties.

From this organisation sprang the Territorial Yeomanry Cavalry of to-day, which was ready to mobilise at a moment's notice when the present great War broke upon us. The title of "Yeomanry" was first officially

recognised in 1795.

In 1888 the Yeomanry was made liable, by Act of Parliament, to service in any part of the country on the embodiment of the Militia. The year 1899 saw the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa, and the call to arms straightway galvanised the Yeomen of England into action, and then it was that we got the true breed of Yeomen back into the ranks of the auxiliary cavalry.

The Boer War was to bring to the Yeomanry their first battle honour, except "Fishguard," which is borne by one such regiment alone; it was also to bring them three Victoria Crosses, an honour never before conferred upon a Yeoman or Volunteer.

It will be remembered that practically the whole of the Territorial Infantry was under canvas, engaged in annual training, when hostilities broke out between England and Germany in August, 1914. This part of the Territorial Force was then, in the main, well situated for mobilisation. Not so the auxiliary cavalry, however, for they had completed their annual training, and both officers and men were therefore at home, employed in their civil occupations. over, the horse question, with which the infantry were faced only in a lesser degree, was of urgent moment to the Yeomen, and the two circumstances combined might well have delayed their mobilisation for a considerable period.

The efficient handling of a difficult situation overcame all difficulties, however, and it was rather a matter of hours than

days which elapsed before the Yeomanry were ready to take the field; nor was there any lack of response when the call came for volunteers for active service overseas.

To the Yeomen it was South Africa over again, and just as they came forward eagerly to fight in 1899-1900, so in 1914 they leapt to arms, evincing a very real anxiety to

come to grips with the foe.

e It must be remembered that at that time the fighting had not taken upon itself the aspect of siege warfare conducted in trenches which now prevails on every hand, and many were the anticipations of daring charges and thrilling hand-to-hand mounted combats in the minds of the Yeomen.

The world thrilled to the deeds of Grenfell and the 9th Lancers, or the Scots Greys at St. Quentin; but a disappointment was in store for the Yeomen-or, at any rate, for

period of waiting ensued upon mobilisation and until embarkation orders were received. Some were cast for the mysterious East-Egypt or India—and the few unlucky ones for a further period of home service.

Then the great exodus began, and I want the reader to grasp just what this meant to the Yeomen. True, many of them, sons of the soil, were used to horses from their youth up, and therefore knew a little about entraining; but what of those others, the city-bred clerks and shop assistants? To them the work was entirely new, and to all the embarkation duties would be strange. Followed the life on shipboard through the long days, with the continual menace of hostile submarines, until the shores of India or Egypt were reached, with all the turmoil of disembarkation to be faced.

In Egypt, even on non-fighting employ-

ment, the Yeomen gained a great reputation. Never a man went out of barracks but he was as smart as the crackest Regular cavalryman who ever stepped. fine sight they were. too, all mounted on splendid grev Arab chargers.

Little is known as vet of the fighting in Egypt, but here and there one

gleans a tale of

desert fights, dashing charges under the moonlight, of brain-numbing, body-racking marches across the pitiless, thirsty sands, mile upon mile. Here and there one catches a glimpse of a photograph of a kindly trooper succouring the half-starved refugees abandoned by the fierce Senussi.

Perhaps all that is known has been written about the fierce little fight by the Suez, in which the Yeomen maintained themselves so stoutly, and also of the warfare on the western front in Egypt.

November, 1915, saw the beginning of an anxious period for us in Egypt. The actions of the Senussi against our frontier posts at Barrani and Sollum had made the punishment of the tribesmen inevitable. February came, and with it General Peyton to put an end to the business.

It was a cosmopolitan sort of force that the General found at his disposal for the

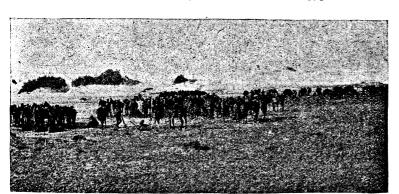


Photo by] [Central Press. DORSETSHIRE YEOMANRY IN THE DESERT: A HALT FOR WATERING HORSES.

those who went to France and Flanders for the mounted work was only conspicuous by its absence. True, rumour has it the Oxfordshire Hussars and a regiment of Yeomanry from the North were the first auxiliary troops to land in France, and that they took part in the early fighting, doing sterling service and rendering an excellent account of themselves; but, be that as it may, they were soon reduced to dismounted service, like the rest, as is proved by the record of Squadron-Sergeant-Major J. C. Warren, who gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal on 3rd November, 1914, for gallantry "at Wulverghem, when he took a conspicuous part with two troops in crawling up a field, to fill a gap in the line of trenches, under very heavy shell-fire."

For the rest of the Yeomanry regiments, however, who did not go out to France in the very early days of the War, an anxious reckoning with the Bedouins. There were Yeomen, gunners, and infantry from the Old Country, Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, and Sikhs, from all quarters of the Empire, but war-seasoned warriors every one of them; finally there was a most amazing fleet of armoured motor-cars, under the command of Major Hugh Arthur Richard Grosvenor, Duke of Westminster, of the Cheshire Yeomanry.

Now, although this little isolated campaign on the western frontier of Egypt was destined to be short and sharp, it was none the less one which called for high administrative ability from the leaders and vast powers of endurance from the men. was not a nice country to fight in. January rains had finally settled our transport wagons axle-deep in mud before ever we won our first victory by Halazan on the 23rd, and thereafter followed shivering nights, without blankets or great-coats nights that are best forgotten, but which never will be. Sandy desert alternated with rocky outcrop, so hot under the blazing sun as to well-nigh scorch the feet through the soles of the boots. Four pints of water per man a day had to suffice on more than one occasion, for the wells were dried up, and the water-bearing camel-train from Mersa Matrich had many difficulties to contend By day there were flies everywhere, and by night mosquitoes in myriads.

From Mersa Matrich, Brigadier-General Lukin pushed out with a mobile column, on February 20, to tackle the Senussi in the desert. The little column comprised some guns, a detachment of the Duke's motor-cars, the Dorset Yeomanry, and two battalions of South African Infantry. Along the westward road which runs parallel to the coast the British passed until they located the enemy on a high plateau some six thousand yards inland from Maktil, with his base camp

ten miles south of that place.

Aerial-reconnaissance on the 21st discovered for us that the line held by the enemy was about Agagia, which is fourteen miles south of Barrani, a frontier post which, together with Sollum, the Senussi had seized the previous summer. That day, too, we captured a Bedouin, who informed us that Nuri Bey and Gaafer Pasha were present in person with the hostile forces. This was important news indeed, for Gaafer Pasha was a well-thought-of Turkish General who had been sent specially to Egypt to direct the operations of the Senussi.

The mobile column now advanced again

and camped at Wadi Maktil on the 24th. Next evening the enemy shelled us with a section of field-guns, which were, however, soon silenced by our own artillery.

That night the enemy drew off to the south and took up a new position, still in the neighbourhood of Agagia, but amongst

the sand dunes.

At 9.30 a.m. General Lukin moved forward to the attack, and three-quarters of an hour later the Dorset Yeomanry had seized an important eminence four thousand yards north of the enemy's line. At 11 a.m. our attack was launched, the South African Infantry advancing in perfect style across two miles of absolutely open ground continually swept by shell, rifle, and machinegun fire.

An outflanking movement which Gaafer Pasha had initiated having failed, he withdrew his troops, and this was just the opportunity for which General Lukin had been waiting. Immediately the enemy were on the move, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley Souter, of the 14th (Murray's) Jat Lancers, but at that time commanding the Dorset Yeomanry, was dispatched with his regiment to harass and harry the retreating foe, and, if possible, cut off his retreat. That was at 1 p.m. Colonel Souter had all the desert to manœuvre in, and plenty of time at his disposal. Soon after 2 p.m. he was in a favourable position, and at three o'clock he launched his command at the Senussi like a thunderbolt.

The enemy opened on us with machineguns and rifles as the order "Canter!" was given. When the canter changed to a gallop, they wavered, and the firing died down. At fifty yards distance the command "Charge!" rang out like a trumpet-call, the whole line leapt forward, and the thirsty swords came down to the "Engage," and the Yeomen went to their work, crouched low over their horses' necks.

Once in the midst of the mêlée, it was "go as you please." Men were hacking right and left, breaking through the fringes of the maelstrom, and charging back again into the smother of fighting. Down went Colonel Souter, •down went Lieutenant Blackesley, and down went Trooper William Brown, with their horses shot under them. When they struggled to their feet, they found themselves face to face with Gaafer Pasha himself. Just for a second or two the hostile leaders looked at each other, but the opportune arrival of the Dorset machinegun section put an end to a delicate



Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, from material supplied by one who took part in the action.

situation. In face of this new advent, the Turkish General surrendered with all his staff. Meanwhile the Yeomen had chased the Bedouins from the field.

After this Birrani was occupied, and the Duke's armoured cars sent forward by the Birharried Pass to join up with the Camel Corps and the main body at Medean Pass. From thence a move was made to Halfayia Pass, when naval support could have been forthcoming from the Gulf of Sollum, if necessary. In point of fact, no more resistance was met with, except by the fleet of cars, which came in for some shelling and machine-gun fire where they finally captured the enemy's camp at Birazizia.

Thus, then, in a few weeks, had we smashed up the Senussi force, captured all their stores and munitions, regained Sollum, and completely secured the Egyption seaboard—a success in no small degree due to the Dorset Yeomanry and to the cars of

the Duke of Westminster.

One Yeomanry regiment there is that needs special mention, and some keen Imperialists there are who will remember the stir which was caused, a few years before the War, by the formation of the Legion of Frontiersmen, and the great race with packhorses from London to Brighton with which they celebrated their inauguration. obtain admission to the ranks of regiment was no easy matter, the qualifications being good horseman- and marksmanship, in addition to which the would-be recruit must have spent some time overseas in a real frontier capacity, either in the Army or as a cowboy, frontier post rider, bushman or squatter.

On the outbreak of hostilities the Frontiersmen mobilised, looking very picturesque in their buckskin breeches, black shirts, yellow neckerchiefs, and Stetson hats. Many of them were employed in England, breaking remounts, some, I believe, went to France, but the majority were taken over as the 25th (Service) Battalion (Frontiersmen) the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment).

A splendid story of heroism is that of Lieutenant Wilbur Dartnell, of the Frontiersmen, who saw service in East Africa. On September 3, 1915, our troops fought a sharp little engagement with the enemy, in the course of which many of our men were killed and still more wounded. At one stage of the action we were so hard put to it that it was impossible to remove the wounded from where they lay.

Dartnell, who had been hit in the leg

early in the action, lay out in the open, fully exposed to the fire of the German native troops, and yet, when the stretcher-bearers braved death to fetch him in, he refused to be removed, as he hoped the influence of a white officer might suffice to save the other wounded men from being butchered by the savages who were firing upon them.

At this time the German mercenaries were very near, and, shortly after he had refused to be removed to a place of safety, Dartnell paid the price of his heroism. It is, however, satisfactory to feel that his self-sacrificing devotion did not go unrecognised, but was rewarded by a posthumous grant of the Victoria Cross.

Now let us turn to the doings of the

Yeomen on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The end of July, 1915, had witnessed the gallant but unavailing attempts of our troops to obtain possession of the Anafarta Heights. The beginning of August saw the arrival of the 2nd Mounted Division of Yeomanry from Egypt. Mudros and the other islands received them, and then came the great adventure—the landing at Suvla Bay, carried out in motor-lighters under heavy shell-fire. Once on the peninsula, the Yeomen were placed under the command of General Lisle, and for a week many of them were employed in making roads from Suvla Bay to Anzac; others consolidated positions already won, and did spells of duty in the trenches.

On the evening of August 20 the news ran like wildfire through the ranks that the great attack was for next day, and the Yeomen were to be in it.

Beyond the Suvla Plain rose up the hills, and we knew that the range between Hill 70 and Hill 100 was to be our objective, and that the position must be taken by direct frontal attack. At 3 p.m. on the following afternoon one of our brigades cleared the trenches between Hetman Chair and Aire Kavak; two other brigades which went against the Chair itself did not fare Meanwhile a couple of brigades of the 29th Division were being decimated in their fruitless efforts to storm Hill 100 from the east, and still the Yeomen lay quiet by the knoll at Lala Baba, gnawing their fingers and longing to be in the thick of it. Nearly two hours of waiting lay before them yet, but at five o'clock the word to advance was given.

A mile and a half of open country stretched out in front, and across it the Yeomen went under heavy shell-fire, which thinned their ranks minute by minute. At last they reached the foot of Chocolate Hill, and there rested in the reserve trenches for half an hour.

That half an hour of respite passed as if by magic. The order to advance was passed down. Wave upon wave the Yeomen surged forward, and wave upon wave were they beaten back; and still they stood to it, the wounded trickling down in a continual stream, roughly bandaged and still bleeding. They looked like butchers come straight from the shambles, as, indeed, they had.

Bucks, Berks, Dorsets, Hants, Hertfordshires, and Westminster Dragoons, they went in with the bayonet, doing deadly

execution.

For a while the Bucks, Berks, and Dorsets

made light of his hurt, although the wound had festered and was full of maggots.

Sir Ian Hamilton expressed sincere admiration of the Yeomanry, when he wrote in his final Dardanelles dispatch of the Suvla

Bay fight—

"The advance of these English Yeomen was a sight calculated to send a thrill of pride through anyone with a drop of English blood running in their veins. Such superb martial spectacles are rare in modern war. Ordinarily it should always be possible to bring up reserves under some sort of cover from shrapnel fire. Here, for a mile and a half, there was nothing to conceal a mouse, much less some of the most stalwart soldiers England has ever sent from her shores.

Despite the critical events in other parts of the field, I could hardly take my glasses from the Yeomen. Thev moved like men marching on parade! Here and there a shell would take toll of a cluster. There they lay. There was straggling. others moved steadily on. Not a man was there who hung back or hurried. But such an ordeal must consume some of the battle-winning fighting energy of



[Central Press. DORSETSHIRE YEOMANRY WITH PRISONERS ON THE WESTERN EGYPTIAN FRONTIER.

rested in a gulley, and then they were hurled To the watchers afar forward yet again. off on the plain it appeared as if they had crowned Hill 100; but, in point of fact, the last line of trenches was denied them. Human endurance had reached its limit, so at the last they had to go back to Lala Baba; but many there were who moved not when their comrades strove to awake them. They were sleeping their last long sleep, and would go back to Lala Baba no more.

The sufferings of the wounded in those first phases of the struggle for the Gallipoli Peninsula were indescribable. A case is known to me personally of a Yeoman who lay out for many hours with his right arm split-from wrist to elbow; yet when he returned, white and rocking on his feet, he

those subjected to it, and it is lucky indeed for the Turks that the terrain, as well as the lack of trenches, forbade us from letting the 2nd Mounted Division loose at close quarters to the enemy without undergoing this previous too heavy baptism of fire.

Thus, then, is written the praise of the Yeoman's part in the most glorious military failure of all time.

It would appear to be the prevalent idea that it is only in the Dardanelles and, in a very minor degree, in Egypt that the Yeomen have seen any fighting in this campaign; but this is entirely erroneous, for their prowess is known in France, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Salonica, too, but principally in France, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say in Flanders.

Of a charge—dismounted—made by three

hundred of the Essex Ye manry at Ypres, Brigadier-General John on said: "It was the finest thing I ever saw." High praise, indeed, for troops virtually new to the bloody business of war.

And yet the praise was well earned, for the No Man's Land between the lines was swept by a hurricane of fire when the Cavalry Brigade—composed of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, Hussars, and Essex Yeomanry—went over the parapet of their trenches on Thursday, May 13, 1915, to the assault in a downpour of rain.

Nearly a quarter of a mile separated our men from their objective, a re-entrant in the German lines, the shape of which brought our men under frontal fire and also oblique fire from both flanks. Moreover, the space across which the attack had to pass was continually swept by shells and machine-

gun bullets.

Throughout the night which preceded the attack, the Yeomanry had been digging trenches under shell-fire until the position was no longer tenable. About two o'clock in the afternoon a bayonet charge was ordered, and over they went, to be mown down in swathes by the machine-guns. The attack wavered, but went on and made good its footing in the German lines—twenty Yeomen in all—and held on until, reduced to twelve, they were forced to retire; and meanwhile another small body, under Captain Ruggles-Brise, put up a great fight in some ruined buildings until dark, and long after the rest of the brigade had retired.

As has already been said, the Essex Yeomanry went into that fight three hundred strong, or, to be strictly accurate, two hundred and ninety all told. At roll-call next morning only seventy-eight answered

their names.

That the Yeomanry have done fine work in this War is an admitted fact; how well they have done, however, is only realised by those who understand how difficult it is for the cavalryman to adapt himself to theto him—unusual conditions of infantry service, for the tactics, drill, and training of the two arms are so, entirely different. adaptability of the men of the senior branch, therefore, speaks volumes for the soldierly spirit inculcated in them by the pre-War permanent staff, the ex-Regular sergeantmajor-instructors attached for duty to each A good example of this is to be found in the brilliant attack by the Essex Yeomanry recounted above.

Some three months previous to the heroic

action of the Essex men, the North Somerset Yeomanry-at that time serving in a Cavalry Division — were in the line at Zillebeke, some two miles south-east of Ypres. Although the German trenches were under forty yards away from them, across the No Man's Land, hand-to-hand fighting was at a distinct discount, but bombardment of our line by trench mortars was an almost hourly occurrence. Every minute the great ungainly bombs would wobble through the air, land with a soft "plop" in the neighbourhood of the parapet, fizz and burst with a devastating roar, throwing Flanders mud high into the air in every direction. Occasionally one of these missiles would fall fairly into the trench, and then there was a general dive into the dug-outs which lined the narrow way on either side. This game, though monotonous, is highly dangerous, for sooner or later some hapless individual is sure to be caught in a place where he cannot get to a shelter or round a traverse in time. In the middle of a February afternoon, Squadron-Sergeant-Major Reeves, late of the 7th Hussars, and at that time on the permanent staff of the North Somerset Yeomanry, was leaning against the parapet, talking to a couple of troopers who were seated on the fire-step smoking. Close by stood a look-out man, watchful at his periscope, while two others were busily engaged on the exection of a shelter from the rain, which was falling Suddenly the sentry shouted a warning, and almost instantly a big trench mortar bomb landed right in the middle of the group. There was no time for anyone to take cover, and it seemed that their fate was absolutely sealed, until the Sergeant-Major pounced upon the intruder and hurled it away over the parapet, against which it burst, blowing a considerable portion of the front of the trench in upon the startled Yeomen.

For his gallantry and presence of mind Squadron-Sergeant-Major Reeves was rewarded by having the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Russian Cross of St. George

(Third Class) conferred upon him.

Two months later the North Somersets played a very gallant part in the second great battle of Ypres, and at last got to grips with their foes. Shelled until their trenches were nothing more than a pitiful wreckage, they hurled back the German attack when it was delivered, and then counter-attacked in their turn, doing some grisly work with the bayonet, once they got to close quarters.



Drawn by Frank Dadd, R.I.

Shelled again after this, they yet contrived to hang on tenaciously to the ground, from which they had never given back a foot throughout the long and bloody fight.

In France King Edward's Horse have fought well as infantrymen since the early days of the War, but during the big push of 1917, when we drove the Germans back from one position to another, they were able for a short time to operate once more as

cavalry, to their great delight.

Little stories which one gleans here and there indicate that the Yeomen of England are to be found on every battle-front where fighting is in progress. In Palestine at Easter, 1916, the Yeomanry, confronted by overwhelming odds at Katia and Oghratina, sustained severe losses. In October, 1917, cavalry pickets found by the London Yeomanry were thrown well out as cavalry posts in front of our main positions. Against this slender screen of outposts advanced some three thousand Turks, supported by two batteries of artillery. There is no doubt that the Turkish General was confident of brushing aside or driving in our pickets without much trouble—that he had not reckoned on the stubborn resistance which the London Yeomanry would put up

Outnumbered by more than three to one, constantly subjected to a galling machine-gun and rifle fire by the infantry, shelled incessantly by the artillery, and repeatedly charged by the Turkish cavalry, these gallant Londoners yet hung on to their ground with the utmost tenacity, True, they lost close on a hundred men, but they achieved their purpose, and had lost very little ground when reinforcements arrived, after the fighting had been going on for

fully six hours.

One can well imagine the delight of the cavalrymen when they left behind them the arid desert wastes, where transport and water-supply had presented so great a problem, and found themselves among the cultivated lands by Gaza, with long stretches of good riding country, over which they could easily gallop their chargers-great rolling downs of springy turf, which are brilliant with scarlet anemones in the early part of the year, and in which faint traces of ancient foundations are to be seen. Here and there the turf is cut up by great unfenced tracts of cornlands and by water-filled wadis, the cactus hedges alone any obstacles to the flying presenting horsemen.

On November 10 the Turks called check to the Yeomanry at Beit Duras, until the Scottish Territorials cleared the way by the threat of the bayonet. After this the battle developed rapidly. Dust and great heat afflicted our troops, but this did not prevent the London Territorials from thrusting determinedly forward on the right of the line; and meanwhile ten troops of Worcester and Warwickshire Yeomanry, under a colonel who is a well-known master of foxhounds, were making ready on the left for a charge which was entirely successful.

November 8 witnessed a brilliant attack by the Londoners, who drove in the enemy's flank guard before occupying a ridge some two miles from the enemy's position at Huj, which was occupied by two thousand

Anatolian troops.

On this ridge the Territorials came under a hot fire from nine field-guns and three 5.9 howitzers served by German and Austrian gunners. So hot was the hostile fire that it is doubtful if the infantrymen could have maintained their hold on the ridge but for the timely aid of the Yeomanry, who arrived just when they were needed. The infantry commander pointed out the enemy's position and guns to the colonel, thereafter leaving him to deal with the situation.

Up over the ridge swept successive lines of Yeomen, cheered by the infantry. Ahead of them lay the turf-covered downs, and two thousand yards away the enemy and the guns on rising ground. Crossing the level ground, the bursting shells took toll of the ranks until a mound was reached, up which they moved easily. Once over the crest machine-gun and rifle bullets began to thin the ranks, and then the pace increased, as the horses were spurred to racing speed.

Then came the glorious charge over rising ground. A wild, deep-chested cheer heralded the impact of the horsemen on the enemy's left flank. Deep into his side sank the living wedge of horsemen. sabred the Turkish soldiery, who threw down their arms in panic-stricken flight; they swept through the outer defences as cleanly as a knife cuts through butter. The guns fired point-blank at them, and although the shells, set at zero, burst at the muzzles of the guns, that did not stop them—nothing could stop them. Right up to the guns they raged, the firing ceasing instantly as the gunners were cut down at their posts. through the battery they swept, right up to the ridge. Here three machine-guns were captured, swung round by dismounted troopers and turned on to the retreating Turks.

Then they rode back, these men of Worcester and Warwick, their bodies dripping with sweat, their swords with blood, and the light of exaltation still on their faces. Thus was written what may well be deemed the most glorious page in the records of the Yeomanry.

Since, in France, horses have been denied to the cavalrymen, perforce, many of them have migrated to the Tanks, Machine-Gun Corps, and R.F.C.; but I think it is to the last-named that most of the officers who have taken fresh service have transferred, and that they have rendered sterling service in their new employments is well instanced by the story of Flight-Lieutenant W. H. D. Acland, of the Royal Devon Yeomanry and

Royal Flying Corps.
On June 20, by Poelcapelle, Lieutenant Acland and a brother-officer went up in their Vickers biplane, detailed for reconnaissance duty. Almost at the beginning of the flight the British battle-plane was attacked by a big German, and a brisk duel ensued at two hundred yards range, our better marksmanship driving the enemy to ground in a short time, badly winged. The reconnaissance was then completed, and Lieutenant Acland turned his machine for home. On the return journey, however, he came under very heavy fire from the German antiaircraft guns, and, as bad luck would have it, a flying splinter of shell-casing pierced his tank, the outflowing petrol was immediately ignited by the flame from the exhaust, and in a few seconds the whole nacelle was blazing fiercely. Both officers endured tortures from their burns, but Acland stuck gamely to his controls until he had brought his aeroplane safely to ground behind the

British lines. For his pluck and endurance he received the Military Cross and the Order of St. George (Russia), 4th Class.

This is but a passing instance, and yet it is a typical example of the way in which the Yeomanry do their work; also they serve to bring home to us the fine fighting spirit of the force. Through many years of peace the Yeomanry were trained and prepared for war, and, now that war has come, they have fully vindicated the trust which has always been reposed in them.

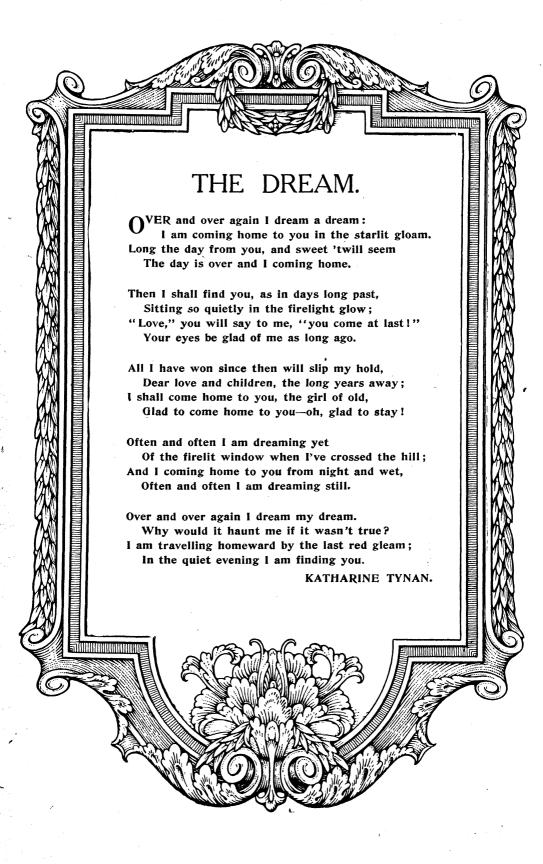
If the work of the Yeomanry in this War is surveyed, it will be seen that on the outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914, the force was quietly and efficiently mobilised and equipped, practically the whole of the men undertook foreign service obligations forthwith, and within a very little time they were drafted overseas to every part of the globe. Meanwhile recruits were pouring in day by day, so that before even the first lines—or should one say "original Yeomanry units"?—were embarked, the nucleus of a second line was already formed, and in some cases third lines, now an accomplished fact, were in contemplation.

This War has been essentially a war of young men and young troops, and the manner in which the young men of the nation have come gladly forward to take their place in the fighting ranks must ever remain a proud example of the British spirit for the peoples of the world for all time; but when one considers the thousands upon thousands who have learned, not only to shoot, march, and soldier, but also to ride and fight on horseback, the fact is a matter for amazement.

The devotion and daring of the Yeomen of England find their epitome in seven words: "They have deserved well of their country."



WHERE THE DORSET YEOMANRY MADE "A BRILLIANT AND MOST EFFECTIVE" CHARGE IN WESTERN EGYPT; CAVALRY AND ARMOURED CARS GOING INTO ACTION.



# THE INCENDIARY

## By EDWIN PUGH

#### Illustrated by Dudley Hardy



S GOLIGHTLY stood sniffing the tainted air. He had rather a defective sense of smell, but he did not know this, nor would he believe it. "Blind as a bettle I may be, and deaf as a

howl," he would say, "but, when it comes to an odour, I got the nose of an auk." Pathetic fallacy! Monstrous conceit! There never was a human nose less useful or even ornamental.

And there he stood, on the threshold of the little bedroom, sniffing dubiously.

"Might be a dead rat," he murmured to himself. "Might be a special ripe old cheese. Unwholesome, anyhow."

He had got into that bedroom by means best known to himself. He was there on his usual errand—burglary. He had had the house on his list for nearly a year, and under observation for many months, during which he had made a close study of its occupant's habits, his comings and goings, his private and business activities. Now the time had come that he deemed most propitious to his enterprise, and so here he was on the premises, with the customary impedimenta of his craft neatly bestowed about his person.

It was a solidly-built house in the neighbourhood of Bedford Row, one of those old-fashioned houses of which there are still a few extant in London, wherein the occupant lives over the offices set apart for the transaction of his daily business. The owner of this particular house—"J. J. Downs" on the brass doorplate—was a somewhat mysterious person. Gus had looked up his record in "The Law List," in the company lists, in "The Medical Directory," in the list of registered moneylenders, and in most other lists, including

even "The Clergy List." For one never knows. He was not to be found in any of them, or, indeed, in any of the other reference manuals, such as "Who's Who." Payment of the usual fee at Stubbs's had revealed nothing of his past, either, and in his researches among the various trade protection societies Gus had also drawn a blank. And it was precisely this wholly unsatisfactory result of his perquisitions that had, perversely enough, whetted the honest burglar's curiosity and decided him at last to regard Mr. Downs as legitimate prey. A man has no right to go on in that close, hugger-muggering way. He couldn't be a straight-dealing man, or he would have had some sort of standing. And men who dealt crookedly were, in the experience of Gus, men who made easy money which they had no more claim to than any other social outlaw. Moreover, they are, as a rule, men who would gladly suffer any loss in silence rather than appeal to the law. For all these reasons, then, Gus felt that he was justified in his enterprise, and so it was with a light heart and an untroubled conscience that he surveyed the field of his operations.

The bedroom that he had just crossed, on his way to the landing, was a bedroom only in name. Obviously it had not been slept in for a very long while. It contained only some broken and discarded oddments of furniture, the rusty iron framework of a bed, and a big pile of frowsy bedding and bed-clothes in a corner. There was everywhere dust and mildew and cobwebs. The window was shattered in every pane, and the hearth was heaped with cinders and ashes to the opening of the flue.

"Rotten hole!" said Gus Golightly.

He stood gripping the thick rounded banister, gazing down into the deep well of the staircase, and listening—and sniffing. He had no least doubt that the house was empty. He had seen Mr. J. J. Downs emerging from the front door half an hour ago, and he had observed shrewdly that he

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left the house, as it were, furtively, casting quick, keen glances up and down the street before descending the steps to the pavement and hurrying away toward Gray's Inn Road. "Just as if he'd been burgling his own house hisself," thought Gus.

In any case, however, there was never any sense in wasting time. Gus began to descend the stairs, lightly, deftly, noiselessly, his shoulder pressed hard against the wall. As he set his foot upon the last flight, he saw that the floor of the hall was sprinkled with large splashes of moisture, which here and there ran into thin trickling streams and puddles, and that useless nose of twitched ever more and more violently as his defective sense of smell became ever more acutely aware of that taint in the atmosphere. What could it be? What was the meaning of all that wet lying about? Black, oily-looking stuff. Blood? No, it wasn't blood. It hadn't the look of blood, though it shone in the one feeble ray that streamed down from the dusty fanlight with a strange iridescence that did suggest blood. Gussy's invincible curiosity impelled him at last to stoop and dip the tip of his forefinger gingerly into one of the puddles. Yes, oily stuff. He raised his finger to his nose and sniffed again. What was it? He put his finger into his mouth and touched it delicately with the point of his tongueand instantly spat.

Cripes! It was paraffin. Paraffin or

petrol, or something of that sort.

He stood transfixed with horror, staring haggardly about him. His mind had leaped to an inevitable conclusion. The whole place reeked of that foul smell of oil paraffin or petrol — inflammable, anyway. He understood now why J. J. Downs had crept out of his own house in that furtive manner, as if he had had no right to be He had meant to set the house on in it. He had tried to set it on fire, and There were several half-burnt-out matches strewn about, and some crumpled balls of paper along by the wainscot, half consumed. Gus had noted these things, of course, in a sort of subconscious way, but had not until now grasped their full The villain! His bosom significance. swelled with righteous indignation. what a fool! What a fool not to make sure of his work, not to wait until his purpose was in a fair way of accomplishment! To steal out like that, panic-stricken, afraid, leaving behind him all those damning evidences of his guilt! Gus had for Mr. J. J. Downs that profound contempt which is only felt by a highly-skilled craftsman toward an utterly unskilled and bungling amateur. If he had had the doing of that job, he would have done it efficiently. As it was—

Well, perhaps it was just as well as it was. Gus was naturally quick-witted. He had a vivid imagination and that type of mind which acts surely, swiftly, though not always very far-sightedly. In an instant he saw how this futile attempt at incendiarism might be turned to his own advantage. When he had rifled the big safe in the inner office, and taken from it what he wanted, he would collect those crumpled balls of paper sodden with inflammable oil, and—and——

Then he was seized of a sudden dire misgiving. The elation died out of him. His face gloomed. His whole body seemed

to droop and wilt.

No, the best thing for him to do was to get out of that house at once. He had been wasting his time and risking his liberty—for nothing. Because, of course, the fact that this J. J. Downs had intended to set his house on fire proved that there was nothing valuable in it. No incendiary, however desperate, would dream of leaving any notes or gold, or any other easily negotiable securities of any kind whatsoever, on premises that he hoped would shortly be in flames. The idea was preposterous. However silly or panicky Mr. J. J. Downs might be, he could not be so utterly bereft of all common-sense as that.

"Confound his politics!" said Gus bitterly. A less self-restrained man might

have sworn outright.

With a soft sigh of infinite disappointment and regret, he turned and set his foot upon the first stair of the lowermost flight, and then hesitated. There was even yet a possibility that J. J. Downs might, after all, have overlooked or forgotten something—something worth taking. Should Gus chance it? Should he take just one last look round?

He was still debating this possibility, when he heard a sound that stiffened him in every fibre, and yet seemed to deprive him of the use of his limbs. It was the sound of a key being turned in a familiar lock. It came, not from the front door, but from another door at the end of a long passage running down to the little back-yard. Before Gus could rally his thoughts to the point of action, the door had opened, and the figure

of a man stood out against the dim twilight

beyond.

Then at last Gus would have fled upstairs, but a low, husky voice cried out to him: "Stop!" And Gus stopped. "If you move a hair, I'll blow your brains out!" said the voice. And now the back door had been gently closed, and the figure of the man was advancing stealthily toward Gus. He recognised Mr. J. J. Downs. He was attired as Gus had seen him last, in a long grey overcoat and a soft felt hat. In one hand he held a small black bag, in the other, raised to the level of his shoulder, a

"Stop!" he said again. "What are you

doing here, you thief?"

He was now within a pace of Gus. His small round eyes, deeply imbedded in pale collops of puffy flesh of an ugly reptilian bagginess, gleamed fiercely. "You scoundrel!" he said. "Stir a limb, and I'll call the police! Take that hand out of your

"All right—all right!" muttered Gus, trifle peevishly — the man unnecessarily abusive. And who was he,

after all, to bandy insults?

"It'll be all wrong, though, if you don't do as you are told—and do it on the jump, too," said Downs. He moistened his lips, laid down the little bag, and then seemed to reflect and ponder in the slow, clumsy fashion of a dull-witted man. "Let me see," he mused. "What would be the best

"No need to do anything at all," Gus broke in. "Just let me go. I won't split.

Is it likely?"

"No, it's not very likely," said Downs. And then he cried, raising his fierce, hoarse voice: "What the devil do you mean? 'Split,' indeed! What have you got to split about?"

"Only this," answered Gus, waving a deprecatory hand in the direction of the

crumpled balls of paper.
"Ah, of course," said the other. "You think—you've been thinking—that I— Well, so I have. So I did mean to burn the place down. And what then?"

"Nothing," said Gus.
"See here," Downs went on, "you're a wrong 'un, too, and no doubt you know what it is to be right up against it as well as I do. If you'd been in my shoes, I dare say you'd have done the same thing-or worse. Five thousand pounds isn't to be sneezed at, these hard times, and our

family have been paying-we've paid that amount and more for this rotten old

His cheeks flamed. He tugged at his

"May I go now?" ventured Gus mildly. "Go!" echoed the other. "Certainly

"I'm hard up, too, you know, or I wouldn't be here, doing this. Surely you've got a bit of sympathy-

"Sold out o' sympathy," said J. J. Downs. "No use in my line. And if you'd ever given up a decent profession-architectand gone in for taking the odds instead of laying 'em, you wouldn't ask such a silly question. No. What I'm wondering now is how I can make use of you. Don't often catch a live burglar. When you do—— I know. I came back to have another go. I've been round in the Gray's Inn Road, waiting and watching for the blaze to start, and when it didn't-well, I guessed I hadn't done the thing properly. And so, as I say, I came back another way, and this time-

He chuckled cruelly in his thick red throat, as if he had a sudden new sinister

inspiration.

"This time I'll make a good job of it, and you shall have all the credit. Go

" Upstairs?" faltered Gus.

"Yes. No, wait a minute. Where's your lantern?"

"I don't carry a lantern."

"You must carry some light or other. Out with it!" He raised his revolver again.

Very reluctantly Gus drew his electric torch from his pocket and laid it on the

hall-stand.

"Oh, that thing!" exclaimed Downs disgustedly. "I thought you'd have something with oil in it, something that might explode and set fire to things, like the good old Bill Sikes burglars of the old days used But this "-and he picked up the torch—"this wouldn't catch a candle alight." He paused. "Well, your tools. then. Out with 'em!"

"But what for?" Gus protested. His outfit was inestimably precious to him, not only for the sake of its intrinsic value, though that was considerable, but because all burglar's tools are hard to get or to make, and his were the very best of their kind, some of them his own invention.

"Never mind what for," said Downs. "Fork 'em out-every mother's son of

'em. I've got an idea."

"Well, anyway, don't wave that beastly revolver about so, please," Gus implored him. "It might go off. It puts me all in a quiver."

"As if you weren't used enough to 'em!"

"But I'm not."
"Pickles!"

"Really, I'm not," Gus assured him earnestly. "I've never used any kind of

weapon in my life."

"Tell that to your maiden aunt!" growled Downs. "Look here, as you won't do as you're told of your own account, I'm going through your pockets and all over you for myself, and, by Christopher, if you try to stop me, if you dare attempt to attack me, I'll kill you with as little compunction as I would a rabbit!"

"I'll turn my pockets out. Really, I will," said Gus. "Here—and here—and here!"

With trembling hands he produced and held out for the other's inspection his centrebit, his various drills and braces and skeleton keys, his sectional crowbar, his spreader, his blowpipe, and all the rest of his nefarious paraphernalia, holding them in an untidy bunch in one hand, whilst he added to them with the other.

"Oh, but it's heartless," he whimpered, "to rob a poor man of his means of

livelihood!"

Downs laughed brutally. "See what I'm going to do?" he said. "I'm going to take these pretty little toys of yours and spread them out in a row against my office door. Then, when the fire has burnt down, and they break into the house, they'll find them, and they'll think that a careless burglar did it."

"Did what?" gasped Gus, the blood draining away from his hollow cheeks.

"Set the house on fire," replied Downs.
"That's what they'll think. And I'll be clear. Nobody will ever suspect me then.
Those insurance people: 'Anything more to declare?' See? Very well, then."

He took the various tools from Gus and laid them down carefully on the mat outside

his office door.

"There you are!" he cried. "They'll get bent and rusted, but they won't be altogether consumed, being steel. They'll serve my purpose well enough." And again he chuckled. "Now, then," he commanded Gus, "up you go! Up those stairs at once, or I'll—" He flourished the revolver. "And don't you turn round," he addêd. "If once you dare to turn round or look back, pop goes the wease!!"

"But, pardon me," quavered Gus, "what do you want me to go upstairs for? Couldn't you let me out the same way you came in?"

"Certainly not," said Downs. "That's my own private exit, that is. Now, then,

quick march!"

But he did not see the look that flashed a new light into Gussy's eyes as he obeyed this imperious bidding and began slowly to mount the stairs.

"Go on, go on!" Downs urged him.
"Quick! I don't want to hang about. Get a move on you! Up—up—right up to the

top floor!"

"You're never going to drive me up there, and then come down again and set fire to the house with me in it!" cried Gus, in accents of extreme terror. "I shall be burnt alive!"

"Sooner or later, what does it matter whether you are burnt alive or dead?" said Downs. "And very likely you won't be. Very likely the firemen will save you."

"But if they don't-"

"If they don't, the world won't wear crape

for you."

"It's murder!" screamed Gus hoarsely. And then, despite his fear of the revolver, he paused for a moment.

"Get on, I tell you!" growled Downs.
"What do I care about that? Murder or no, dead men tell no tales."

"Gaw!" breathed Gus, and again began

to move slowly upward.

And again Downs did not see that strauge new light in Gussy's eyes, which seemed to change his face into a mask of mockery, to lend it an expression of sardonic mirth, almost as if it were struggling with itself not to laugh aloud.

They had now arrived at the topmost

landing.

"In there!" said Downs, pointing to the open door of the bedroom through which Gus had passed ten minutes ago. "Go on!"—and he stamped his foot impatiently.

"All right—all right!" spluttered poor

Gus. "But---"

Suddenly that strange new light in his eyes that had so transfigured his whole countenance went out. For now, as he turned, he saw that Downs had followed him into the bedroom, that he was no longer watching him, but looking at an untidy ravel of rope—an old clothes-line—that lay on the hearth.

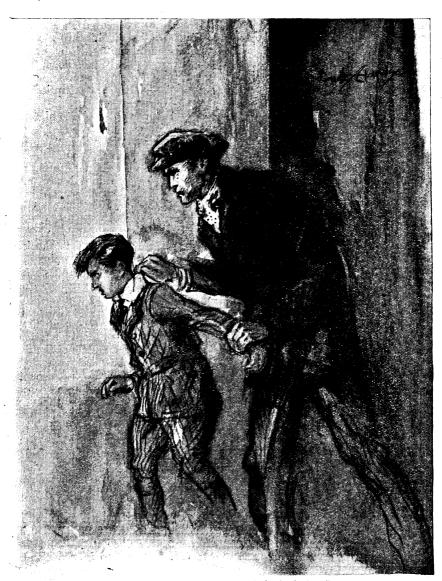
"The very thing," said Downs. "I thought I remembered having seen it up here. Go

over into that corner there."

"I won't!" cried Gus. "It's murder, I say. I won't! Help!"

Coward in grain as he was, and fundamentally opposed to any form of violence, he was now imbued with the courage of the cornered rat, and resolved to make a last then his own fist struck upward with all its force.

Gus spun round giddily, threw up his arms, and then his body seemed to melt from the ankles upward as he toppled slowly over and fell face downward on the floor.



"To propel him forcibly toward the back door."

struggle for life. He brandished his fists in the air and charged at Downs. But Downs, though taken wholly by surprise—he would as soon have expected to be challenged to mortal combat by a lamb—was just in time to dodge that ineffectual onslaught. Gussy's fist whirled harmlessly above his head, and

He awoke from his torpor as if from an evil dream, and stirred sluggishly. Then he began to flop and flounder on the dusty boards like a stranded eel, until at last he had propped himself up stiffly in a sitting posture with his back against the wall.

There he lay for a while, exhausted.

was gagged and bound from head to foot in a tight coil of the rope. But it was not the pain of his bonds, it was not that taste of blood in his mouth, or that feeling as if the top of his head were opening and shutting like the lid of a boiling kettle—it was not so much any of these poignant sensations of acute personal discomfort that daunted and desolated him. It was his helplessness, his dumbness, his consciousness of being thus doomed to the torture of a fiery death as a bird is trussed for the spit; it was this that whittled the last lees of his manhood out of poor Gus and transformed him into a raging beast.

His eyes roved redly, wolfishly, round the room. The daylight was fast fading. The sky showed through the broken panes as a miracle of gold and purple splendours. And the numbness of the fear of death was in

his heart.

The voice of his soul raved and cursed impotently, inarticulately, as he wrestled with those cruel bonds and strove vainly to free just one hand. Then, spent by his exertions, he collapsed in a limp bundle, panting and gasping, his white face—above the dirty cotton rag that hid his nose and mouth—a puddle of sweat. Thus he lay, and listened, and sniffed feebly.

Were his senses tricking him again, or did he indeed hear a dull crackling of flames in the hall below, and smell a faint rancid odour of burning oil? He strained his ears. He sniffed and sniffed again, ever more violently. But his head was throbbing and splitting asunder in a fevered agony, his mouth was parched, his nerves so utterly unstrung, that his body felt like a loose tangle of frayed cords. If only that tumultuous beating of his heart, if only that deafening uproar in his brain would cease!

He was in that half-delirious, half-hysterical state which is provocative of all manner of delusions, which lends to familiar objects an unfamiliar aspect, and seems to galvanise into life and movement things that one realises are really lifeless and inert. Thus it was that, as Gus crouched huddled there in his terror and pain, he seemed to see the walls of the bedroom bulge inward and outward, like the sails of a ship; he seemed to see the rusty framework of the bed weaving itself into grotesque patterns, and the other discarded oddments of furniture creeping on broken legs along the floor. And that pile of frowsy bedding in the corner surely it was splitting and opening like a monstrous flower? Surely its dim grey

petals were slowly unfolding before his eyes and revealing a filmy pale corona that somehow bore a vague resemblance to a human face? Surely—— No, no! He must not let his disordered fancy take hold upon his reason in this fashion. That was the way of madness, despair, destruction. And just now he needed all his wits, all his presence of mind, his every resource of strength and cunning, if he were to free himself from this coil of doom and escape this awful menace of death.

And yet—surely that shapeless mass did

move? Surely—

A high, thin voice spoke to him out of the twilight.

"I say," said the voice, "you are in a

deuce of a pickle, aren't you?"

Then a slender boyish form upheaved itself out of that tumbled heap and stood erect, its head and shoulders starkly outlined against the luminosity of the window.

"I say," said the voice again, "Dad put

it across you properly, didn't he?"

Then it seemed that Gus shook off the miasmas of his evil dreaming and was suddenly alert, a man in full possession of his faculties. He saw the boy—for it was a boy, just an ordinary schoolboy of about twelve or thirteen—kick aside the last clinging obstacles of torn and dirty sheets and blankets that hampered his feet, and step briskly out into the middle of the room.

"I say." said the voice yet again, "can I do anything?" Then that slender form drew nearer, the young fair head bent down over Gus. "My sacred aunt, but you are tucked up! That's the best and the worst of Dad. He does make a thorough good job of things." He laughed. "Here," said he, thrusting his hand into his trouser pocket, "let me cut away those ropes." And he drew out a big, heavy jack-knife such as small boys love, and began to saw vigorously at a knot.

The knot parted with a snap. Gus felt his bonds fall away from him, and instantly his veins were filled with liquid fire. His extremities seemed to be riven and twisted and torn as by a hundred red-hot pincers. But what did that matter? What did any mere pain matter in that blissful moment of release? It cost him the supreme effort of his life to raise his hands to his face and tear away the gag. And it was as if he had torn away more than a mere piece of coarse, dirty rag. It was as if he had torn his tongue out, torn his heart out. He could feel a warm trickle of blood on his chin, his

throat was filled with blood; he was choked with blood, and yet a strangled laugh of sheer joy escaped him.

"Lie still a bit," said the boy. And then, after a thoughtful pause: "I say, are you a

burglar?"

Gus thought he glimpsed a dawning admiration in those bright, ingenuous young eyes, and hastened to nod emphatically.

"Fancy, though! A burglar! By Jove, you must have had some adventures in your time! Rather sporting of Dad to tackle you---what?"

With infinite difficulty Gus contrived to splutter out: "Who are you? Where do

you come from?"

"Ah, that's rather a lark," said the boy, with a smile. "Dad and I, you know, don't get on. I'm what they call a bit of a handful—see? I'm what they call one of the lads of the village. I like playing about, you know-larking in the streets with the hoi-polloi, and all that kind of thing. And Dad, he's stiff and strict. Just so! He objected. He wanted me to go to that rotten day school off Gower Street, and I wasn't having any. I had to go at first, of course. He took me there himself, every morning. But naturally he couldn't keep that up, and then he put me on my honour. Well, that would have been all right if he had trusted me from the start; but he hadn't, and so I felt sort of absolved from any obligation. I played the wag. I'd always cheeked and rotted the masters. I wasn't going to do any putrid lessons. And so they chucked me. The Chief sent Dad no end of a stinking letter about me. And then Dad said I'd have to go to a proper boarding school. Where do you think? In Derbyshire. Hundred miles or more from here. And I did go. I had to. That was last week. But yesterday I broke bounds and came back. Easy enough. I'd plenty of money. There were plenty of trains. But when I got near home and thought of Dad, I funked it a lot. I hung about. I watched the door. And then I saw Dad go out, and that was my chance. I'd got a private key of my own. I just nipped in by the back way, and nipped up here, and was wondering what I had better do next, when I'm blessed if you didn't appear on the scene. Lucky I heard you first and took cover, though still I couldn't believe that you were a burglar really, you know. You don't look a bit like a burglar, somehow. I'm sorry, but you don't, old man. Presently, though, I realised that you must be one, and then I was thundering glad I had heard you first, and that I had hidden myself away under all those filthy old bolsters and things over there. And then you went downstairs, and I stole after you. And then Dad reappeared, and I said to myself: 'Things are getting somewhat complicated!' And then—" He rubbed his hands together gleefully. "I wouldn't have knuckled down to Dad, though, as you did," he said pensively, becoming suddenly grave and a little reproachful. "Not if I'd been a burglar, like you. Only—" He lifted his head sharply. "I say," he exclaimed, "what was that? Can you smell anything—hear anything?"

By this time Gus had scrambled to his feet and was leaning dejectedly against the wall. At the boy's last words he started. In the rapture of his unexpected salvation from a hideous death he had forgotten what had previously passed between himself and that infernal punter, J. J. Downs, in the half below.

in the hall below.

"Boy-boy," he spluttered out, "don't

you know? Don't you understand?"

"By George—yes!" cried the boy.
"The bally place is on fire! And it was Dad that did it! He meant to do it. That was why he sent me away—to keep me out of danger, to prevent me from knowing. I see that now. He wasn't such a bad old Dad in some things." He laughed a little shamefacedly. "You know," he said, "I smelt and saw that paraffin the moment I came into the house-how was it you didn't?—and I wondered what Dad had been up to. But I never suspected. How should I? I thought he'd had an accident. He's a clumsy old footer at times. Oh, I say, hark! And listen!" He clutched at Gussy's sleeve involuntarily, and levelled a shaking finger at the door. "Look!" he breathed, recoiling. "See! Smoke—smoke! And can't you smell? Can't you hear? That crackling and that fearsome stench! I say, old man, what shall we do?"

He darted to the door and flung it open. Instantly a cloud of smoke rolled in upon them, and in the heart of the cloud was a pulsing glare. A loud roar and a heavy reek of odious fumes poured up out of the well of the staircase. The boy for a moment staggered back and then vanished into the smoke-cloud. There was a brief red flicker, and Gus saw him again, standing against the banisters, leaning over, looking down.

"Come back!" he wheezed out painfully.

"Come back and shut that door. This

draught-

He reeled as he spoke, though it seemed to him that it was the wall that reeled. The smoke was in his eyes, his throat. heat of the fire was in his very brain. fumes of the burning oil dizzied his senses. For an instant he stood swaying, groping with outstretched hands, and then tottered forward, almost fell, regained once more his balance, and at last pitched headlong down and subsided on the tumbled heap of bedding.

The boy had come back. At first he could not distinguish the figure of Gus down there in the corner. He stood plucking at his lips, his eyes wide and bright with fear.

"Where are you?" he whispered.

He began to walk distractedly about the room, and presently stumbled over Gussy's feet. He stooped and seized Gus, clutched at him.

"Get up, get up!" he cried. "Haven't you seen—can't you understand—if we don't get out of this quick, we will both be burnt alive? And how on earth are we going to get out? That hall down there -it's just like a burning fiery furnace. Listen to it! And the stairs are alight, too! The fire is coming up the stairs! Fiery serpents!"

"Hold on!" muttered Gus, striving hard to recover possession of his faculties, his native wit and coolness in emergency. "Don't lose your head. I'll get you out of this all right. Don't be frightened. I tell vou, sonny—"

tell you, sonny-

By a prodigious effort he rose to his feet. The boy was now half clinging to him, half supporting him. Every now and then he wrung his hands and wailed despairfully: "Oh, what shall we do-what shall we do?"

"It's all right. Don't be frightened,"

Gus reassured him again.

For a moment the boy was so deeply impressed by the burglar's composure that he almost forgot his terror.

"I say, you are a plucked 'un, though," he remarked. "I wondered how you could be a burglar, but now I understand."

And Gus thrilled to the core of his being. Never before in his life had he felt such an exquisite sense of exaltation as he felt then. That he—he!—should be admired and applauded for his courage—he, the most timorous and craven of men-he, the most abjectly fearful of violence, pain, and injury! If he had died in that instant, he felt that he would die perfectly, supremely happy. But the instinct of self-preservation was more than usually strong in him. He did not in the least want to die-first of all, for his own sake, but also for the sake of his wife and children, whom he loved only a little less than himself, and, in a still lesser degree, for the sake of this graceless

"I'll save you," he said. "Trust to me.

I know a way out."

"Rope-ladder or something?" The boy's

eyes glistened.

Gus shook his head. "No, no," he replied. "Something much simpler, safer, easier—the same way I come in."

"How did you come in? I didn't see. I just heard you, and there you were. Oh, but I say, hurry—hurry!" he cried. "Can't you feel how hot it's getting? In a minute or two-"

"Yes, yes," Gus interrupted him, endeavouring to soothe him by a deliberate evenness and slowness of speech. "But I'm still a bit sick and giddy. Let me lean on That's better. Now, that your shoulder. cupboard-

He indicated the usual tall, narrow cupboard common to the attic-bedrooms of most houses. It stood in an alcove on one side of the fireplace, against the further wall. The boy nodded and began to drag Gus impetuously toward the cupboard.

He opened the door. The interior of the cupboard was empty, save for a broad shelf at a height of about five feet, on which there was some miscellaneous rubbish—old cardboard boxes, a bed-wrench, and so on.

"But," said the boy, "how shall we be

any safer in there?"

"I'll show you," said Gus. "Push against that wall. Push hard!"

"But-

"Do as I tell you!" snapped Gus.

It looked solid enough—to all appearance, a wall like any other party wall, built up of thick layers of brick coated with plaster and painted. The paint, in this instance, was faded and stained with dark patches of damp and mildew. The boy, with a last puzzled glance at Gus, whom he plainly suspected of light-headedness, nevertheless did as he was bidden, and pushed at the To his infinite surprise it yielded to his touch. It opened, perhaps, an inch, and then stuck fast.

"Push again—harder!" Gus adjured him.

"Here, let me!"

And he thrust the boy aside. He leaned his whole weight against that seeming wall, and suddenly it burst open, revealing

another room beyond.

"Now," he called back to the boy, as he stumbled forward and snatched at 'the boy's hand, "come quick!" Then, the boy still hesitating, as if dumfounded by this unexpected development of the situation, he pulled him through after him. slammed the door to. And then the boy and he stood silently, intently regarding each other.

"So you knew—all the time?" said the

His eyes no longer shone with admiration. Gus realised that his moment of false glory was over, and he was inexpressibly

saddened.

"Yes, I knew—all the time," he confessed. "This house we're in now is empty. I got a key from the agent to view the premises, and made a copy of it. I've been exploring the place for months, on and off. That's how I discovered this way out of the one house into the other. You see, there is another door this side. There are three doors altogether, the middle one being painted on both sides to look like a wall. You'll often find false cupboards like this in these old houses," he rambled on discursively, in a vain attempt to mask his discomfiture, his chagrin at his sudden irretrievable loss of a reputation for hardihood and daring which this adventurous, if graceless, boy had been only too willing to accord him.

"What do they have 'em for, these cupboards?," asked the boy, his ready

curiosity piqued.

"Very likely so as they'd be able to do what we done," replied Gus-"get out of one house into the other without anybody knowing. They had their reasons, I've no And then this neighbourhood's always been a bit queer—lawyers and fellers like that—all sorts of fishy customers about; it's easy to understand—

Then he came abruptly to a halt and

sniggered feebly.

"So you weren't taking any risks at all, then?" the boy observed coldly, disdainfully. "You knew you were all right all the time?"

"Yes," Gus admitted sullenly, "I knew I was all right all the time—after you'd untied me. But what we got to do now," he went on more briskly, "is get out of this here house, and lively. Not that there's any difficulty in that."

"Come along, then," said the boy, now

instinctively taking the lead, as did everyone with whom Gus became associated, sooner or later.

They hurried downstairs into the hall. The boy was for plunging out through the front street-door, but Gus restrained him.

"What you thinking of?" he growled. "Can't you hear there's a crowd gathering outside? We'd be seen, and asked a whole blooming daffy of questions."

"Well, what would that matter?" de-

manded the boy contemptuously.

"It'd matter a heap to me," rejoined Gus. "This way, I tell you." And now, in this last extremity, he assumed the leadership again. He glowered fiercely at the boy, who was thus a little cowed, though still frankly scornful, for he felt that he had been cheated into foolish worship of an unworthy idol. "Do as I tell you," said Gus sternly, inflamed to uncontrollable anger by the boy's contumelious demeanor,

And he seized the boy roughly by the. arm, swung him sharply round, and began to propel him forcibly toward the back door.

Then suddenly he stopped dead. anger had burnt down to a dull resentment. "Oh, I say, hurry up, hurry up!" the

boy urged him insistently, impatiently.

"You shut up giving your orders," said Gus. "I been a fool."

"Eh?"

"I been a fool," Gus said again. ought to ha' left you up there, to be burnt alive, like your father would ha' left me. was your dear father what tied me up. What Where was the sense of it? Just wicked cruelty it was—and silly, besides. 'Cos if the firemen had rescued me, or if they'd found my dead body "-he shuddered -"they'd ha' known somebody else must ha' been in that house when it caught fire."

"Yes, but mightn't it have been another burglar? And he had to tie you up. He didn't know of that other way out. He thought you might go rushing after him into the street, perhaps, and perhaps have followed him, blackmailed him-"

"None o' that!" said Gus furiously, shaking him so that his head rolled helplessly on his shoulders and his fair hair tossed like little sea-waves. "It was cruel and wicked to leave me there to die like that horrible!"

The boy trembled and writhed in his grasp. "And yet you seem to think you ought to have left me up there, to die like that!" he sobbed. For now his former self-sufficiency had left him, and he was weeping miserably.

"Well, I didn't, and I ain't going to," said Gus. "I couldn't. It'd be murder. So that's all right. Only—"

Then he sighed heavily, and with a start

roused himself as from a trance.

"Come along, sonny," he said gently. "I ain't really such a bad sort, if you knew all."

A few seconds later they had passed through the back door and were out in the little yard beyond. Under cover of the dense volumes of smoke that the wind was beating down upon the ground, they scaled the high wall in safety and dropped into a narrow, obscure byway.

There was a moment of mutual constraint as they stood eyeing one another doubtfully.

Then-

"Try and be a good boy in future," said

the burglar.

"Oh," cried the boy, and wrinkled his

nose and laughed awkwardly, "but I'm very much obliged to you, and all that," he said. "Well, so long!" And he swung away into the rolling darkness.

Again Gus sighed. He felt strangely cold and lonely as he turned and strode swiftly,

lightly away.

About six weeks later he received the following letter, bearing neither date, address, nor signature, but registered and enclosing a

banknote for a hundred pounds.

"This is your share of the insurance money," said the writer. "I'm sending it as a sort of token of my gratitule to you for saving my boy's life after I had treated you so snide. When you turned out your pockets, you dropped a postcard, presumably from your wife at Clacton-on-Sea, and that is how I got your address. . . Honour among thieves!"

So in this way Gus did have some profit

of that adventure, after all.

### MARGOT'S SON.

A<sup>S</sup> I went down the hill, at fading day, Never a soul beside me on the way, I saw the shadow of a soldier pass, Without a footfall, o'er the springing grass.

Never a word he said, nor saw my face, On o'er the grass he sped with lightest grace; I thought the trees strove to him limb by limb, And every flower rose up to look at him.

Oh, that was Margot's son in very truth— Fall'n on the fields of France in all his youth! Oh, Margot, Margot, come you quickly on To see him pass, for he will soon be gone!

Ev'n now, by way of homeland hills and streams, He makes the shining city of his dreams, Gathering the last of happy scenes he knows, To take that vision with him where he goes.

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

# THE CALL

## By L. G. MOBERLY

#### Illustrated by Frank Gillett



O you remember once asking me to tell you the strangest story I could dig out of my memory?"

Donald Fraser looked at me from the depths of the arm-chair in my study. He was convalescing at our

place in Surrey, and, thank God, the dear old chap was really on the way to recovery, after as nasty a turn as you could wish any man to have. "You were always badgering me for the most extraordinary happenings," he went on, "and I've had what you may call a life of extraordinary happenings. Well, I've got a strange story to tell you now, and it's up to date, too, and absolutely true."

"I should find the one about the hinterland of the Brahmaputra hard to beat," I answered, and Fraser smiled, the queer, little, reminiscent smile that always flickers over his face when his thoughts go back to his past wanderings and adventures. smile made you realise the worn haggardness of his face and the sunken weariness of his eyes; and, indeed, Fraser had come through a long, hard strain for a man no longer in his first youth. But, of course, nothing could hold him back when the Great War came. He must be up and doing with the rest; and he up and did to some purpose, though, as he himself would say: "That is another story."

"Yes, the story which in my own mind I always call 'Abide With Me' is hard to beat," he said, "but the thing that is in my mind now is queer, too—very queer. It divides itself into three episodes, and each of them stands out before me clearly cut like a cameo." His eyes turned towards the open window, through which we could see the lawn and the great herbaceous border—a glowing line of colour—and smell the sweetness of the

mignonette, amongst which the bees droned

peacefully.

"The first cameo has a very sordid, everyday setting," Fraser went on, "and it is dated several years ago, when I was living for a time down in Limehouse, doing a bit of exploration there, which, in its way, was as novel and interesting as any of my hinterland explorations. What I was after doesn't really belong to this story at all, but I was getting on to the track of an old Chinaman whose help was indispensable for an expedition I proposed making into an unknown corner of his native land. Some day I'll tell you the sequel to all that. But my search involved rather a long residence in Limehouse, and I got in touch with various social agencies down there, and found myself working for boys' clubs and men's clubs and all the many institutions set up to raise the ideals of our slum dwellers. I'm bound to say I think I learnt as much as, if not more than, I ever taught them. They gave me an insight into the marvellous generosity and unselfishness and kindness of what we call 'the masses' which was a revelation to me, and I have never forgotten it.

"Limehouse, a dark November night, when a semi-blizzard was making the world hideous, streets ankle-deep in mud, and a stifling room that reeked of gas and unwashed humanity-these form the immediate background of that first cameo of mine. And against the background Joe Hardner's face stands out in startling prominence. He dominated the club of young hooligans who met nightly in that stiffing room, dominated them by the sheer force of a personality which was exactly the reverse of angelic. Where Joe led, all the rest of the lads followed with the submission of a flock of sheep; and he always led them into mischief, and worse. He had no regard for law and order—the word 'respectability' stank in his nostrils-he was a riotous and hard-headed young ruffian, continually ripe for evil of every description. He had 'done

time' more than once. He jocularly called it 'having a country holiday,' and the police-court missionary—a saint on earth, if ever there was one-had tried, each time he came out, to chain him down to some fixed occupation. But Joe was one of the unfixable sort, and no sooner was he out of one trouble than he forthwith tumbled into another. I liked him. With all his crimes, in spite of all his evil predilections, I liked him; and sometimes at the back of my mind there lurked a wonder whether, supposing I had had no outlet for my energies, no outlet such as was given me by my exploring expeditions, I, too, might not have vented my superfluous vitality as Joe Hardner vented his. Who can say?

"On that November night, when Joe pushed his way through the group of rough lads in the murky, ill-smelling room, his face was rather white, and there was a queer, strained look in his eyes. He came straight up to the table by which I stood, his eyes

met mine unflinchingly.

"'See 'ere,' he said curtly, but I thought there was the faintest quiver in his voice, 'you've been a pal to me, and I ain't goin' to deceive yer. See?' He interlarded his remarks with a good deal of unrepeatable language, and he struck the table a hard blow with his fist. 'The p'lice is after me, and they'll cop me 'ere, I should say, though I've give 'em a run for their money,' he added grimly. 'I've killed a chap—that's what it's for this time.' Again there was that strange quiver in his voice, and a tense silence followed his words.

"'Joe—'I began. But he put a grimy hand on my sleeve, and his lips tightened in a way peculiar to him—a way which somehow showed you the character behind his plain,

rather brutal, face.

"'Stow it!' he said. 'I don't want no bloomin' sermons nor psalm singin'. Keep yer 'air on, all of yer!' He glanced round at the other young men, who by now were clustering about us. 'It ain't murder—you ain't goin' to see me swing for it, if that was what you was looking forward to. It's manslaughter, that's what it is. I didn't no more mean to kill Tom Kanes than 'e meant to kill me.'

"A dozen voices cried out at once: 'Taint likely as Joe 'ud kill Tom Kanes—they was

always pals.'

"So it transpired. The two young fellows, bent on rowdiness and hilarity, with no outlet for the vital forces within them, had concocted together a lark of extra wild

proportions, which had ended in Tom Kanes's death. Well, of course, it was brought in manslaughter—no other verdict was possible. But the lark had been of a heinous kind, involving damage to property, and Joe had undoubtedly killed his friend. And so once again he was imprisoned, this time for a longer term. And when he came out—which was not until after I had left Limehouse—the missionary tried in vain to induce him to take any settled work. The good man told me himself, with suspicious moisture in his eyes, that he had never tried harder for anybody than he had for Joe.

"'He had a way with him, that chap, hardened young hooligan though he was,' the good man said. 'He was so chock-full of vitality, if only one could have turned it in the right direction. But I could do nothing with him, and he disappeared.'

"'Disappeared?' I felt a little pang of disappointment. Somehow I had felt interested in the young ruffian. I should like to have seen him turn the corner into civilisation, and become a decent citizen. However, it was evidently not to be. Joe

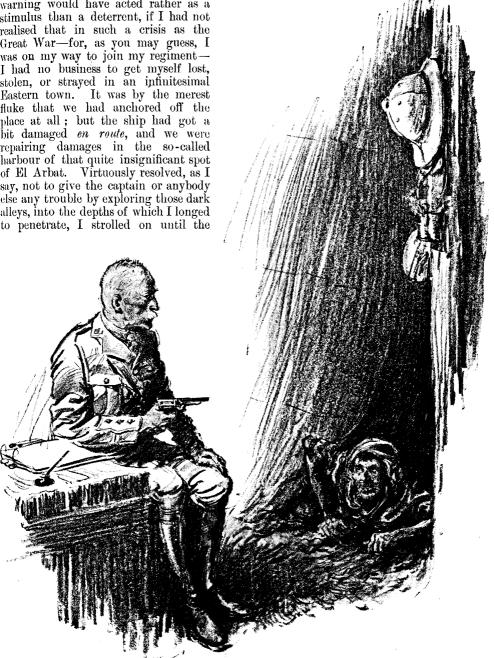
had disappeared.

"From Lower Maze Street, Limehouse, to the Street of the Silversmiths in a little Eastern town which I will call El Arbat, is a far cry, but my second cameo is cut there with a background as unlike grey old Limehouse as you can well imagine. Not that the street came up to its pretentioussounding name—the name brought back to my mind with a flash the very different thoroughfare which Delhi knows as the Silversmiths' Street. At El Arbat I stepped warily amongst masses of vegetables and other indescribable commodities, which lay rotting in the highway. Pariah dogs, lean and savage, growled at me as they groped and nuzzled amongst the offal in the gutters. From the dark and tumbledown shops, which seemed almost to touch one another across the decidedly evil-smelling street, dark eyes peered at me out of the gloom.

"'Oh, yes, if you like, take a look round the place,' the captain of the transport said to me, with a shrug of his shoulders; 'we shall be here the best part of the day. Only, take my advice. Keep out of the side alleys—stick to the main street, such as it is. There are queer, dark corners in El Arbat.' As I walked on along the street of the high-sounding name, I could well believe in the truth of the captain's words. The dark little alleys that occasionally opened out to

right or left looked sinister enough for anything, and my travels in many parts of the world had given me a good working knowledge of what such sinister-looking places might mean to the unwary. Nevertheless, I confess the captain's warning would have acted rather as a stimulus than a deterrent, if I had not realised that in such a crisis as the Great War-for, as you may guess, I was on my way to join my regiment-I had no business to get myself lost, stolen, or strayed in an infinitesimal Eastern town. It was by the merest fluke that we had anchored off the place at all; but the ship had got a bit damaged en route, and we were repairing damages in the so-called harbour of that quite insignificant spot of El Arbat. Virtuously resolved, as I say, not to give the captain or anybody else any trouble by exploring those dark alleys, into the depths of which I longed

limit of the tiny town was reached, and, going through the city gate, I found that the apology for a street turned itself into an apology for a road, and meandered away



"I sat quietly there, my revolver in my hand, watching."

into a tract of desert, where it soon lost itself completely in the all-surrounding sand. A few mean little dwellings of a very tumbledown and wobbly appearance were stuck about at random along this road, but before one of these dwellings paused with an involuntary exclamation. I suppose in my many travels I ought to have learnt never to be surprised at anything, but I was unfeignedly amazed to find myself looking over what was evidently a rather impromptu fence into a little front I felt like rubbing my eyes or garden. pinching myself to make sure I was awake, for this little scrap of a garden, literally snatched from the desert, reminded me, in some inconsequent way, of those pocket-handkerchiefs of back-yard you may see pathetically transformed into gardens by the dwellers in East London. What amount of energy and patience it must have cost the owner to irrigate that patch of ground, it was beyond me to imagine; but he had contrived to make some green things grow, and against the very lop-sided fence he had even managed to induce a rose to open one bloom to the sunlight. Overhead the sky was intensely blue; by contrast the desert sand took a golden hue, and the little huddled city looked curiously black and Close to the city wall stood a palm its shadow was clearly cut upon the golden sand, its fan-like leaves rustled in the little breeze that came creeping in from the sea, bringing with it a breath of salt fragrance very refreshing after the mingling odours of the town. I looked again across the weird little garden, which must have cost somebody so much time and trouble. time I looked more closely at the house itself, and then once more I nearly rubbed my eyes with a feeling that they could not be seeing correctly. For, sticking up in the window of the tumbledown dwelling, I saw a little flag fluttering in the air that blew in from the sea, and the flag, if you will believe me, was our own Union Jack. I am ready to admit that one comes across the strange and the unexpected in every part of the globe, but the last thing I should have dreamt of finding in a little shanty outside the gate of El Arbat was the flag of England, gently moving in the breeze.

"Perhaps I was staring too markedly at the surprising object, for a man's form suddenly loomed up in the dark entrance to the house, and a moment later he was coming towards me across the little garden, a tall turbaned figure in the long blue jebbah worn by the

natives of the district. I began an apology in my best Arabic, for there was something menacing in the tall figure looming down upon me; but as he came quite close to me, he broke in upon my apologies, and he broke in, not in the language I was talking, but in good, unmitigated Cockney English.

"Bust me if it ain't you!' he said. And then we just stood and stared and stared at one another, as for a moment the golden sands and the blue sky and the black little town all rolled away together, and I saw instead an evil-smelling room in Limehouse

and Joe Hardner's face.

"'Joe,' I said presently, when my breath had come back to me, 'Joe, what, in the name of all that is wonderful, are you doing here, and in that get-up?' And I pointed to his blue jebbah and his turban, neither of which, in spite of the copper colour to which the sun had tanned his face, could disguise Joe's ugly, strongly-marked features and grey English eyes.

"'Well,' he said, 'this is a little bit o' orl right, this is.' He jerked his head towards the house behind him. 'I've seen a lot o' life since you and me larst met, and I reckon this suits Joe better than settlin' down respectable in Limehouse, which he never would 'a' done, you may bet your bottom dollar,' he added, with grave emphasis.

"" But do you live here? 'I asked.

"'Live 'ere? You've 'it it first go orf. This is my 'ouse, and garden, and wife, and kids,' he added, as through the doorway there emerged a small woman, discreetly veiled, and two fat brown toddlers, who rolled rather than walked up to Joe, and clung to his outstretched hand, fixing solemn, awestruck eyes upon me. 'This 'ere life suits me,' Joe continued. 'There ain't too much law and order in these parts, and—and'—he looked vaguely round him—'yer see, there was always somethin' in me as wanted to get out. Now I've got out—see?'

"Yes, I saw. The same old thought that had come to me once before in connection with Joe came to me again. Were his faults due more to a bottling up of effervescing vitality than to any inherent evil? Should I have developed along his lines if I had been obliged to lead his restricted Limehouse life, without the possibility of letting off steam in the travels and adventures which had fallen to my lot?

"'You've took the King's shillin', then?' he said, after a pause, glancing at my khaki. 'Not as that's the way o' puttin' it, though.' And he laughed. 'You're a bloomin' orficer.

ain't yer? You didn't useter be in them old

days.'\_

"" We have rather shunted the old days now,' I answered. 'Even old fogies like me are doing their bit the best way they can. The Old Country's up against a big thing, Joe.'

"' Up against a big thing? What's that, then?' he questioned, and I all at once realised that Joe, in his peaceful backwater, was unaware of the ghastly melting-pot into which all the world was cast. In a few trenchant words I told him everything. He meditated for some time, and then said slowly: 'One o' them Johnnies out o' the town, 'e brought me that bit o' rag only a week or two ago '-his finger pointed towards the miniature Union Jack-'and 'e talked a lot o' gibberish abaht fightin' somewhere. But, bless you, I thought 'e was only gassin' abaht some little turn up—the same as England's often 'ad. It never come into my 'ead as the Old Country 'ad got 'er back agin the wall, as you might say.' Into Joe's eyes there came a curious expression—an expression I could not quite interpret. 'Seems to make yer see little old Lime'us, don't it,' he said, 'and makes yer smell the fried fish shops of a Saturday night? Blimey, I wouldn't like to see them Germans in little old Lime'us!' And all at once a dark flush mounted to his forehead, his eyes gleamed. 'They ain't goin' to put their bloomin' flag where our blessed old rag flies!' he burst out with a sudden and surprising gust of passion, and a wealth of strong language which even a prolonged residence in El Arbat had not erased from his memory.

"But what can you do?' I asked, feeling or the moment nonplussed by the outburst.

for the moment nonplussed by the outburst. "'What can I do?' he answered. 'Well'—he looked at me meditatively, but the flame had not died down in those grey eyes of his—'if you can do somethin', though you ain't in the first bloom o' youth, I reckon Joe Hardner can do somethin', too, even though 'e ain't so young as 'e was. There's many a thing I've picked up since I've been in these parts, and—some of 'em may come in useful now.' He added these words darkly, and with a prodigious wink. 'Mind you,' he went on, his hand drawing closer to him the fat brown toddler who clung about his knees, 'it ain't goin' to be all beer and skittles, sayin' good-bye to these two nippers and the missus. She've bin a good missus to me, better'n any donah I'd 'a' picked up down Lime'us

way. And she's my wife—the missionary married us. And we're 'appy as angels up aloft, me and 'er and the kids. But'-one of his hands clenched-'they ain't goin' to pull down our old rag, not if Joe Hardner can put a spoke in their wheel, you may bet your boots on that. There's a lot of bloomin' tosh bin talked about England's sons, but, blimey, none o' the old lady's sons ain't goin' to see 'er pet rag hauled down! No fear, and again after a pause, 'no fear!' He asked me a great many minute questions about the War in all parts of the world, and I answered them all; and again he repeated: 'The old ragno fear!'

"I had to leave it at that. Time was running short. I said good-bye to Joe and his quaint family party. I left them all in the patch of garden, waving their hands in farewell, and behind them, in the little window, I could see the Union Jack fluttering gently, as the breeze from the sea caught its tiny folds."

Fraser was silent for several minutes, and I put in tentatively—

"That's not all?"

"No, that's not all." The dear old chap smiled. "I'm sorry I stopped, but telling you about it is like painting a picture of it all again before my eyes; and there was something pathetic about that garden patch that Joe had made with such difficulty, and about the little silent veiled figure and the brown children that clung round Joe's knees. He had made himself this home in the wilderness, and he loved it—one could see that—with every fibre of his soul he loved it. And yet he had heard the call!" Once more there was a pause, then Fraser went on—

"The third cameo stands out with scarcely less clearness. Its setting—I don't know how much I am justified in telling you about its setting "-he smiled enigmatically-"but there is no harm in saying that the night outside my tent was as black as pitch, that the light in the tent itself was about as inadequate as light could be, and that the only sounds audible were the subdued noises of the camp round about, the distant howling of jackals, and the steady ceaseless downpour of rain, which, as I distressfully reflected, was turning the desert sands into an ocean I was sitting up late, getting through arrears of writing, and thinking a good deal about the morrow, and its prospects of an advance through the torrential rain and the seas of mud, when I saw a hand thrust under the tent-flap. I watched that

hand with interest and curiosity, and took my revolver into my own hand whilst I The hand was followed by an arm, and still I watched, with a grim determination to see this thing through to the end, without interrupting the intruder too soon. When the arm had cautiously pushed itself into the tent, a body proceeded to follow the arm, wriggling itself in with what I was bound to acknowledge was extreme cleverness, insinuating itself over the sopping ground like the snake of Eden itself after it had been deprived of its walking apparatus. And still I sat quietly there, my revolver in my hand, watching and watching. How long that writing, crawling process had lasted, I do not know, but after what seemed to me a very considerable time, the whole body which had followed the hand and arm had wriggled itself under the flap, and I saw that a man in native dress or, rather, the most completely ragged of native rags—was preparing to rise from his exceedingly recumbent position. first, and stood looking down at him, and a more miserable specimen of humanity it has seldom been my lot to behold. His fluttering rags seemed to be on the point of dropping off altogether; his turban almost appeared to be part of his head, so plastered down was it by the wet; there were great scars across his face; a stubbly beard concealed his mouth.

"I spoke to him in Arabic, bidding him stay where he was, and intimating that any false move on his part would be a fatal one for him. But over his scarred face there came the weirdest of smiles, and under his breath he whispered—

"'Right-o, mister! Rummy it should be

you and me again!'

"'Rummy it should be you and me again!" That was the way Joe put it. For the body that had wriggled itself into my tent, following the insimuating hand and arm, was the body of Joe Hardner—a filthy, unwashed, utterly unkempt Joe, but Joe, nevertheless.

"'What the—'I was beginning, staring at him as if he had been a ghost, and, indeed, he looked like some forlorn and restless spirit blown in out of the pitiless dark night.

'What on earth—

"'It's me, all right enough,' he replied to my unasked question, and he still spoke in a hoarse whisper. 'They ain't improved my beauty, them rotters ain't'—he nodded vaguely behind him—'but I reckon I've come out top dawg.' His whisper grew more faint, his face turned a queer dull grey, and

he crumpled up into a little heap on the floor with such suddenness that for a moment I thought he was dead. But I pulled him round with a drop of brandy, and I managed to heave him up into my camp chair, where he sat heavily and limply, as if he had fairly reached the end of his tether. His grey face bearing those strange scars, his exhausted appearance, his matted hair and stubbly beard, and the general filth and neglect of his whole person, were strangely unlike the Joe I had last seen in his own little home outside El Arbat; but the eyes, when they presently opened, were unmistakably Joe's eyes, the voice, hoarse and weak, was Joe's voice.

"'Top dawg—that's what I come out,' he repeated faintly. 'A 'ungry dawg, mister.' And the old twinkle shone for an instant in

the sunken eyes.

"I fed him as well as I could, and he ate as if he had not seen food for days, which I should rather fancy was the case. And not until he had satisfied his hunger, and looked less grey and exhausted, did I allow him to explain his presence in my tent.

"'Rummy, me findin' you 'ere, mister,' he said reflectively. 'I've 'ad the devil's own job, findin' the blessed old camp at all. This desert don't lend itself to gettin' about with No names o' streets marked, and no

scars on his face.

lamp-posts!'
"'But what made you come?' I said. 'Where have you come from, and why?' I suppose my glance expressed more than my words, for he put his hand up to the

""'Ow come I by these little 'all-marks?" he put in, with some of his old jocularity. "Ope the kids won't be frightened of me. But there, kids'll get used to anythin', These give 'em time. 'all-marks,' he repeated, running his fingers again along the scars, 'was done with somethin' 'ot and most unpleasant.' He laughed a cheery little laugh, whilst I gave an exclamation of

"'Oh, that's all right, mister,' he said quietly. 'Don't you worry. All in the day's work, that's the way I looks at it. All in the day's work. Bin doin' my bit, see? Nice way o' puttin' it, that is-doin' yer bit. I read that in an old scrap of newspaper what I come across.'

"'Your bit seems to have taken you into

some rough places, Joe, I said.

"'Pretty rough,' he answered, 'pretty rough. Them rotters, they ain't got the feelin's o' gentlemen. There ain't no playin'

the game abaht 'em. That's what I complain of—they don't seem to be no 'ands at playin' the game.'

"But what rotters?' I persisted. 'Where have you been? What have you been

doing?

"'Well, it was this way, yer see.' sat up with an evident determination to tell his story without further delay. 'After you come to my little 'ouse, I says to meself: "Joe, you got to go. You ain't goin' to stand out o' this." I knowed a thing or two by then, see? I knowed more'n one of the jargons what they talk in these parts, and I knowed 'ow to make myself look like one of the bloomin' So I up and says good-bye to the missus and the nippers, and it wasn't all cockles and ginger ale, that wasn't. then—well, I wormed my way there as I wormed my way 'ere, till I got among them enemy troops back there. He nodded vaguely in a direction somewhere outside the tent, but I, sitting on the edge of my camp bedstead, sat forward, listening breathlessly. If Joe had really been near the enemy lines, he might be able to tell us what we wanted to know-namely, exactly where the foe was located, and what were his dispositions.

"'The Turks, see?' he added for my further enlightenment, and I nodded. 'I can understand a lot o' their jargons, mind yer,' he continued earnestly, 'and I can talk 'em, too; but I wasn't goin' to be too free with my tongue, for fear it should make a slip. So I let the blessed bounders think I was deaf and dumb, but I give 'em to understand I could let 'em have a straight tip or two abaht where the English troops was—see? And all the time I was going to

learn every mortal thing I could.'

"Yes, I saw plainly enough he had taken his life in his hands and gone deliberately into the Turkish lines to find out everything that could be found out, and the meaning of those scars began to dawn upon me.

"'The blighters wasn't goin' to take me too much on trust, as you might say,' Joe continued, 'and they had their doubts about me bein' deaf and dumb. So they give me this 'ere brandin' to try and find out.' Joe chuckled. 'Thought I'd yelp when the hot irons touched me face. Not 'arf! I sat there like a graven image, sayin' nothin'. Thought a lot, though, and me thoughts wasn't very polite, nor the language in 'em very choice. And after they'd played around with me a bit, they give over, thinkin' I must be deaf and dumb, after all. So I learnt all I wanted to know.' And once again

he chuckled. 'I can tell yer every mortal thing about their troops,' he said, 'where they are, and all the rest. Got it all in my brain—them sort o' things is best kep' in the brain, not writ down. And I can tell ver——'

"'Hold hard,' I said. 'I shall have to take you to the commanding officer with your story. You've done a jolly fine thing, you know, and how on earth you managed to get from the enemy's camp here,

it passes me to imagine.'

"'I dunno as I could tell yer meself,' he answered slowly. 'It wasn't much o' a Bank 'Oliday, that wasn't. What with 'unger and thirst, and the wild beasts 'owlin' round, and what with gettin' in touch unexpectedly and unwillin' with enemy scouts, and the weather bein' not what could 'a' bin desired, and one thing and another, I ain't 'ad no beanfeast in this bloomin' old desert. don't seem very clear to my mind,' he added thoughtfully, 'whatever One above made these 'ere deserts for. 'Oo's the better for them, anyway?' It was a speculation I felt powerless to answer, so I only put a hand on Joe's shoulder and told him to rest a bit, whilst I went over to the Colonel and told him of this strange thing that had happened; and the Colonel insisted on coming back with me. But when, a few minutes later, he and I entered the tent together, we found Joe lying on the floor, his head pillowed on his arm, sleeping the sleep of profound and utter exhaustion.

"Poor chap!' the Colonel said softly. He has been through hell to do what he has done. It's a wonderful piece of work. But let him sleep a bit. We can do nothing

for the moment.'

"In the grey light of a wet and dismal dawn Joe told his story to the Colonel and me, and he further gave us information as to the position and numbers of the enemy, with countless other details of so minute a description that we marvelled how the man had stored them all in his mind.

"'You have done a magnificent thing,' Colonel Stacey said, with enthusiasm, when the hoarse Cockney voice had finished its wonderful recital. 'You have saved us from what might have been an irreparable disaster. You have given us a chance of inflicting the same upon the enemy.'

"'My lawks,' Joe ejaculated cheerfully, 'that's a little bit o' orl right, ain't it? And now I'll be 'oppin' back the way I come, and get a bit more information, as you might say.' He was standing up by the

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door of the tent, and a wash and brush-up of rather a perfunctory description had made him look less of a vagabond.

"'You are not going back?' the Colonel

exclaimed.

"'Not exackly back,' Joe explained, 'not to the same little lot. But I've got another grand tour mapped out, and I reckon I ought to be gettin' me tickets and passports.' He laughed, and we laughed with him, though I believe there were lumps in our throats.

"'You're a fine chap,' I said, when the Colonel had gone, and I was pressing food

upon Joe for his adventurous journey.

"'I dunno about fine,' he said, with that humorous twinkle in his eye. 'The coppers at Lime'us didn't useter think me a fine chap, did they, mister? I dunno about fine.' He looked out across the sea of mud, over which a thick rain was driving. 'It come to this, yer see. There was me little 'ome and the missus and the nippers on the one side, and there was somethin' catchin' 'old of me and callin' on the other. And the call did the trick, if you take my meanin'—the call did the trick.' He repeated the phrase with evident relish.

""I dunno as it is all rubbish about England and 'er sons, and all that blimed nonsense,' he added contradictorily. 'When you come up agin it, you can't let anybody else go messin' abaht with the Old Country's blessed old rag—can yer? Not when it comes to the point, yer can't. And when I've done my bit, there's always the little 'ome waitin' for me down there'—he waved vaguely towards where he took the south to be—'and the nippers. I give 'em the little old rag to keep—the one in the winder—yer know? They've got to learn, the nippers 'as, that there's somethin' in the old rag, after all—somethin' as calls yer, and yer got to go!'"

Again Fraser stopped speaking.

"You never saw him again?" I said.

"No, never again. But, oddly enough, only a month or so before I came back to England wounded, a little dirty letter was brought to me by a queer old native. How he had got it I never knew, but it bore these words, very strangely spelt—

"'They done me in worse this time. Got to discharge meself from the irregulars. Goin' 'ome. J.'"

"I wonder whether he got home to his nippers safely?" I said, after a long silence. "I hope he did."

"I wonder?" was Fraser's sole reply.



THE VILLAGE STILE.

BY BIRKET FOSTER.



"THE FOLLY FOUR,"

## INTERNED BRITISH SAILORS AND THEIR PIERROT TROUPE IN HOLLAND

By G. V. CARTER

HAPPENED to be staying recently at The Hague, the political capital of Holland, and, when walking one day through the town, my attention was caught by a very attractively designed poster announcing a performance by "The Timbertown Follies" at the Royal Opera House, in aid of the British Red Cross Society. I had heard so much about this troupe of British interned sailors that I decided, if possible, to attend the entertainment in question, and, on going to the box-office of the theatre, secured one of the few remaining seats.

What a delightfully real English evening I had, to be sure! The building was packed with a fashionable audience, and I heard English and French spoken all around. The Ministers of most of the Allied and Neutral States were present, as well as many high officers of State. The stage setting of black and white, with the troupe costumed in spotless white with black chequered edging. looked extremely tasteful, and the show

itself—the greater part of which was entirely conceived and originated by members of the company—was most enjoyable. The accompanying illustrations give an idea of the general effects, and of some of the costumes worn by this clever band of sailor artistes, whose name is a household word throughout Holland.

The entertainment was divided into two parts. The first half opened with a chorus sung by the whole company. I noticed that this item was written and composed by D. G. Godfrey, the "lady" of the troupe, and Fred Penley. Sentimental songs, dances, and comic turns, all most excellently rendered, followed in quick succession, the full company assisting in most cases. A novel feature of this portion of the programme consisted in the fact that the frequent changes of scenery and properties were made in full view of the audience, and were done, moreover, in such a comical or whimsical manner as to add materially to the interest of the show. For

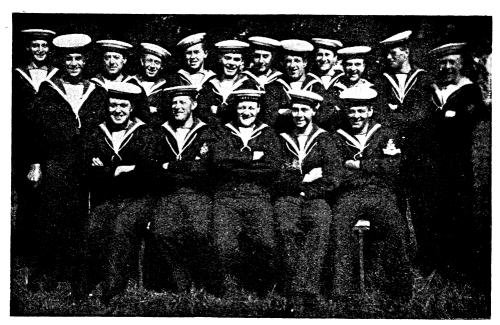
example, during a song and dance, the property masters brought on a long wall tricked out in black-and-white stripes. As soon as the song was over, a box was carried on, an artiste hopped from it and commenced a "Boogie-Boo" turn, which was accorded a tremendous reception. At the conclusion of this item Fred Penley came on dressed as a showman, and, clapping his hands with a "Hey-presto!" effect, converted the wall into a charming rococo garden. In these new surroundings a melodious-voiced tenor sang a charming love-song to an appreciative "lady." The curtain was not lowered to clear this scene, but one of

introduced to Mr. D. G. Harrison, the business manager, dressed, not in the conventional evening-dress, but in his bluejacket rig. "You want to hear about the Follies and their inception? Certainly," he replied to my request. "Come in here, where it is quiet"—leading me to a room off the stage. "Now, where would you like to begin?"

"I should like to hear the whole history, please, if you would be so kind." And this

is the story I heard.

After the fall of Antwerp, one thousand five hundred men, part of the Royal Naval Division, were interned in Holland, sent to



THE COMPANY.

the comedians assisted the stage hands, accompanying their combined efforts with some ludicrously funny business, garnished with many local and topical allusions. The first half of the programme terminated with a rattling chorus by the whole company.

The second portion of the programme was pure vaudeville, and some of the individual performances given would have been highly appreciated at the best of our own West End variety theatres. Here, again, the originality shown in the dialogue and business, together with the ingenious lighting effects, played a considerable part in the success which was scored by the company.

At the conclusion of the entertainment I made my way to the stage, and was

Groningen, in the extreme north of the country, and there placed in the town barracks. During the first period of inaction concerts were occasionally organised by the men for their amusement. At this time Mr. Fred Penley--son of the celebrated actor of "Charley's Aunt" fame—had conceived the idea of forming a pierrot troupe, and was looking out for the best talent which showed itself at these entertainments. In January, 1915, the men were moved to a new camp, "Timbertown," built specially for them near the barracks, and there the troupe was brought into being, and the first performance given in February, 1915, in the camp concert hall. This met with such a hearty reception that a second and a third

show were given. At one of these some Dutch friends from the town were present, and immediately suggested a public performance to which the townspeople could be admitted. The result was an entertainment given in the town theatre in aid of *The* 

Daily Telegraph Belgian Relief Fund, when the sum of thirty-five pounds was raised. This was the first of many similar shows in the town; but it was not until October, 1915, that permission was obtained from the Dutch authorities to give the performances in the Great Theatre, Rotterdam, which proved so successful that one hundred and twenty pounds were divided between several charities. After this success many invitations came to hand, and the entertainment above described was the hundredth given by the troupe. The Dutch authorities gave permission for these performances on condition that the proceeds were devoted to charity, and up to the end of 1917 the troupe had raised more than three thousand pounds for Dutch and Belgian charities, besides over one thousand pounds for the British Red

Cross Society. It is already apparent that these figures will be improved to a considerable extent during the current year, as the shows—given in almost every large town in Holland — have secured for the troupe a host of friends and admirers.

The company, numbering sixteen in all, are members of the London Royal Naval

Volunteer Reserve, and make all the dresses, properties, and scenery themselves, besides producing and working their own lighting effects. I was much interested, in looking round the stage, to see the baggage carried—electricians' boxes, containing the electrical



THE TIMBERTOWN FOLLIES.

fittings, limelights and lamps, carpenters' boxes, costumier's chest (with sewing-machine included), and many trays of costumes and properties. In fact, as Mr. Harrison said: "We just say to the theatre people, 'Show us the stage, and leave us to get on by ourselves,' because they don't understand our style a bit." What a splendid thing that these

young men, during their internment, can spend their time to such useful advantage, giving enjoyment to many, and in their turn having such an enjoyable time! Great

credit is due to Mr. Penley, the leader, for his production work. Everything is well rehearsed, there are no hitches, and the whole show goes with a true nautical swing.

One cannot close without a word of praise for the "lady" of the troupe. Dan Godfrey's performance is really the cleverest male impersonation of feminine rôles that I have seen. Mr. Godfrey is also an artist of considerable talent, as the posters prove. and scenery while several of the song librettos are written by him. Since I had this interview,

the Germans have taken him prisoner whilst he was on his way to England to visit his sick father.

The troupe have been fortunate, however,

in securing a very efficient successor to him in P. R. Morgan. The company has sustained a further loss by the withdrawal of Fred Penley, who has recently taken up

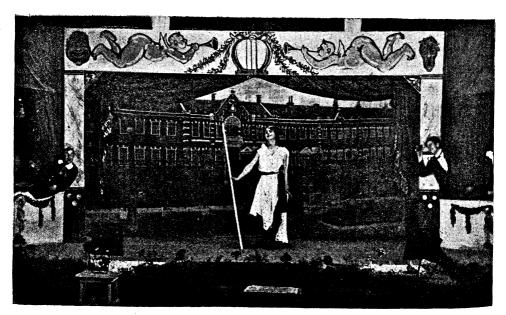
an important appointment with a film-producing firm in another part of Holland. He had, however, trained his colleagues so well in the methods of artistic production that they find no difficulty in maintaining the high standard established by him.

It may readily be imagined that, in the course of their various tours, the men have met with some amusing experiences. On one occasion it was discovered, some twenty minutes before the performance was to start, that two of the principal members of the company, who were to open the show,

were to open the show, had not arrived at the theatre. A dash was made for their hotel close by, where the truants were found slumbering peacefully in their beds (local hospitality on the



D. G. HARRISON, BUSINESS MANAGER.



A MUSIC-HALL BURLESQUE.

previous evening had been sustained and generous). It is doubtful whether any other than British sailors could have accomplished such a record in expedition as they put up, but punctual to the second the curtain rose with every detail complete.

On another occasion it was found at the last moment that a trunk containing all the "lady's" outfit had miscarried. The manager hastened to the nearest establishment at which the required articles could



THE SWING SONG.

be obtained, and had a most embarrassing time while explaining what he wanted to a young lady who possessed an extremely slight knowledge of English.

It is a source of pride and gratification to the men that, in the opinion of certain highly-placed diplomats of both nations, the troupe has played no small part in developing the favourable opinion towards this country which exists in Holland at the present time.

It seems curious that this company of



HICKS AND LANGDALE.

clever English sailors, who are known throughout Holland, have never been seen in their native country. Perhaps after the War we may see them. I sincerely hope so, for they are well worth seeing.



MR. FRED PENLEY,

## THE HOUSE

## By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

Illustrated by Arthur Garratt



FANCY that in the heart of every man there is a desire to build a home for himself. The mere renting of a house is nothing. In the first place, one has to take what one canget, and, whether large or small, the

place is not at all the kind of house one has dreamed of. But I do not think this gets to the root of the matter. The real longing is for something that has sprung into being at one's own bidding. Of course, there is generally an architect, and one does not, as a rule, pretend to be a bricklayer or a stonemason or a carpenter. But the owner has a say in the matter, and when the whole structure is finished, he looks upon it as his own creation. That I believe to be the root of the matter—the desire to create.

I think, too, one can say that the love of building is a natural instinct, handed down to us from the days when the cave-dweller saw the possibilities of a cave constructed according to his own ideas. At any rate, the child takes naturally to his wooden bricks, and, when he is older, he likes to make some form of shelter for himself, and, if his parents would suffer such a thing, he would live in it, deeming it more attractive and beautiful than any brick villa. It was only the other day that I passed along a country road in a shower of rain, and saw a very poor kind of tent indeed—just a few rags and sticks so frail that a high wind would have sent it flying over the hedge. It was on the roadside, and near by there was a very neat and water-tight cottage. The mother was calling her children in, but they lay huddled together under their tattered roof. They were brimful of joy. The place they had made for themselves was hardly a shelter at all, but it was just a shade less damp than the

grass outside. And therein, I think, lay their pleasure. They were fighting once again the first battle that the human animal was forced to fight.

All this, of course, bears on the case of Trimble, and must refute to some extent the theory that Trimble was mad when he first conceived the idea of building a house with his own hands.

I expect you may have heard of the man-John Trimble, a fairly well-known writer on social problems some twenty years ago. He was then forty, and had lived all his life in the ugly slums of a Northern manufacturing You may have read some of his articles, and also the first book he ever published—a special line, it was, about the workers in cotton mills, and intended to be the first of a long series dealing with various Then—he told me this himself —a doctor informed him that, if he wished to live more than another three years, he must live as much as possible in the open air, avoid the smoke and fog of big towns, and keep to the high ground. That is how he came to our part of the world and literally pitched his tent among us. purchased two acres of land on the very top of our limestone hills, and camped out all through the summer of 1897. With the exception of the magnificent views, the proximity of the main road over the hills, and a tiny stream of water that rose just beyond his ground and trickled through it towards the valley, his land had nothing to recommend it. I sold it to him myself for twenty pounds an acre, and it was then that he told me he was going to build a house.

I do not suppose you remember the portraits of Trimble that appeared in some newspapers at the time of the great strike in 1892, so I will describe the man to you. He was a lean, tall fellow with a white, emaciated face, and keen grey eyes, and soft goldenbrown moustache and beard. He looked to me, when I first saw him, like a man whose spirit was too strong and sharp for his body.

His voice was gentle, but very grave. There was no timidity or hesitation about him. I remember that I wondered how he would fare among our ordinary folk—whether we should like him, whether he would like us, whether, indeed, we should see very much of him, for the village lay at the foot of the bill.

Well, as I have said, he spent all his first season in a tent—just an old Army bell-tent with a waterproof sheet for the floor. It was during that summer that he told me of the series of books that he was going to write, and of the house that he intended to build in his spare time.

"I shall start it next spring," he said.
"I shall have to get through this winter as

best I can."

"It will be very cold up here," I warned him. "Why not come down into the village? You can get lodgings at Mrs. Dyer's."

She was the widow of a farmer, and I wished to do her a good turn, as well as

make things more easy for Trimble.

"I shall like the winter," he replied.
"I spent last winter at A——" He named a grimy Northern town. "I lived close to the coal-pits, and never lacked a good fire. But here—I'd like to see white snow. I expect the tent will be rather stuffy. I am going to give it two coats of tar."

It was not a very cold winter, and he came through it with nothing worse than a severe cold. He caught that on the night of a big gale, when his tent was carried away on to the top of an oak tree, and he spent two hours in the drenching rain before

he could get it down again.

"I'm all the better for this life," he said to me in March. "I'm getting hard and fit. We live too luxuriously in these days."

Then he showed me the plans of the house. They were modest enough, just two rooms on each floor, and a staircase—if one can call a step-ladder a staircase—from the kitchen to a bedroom. There was no landing. The whole idea was very simple and primitive.

"Stone," he said, "and good well-seasoned timber. I shall make the roof of corrugated iron and line it with thick tarred felt."

The plans were admirably drawn, and he had measured out every piece of wood to the fraction of an inch. I am not an architect, and I did not know if he had designed everything of sufficient strength, but he told me that he had purchased books, and that he had worked the whole thing

out carefully-"strain" and "thrust," and

"I'm going to do the whole job," he said with enthusiasm, "right from the beginning. I'll get mason's tools and carpenter's tools, and I'm going to blast out the stone and shape it. Of course, I shall have to rely on other folks' labour for the ironwork. I think the making of a fire grate is beyond me."

Well, he started his work a week later, and the hills echoed with the explosions of his blasting powder. By the end of the summer he had quarried and shaped sufficient stones to make the foundations and raise the walls to a height of three feet. During the autumn he worked like a slave at the actual building, but the weather was bad, and he was not able to lay all the stone that he had quarried. He spent that winter again in his tent.

"It's a slow job," he said to me one morning, when I looked in to see him, on the way back from one of my farms. "But I'm sticking to it. I can do a bit of carpentry in the winter. And I'm as hard as nails."

"How are the books getting on?" I

asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"They must wait," he replied, after a

pause. "I'm not wasting time."

I suggested that the work of his brain ought to be his first consideration, and that he could find a builder to finish off the cottage in two months.

"You don't understand," he replied. "In the first place, I've very little money. Then, again, this hard physical work is doing me all the good in the world. And, lastly, don't you understand that I want this house to be my own work—absolutely—"

"Barring the ironwork," I interrupted; "and, after all, Trimble, if it came to that—the tarred felt and the nails and screws

—you might as well say that——'

"Oh, you know what I mean," he said angrily. "Of course, there are limits to what a man can do. If I were in a desert island, for instance, I'd have to do with what I could get. But——"

"And then the glass for the windows," I

said--" why don't you make that?"

"Oh, it's all this cursed over-civilisation!" he shouted. "One man makes one thing, and one man makes another, and no one is self-supporting. The old way was better. One can't get back to that, of course. Still, one ought to do all one can—off one's own bat, so to speak."

By the end of the next autumn he had carried the walls to the height of six feet and had laid the floor. He spent that winter in comparative comfort, with sheets of corrugated iron laid flat on the walls to serve as a roof, and a fireplace and part of a chimney that carried some of the smoke into the open air. His pride in his own work was terrific. No child could have been better pleased with the largest box of toy

"You can't think what a comfort it is to have two rooms," he said. "I'm just beyond the tent stage. It's as dry as anything in here, and I can live in one room and do my carpentry in the other. I've done a bit of writing, too, in my spare time."

It was during that winter that I made the acquaintance of Hemming, the doctor who had told Trimble to live in the open He had come down to spend an afternoon with Trimble, had missed his train, and had, of course, been unable to return on the same day. I put him up for the night—he had refused to share Trimble's uncompleted house with him-and found him a very decent fellow, young and clever, and very modest, though he had a big name in the North of England.

"Cure working all right?" I asked him,

as we smoked our pipes after dinner.

"He's wonderfully fit," Hemming replied. "But I don't quite like this building mania. It's becoming a kind of mania, you know."

"A hobby," I said; "I've felt like that If my people hadn't built this house for me, three hundred years ago-Well, do you know, I rather envy Trimble, and I feel inclined to start on my ownalterations, you know—a new wing—just to show posterity that I could do a bit of

planning myself."

For a few moments Hemming did not Then he said: "My dear Mr. Lambley, with you it would be different it would be just a hobby. It ought to be that in Trimble's case—I think very likely it was at first. But now - well, he is neglecting his work, and he has real good work to do in the world. If you could use your influence—I don't quite like the way Trimble is going. It is a dangerous path, and there is a precipice at the end of it.

"Well, anyway, he must finish his house,"

I said.

"Yes, of course. Well, we shall see. When he has finished the house, he may settle down to his work again. But if

not—— Look here, Mr. Lambley, he may not send for me again. Will you write and tell me when the house is finished?"

I promised to write, but the house was not finished until two years later, and six months before that date I read of Hemming's death in the newspapers. He had been poisoned while experimenting with the germ of a new disease that had suddenly appeared in Central Africa, and he had died—a martyr in the cause of science.

IT was in the autumn of 1902 that the house was finished. I do not think that Trimble spent more than twenty pounds on the furniture, and he was not in the least proud of it.

"By degrees," he said, "I shall get rid of most of it—sell it for what it will fetch. Then I shall make some things of my own

—a table, chairs, a wooden bedstead."

"And weave the sheets and carpets and curtains," I laughed, "and mould the crockery, and hammer out the kettles and

frying-pans?"

"Very likely," he said quite gravely. "I have lots of room in here, and I am thinking of building a wooden shed—a sort of extension, as it were. It will be child's play after the house. It will be a workshop."

I thought it time to interfere. "Look here, Trimble," I said, "what about your real work? You've got something to give

to the world, haven't you?"

He paced up and down his little room. stopped when he heard a board creak, and frowned.

"The wood was not quite seasoned," he said. "That comes of relying on other people. I ought to have cut the timber myself years ago."

"Your books?" I said, after a pause.

"They will be of value."

"No," he answered sharply. "I've thought all that out. I don't see that any good can come of these books. I have changed my ideas. I used to think it was possible to improve matters by giving the working-man higher wages and more leisure. I don't think that any longer. It's simply raising the standard of living all round. Higher wages will make everything more expensive for the poor. Civilisation will go from bad to worse. We can't all have leisure and earn big money. In order to arrive at a general level of happiness, we must all have less and want less. We must go back to the days when a man was independentwhen he could supply his own simple wants, grow his own food——"

"Ah, food!" I interrupted. "What

about your food?"

"I am going to start on that presently—grow my own corn, grind it, and make it into bread. Oh, it will all take time, I can tell you."

"More time than a man can find in one lifetime, my dear Trimble. The division of

labour----

"Yes," he broke in, "and see what that has brought us to—a man turning out one kind of nut—the ten-thousandth part of a machine—and doing this all day and every day of his life. That isn't living at all. Whatever wages you pay that man, his soul

is as good as dead."

I spoke of free libraries, and reading-rooms, and evening classes, and trade, and war, and Heaven knows what else. But Trimble was quite firm. Society, he said, was getting too complex; one would have to unravel the whole of it and start again. If ever a big war came, a war that would blast the whole of civilisation and trade and class distinction to pieces, it would be a blessing for the human race: There would be a chance for the reformer.

"And as for writing a book," he said,
"I'm going to do that. And it will be the
story of my life. Now, I want you to look

at this window frame."

I looked at it. No doubt the village carpenter would have found fault with its construction, but it served its purpose.

"Clumsy, but strong," said Trimble.
"Things will have to be like that, you know. There will be no time for perfection of detail. You can't get that without specialising."

"And medical science?" I queried.

"We shall have no need of doctors or lawyers——"

"Or laws?" I said, with a laugh.

"Oh, yes, laws, justice, order—simple laws that a man can understand."

I could not see how his scheme of things

was going to work, and I said so.

"It will take years to plan," he replied—
"centuries, perhaps. I am only a pioneer.
But the change is bound to come. At first
it will seem as if we were going backwards,
and what we call civilisation will go backwards. But we shall retain all the really
valuable things—tolerance, justice, selfsacrifice, equality, liberty, everything that
matters."

I remembered that I had an appointment

with old Jenkins at four o'clock, and took my departure. As I rode down the hill, I heard Trimble hammering at the loose board in the floor. I was very anxious about the man, for I had grown to like him, and, now that Hemming was dead, it seemed to be nobody's business to look after Trimble.

Certainly, if I had thought it the least

likely that the girl would fall in love with Trimble, I should never have asked either

her or her mother to stay with me.

You see, I am a bachelor, and even at that time my knowledge of women had begun to grow a little rusty. The Bedfords were old friends of mine, and when Tom Bedford died out in India, and his widow and daughter returned to England after an absence of six years, it was only natural that I should wish to see the womenfolk again. Eileen, a child when I had last seen her, had grown up into a very pretty young womanthe sort of girl that I, in my ignorance, pictured as a pleasure-loving empty-headed little flirt, who would eventually become a good wife and mother of the super-strict and That is how the super-respectable type. child struck me after the first two or three days she spent in my house, and anyone more unlikely to fall in love with John Trimble it would have been impossible to imagine.

I did not really see how I was to blame in the matter at all. I naturally took Mrs. Bedford and her daughter to see Trimble and his house—just as one would take any visitor to see one of the sights of the neighbourhood—and Trimble—I remember that quite clearly—was just a little annoyed. He showed us round in a rather mechanical kind of way—as a verger shows one round a cathedral. You know what I mean—there was no enthusiasm

about him.

"What a queer fellow!" said Mrs. Bedford, as we walked down the hill. "I was just a bit afraid of him. What he calls the primitive life I call savagery. Just like a savage, isn't it, to do everything for oneself?"

Eileen was silent, and it was not until I was alone with her that she expressed any

opinion of Trimble.

"I think," she said, "that he is just splendid. You won't tell mother I said that, will you?"

I laughed. "My dear child," I answered, "you are both of you right. It is quite possible for a savage to be splendid."

She asked me if "doing things for



"To me the whole scene was so horrible."

oneself," if "doing with as little as possible" was a mark of the savage.

"Well, yes, in a way," I replied. "I mean, from the point of view of civilisation."

"What you call civilisation," she said, with a smile. And then I knew that she was a convert to Trimble's ideas. Of course, young girls are very receptive, and they are always ready to take up a craze.

"It is difficult to formulate a new scheme of life just now," I admitted. "Civilisation is so complex. But certainly Trimble is wrong. Nothing can be done well if everyone tries to do everything off his own bat."

She did not seem willing to argue about the matter. Certainly, if I had known what was to follow, I would have done my best to show her how utterly and hopelessly wrong



"'No, this will do."

Trimble was. Possibly I should have failed, but, at any rate, I should have done my best, and Mrs. Bedford would not have told me that I was an old fool.

The next day the girl attacked me again—attacked is, I think, the right word. She told me that she had felt quite ashamed of herself while Trimble was showing us over his house.

"And there was I," she said—"I can't even cook, much less spin yarn and weave cloth!"

"Horrid stuff!" I replied. "I bought some once and had a suit made of it. It pricks you."

"Like your conscience," she retorted.
Well, I hardly know the details of that
love affair, or how Eileen managed to meet

Trimble several times without her mother's knowledge. But the end of it all was that one afternoon the girl came to us and told us that she was a married woman. I left the ugly scene that followed this announcement,

and rode up to see Trimble.

"You're a cad, my dear fellow," I said.
"Can't you do anything properly—observe some of the decencies of life? You're behaving like a savage. Decent men don't marry girls in this hole-and-corner sort of way. And why are you here? Hadn't you the courage to come and tell me? I don't like that idea of leaving the girl to face everything alone."

He was not in the least ashamed of himself. He did not even take offence at my speech.

"It was her idea," he said. "I've had a good many things to arrange up here. I suppose you won't go so far as to wish me

happiness."

"Of course I wish you happiness," I replied, "but I do not see how you are going to get it. Upon my word, Trimble, you have shown the 'savage' in this. I wonder you didn't club the girl on the head

and drag her up here by the hair."

Well, we all had to make the best of it. One cannot dissolve a marriage by hard words or argument. I told Trimble what I thought of him, and went back to my house. Mrs. Bedford had retired to her room and locked the door. Eileen had packed all her things, and a hired fly was waiting outside the door.

"We are both so sorry," she said, "but it had to be done like that. We didn't want a long fight against you and mother.

I know I shall be very happy."

I put my hands on her shoulders and looked into her clear grey eyes. There was no laughter in them—only the shadow of some serious purpose in life.

"My dear child," I said, "happiness rests with yourself. I dare say you know Trimble better than I do. If you act as a brake——"

"That's just it," she replied. "That is what I am going to do. Yes—a brake."

"But you must not put it on too hard," I added.

I kissed her and she burst into tears. And I gave her a wedding present, after all—a hundred pounds.

Of course I am, as Mrs. Bedford told me, an old fool.

III.

I no not poke my nose into other people's affairs; but for that very definite rule in my life, I could possibly tell you a good deal

of what happened up there on the hill during the next year. Outwardly, at any rate, there were signs of progress—backwards. Trimble built his sheds, and I saw with my own eyes the furniture that he had made—very rough sort of stuff it was—and the cloth—Heaven preserve me from ever wearing any of it!—that Eileen had woven with so much patience and toil.

I might have known more of the process by which these two had fitted their lives together, if I had not been forced to winter abroad for my health. When I returned in May, the Trimbles had obviously settled down. I saw the result, but not the methods by which it had been obtained. The brake The swift wheel had evidently not acted. of Trimble's mind was still revolving rapidly. Eileen had apparently failed. She had even become part of the driving machinery. seemed quite happy, but I had no opportunity of speaking to her alone, and in any case I do not think that she would have said a word against her husband. Mrs. Bedford. who had taken a flat in London, knew no more than I did. I called on her one day, and we talked over things. "The girl is happy," she said. "She is always writing to tell me how happy she is. She has not asked for any money. You see them often. It is for you to give me the news."

I had to confess that I only saw what lay on the surface. Happiness? Yes, so far as I could judge, but no checking of Trimble in his career—rather the other way round. They were working hand in hand, cutting away first one thing and then another—reducing life to the minimum of dependence on others. They had a world of their own. It was almost like living on a desert island, up there in the hills. They were tackling too much, in my opinion, but they were

tremendously healthy.

"If I could only get Eileen away for a bit!" she murmured. There spoke the cunning woman of the world—a woman with no breadth of wisdom, but a narrow cunning.

"That might mean a tragedy," I replied.
"If one puts the brake on too hard—well, a smash. They're happy; let them be content

with that."

Mrs. Bedford agreed with me, but a week later, when I visited the Trimbles, I found Eileen staring sullenly at a beautiful silk evening frock, a gift from her mother. It was hanging over the back of a chair, and I quite understood the meaning of it. One could only regard it as a bomb.

"Well, you can't turn out a thing like

that." I laughed.

"No," she replied. "But does one want things like that?" She stretched out a hand and fingered the silk. There was almost a caress in her touch.

Then Trimble came in, bare-armed and grimy, from his forge. His hands were

glistening with black oil.

"Get a duster, Eileen," he said. "No, this will do." And he caught hold of the pale green dress and wiped his hands on it. I said nothing. I only looked at Eileen, and she actually smiled.

"It was no good for anything else," she "I shall cut it up and make

use of it.

To me the whole scene was so horrible that I could hardly keep my hands off the man. It was almost as though he had wiped his filthy hands on Eileen's bright hair. And the worst part of it all was that she did not seem to be annoyed. She was apparently the slave of this man. I could not forget the way she had touched the soft silk with her fingers. Even a savage woman on some island of the South Pacific would have cried out in anger, but this delicately-nurtured English girl had said nothing.
"Now I can shake hands," Trimble said;

and I was forced to shake hands with him.

Mrs. Bedford never knew the fate of her gift, and she followed it up with others-a large box of chocolates tied with pink ribbons, a silver manicure set, face powders, hair-brushes with tortoise-shell backs, useless odds and ends of silver and gold and ivory, dainty affairs of lace and silk and fine linen, just articles of luxury. It was like dropping shells into a fortress—harmless little shells that, so far as I knew, failed to explode. And Trimble toiled on at the forge and the carpenter's bench, and Eileen laughed and joked, as she wove her cloth and tried to make breakfast cups out of yellow clay.

It might all have been a huge joke. I think I should have enjoyed it if it had not been for my remembrance of Hemming. There was certainly something humorous about Mrs. Bedford's bombardment of the little home on the hill. But then Hemming? One was bound to respect the opinions of a man like that. He had looked forward into the future, and he had not known the worst. He had pictured Trimble as gradually nearing a precipice as he walked his path alone; but now a woman was walking by Trimble's side, and she seemed powerless to hold him back. She would not leave go of him. I could see now that Eileen was not that sort of woman at all. She would rather be dragged down to destruction, let her mind go with his, fight to the last with him against the forces of super-civilisation.

"We must get her up to London," I said to Mrs. Bedford, when I returned from my winter visit to the South of France, "on some excuse or other. She wants a change —she is working too hard."

Mrs. Bedford, who knew very little of the real danger, agreed with me. Yes, certainly Eileen must be got out of her groove—must be shown pretty things and be tempted with luxuries. If she could once be got away from that horrible "hovel" on the hills, she would never return to it.

"To-morrow," said Mrs. Bedford, "I shall be taken very, very ill, and I shall wire

for Eileen."

The plan was elaborated between us, and I returned to Netherstone by a train which landed me in time for dinner. I had not been home for six months, and I asked my butler for news of the village. Nothing had happened except that the wife of a farmer had given birth to twins. dinner the Rector, a big, well-fed, middleaged fellow, came in to smoke a pipe

"I want to talk to you about Trimble," he said, when we had discussed one or two very ordinary matters. "I met him this afternoon in the village, bare-headed and no shoes or socks on his feet, and it was pouring with rain. He looked a bit wild, I thought. He stopped and spoke to me—asked me if it wouldn't be better if I had nowhere to lay my head. He suggested I should sell all I have and give the proceeds to the poor —he was quite rude, in fact. I think he ought to be in an asylum. And I think it's your business, Lambley, to protect his wife —these savages have curious ideas about women, you know."

I held out no hope of interference, and the Rector droned on about Trimble, whom he had always disliked. "Turning everything upside down," he said-"an anarchist, possibly." And then the butler came into the room and said, in much the same tone of voice as he might have employed in announcing dinner, that there was a fire up on the hill, and that he hoped it was not Mr. Trimble's house. We hurried out into the garden, and saw a jagged crimson patch of light against the black wall of the hill. It was too high up for ' Corfield's hill barn, too low down for the wood.

A few minutes later I was on my way up the hill with three of my servants. Half the village was trailing up there in the moonlight. The young and active passed me, but I passed others—the slow and old. They were chattering and laughing as if they were going to a fair. One man had a tin bucket, and it jangled in a steady rhythm. I had left the Rector in my warm nest of a library. He said that Trimble had lit a bonfire—possibly some savage rite of his own-to sacrifice to strange gods. In any case the hill was an obstacle for a man with a weak heart.

I came breathless to the wooden fence that Trimble had built round his property, but there were twenty others before me. Fifteen of them looked on helplessly, and five pitched water out of buckets on the The house was well alight, and the roof of tarred felt and corrugated iron had already collapsed. I could not see Trimble anywhere, and I did not see Eileen until I had searched ten minutes for her. Then I found her near the edge of the wood. She was kneeling on the wet grass, her face covered with her hands. I caught her by the arm and pulled her to her feet. "Where's your husband?" I asked.

She pointed further up the hill. And then she suddenly gave a scream of fear and ran down towards the house. I could overtake her, I saw her among the crowd, gesticulating, pushing them back, shouting at them. I could not hear her voice above the crackle of the flames, but I could see her mouth open and shut, as her face was silhouetted against the glow

of the fire.

Before I reached her, Trimble had shot past me, and I saw him dragging her away from the flames. Then he caught sight of me, and he whirled me away towards the And as we reached it-I think we rushed clean through the crazy fence of wood-there was a white flash of light and a great roar, and we were both driven forward by some enormous pressure behind us, and flung into a soft heap of shouting and screaming people.

I rose with all the wind knocked out of But Trimble did not move. He lay face downwards, and there was a red mess of skin and hair on the back of his head. crowd gathered round him. The fire was over. It had been kicked to pieces by the

uplifting foot of a giant.

Trimble and his wife are living now in a small, very ordinary house on the Yorkshire moors, and Trimble is writing the third book of the series. You can judge how little I have learnt of the origin of the fire, when I tell you that to this day I do not know whether Trimble or his wife started it, or whether—but I doubt this—it was only the result of an accident. Of course, if there had been an inquest on Trimble, one might have got at the truth through sworn evidence. But both Trimble and Eileen say that neither of them were in the house at the time the fire started—that they both lost their heads, and forgot all about the remnant of the blasting powder.
You can believe this if you like. But

one thing was certain enough. The blow on Trimble's head knocked—I use the words of the Rector-"all the nonsense out of him."

Trimble, in other words, lost his desire to improve the world. Mrs. Bedford said that he had not the pluck to start all over again; even his corn, sown and reaped by his own hands, had perished. But I don't think Trimble was that sort of He was not beaten. He had merely changed, and the blow on his head-so much stronger than any argument-must have changed him.

He spoke to me of "a brief madness," and that set me thinking. And I told Eileen what he had said, and quite expected her to answer: "He means his brief years of sanity — free from the world-madness." But she said nothing of the sort. She only smiled, and then she showed me something that he had written—she was typing his manuscript for him. It was a description of the blast furnaces of his native town, and it contained this rather remarkable passage—

"The first fire lit by man," he had written, "marked the first great step in his upward journey from the animal world. Small wonder that he worshipped it. And whatever the future of the race may be, fire will always stand between man and the mental darkness from which he freed himself."

"Fire worship!" I said. "You don't mean to tell me that he had gone back so far as that?"

"No, no," she laughed. "What-are you talking about?"

"But why did you show me this?" I asked.

She laughed again. "Only to show you how well I have learnt to type. You mustn't get any silly ideas into your head."

## PIPPIN

### By DOROTHY MARSH GARRARD

Illustrated by A. E. Jackson



EGGY want to go shave, Daddy!
Peggy want to go shave, Daddy!''
Peggy, aged three, all but a quarter, sturdy and straight-limbed, with blue eyes that gazed with perfect confidence on all the

world, made her request, equally certain it would not be denied her. For never, never, since she could remember at all, had Daddy refused her anything. Mummy, perhaps, sometimes—Nanniefrequently—Daddy never. But Daddy did not even seem to hear her. His back was turned, and he was speaking to Mummy, loudly, almost crossly. "I can't stick it another day!" he said twice over.

Peggy's lip dropped. Her eyes filled with tears. She was a sensitive little soul, although not addicted to unnecessary wailing. Then

Daddy turned and saw her.

"Never mind, darling," he cried, sweeping her, dressing-gown and all, into his arms. "Peggy shall come and see Daddy shave"—and forthwith the usual morning programme was played out. But quite undoubtedly Daddy was distracted. He forgot the rules of the game, which indicated, at a certain point, Peggy's nose should receive a dab of soap, and at a later she should descend from her chair and study her appearance in the round looking-glass. He even forgot—most important of all—to shave Pippin.

Pippin was a rag doll. He was dressed as a French soldier, and even in his early youth had made no pretensions to personal beauty. But he was Peggy's oldest and most dearly-loved possession. He participated in all her own daily occupations, and every morning, after Daddy had finished his own operations, he shaved Pippin. And now he had for-

gotten.

"Daddy not shave Pippin!" came a sad

little voice. Peggy hugged the neglected one closer to her to make up.

Once again was Daddy swiftly repentant. He made a fresh, lovely lather. He shaved Pippin more thoroughly than he had ever done before. But still there was something missing.

Peggy could not make it out. Mummy, too, was somehow different. Even Nannie and Cook and Ellen seemed to forget their usual attitude of regarding her as the centre orbit round which the entire house revolved. And Daddy was now at home all day. That is to say, instead of going regularly each morning "to town in a big train," he went in and out at all odd times, returning laden with parcels of peculiar shape. Sometimes Mummy went with him. Sometimes she stayed at home and worked feverishly at socks and other funny, brown woolly things. It was all very puzzling.

At last one day Daddy appeared dressed in clothes all of that same queer brownyyellowy colour, with bright buttons on them, and high, glistening boots. Peggy knew at once what that meant. Daddy was now a "soldier boy." Lots of people she knew-Uncle Jack, Uncle Claude, and most of the big boys with whom she had used to romp, were now "soldier boys." And when they came in all their bravery to say good-bye, Mummy always told her to kiss the soldier boy, so that, when he won the Victoria Cross, she could say she had kissed a hero. Peggy did not know what the Victoria Cross meant. She had an idea it was somehow connected with the hot-cross buns she had once tasted and found good. But, anyhow, she knew Daddy was now a soldier boy, so she must kiss Daddy.

"Peggy kish Daddy," she remarked conversationally. "When Daddy get Victorwia Cwoss, Peggy say she kished a herwo." But

this time no one laughed.

Mummy went hurriedly out of the room. Then Daddy stooped and picked her up in his arms. "Daddy's going away, sweetheart," he said quite gravely and slowly, so that she should understand, "and Peggy must be a very good little girl, and take care of Mummy until he comes home again."

Peggy nodded, her blue eyes wide with the solemnity of the occasion. "And Pippin," she said anxiously. "Daddy not forget Pippin." "And Pippin." Daddy's voice was reassur-

"And Pippin." Daddy's voice was reassuring. "Peggy take good care of Mummy and Pippin, and then we'll all be happy together again." He held her to him so tightly that it almost hurt, and poor Pippin's nose was flattened still further on his homely face. Then he kissed her again, put her down, and was gone, shutting the door behind him. Peggy stood a moment, her lip quivering. Then she tried to reshape Pippin's nose.

Soon Mummy came in. She called Peggy, and together they stood watching a funny old cab disappearing up the road. There were several cases on top of it, and Daddy leaned out of the window, waving his hand-kerchief until he turned the corner and was out of sight. "Daddy win Victorwia Cwoss," remarked Peggy, quite happy again, but suddenly remembering that Daddy was now a "soldier boy."

"Oh, don't, darling!" cried Mummy quickly. She walked away from the window. "What do I care about Victoria Crosses, so long as he comes back?" she said in a low, fierce voice, as if speaking to herself.

Peggy stood quite still. There was something in Mummy's tone that made her feel she would rather like to cry. Then she set her small lips determinedly. "Peggy goin' to take good care of Mummy and Pippin till Daddy comes home. Then we'll all be happy togever again," she said, as being the most consoling thing she could think of.

Lots of things began to happen in those days. Soon Mummy and Peggy left the place called "home," and went away to a cottage in the country. Peggy enjoyed the journey, although Pippin did get nearly left behind in the train, and was only rescued in the nick of time by a red-faced porter. seemed funny at first without Nannie and Cook, and with only Ellen to look after her. And Daddy didn't come back. Mummy always told everybody now that he was in Mesopotamia. Peggy soon learned to pronounce the word—Mes-o-pot-amia—and was very proud of it. She and Pippin often paid imaginary visits there. It was a lovely country-all flowers and birds and little streams. She used to dream about it at night, and in the daytime she and Mummy and

Pippin went for long rambles in the real country, and found all sorts of interesting things, including the duck-pond.

Peggy adored the duck-pond. It had an It was so irresistible attraction for her. green at the sides, so full of mystery at its further end, and she was not allowed to go near it. That, possibly, was its greatest Mummy, however, was very firm. She remembered escapades connected with duck-ponds in her own early youth, and the dire consequences thereof. But one day Mummy went to the Vicarage—to the "sewing for soldiers" meeting. Peggy and Pippin had been once, and found it very dull. Also their efforts at sorting tapes had not met with the success they deserved, and the tea was most uninteresting. So now, on Thursday afternoons, they went out with Ellen. And this day Peggy had a plan.

They went out directly after dinner. It was a lovely afternoon, and as Ellen was not, like Mummy, quick in the uptake, it was quite easy to lure her in the direction of the duck-pond. At least, Peggy ran, and she ran after her. Ellen was fat, so that, by the time they arrived in the vicinity of the duck-pond, she was quite willing to sit down and knit socks for her "young Alf in France." And Peggy enjoyed herself.

The duck-pond was quite big. One end was all bright green and shiny, while the other had dark trees overhanging it. was a little, sluggish stream running through the middle of it, on which swam the four or five rather bedraggled-looking ducks from which it took its name. Peggy revelled in the duck-pond. She could always imagine the most lovely things about it, and it had all the delights of the forbidden. She had a gorgeous time. She grew hotter and hotter, and dirtier and dirtier, and happier and happier. Then, as always when we seem to have just attained the summit of earthly bliss, the tragedy happened.

Pippin fell in. Pippin had fallen into places before, including the sea and the kitchen fire, but Daddy had always been near at hand to rescue him. This time there was no Daddy, and Ellen was quite ineffectual. By the time she had been roused from her dreams of the absent Alfred—she was, indeed, sound asleep, her knitting fallen on her lap—Pippin had been carried right out on the current of the little stream, until he came to a snag of half-submerged tree trunk and there stuck fast, his head—that ridiculous, bloated head—set on top of his attenuated neck, where the stuffing had



slipped down, drooping miserably over a twig.

Ellen fished with a stick. She even attempted to paddle, and grew almost as dirty as Peggy in her efforts to retrieve the lost beloved. It was all no good. And then Peggy cried. It was not often she cried, but, when she did, she did the thing thoroughly. Ellen was distracted. She knew that without a boat—and, so far as she knew, there was not a boat for miles—it was practically impossible to rescue Pippin. Peggy still cried. At first she stubbornly refused to leave the spot. Then suddenly she thought of Mummy. Mummy was certainly not so good at extracting her from difficulties as

Daddy, but still she had by this time become fairly expert. So when Mummy, accompanied by Mrs. Brown, came out from the Vicarage, there was a little, forlorn figure, bearing the evidences of her grief and the duck-pond all over her, waiting at the gate. Ellen, also tearful, was in the background.

"Of course, if the War Office have been unable to give you any information about your husband for so long as nine weeks, there does not seem much chance of his safety," Mrs. Brown was saying. She was about to enlarge indefinitely upon her theme, when suddenly she saw Peggy. "Good gracious," she exclaimed, "whatever child is that?"

"My darling," cried Mummy at the same

moment, "what is the matter?" Mrs. Brown went on. She liked children clean and sweet-smelling, and, anyway, had always considered Mummy rather too unconventional.

"Pippin fell in the pond!" wailed Peggy.
"Mummy come and find Pippin!" And forthwith Mummy, clad in white linen, and, in her own horror at the catastrophe, quite forgetting to scold either Peggy or Ellen for disobedience to orders, hurried in the direction of the duck-pond. But it was no use. Pippin by this time was still further submerged. She tried everything, from climbing the old pollard willow, that

stretched far out into the stream, until it cracked, to fishing with her new sunshade.

It was quite futile.

"It's no good, darling," she said at last.
"We must leave poor Pippin now; but
to-morrow I'll get a man with a boat, and
we'll come and fetch him." Peggy said
nothing. She had stopped crying, and she
turned obediently homeward. Hand-inhand, she and Mummy—for Ellen, suffering
from a guilty conscience, had long since
taken flight—both equally depressed, climbed
the hill leading to the cottage. And there,
in the cottage door, stood Daddy!

At first Peggy was not quite sure it was Daddy. Daddy had been jolly and round-faced, with cheeks almost as rosy as her own, and this big man was thin—oh, so thin—and his face was quite brown, with funny little lines round the mouth and eyes. But Mummy knew him, and in a second she was in his arms. Somehow Peggy got included too, and then she knew for certain it was Daddy, for he kissed just the same.

"Good Heavens, I'm strangling the kid!" said Daddy at last, and his voice was just the same, too, only a little deeper. He sat up, and his face looked for the minute quite young again. "Why, how she's grown! But

what a little sweep she looks!"

"Daddy come and fetch Pippin!" cried Peggy suddenly. She pulled at his hand, her face scarlet with anxiety. "Pippin fell in pond," she explained hastily.

Daddy looked at Mummy, his face blank.

"What on earth does she mean?" he asked. Peggy's eyes were full of incredulous reproach. Surely Daddy could not have forgotten Pippin?

"You know, Dick," interrupted Mummy—"her rag doll. The soldier that you gave her. You remember Pippin?" Even Mummy's voice was a tiny bit reproachful.

"Oh, the old Poilu!" Daddy's eyes—those eyes that seemed to have something new lurking at the back of them—cleared. "He's fallen in a pond, has he? All right. We'll go and dig him out by and by."

But Peggy was already at the door. She started running down the little tiled path. Mummy and Daddy looked at each other half apologetically for a second, and then followed. Down they went, as quick as Peggy's weary little legs—she finished the journey on Daddy's shoulder—would carry her. Quickly they reached the duck-pond.

Pippin was still there. His head drooped even more resignedly. He was almost entirely submerged in green slime. But Peggy found him at once. With a scream of joy she pointed out the head to Daddy.

Daddy eyed it with distaste. Then he shrugged his shoulders and measured the distance. With one spring he was on the rotten tree trunk. He leant down, while it creaked ominously. He fished Pippin out with a branch torn from the willow, and threw him on to shore. As he righted himself, the whole tree swayed. "Oh, take care, Dick!" cried Mummy.

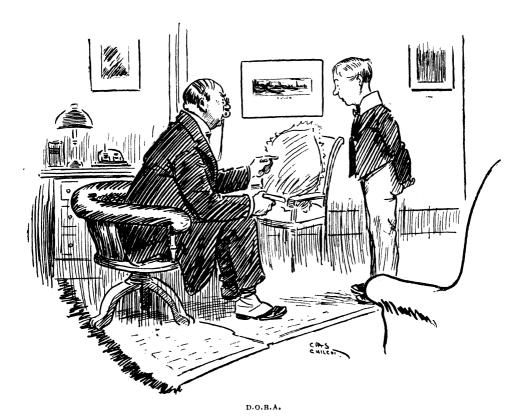
But, as she spoke, Daddy sprang back to earth, landing in some three inches of green mud. "And my boots had such a shine on them!" he said ruefully, glancing down at their besmirched beauty.

Peggy picked up Pippin. She held him close to her. "Peggy took good care of Mummy and Pippin until Daddy come home again," she said, some memory of the distant past coming back to her. "Mummy kish Pippin," she added imperatively.

And although Pippin was green with the green of the duck-pond, although he was perceptible by a sense other than that of

sight, Mummy kissed him.





IRATE FATHER: Your Master gives you a very bad report. What have you been up to, sir?

Bobby (who reads the papers): I am sorry, Father, but I cannot tell you. I do not think it would
be in the public interest to do so.

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

A GAME OF NAP. By H. A. Postlethwaite.

"I'm told you can stop a man drinking by putting powders in his coffee," said Sergeant William Yardley, "you can cure a man of bad language by correspondence tuition, and acid drops are said to take away the taste for smoking; but the genuine, guaranteed, neverfailing remedy for gambling isn't on the market.

"All the same, I knew one bunch of fellows who were persuaded to give it up for quite a time.

"We were in billets at Wandleton, in a row of large untenanted houses that had been fashionable before the 'buses ran down the street, and the gasworks opened up behind, and the cemetery took over the vacant fields in front. We put the recruits in as they came, and they chummed together marvellously.

"One little group caught my attention from the first; there were five of them—a comedian, a dentist, a drayman, a solicitor, and a grocer. They slept in the window-bay of the big room of my billet, and they were the life and soul of the house. The comedian was as amusing off the stage as he was rotten on, the dentist could have talked for a month without getting tired, and the drayman could bowl over the two of them with a couple of words when he liked.

"But men of that type, when they're not joking and fooling, are the mopiest and moodiest of the human species. Every now and again there would be an evening when they couldn't raise a smile between them, and on one of those evenings someone produced a pack of cards.

"After that the fun seemed to go out of the party. Once in a way the comedian would strike out and give us a laugh, but the others sat sucking cigarettes and counting ha'pennies. Their tempers suffered; they quarrelled with other groups of pals and among themselves, and they got to be a disreputable lot altogether.

"Then Brenton came to the billet. He was a big, breezy young man, with steady eyes and a confident, optimistic kind of voice. He was the sort of man to command attention,

and, though he never preached, he somehow got round those fellows and made them ashamed of their bickering and squabbling. Inside a week the big room was a different place; the

men even stopped swearing.

"But he couldn't cure their gambling. It was plain he didn't like cards, and at first the others used to wait until he went out before they began a game. But when they got more used to him, they started inviting him to take a hand, in a joking way. From that they got to chipping him, and the dentist tried to get him to argue it out. One night he asked him point-blank why he wouldn't play.

"'If I did,' Brenton said, 'you'd want to

turn me out of the billet in a week.'

"'Suppose you try and see,' said the

comedian.

"They argued for about five minutes, but I could see that Brenton wasn't counting much on being able to persuade them, and in the end he sat down with them for six-handed nap.

"'I'll play to-night,' he said, 'and as often as you like for a week—if we are still on

speaking terms.'

"I watched, for I wanted to find out what Brenton meant, and I've never seen anything in my life like that game. He won everything.

"He scarcely looked up from the cards while he played, and he didn't smile once. He would grunt out 'Your call' before the last card had fallen, and he played as though his soul was in the game.

"After about an hour the grocer dropped out. 'I'm not going to borrow,' he said.

"'Nor I,' said the drayman. 'This ain't

"'Nor I,' said the drayman. 'This ain'

"There were four of them left, and they doubled the stakes. Brenton took three naps

running.

"That finished the dentist. He was about to deal, but, instead, he threw the pack at Brenton's head, kicked over a chair, and stamped out of the room.

"Brenton laughed loud, and changed his winnings from his tunic pocket to his trouser pocket. 'What time shall we start to-morrow?'

he asked, but he didn't get any reply.

"That was the last game of cards in that window-bay. The comedian suggested another game the next evening, but no one else would play, so he and Brenton went and played billiards at the Y.M.C.A.

"It says a lot for Brenton, though, that he wasn't a bit the less popular for winning their money. Many a man would have had to put up with nasty insinuations, but they all seemed

to forget it after a day or so.

"Of course, I wondered how he'd done it. I didn't like to ask him, but about a month later, on our last evening in those billets, he came to

me with a slip of paper in his hand.

"'Sergeant,' he said, 'I suppose we'll most likely get scattered after to-night. This is a list of the money I took from the boys the night I gave them that lesson in nap. Could you manage to give it back to them for me?'

"I promised to do what I could, and then my curiosity got the better of me. 'How did you do it?' I asked him.

"'It was a perfectly square game,' he told

ne. 'But I knew I'd win.'

"'Scientific nap is a different thing,' he said. 'I know some mathematics, and I have all the common probabilities by heart. Also I'm a commercial traveller, and I've studied the game as a doctor studies a disease. I had good luck that night, but I was bound to win sooner or later against those men.'

"'Well, you did the billet a good turn by curing them,' I said. 'But if ever there was a gambler born, you're him, and it beats me how you came by the moral courage to set about

reforming them.

"He laughed.
"'I'll tell you, sergeant,' he said. 'I love
the cards, and it goes to my heart to pass them
by. But I have sworn an oath... You've
been engaged yourself, sergeant?'

"I have not, but I let him talk on.

"'It was a case of the coloured pasteboards or her,' he continued, 'and the pasteboards lost. I haven't played, except that once, for ten weeks.'

"'All the same,' I said, 'that was no reason

for robbing them of their diversion.

"'No,' he said. 'But I'm hanged if I could chum in with a nap-playing crowd and not take a hand.'"



A CERTAIN learned professor had the not uncommon scholastic failing of absent-mindedness. One day, it appears, his married sister favoured him for a long time with loud praises of her first-born. When she paused for breath at the end of her recital, the professor felt that it was incumbent upon him to say something.

"Can he walk?" he asked, with affected

interest.

"Walk? Why, he's been walking now for

five months!"

"Is that so?" murmured the professor, lapsing into reflection. "What a long way he must have gone!"

ARS.

\_"Sir," said the young man, "your daughter

has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy," replied the callous parent; "you might know something would happen to you, hanging round here five nights a week."



CHARMING GIRL (overheard speaking in an omnibus): Why did they turn Charlie down?
HER FRIEND: On account of his eyes.

CHARMING GIRL: Why, I think he has beautiful eyes! Don't you?

Born 1820 still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "'Age for counsel, youth for action.'"

DIPLOMAT: "But you, Monsieur, combine both ze age and ze youth. 'Born 1820—still going strong.' Voila!"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, SCOTCH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

HENRY, aged four, had just returned from the hospital, where he had been introduced to a brand-new baby brother. His grandfather met him at the door and said-

"Well, sir, how did you like him?"

"All right," said Henry indifferently.

"Well, but what do you think of him?"

insisted his grandfather.

"Oh," said Henry, in a somewhat apologetic tone, "you see, he looked so funny I didn't know him."



"DID your wife scold when you went home so late last night?"

"You don't know what it is to have a wife

Is your name Smith? Then this will amuse you. An old lady was travelling for the first time in a large city, and saw a glaring sign on the front of a high building which read: "The Smith Manufacturing Company."

As she repeated it aloud slowly, she remarked to her nephew: "Well, I've heard tell of Smiths all my life, but I never knew before

where they made 'em.'



Wife of Shopman (reading from newspaper): It says here there are two thousand cases of mumps in the city.

Shopman (absently): How many in a case?



"SOME" SCHEME.

SHE: Was your C.O. pleased, Algy, when you told him my idea for beating the Germans on the Western Front? ALGY: Pleased! I should jolly well think he was. Why, he laughed for hours!

who was once a school teacher. She simply made me write one hundred times on a slate: 'I must be at home every night by ten o'clock.'"



While taking a walk with her mother one day, little Mabel was much interested in the crowd of people outside a grocery shop.

"Mummie, what are they waiting for?" she

"That, darling, is what is called a tea queue -the people have to await their turn to purchase tea," replied mother.

"But, mummie, what about the tram and 'bus queues I've heard papa speak of? Surely people don't buy trams and 'buses!"

Doctor: Tell your wife not to worry about that slight deafness, as it is merely an indication of advancing years.

HUSBAND: Doctor, would you mind telling her yourself?



WILLIE and Jack are two youngsters who are The other day the pugilistically inclined. following conversation took place between

"Ah," said Willie, "you're afraid to fightthat's all it is."

"No, I'm not," protested Jack, "but, if I fight, my mother'll find out and punish me."

"How'll she find it out?"

"She'll see the doctor goin' to your house."

## THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH.

THE DR. EDWIN W. ALABONE TREATMENT.

POR some time past public notice has been directed to the "Alabone" Treatment for Consumption, which, it is averred, has been successful in restoring to perfect health many persons in all grades of life who have been pronounced incurable by the highest authorities. So many supposed cures have been vaunted for this dreadful malady, only to be used for a short time, and then to sink into oblivion, they being utterly useless as a cure, that it is only natural we should view with a certain amount of mistrust such a claim as has been made for the "Alabone" Treatment, unless such a claim can be fully substantiated by the highest authorities and by the most indisputable evidence.

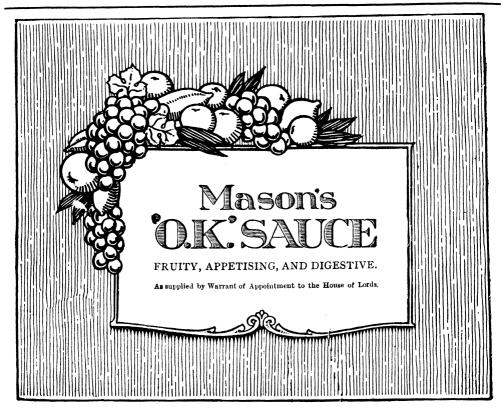
The "Alabone" Treatment is not infallible, and does not profess to work miracles, although, seeing some of the cases were actually at death's door, it seems almost miraculous that they should have completely recovered and still remain in good health; yet such is the case, and the enormous value of this specific treatment, which has been instrumental in restoring to perfect health some thousands of persons who, but for its aid, would have met premature death from phthisis, lies in the fact that the inhalations, which play such a prominent part in this method of treatment, penetrate to the actual seat of the disease, and

consequently treat it locally, which in by far the greater number of cases means complete eradication.

One cannot do better than advise any reader desiring further particulars regarding this successful treatment for the cure of consumption to communicate with the Secretary, the Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5, who will gladly answer any inquiry.

Up till the present time an incalculable amount of permanent good has been accomplished by the use of the "Alabone" Treatment, not only in instances of persons suffering from actual consumption, but also in cases of bronchitis, asthma, and similar ailments, and there is no doubt that, as time goes on, the treatment recommended by Dr. Alabone (known as the "Alabone" Treatment of Consumption and Asthma) will become still more extensively employed.

The important treatise on tuberculosis, entitled "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S.Eng., is worth a careful perusal, and can be obtained for 2s. 6d., post free, from Lynton House, 12, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5. The volume contains invaluable information upon this vital subject.



#### GETTING MARRIED.

"ABOUT three times a week," said Mrs. Perkins, "somebody calls and begs and prays of me to insure myself. It can be done for a penny a week, upwards, according to your taste in funerals. Perkins, who's been a Socialist ever since the price of beer went up, ses there wouldn't be no need for insurance if the State did its duty and gave everybody a pension as soon as they was born. But what gets over me is that no one ever offers to insure you for getting married, which, according to my way of thinking, is almost as serious as dying, and a lot more expensive. What's more to the point is, you would have the satisfaction of handling the money yourself. No young gal ought to mind paying tuppence a week for a few years, if she knew it meant a troosoo with two of

life, calls him a vulgar upstart, and rings the bell for the footman, and ses: 'Give this person his hat.' Of course, they manage it all right at the finish, when he leads his trembling bride to the altar. When I got married, it was Perkins who did all the trembling. I never saw a man in such a state.

"The curate, quite a chatty young fellow, who did his hair very nice, ses to him afterwards in the vestry: 'You'll never forget this day.' And Perkins ses: 'I'm going to have a

good try, mister, anyhow.'

"When you come to think of all the proverbs there are, warning people off, it's a wonder anyone's got the pluck to do it. There's the old chestnut about it being unlucky to marry in May. Well, I had a maiden aunt who was as sour as oilshop pickles through being crossed



"Enthusiasm grows among allotment holders, and many City men put in an hour or more on their potato patches, etc., immediately after leaving business."—Daily Paper.

everything in it and a bit over for the home, though, bless you, people down our way who want to get married don't let a little thing like money worry them.

"As soon as they've got half-a-crown to spare, they put the banns up, and hope to goodness they'll have enough in three weeks' time to finish the job. It's different with the upper classes, seemingly. I've took in the best novelettes for years and years, and there's often a bit in them about how they do it. The young chap always has to go to his girl's father and ask for her hand. The old man ses: 'Are you in a position to surround my daughter with the high-class luxuries with which she always has been surrounded from her earliest infancy?' 'Well,' ses Claude, 'not all at once. But I will work—oh, Hevings, how I will work!' Then the old party, who's never done a day's work in his

in love, and she used to encourage courting couples by telling them there was eleven other months in the year just as unlucky. And there's one that ses a bride ought to wear

Something old, and something new, Something borrowed, and something blue.

"I always remember that one, because a young woman I knew did it—in fact, she overdid it. She wore her ordinary boots for the old part, and then she had a hat with three blue feathers in it, and all her hairpins was brand-new. Everything else she borrowed-from me.

"After the honeymoon—which was spent at Kew Gardens—she wrote and told me she'd suddenly remembered a proverb about it being fatal for anyone to wear the clothes that another party had been married in, and, after



## Will you help give them shelter?

IF you could see them— caked with Flanders mud, soaked through, tired outyou would understand why can crawl back out of range the men who bear the brunt of the machine guns and of the fighting are anxious for make their way to the Hut more Y.M.C.A. Huts.

Men are lying out in the "Crater Field" to-day thinking of the warmth, the refresh- them what they want?

ment, the homely comfort, the never-failing welcome that will be theirs once they with the Red Triangle on its roof.

Will you help to give

## More Huts are urgently needed

Now is the time when the carpenter should be at work, putting up those new Huts for which our brothers and sons are asking. Over 100 are needed for France and Flanders alone. The demand is urgent.

Will you give one? Think of the deep satisfaction of knowing that a Y.M.C.A. Hut bears your name; that every one of those

splendid men who use it will be your gue:t. Some day you may be proud to remember that, though you could not share the hardship and the fighting yourself, you did your best to lighten the hardships so bravely borne by the men in the firing line.

The cost of a Hut, fully equipped, is £600, £750, or £1,000, according to size. If you cannot give the whole of that sum, will you contribute what you can? The men are waiting. Do not let them be disappointed.

#### Please send your cheque to-day.

Donations should be addressed to Sir HENRY E. E. PROCTER, Acting Hon. Treasurer, Y.M C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C. 1. Cheques should be made payable to Sir Henry E. E. Procter, and crossed Barclay's Bank, Ltd."

#### POST THIS TO-DAY.

To Sir Henry E. E. Procter, Y.M.C.A. National Headquarters, 12, Russell Square, London, W.C. 1.

I have pleasure in enclosing £... towards the special work of the Y.M.C.A. for the Troops.

Name	••••••
Address	•••••••

WINDSOR.

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

all my kindness to her, she couldn't think of doing me such a bad turn as to send my things

"I had to go round to her place and tell her a lot of proverbs and other things she didn't want to be reminded of, before I got my bundle R. H. Roberts.

THE children of the neighbourhood had been greatly interested by the news of the arrival of a baby at the Joneses', and one of them put this question to little Willie Jones— "What is your new brother's name?"

"They haven't found out yet," replied Willie. "He can't talk."



A CHARMING girl recently became engaged to a young man who seemed sceptical at times as to the depth of affection for him.

"And am I the very first man you have ever loved, Phyllis?" he would ask.

One evening this got on the nerves of Phyllis, who replied petulantly-

"Why, of course you are, Frank! How tedious you men are! You all ask me the same question."



"IF you could only have one wish, what would it be?" she asked coyly.

" It would be that -that---- Oh, if Ionly dared to tell you what it would be!" he sighed.

"Well, go on" she urged. "Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"



A woman had entered a newspaper office for the purpose of inserting an advertisement in the "Want" column.

"I wish," said she to the clerk, "to put in this advertisement for a cook. It

will go in three lines, won't it?"

"No, madam," said the clerk, after counting. "We shall have to charge you for four lines, but you can add four words if you wish.'

Whereupon the lady had an idea. add," said she, "' Policeman stationed opposite corner!'"



THE REASON WHY.

CUSTOMER: But it's very large. Are you quite sure it's English?

SHOPMAN: Ab-so-lutely, madam. As English as I am.
CUSTOMER: But it is very dear.
SHOPMAN: Yes, madam; that's on account o' these German submarines increasing the difficulty of gettin' it into the country.

THE four-year-old was spending a night away from home, and knelt at the knee of her hostess to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding the lady unable to help her out, she concluded: "I can't remember any more prayers, and I'm staying with a lady who doesn't know any."



For those who prefer a dentifrice in powder form, Royal Vinolia Tooth Powder will be found equally beneficial and satisfactory. In Tins, 9d. & 1/-



VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON-PARIS.

R V 815-25

A "PATENT MEDICINE" man asked a customer if he would write a testimonial of his "Balsam" for him. "A good strong one." "Sure I will," wrote the customer. "I enclose it.

"Dear Sir,—I am glad to testify to the wonderful qualities of your 'Balsam.' I have used it in various ways. The land composing my farm had hitherto been so poor that a Scotch-

man could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgeways; but, hearing of your Balsam, I put some on a ten-acre lot surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into oven wood and piled up in my back yard.

"I put half an ounce into the middle of a huckle-berry swamp; in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and turnips, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle.

"As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of thirty pounds in a lottery."



THE boarders were dropping hints as to the kind of dinner they'd like to have, but the landlady was astute. "What's the difference," she asked the

solemn man at the end of the table, "between a five-course dinner and a dish of stewed prunes?"

"I don't know," he answered, suspicious of some entangling conundrum.

"Does nobody know?" she asked, looking

round the table.

They all professed ignorance. "In that case," she said, "I may as well serve prunes and save money."

A WIFE gave her husband a sealed letter, begging him not to open it till he got to his office. When he did so, he read—

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming, but kept it to



WE MUST ALL ECONOMISE IN MATCHES.

myself until to day, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer. You must not censure me too harshly. I do hope it won't crush you."

His hair was slowly rising and his heart beating aster. Then he turned the page and read—

"The coal is all used up! Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon. I thought you would not forget it by this method."

## BEFORE THE MIRROR

#### By "JEANNETTE."

THESE are, undoubtedly, days of exceptional nervous strain for one and all of us. Anxiety, with its beauty-destroying influence, is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while, perhaps, a few-the more stoical amongst uscan avoid worrying over past and prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the results of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining or regaining that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

Wrinkles, and How to Remove Them.—Worry, late hours, or the passing of old Father Time, may cause those ugly little lines which so detract from the freshness and charm of a woman's face; but the cure is always the same. Feed the tissues beneath the skin, and massage them with a reliable skin food, which, while nourishing the fatty tissues, will not coarsen the skin, nor grow hairs upon the face, as so many inferior creams do. To remove the wrinkles, bathe the face with hot water, wipe it dry, then, while it is still warm, smear a little mercolized wax over the whole face, carrying it well down on the neck, and, with the tips of the fingers, rub it gently into the pores, working in an upward and outward direction. Wipe off any superfluous wax, leaving a little on the skin all night. In the morning, wash off with warm water and Pilenta soap. The use of the wax not only feeds the skin, but removes the dead outer cuticle, giving the fresh, young skin beneath an opportunity to breathe and show itself.

Beautiful Hair—How to Shampoo.—Whether the hair is luxuriant and glossy, or thin and lanky, depends very largely upon the care bestowed upon it. To keep the hair in good condition, it should be shampooed once in every two or three weeks. Before shampooing, massage a little pure clive or almond oil into the scalp, then mix one teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water, fill a basin with warm water, into which the ends of the hair can fall, and shampoo the stallax mixture into the scalp in the usual way. Rinse, and dry by fanning with a palm fan, or in the open air if the weather permits. Should the hair be naturally very greasy, the oil |

massage should be omitted. Stallax can be bought at any chemist's in quarter pound sealed packages; it keeps indefinitely, and one package contains sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos.

A Greasy Skin and Blackheads.—Blackheads are absolutely fatal to beauty, for they give a coarse, dirty look to the face which no cosmetics can ever hide. The way to remove blackheads quickly and effectively has only recently been discovered. For many years those who suffered in this way were restricted in their diet, denied sweets, and had to suffer other privations. Modern science has, however, provided a simple, effective, and quick remedy. Dissolve one stymol tablet in a glass of hot water, and when the effervescence has subsided, dip a small, soft sponge into the liquid, and bathe the face. Leave for a few minutes, then dry with a towel, and the blackheads will come off. For a greasy skin, bathe the face three times a week with stymol, and spray with cold water every morning, using a vulcanite throat spray.

To Improve the Eyebrows and Eyelashes. Long, curling eyelashes make the most indifferent eyes look attractive, and, while no one can alter the colour, shape, or size of the eyes, all may possess luxuriant eyelashes and well-shaped eyebrows. To increase the growth of the eyelashes, rub a little mennaline into the roots, very gently, every night. Mennaline is a perfectly harmless and delicate pomade-like substance which may be obtained at any chemist's. For the eyebrows, smear a little of the mennaline on a small, soft brush, and brush into the eyebrows in a straight or arched direction, according to how you wish them to grow. A month's treatment should see a marked improvement.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CAIRO.—No, I am not surprised at hearing from a reader so far away, as I get letters from every part of the world. I expect it is the heat that has caused you to put on weight so rapidly, and can quite understand how much it adds to your age. Get a small quantity of clynol berries and eat one after each meal. They will permanently reduce your weight, are quite harmless, and you need make no alteration in your diet.

QUEEN BESS.—Thirty is far too young to have grey hairs, and you must not allow the trouble to increase. Get two ounces of tammalite, mix it with three ounces of bay rum, and apply to the hair with a small, soft sponge. This will restore the grey and fading hair to its original colour.

EMMELINE.—For your muddy-looking skin get a tin of mercolized wax and rub a little well into the face and neck every night. Leave on till morning, then wash off, using Pilenta soap and warm water. This will remove the dead outer skin and leave the complexion soft, fresh, and smooth.

JESSIE.—To remove the hairs from the lip and chin get an ounce of powdered pheminol and use as directed. Then apply tekko paste several times daily for some weeks. This combined treatment will permanently remove all trace of hair from your face.

FRECKLED LASS.—To prevent the freckles from appearing use a cleminite lotion. Get an ounce of cl minite and mix it with four ounces of warm water, allow to cool, then dab over the face. This will not only protect the skin from sunburn and freckles, but will give it a dainty, fresh look far superior to the bloom imparted by the finest powder

#### THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

A TEACHER received the following note from

the mother of one of her pupils-

DEAR MADAM,-Please ixcus my Tommy today. He won't come to skule because he is acting as timekeeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field

Desirous of buying a camera, a certain young woman inspected the stock of a local shopkeeper.

"Is this a good one?" she asked, as she picked up a dainty little machine. "What is it called?"



YOUTHFUL PATRIOT: I want a gun, Mummie, to shoot Germans.

is 6 miles around how long will it take a man walking 31 miles an hour to walk 21 times around it. Tommy ain't a man, so we had to send his father. They went early this morning & father will walk round the field and Tommy will time him, but pleas don't give my boy such ixamples agin, because my husban' must go to work every day to support his family.

"That's the Belvedere," said the young shopman politely.

There was a chilly silence. Then the young woman drew herself up coldly, fixed the polite shopman with an icy stare, and asked again-

"Er—and can you thoroughly recommend

the Belva?





№ 281 NINEPENCE NET Vol 47

WARD, LOCK & CO., LIMITED, LONDON AND MELBOURNE

"In these days half our diseases come from the neglect of the body in the overwork of the brain." Bulwer Lytton.



#### INDOOR WORKERS

When lack of exercise, excessive brain-work or nerve strain make you feel languid—tired depressed, a little

## TRADE FRUIT SALT" MAER

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure, and the nerves normal. Sound refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

**CAUTION.**—Examine carefully the wrapper, bottle, and capsule, and remember that "FRUIT SALT" IS PREPARED ONLY BY J. C. ENO LIMITED.

DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON BY IMITATIONS.
"FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY STREET, LONDON, S.E.

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.





"MAY DAY." BY PHIL MORRIS, A.R.A.

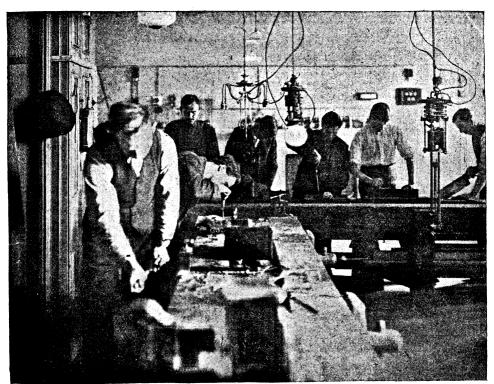


Photo by | [The Newcastle Chronicle. One-legged men undergoing training in electrical work.

# THE TRAINING OF DISABLED MEN

## HOW WE ARE RESTORING THEM TO INDUSTRIAL INDEPENDENCE

By THE RIGHT HON. JOHN HODGE, M.P.,

Minister of Pensions.

1 O-DAY the country is realising, as it never realised before, the extent of its duties and responsibilities to the heroes of its battles. Until the hideous shock of Armageddon startled the country's conscience out of its sluggish indifference, one of the gravest of our national reproaches had been that, in tragically numerous cases, the men who had been broken in our wars had been driven to seek for even the bare means of sustenance in Poor Law institutions.

We have it on record that there is scarcely a workhouse in the kingdom but what has sheltered ex-soldiers and sailors who served in past wars, and in some institutions as many as fifty have been found. The physical havoc wrought by war had placed all these disabled men at a tremendous disadvantage in the labour market. It was impossible for them to hold their own in the industrial race, and so, exploited by some unscrupulous employers and neglected by the State for

which they had suffered, they had perforce to eke out their shadowed lives either by soliciting charitable doles or by entering those workhouse doors which most of them dreaded more than the battlefield.

All of us deplored it—when we bothered to think about it at all—but few concentrated on the provision of remedial measures. It was nobody's business, and while we occasionally expressed regret that such things should be, the men themselves, inarticulate

this catastrophic War burst upon us, our provisions for meeting this phase of the emergency were just as impracticable and unworthy as ever they had been. As the conflict developed, and as the Empire's manpower resources were taxed to a greater and greater extent, it became very evident that negligence in caring for the disabled must give place, and give place quickly, to a system big, broad, comprehensive, and, above all, active and sympathetic. With millions

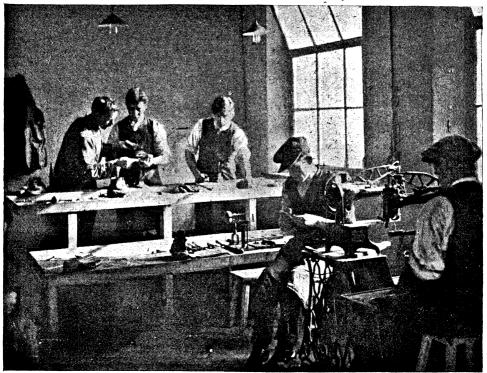


Photo by] [The Newcastle Chronicle.
BOOT-MAKING AND REPAIRING APPEAL TO MANY MEN WHO, PREVENTED FROM FOLLOWING THEIR
PRE-WAR OCCUPATIONS, DESIRE TO RETURN TO THEIR NATIVE TOWNS AND VILLAGES AND THERE
SET IN SMALL RESINESSES.

by force of circumstances, suffered silently and miserably.

But now, when the Great War is going its way towards its fourth grim birthday, while our pavements echo to the tap of crutches, things have changed. The nation is at last awake to the claims of those men who, willingly and with a self-abnegation which shows how nearly the human approaches the divine, marched clear-eyed and unflinchingly to their destiny of disablement, and of the dependents of those others whose march led to death.

The neglect of the past meant that, when

of men under arms, the grim prospect of casualty lists such as no war had ever before produced, and the consequential grave depletion in the productive capacity of the nation, both during and after the War, it became pressingly incumbent upon us to make provision, not only for the recuperation of individuals, but for the replenishment of the wasted human resources in readiness for the great economic contest that must follow the War itself.

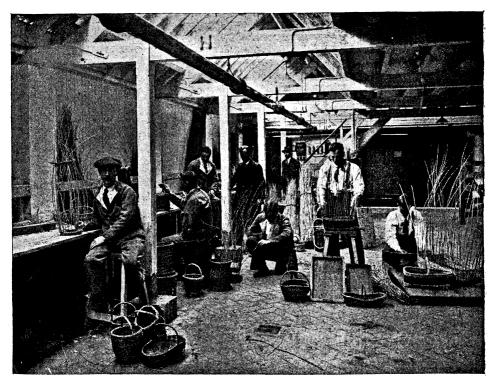
Restoration is now the watchward. Only in restoration—physical, mental, and industrial—can there lie hope either for

the men themselves or the nation as a whole.

It is true that the immediate needs of the disabled men are met by monetary grants in the shape of pensions, but the point I want to emphasise is that, while of course these pensions are conditional or permanent, they cannot, from the broader point of view, be regarded as anything more than a mere temporary expedient devised and intended to meet immediate necessities. A monetary pension in itself is not worthy to be regarded as

necessary, the sooner a man returns to active commercial or industrial life, the better for all concerned. For that reason, I regard restoration as the primary duty of a Pensions Minister. All our national resources — financial, curative, and educational—must be placed uureservedly at the disposal of invalided soldiers and sailors to enable them to become again effective units in our commercial and industrial life.

With this ideal before me, I have come to regard the Ministry of Pensions as a ministry



BASKET-MAKING IS PROVING EXTREMELY POPULAR BOTH WITH ONE-ARMED AND ONE-LEGGED MEN. THE ARTIFICIAL ARMS NOW SUPPLIED ARE SO WONDERFULLY EFFICIENT THAT, AFTER A VERY SHORT PERIOD OF TRAINING, THE MEN USE THEM WITH THE UTMOST DEXTERITY AND SKILL.

even a minor recompense for the tremendous sacrifices that our gallant men have made, and are making, in the great cause of freedom and humanity. Even where the pension itself is sufficient to maintain a man for the rest of his life, it is still unworthy, and if State responsibility ended there, consequences would be produced which would be disastrous to the individual and a menace to the nation.

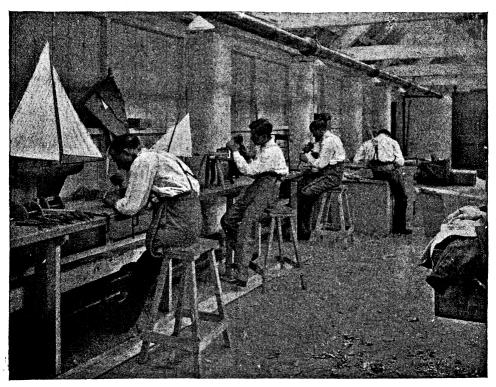
An idle man is a nuisance to himself and a danger to the community, and while a few months of needed rest and recuperation after war service are excusable, and even of restoration. The men themselves welcome this spirit. Wherever I have addressed them—whether before or after their discharge—they have received an appeal along these lines with enthusiasm.

The result of all this is that there are now springing up all over the country workshops, experimental institutions, and training establishments in which dozens of occupations are being taught, and it may surprise a great many people to know that up to the present we have had practically no cases of disablement, either contracted or aggravated by service, in which we could not provide the

men with wage-earning occupations suited to their disabilities.

In devising schemes for restoring men to industrial and commercial efficiency, I have kept in mind the almost equally pressing need for introducing new arts and crafts, and reclaiming others which in the neglectful past were lost to this country. It has to be admitted that the Germans were no less zealous in the competition for racial superiority, for national productivity, and for the equipment of the individual, than they

been able to establish at Brighton what probably will become the greatest diamond industry in the world. The enterprise began in a humble way at the local technical schools; but the work was so remunerative, and it became so popular, that larger premises were soon imperative. Mr. Oppenheimer again came to my assistance, and now there is in course of erection a huge factory which will accommodate two thousand men. It will not be a factory designed simply for great output, but it will embrace every



A CORNER OF A SCHOOL OF TOY-MAKING AND CARVING. LARGE NUMBERS OF ONE-LEGGED MEN ARE ENTERING THE TOY-MAKING INDUSTRY, AND THERE IS EVERY PROSPECT OF MUCH OF THE GERMAN TOY TRADE BEING CAPTURED AFTER THE WAR.

were in preparing for the War; but I want to say that, as far as I can prevent it, Germany shall never again produce for consumption in this country anything that we can produce equally well at home.

One of our most interesting and successful experiments has been in connection with the diamond-cutting industry. In the opinion of those most competent to judge, this work can be done well and profitably in the United Kingdom. As a matter of fact, it is now being done by disabled men as well as it was ever done on the Continent. Through the munificence of Mr. B. Oppenheimer, I have

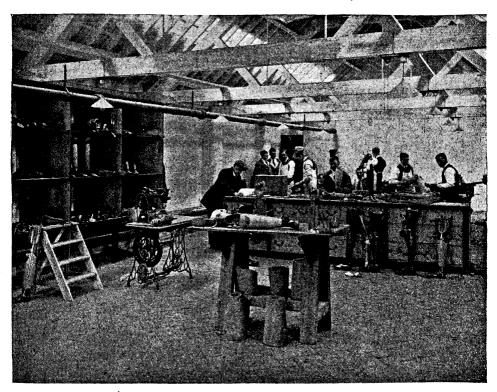
necessary provision for education, technical training, and recreation. The adaptability of the men will be seen from the following rather remarkable list of pre-War occupations of some who already have become very efficient diamond workers—navvy, bricklayer, baker, clerk, shop assistant, agricultural labourer, butcher, blacksmith.

Of course, all disabled men cannot be diamond workers, and I have especially to guard against creating a surplus army of workers in any particular trade. At the present moment we have a list of no less than two hundred arts and crafts in any one

of which a disabled man can be trained. There is, for instance, a carving school, and some of the work accomplished by men who in pre-War times were butchers, bakers, navvies, and agricultural labourers, is astonishingly clever.

It is clear that a disabled man must have an occupation that is suited to his remaining capacities, and that need is provided for in every possible way. Basket-making is being followed to a large extent by men who have convinced me that the Boche will in future be able to keep his Nuremberg toys in the Fatherland.

I find that men who have lost limbs are eager to avail themselves of training facilities. Unfortunately, our hospitals are not sufficiently extensive to allow of training being carried out at the same time as curative treatment. The first necessity of the discharged limbless man is an artificial limb, and here, again, we have laboured under



LARGE NUMBERS OF MEN WHO HAVE LOST LIMBS ARE BEING TRAINED AS MAKERS OF ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. THUS IS SERVED THE DOUBLE OBJECT OF PROVIDING A PROFITABLE OCCUPATION FOR THESE MEN AND LARGELY INCREASING THE OUTPUT OF LIMBS, THE ADEQUATE PRODUCTION OF WHICH HAS NOW BECOME AN ACUTE PROBLEM.

lost an arm. It has been adopted in probably a greater number of districts than any other trade, and it is an occupation in which, after a comparatively short time of training, an up-to-date artificial arm can be used with the greatest facility. Toy-making in this country has languished for want of workers until it has become the special province of the Hun. Hitherto the Nuremberg district has depended almost entirely on the products of its toy factories, but during the last few months I have seen toys made by our disabled men which have

the disadvantages consequent on the past neglect of the State to make any provision for this sort of thing. A national experimental laboratory is now being established, by means of which all the inventive faculties and methods of production can be coordinated, so that the resources of a complete artificial limb factory can be concentrated on producing the best possible types of limbs. In view of the fact that artificial limbs will be necessary for the equipment of so many men, as a result of the War, it is thought that the making of them is an occupation in which

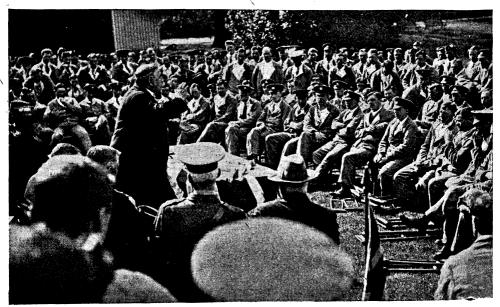
disabled men can profitably be trained, and a number of men have already commenced.

There is another category of men for whom I am no less anxious—those discharged by reason of disease either contracted in or aggravated by war service. Previous to enlistment, many tuberculous men were employed in the counting-house, the factory, the mill, or the mine, none of which occupations could be regarded as an aid in suppressing this dreadful disease. dealing with these men now, the nation obviously has a great opportunity, and I am anxious that that opportunity should be embraced by the provision of training in outdoor employments. At present poultryfarming is the most popular, while beekeeping has also attracted a number of men.

There are one or two points in connection with the pensions themselves with which I should like to deal. A man while being trained in an occupation has an allowance of not less than 27s. 6d. per week, but if his training makes it necessary for him to be away from home, there is a further allowance which will secure to the dependents supported by him, up to the time his training commences, an amount not less than the pensions and allowances to which those dependents would have been entitled had the man been killed. In addition to that, all the charges in connection with the training are paid by the State, and, at the conclusion of the

training, the man may be granted an amount equal to five shillings for each week of his training period. But this is not all. Any disabled man who can show that the minimum pension with children's allowances (if any) which he has been granted, together with the average earnings (if any) of which he remains capable, are less than his pre-War earnings, may be granted an alternative pension based on his earnings during the twelve months preceding the outbreak of War. Take the case of a married man with three children. If he is unable to earn, the full minimum pension is 27s. 6d. plus 5s., 4s. 2d., and 3s. 4d. (for the children), or a total of £2 per week. If his pre-War earnings averaged 50s. a week, then an alternative pension would be given up to that sum. If his pre-War earnings were over 50s. a week, he would get the 50s. plus 50 per cent. of the balance. Thus a man whose pre-War earnings were 70s. would get an alternative pension of 60s., and so on. It only remains to add that, once a pension is permanently assessed, it is practically inviolable, and cannot be reduced by reason of a man's subsequent earnings.

I have described in briefest outline the work of restoration which the administration of the Ministry of Pensions has come to mean. I know of no work that is better worth the doing, or of which the possibilities are more tremendous.



THE RIGHT HON. JOHN HODGE, M.P., MINISTER OF PENSIONS, ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE OF DISABLED MEN.

# THE SON OF SANDI

### By EDGAR WALLACE

Illustrated by Maurice Greiffenhagen, A.R.A.



N the very early days when Patricia Hamilton came on a visit to her brother, a visit which promised to develop into permanent residence, she had defined Bonesyou may picture Bones at the time

prostrated with an attack of malaria fever both to her brother and Mr. Commissioner Sanders, the former of whom had grumbled at the "spoiling" Bones was undergoing.

"Bones is a big boy," she had said. Hamilton had offered some facetious reply, but a certain native orderly, who did not understand English, had taken counsel with a house-boy from the Coast, and had received a translation of the speech.

"O man, speak our language," said the baffled Kano soldier, and the Coast boy had obliged with a translation into Coast Arabic.

The Kano orderly had told his wife, and from his wife to the whole of the Territory

was merely a step.

Patricia, laboriously acquiring a firsthand knowledge of the five dialects, often expressed her wonder as to the manner in which they were all regarded by the simple people with whom they were brought into contact.

"You are the great white queen, dear old Patricia," said Bones.

"Don't be silly, Bones."

"Hail, jolly old Majesty!" squeaked Lieutenant Tibbetts. "Walla, walla, wu!"

He did an extravagant obeisance and stepped backward—off the edge of the verandah.

"And serves you jolly well right," said Hamilton. "What an ass you can be!"

"I can be," said Bones, dusting himself, "but I'm not, ha, ha! The jolly old sillies think I am very rich; they think I pinch a bit—steal a bit, I mean, dear old Miss Patricia, if you will forgive the vulgarity from all the taxes that pass through my hands."

"Don't you?" said Hamilton, in surprise. "They are perfectly certain we are mad," Sanders remarked, "so it really doesn't matter what views they hold. For instance, half the people on the river are perfectly certain Bones isn't quite all there."

"Seize your opening, dear old Ham," murmured Bones, and Hamilton, who was on the point of doing so, was checked to

silence.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, dear old sister," said Bones. "The next time I go up river I'll get a few representative opinions and write 'em down for you. You see, the jolly old native person has got queer views about many things."

This was very true, as for instance:

When Tigibini, the headman of Bulagongo, took to himself a seventh wife, and that the straight, sulky daughter of M'kuru, the Akasava small-chief, he did not consult the girl upon the matter, for Tigibini lived in a little village on the River-that-comes-fromthe-forest, and he was ruler, law-giver and executor of the law, and headed forty young fishermen, who speared fish with a cunning and a lightning swiftness which was fascinating to see. Also they could spear men with equal dexterity and as little remorse, if the truth be told.

M'kuru, the father of the girl, sat on his bed—which was a squat-legged oblong frame

of ash, over which was stretched the skin of a buck—and fingered the straggling grey

hairs at his chin.

"It is very wonderful to me, Tigibini, that you should desire a woman of mine for wife," he said timidly. "Now, I think you will find a better woman than K'misi; also it is said that Bulagongo is a place haunted; also six wives have you had, Tigibini, and Their cooking-pots are where are they? broken, for they are dead."

"Women die very easily, M'kuru," said the suitor, baring his white teeth in a quick smile. "And who am I, to speak evil words about ghosts and devils, for are they not,

like fleas and grass, in all places?"

"Lord Tigibini," said M'kuru humbly, "there is a young man of my own people

who desires this woman——"

Tigibini interrupted him. "Ten bags of salt and a thousand rods I bring," he said. "What young man will bring you that? The woman shall have a great brass collar about her neck, such as none of my women have ever had. Now, I say to you, M'kuru"he stood over the other, his great legs straddled, his big arms braceleted from wrist to elbow in shining steel, a sinister but commanding figure—"I desire this woman, and you shall give her to me; for you are a solitary man, of no tribe, living alone and spearing fish, and my young men say that you have a bad fetish that frightens the fish away."

"Lord," said the alarmed M'kuru, "I

have no fetish!"

"Some day they will dance," said Tigibini significantly, "and on that day who shall call them back to their huts?"

M'kuru passed the back of his hand across

his dry mouth.

"Tigibini," he quavered, "take

woman.'

So the headman had placed the girl in his canoe, and had passed beneath the overhanging branches of the trees which fringed the little river, and M'kuru secretly smeared dust on his breast and crooned the deathsong of the Akasava, which begins "Spirit, here is an axe for trees, here is a bowl for

On the fifth day of her marriage K'misi went into the forest—in defiance of her lord's command that she should not leave his hut during his absence—and after a long search she found a plant with flowers of a

gorgeous blue.

This she carefully pulled from the earth, broke off the radish-shaped root, which she thrust into her cloth, and resumed her search. She came back to her hut with half a dozen roots, and these she hid in a hole

which she dug.

She was beaten that night severely, because the fish had changed their water and had gone down nearer to the junction of the great river; and since Tigibini must needs follow, and as necessarily be absent for two days, it was inevitable that he should give his wife something to occupy her thoughts.

"Woman," he said breathlessly, as he shut his eyes and flung his thongs behind him, "if you throw your whip before you and see it, be sure you will one day feel it. night I go a journey, and you shall remember

me."

The shivering heap on the ground moaned and drew herself to her feet.

"Lord," she said in a low voice, "I shall

remember you."

This is the truth about Tigibini's wives that they had died because they had no desire to live. Yet, though a scandalous man, and the reproach of every fishing village up and down the River-that-comesfrom-the-forest, so powerful was he, and so much dreaded were his forty young fishermen, with their too-quick spears, that none spoke openly of his crimes.

Once he had had forty-one young men,

but the forty-first had been bold.

"O Tigibini," he had asked, "why do you

beat your wives until they die?"

Tigibini glowered up from the fire at which he was squatting, but did not answer, and the next morning the young man had disappeared. His body was washed up on the shores of the great river, and that was all, save that none of Tigibini's men ever questioned him again.

The headman, leaving a quivering K'misi to her thoughts, passed down the river, and in the morning came to a fishing of his father-in-law, and there he sat him down to spear, his young men taking possession of the small village and ousting the timid people of M'kuru from their huts with little

ceremony.

"They shall sleep in the forest," he said to his perturbed relative, "for they are common people, and most of them are mad."

"Lord," said the diffident M'kuru, "if you shall take this fishing, how may I live? For is it not the law of the river that all waters ten spears' throw to the left and the right are proper fishing for villagers?"

"There is no law on this river but the

law of the spear," said Tigibini, "and that law I bring. For your evil fish have called my fine fish away, and I spear for my own."

"Also, lord," said M'kuru, "there is talk amongst my young men that Sandi is in the forest behind"—he waved his hand at the olive-green gloom of the hinterland—"that he is travelling with many carriers, and holds a palaver with the Inner N'gombi, and, if he should come here, it might be

shameful for you."

"Sandi is a white man," said Tigibini, contemptuously spitting on the ground. "I am too great for Sandi, because I know the secret of white men who bewitch us and secretly sell our bodies for cloth.\* Also, M'kuru, all men know that Sandi never walks, but comes on his white ship, so I think you are making a mock of me."

He turned to his insolent young men, who stood, an amused group, behind him.

"Tie M'kuru to a tree," he said.

So they bound the naked body of the old man to a gum tree, and Tigibini flogged him with his right hand and his left till the old man's shrieks and moans died away in silence.

"Let all men see this," said Tigibini, appealing to the frightened villagers who gathered round, hugging themselves in an ecstasy of apprehension.

"I see," said a voice.

Tigibini whipped round. A man was looking at him, a wiry man of medium height, dressed in khaki, his big white helmet set squarely on his head, his brown hands twirling an ebony cane. But it was a look in the cold grey eyes that made the headman's mouth go dry.

"Lord Sandi," he stammered, "I have had

a bad palaver with M'kuru."

-E, W,

"A bad palaver for you, man," said Mr. Commissioner Sanders. "Let everyone leave his spears in the ground," he said, and the reluctant young warriors of Tigibini thrust their spear-heads deep and fell back.

One of Sanders's guard of Houssas collected the spears to a bundle. Two other men first released M'kuru, then strapped Tigibini in his place.

"I have heard of you, Tigibini," said Sanders, "also of your forty young men who love you and do evil things."

He took up the rhinoceros thong and beckened one of the forty.

"Strike once," he said, "and, if you strike

lightly, be sure I shall see."

One by one the forty came forward and wielded the thong, and Tigibini accepted the punishment without a sound, for he knew that this was the end of his lord-ship, and that the men who flogged him would presently vanish for fear of him, and he would be left a leader without a following.

When the punishment was over, and the sick M'kuru had been carried to his hut, the thongs about Tigibini's wrists were

untied.

"Go back to your village, Tigibini," said Sanders. "In two moons will come the rain, also will come one of my officers collecting taxes, for you shall give him not only his due, but twice his due, for it seems to me that many moons have come and gone since you brought your full palms to the Government."

"Lord, I am your man," said Tigibini in a low voice, and without another word walked down to the river, stepped into his canoe, and

went alone to his village.

His wife did not expect him so soon, and he all but surprised her in the act of kneading together with great labour and patience a certain flour which she had extracted from the roots she had furtively gathered.

She had wrapped the mess in some green leaves, and was thrusting it into its hiding-place, when Tigibini strode into

his hut.

She folded her arms meekly and waited for the blow of his whip, but to her surprise it did not fall.

"Get me food," he said, and she sidled

past him into the open.

Now, Tigibini, after the fashion of native men, was usually naked to the waist, and she thought it strange that, with the beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, he wore over his back a robe of monkey-skins. It was stranger to see him wince now and then, when a movement surprised him into an expression of pain.

But the greatest mystery of all was that he did not beat her, neither then nor in the

morning.

<sup>\*</sup> It is a legend with most of the Coast savages that the cloth or calicoes, prints, etc., which come into the country are made from the dead bodies of natives which are snuggled out of the country, are thrust into a deep hole, from whence presently issues the end of a cloth, which is pulled and rolled until a sufficient length is obtained, when it is cut off and sold back to the native.

He rose at the first grey streaks of dawn and crept from the hut, and she, who had not slept all that night, watched him and

presently followed.

She found him at the edge of the river, bathing his hurts, and seeing the wales across his broad shoulders, and guessing from what cause they came, her heart leapt in fierce exultation. She crept back and prepared his morning meal, which he ate in silence. When he had finished and stood up, he said—

"K'misi, I think you have a bad ju-ju, for since I have bought you I have had no fortune. My fish have gone away and my young men have left me. Also Sandi has

put me to the greatest shame."

He looked at her long and thoughtfully, and her keen native instinct told her that he was planning her death. Nevertheless, she sat imperturbable, giving no sign of her knowledge.

That night Tigibini spent in his canoe. He made a journey down the little river, calling—an unwelcome guest—at the fishing

villages en route.

Some had heard of his disgrace; others, through the accident of their isolation, had heard nothing, and at one of the latter Tigibini learnt that Sanders had joined the boat at that very village and had gone northward toward the Ochori.

"O man," he said to the fisher chief,

"how many soldiers had Sandi?"

"He had the tax soldiers—four and four," replied the little chief; "also there went with him Tibbetti, who sits to-night at the village of the Four Pools, for to-morrow Ukusu, the N'gombi man, will ask Tibbetti in full palaver that his wife may be put away from him because of her naughtiness."

Tigibini had intended returning to his deserted village when his inquiries were through, but now he changed his plan.

"Of Tibbetti I have heard, but him I have never seen," he said. "Men say that he is the son of Sandi."

"Of that I have heard," said the little

chief wisely.

Tigibini, squatting over the fire, smoking a native pipe, seemed to be taking counsel with the flames, for his bright eyes never left the glowing logs.

He sat for a long time in silence.

"The woman who is the mother of Tibbetti," he said at last, as he knocked out the ashes from his pipe, "must be very beautiful in Sandi's eyes, for Tibbetti, his son, is always with him, and, as the

saying goes, 'To fondle the son is to love the mother.'" He paused. "I sleep this night with you," he said decisively, which he did sleeping on the chief's hed

he did, sleeping on the chief's bed.

Eight miles away Lieutenant Tibbetts slept as soundly, and rose at dawn to take his bath—a function which it was his most earnest desire should be of a private character, but which was, in fact, witnessed by all the little boys and girls in the village, who gathered about his hut and, thrusting their fingers through the reed walls, brought Bones and his rubber bath within the focus of twenty bright pairs of eager eyes.

"Alepo! Zar! Go away!" roared Bones. He splashed the apertures with handfals of water, but water has no terrors for the young people of the river. Bones tried

another tack.

white men were subject.

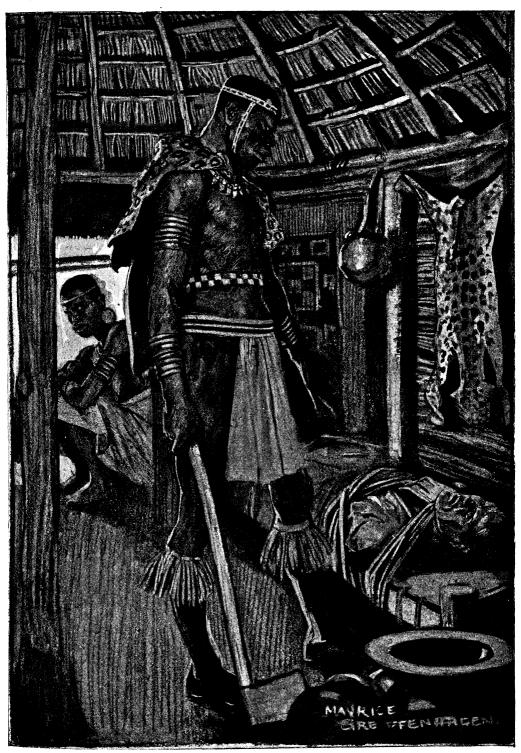
"I have a ju-ju," he said hollowly. "Presently, when you pull your faces away, you will leave your eyes behind you!"

This terrifying threat gave him time to garb himself hastily before he did his great constitutional, four times up and four times down the village street at the rate of six miles an hour—a practice with which the villagers were quite familiar, and the reason for which was popularly believed to be that, if Bones stood still, his knees would grow together—a disquieting affliction to which

He had been left, with one soldier as an escort, to unravel a certain matrimonial tangle which had been the talk of the countryside for four months. For the wife of Ukusu was, not without reason, in some disfavour with her husband, and Bones sat under the thatched cover of the palaver house throughout the day, and heard all that Ukusu had to say, all that his wife had to tell, and he also took the evidence of Ukusu's mother—the villain of the piece, according to Ukusu's wife—Ukusu's wife's father who had a bitter grievance against Ukusu regarding the quality of the goats which formed the purchase-price of Mrs. Ukusuand divers willing and voluble neighbours who had been eye-witnesses of certain suspicious incidents.

From nine o'clock in the morning till half-past ten that night witnesses came and went. Sometimes they would break off in the midst of their narrative to go home and cook the family meal, and another would be called to take their places, but at ten-thirty by Bones's watch the verdict was delivered.

Ukusu received the equivalent to a decree nisi with the custody of the goats, whereupon



"He looked down at Bones. 'I see you, Tibbetti,' he said,"

all the witnesses, especially those who had lied themselves livid on behalf of Ukusu's wife, came forward and congratulated him in their naïve way upon the justice of his finding, and Bones went to bed with a sense of a day well spent.

He called his orderly.

"To-morrow, in the first light of the day, let the chief's canoe be ready with twenty paddlers, for I go to my lord Sandi, who waits for me in his big ship by the Isisi River."

He took the cup of tea the orderly prepared for him, said his prayers, and went

The guest hut was at the edge of the village, within a dozen paces of the path which followed the bank of the river. Bones stretched himself, he could hear the swish and swirl of the fast-running waters, a pleasant sound to accompany a man to the land of dreams.

In the middle of the night he woke suddenly and sat up in bed. He did not know why, for there was no sound save the rush of the water and the regular snore of the soldier who slept outside his hut. Bones swung his legs from the bed, pulled on his mosquito boots, and walked to the door of the hut.

There was a bright moon, and he could see the village street and the huts as clearly as in daylight. The village was silent. odd intervals he saw the dull red of dying fires. He looked down at the sentry.

"My dear lad," he said softly, "you are making a noise like a jolly old pig."

He kicked the man gently, but the sentry was too deep in sleep, the sleep that comes to soldiers when they lie down conscious of Had they been camping in the forest, the lightest word of Bones's would have wakened the man.

"I must have been sleeping on my back," thought Bones, and was half turned to re-enter the hut, when he lost consciousness.

He did not feel the blow which struck him on the nape of the neck, he experienced no pain, only the world went suddenly black

and he collapsed.

Tigibini caught him in his arms, lifted him cautiously past the sentry, and, hoisting the limp body to his shoulder, he strode along the river path into the bush. canoe was waiting, and he dropped Bones to the bottom, jumped in at the stern, and swung the head of the canoe to midstream. The river was running swiftly. Long before dawn came, and the escort entered the hut of his master, to find it empty, Tigibini had reached his village.

Bones had half returned to consciousness He wholly recovered his in the boat. faculties in the hut of his captor. His legs and his hands were tightly bound by ropes His head ached terribly for a while, but somebody gave him water, and with that the acute pain passed, and Bones blinked his eyes open and stared around. At first he thought he was in the hut where he had lain down, but slowly it dawned upon him that he was elsewhere. He tried to move first his hands and then his feet, and only then realised his bondage.

He looked round, to find a girl sitting on her heels by his side, her hands clasped between her knees, watching him without

sympathy, but with interest.

"O woman," said Bones thickly, "where am I?"

She put her fingers to her lips, rose and moved stealthily to the door, and looked out. She stood at the door as she spoke, one eye upon the path down which her husband must come.

"You are in the hut of Tigibini of Bulagongo," she added in a low voice, "and Tigibini has gone into the forest to make ready the young trees for the killing." She did not use the colloquial word for "killing," but employed the compound phrase which means literally "the fly-apart death."

If you take four young saplings and bend them down so that their heads meet, and secure them all to one rope, and then you take a human being and fasten his two ankles and wrists by ropes to the bent saplings, and then you cut the master rope which frees the tree-tops, they leap back to their naturally erect positions, carrying with them such portions of your anatomy as are attached to their feathery heads.

"Oh, lor!" said Bones in dismay. in Bomongo: "How long will Tigibini be?"

She shook her head.

"He is very strong," she said, "but the saplings are stronger, and the sun will be in this hut before he is finished."

Bones made a rapid mental calculation, and decided that he had about six hours

"Why does Tigibini do this thing?" he

"Lord," said the woman bitterly, "who knows the heart of Tigibini? He does not tell me, because I am his wife, but I know Also he said you were he hates Sandi. the son of Sandi."

"Oh, lor!" said Bones again. Then again in the native tongue, "O woman," he said, "if you cut this rope and let me go, I will give you riches. Also Sandi will be a shield for you in all things."

She shook her head.

"Lord, if I did this," she said, "Tigibini would see me. For though he cannot look inside the hut, yet from where he stands he can see all who leave the hut, and he has his killing spears, and, lord, you have nothing, and I think you had better wait."

Her caution was justified, for five minutes later she slipped softly across the room and sank down again on her knees, and almost immediately after the great bulk of Tigibini filled the doorway.

He looked down at Bones.

"I see you, Tibbetti," he said.

"I see you, Tigibini," replied Bones. "Thisis a very shameful thing, and be sure you shall suffer."

"Tibbetti, when I suffer you shall know nothing of my suffering," said Tigibini, "for you will be dead."

He swung his thick whip in his hand, but he did not attempt to strike his prisoner. He sent the lash flying across the naked shoulders of the girl.

"I am hungry," he said, and she slipped out of the hut on to her knees before the fire and the black cooking-pot which swung

over it.

He said no more to Bones, but went out

and ate a prodigious meal.

"Presently I shall come again," he promised, wiping his mouth on his hand, preparatory to taking up his gruesome labours, "and then, Tibbetti, Sandi will have

The girl changed her position. She now sat in the doorway cross-legged, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her palms, looking wistfully down the bush path to where now and again she caught a glimpse of her husband. From time to time she spoke to Bones across her shoulder.

"He has finished," at last she whispered,

"he has finished!"

There was a note of anguish in her voice which awoke surprise even in Bones in his then perturbed and preoccupied state of

Tigibini came in, looked at his prisoner, hitched up his waist-cloth, and swung Bones to a sitting position. The young man's head swam, and he would have fallen over, but Tigibini helped him.

"Tigibini!"

The big man turned in surprise. The audacity of the address stupefied him, for a woman never calls her husband by name save in affection or sheer insolence.

"O Tigibini," she said, "when you have

ended Tibbetti, what of me?"

"You will wait, K'misi," he glared at her, wrath and indecision in his eyes.

"O beater of women, what of me?" she

said again.

With a howl of rage he sprang up, dashed from the hut and sped back along the

"Where has this man gone?" asked

"Lord, he has gone to get his whip," said

the girl calmly.

Tigibini came blundering back, the whip in his hand, and for three minutes Bones winced and raved, as the sharp thong rose and fell against the unprotected body of the girl.

He beat her till he was tired, then flung down the whip; but she rose on her elbow

and smiled at him.

"O beater of women," she mocked, "where is your fine axe?"

"It is in the forest, woman. Presently I will return with it," he said hoarsely.

"Go now," said the girl, with a smile. "Or do you fear because this white man shall see?"

"That you shall know," said Tigibini,

and again left the hut.

The girl pulled herself to the doorway and stared out, and Bones, from where he sat, could follow the direction the man had taken.

He disappeared into the thicket, and after a while they saw him come out. He did not immediately return. He stood for a moment leaning on the long haft of the axe. When he moved he seemed to reel. The girl flung herself upon Bones.

"Quick, Tibbetti!" she said between her teeth, and slashed away at the ropes with a

knife.

Bones rose with a groan and staggered to the entrance, and the girl was before

Tigibini was on his way back, half running, half walking, but swaying all the time from left to right. They watched his progress. He came nearer and nearer. Once he fell to his knees and scrambled up again; then with an effort he pulled himself together, staring at the man and the woman who now stood before his hut.

"I see you!" he yelled and leapt. Then

he fell on his hands and knees, slipped over to his side, and the axe fell away from him.

The girl walked to him and looked down. "Let us go away, Tibbetti," she said, "for to-night I think Tigibini will die."

In truth, Tigibini was not dead even the next morning, when Sanders came upon the spot, for aconite—even aconite crudely obtained from the roots of the wild flower—kills slowly, though it stupefies very quickly.

"It seems incredible," said Sanders, "but it is obviously true what the girl says—that she took her beating to give the poison time to work, and every blow she accepted was to

save your life."

The inquiry was held on the deck of the Zaire, and the girl looked from one to the other, for she could not understand this strange tongue.

"Tell me, Tibbetti," she said, "does Sandi

say I have done an evil thing?"

Sanders shook his head.

"You have done well, K'misi," he smiled, "and I will give you many presents."

"Lord, I did not do this for reward," said the girl, "but because Tibbetti is your son."

"In fact, sir and Excellency," said Bones, who had long since recovered his good spirits, "it was for dear old mother's sake."

"Don't let us keep you, Mr. Tibbetts,"

said Sanders coldly.

### SONG.

RAIN upon the blackthorn—
Ah, the leaden hours
That pass so slow, and nothing know
Of Summer's million flowers!

Blossoms on the blackthorn! Sweetness sprung from sorrow: Only tears and thorns to-day— Tears and flowers to-morrow!

M. V. GARLAND,

# KED'S HAND

### By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

### Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds



is called Ked's Hand, and it is not unlike a hand in shape, with the knuckle of the sandy thumb raised a little to bear the weight of Huddlestone Light, the fingers pressed together, stretching

to the east, and a slender woman's wrist holding it to the land. People live somewhere in the peninsula, though one would not guess it, to look across from Huddlestone, and the mainland folks seem to know little about it, lumping the inhabitants in general as "Ked's" when they mention them.

At no place except at the Light does the land lift many feet above the tides. It is veined with salt water and rotten with marsh and quicksand. Fogs oppress it, resting motionless on the moors, lending an illusion of vastness to the headland. In season there is a droning sound, continuous from dawn to dawn, of mosquitoes. Nothing else breaks the silence; there are never any breakers, for there are no edges. The land fades out in a penumbra of reeds and grasses—not so much like a hand as like the shadow of a hand held under a diffused light.

Duck hunters go there in the late fall. In the summer, save for the strip of white beach along the pad of the thumb, the place remains remote and sufficient to itself, a mysterious wraith, never really seen from the main except on occasional moonlit nights, when it seems to emerge from its fogs and gleam with a phosphorescent pallor among its lagoons—Ked's Hand.

To-night a party of people from "The Willows," at Huddlestone, were having a corn-roast on the pad of the thumb. Some of them, with children, were to return on an early launch, and the rest were to remain

and see the eclipse of the moon at ten or thereabouts. They had built a fire, laying two timbers of a wrecked ship near together, and piling smaller driftwood all along between them, so that it made a miniature street of living coals, and gave everyone a chance with his corn or bacon. From a little way off in the darkness, the moving, flame-coloured figures made a composition spectacular and intimate.

Gaspard Kroon, the Gipsy Tenor, was in the centre of the farther line where the light was brightest. That was like him. He carried the burden of the gaiety; he was brilliant, electric, full of gesture, drawing in to himself all the tangled threads of interest. He drained himself. On his swarthy, razorsharp face tiny red beads of perspiration came out and evaporated in the heat.

Gaspard Kroon was the new man. That was what he called himself, in fact—"The New Man." He had nothing behind him—history, no moral liabilities, no sense of race. Two years ago this evening he had not been able to write or read his own name, and therefore he could win the world.

Hoff had discovered him. Hoff was there, to the left, being quite himself, and tearing at an ear of corn with his wide teeth. Lydia Klein, the editor, was there, and others. Gaspard carried them along. One wondered if he liked them.

Marcia More hated them just now. She sat on the sand a little way off in the shadows, taking no part. Her hands were clasped about her knees. An occasional crab scuttled past her in the dark, but she did not mind.

It would have seemed possible to only one or two people, her oldest friends, that she could hate anyone. She had been through the mill of emotion and come out wearing a blank. Her face was like the face of a mountain lake, giving back what it received. Only Gaspard, of all the later people, knew

anything about her, and this was because she loved him.

They had been married half a year now. She had wanted him to come down to Huddlestone because nobody knew about the place, and here they all were, after a week, hounds on a warm trail. She felt them tearing at his willing vitality. She knew something about life and about achievement, and she had dreamed of an old and solid house somewhere, buried deep in the country — quiet, brooding, a sanctuary. Gaspard needed that if he was to endure.

She heard his voice calling: "Marcia!

Oh, Marcia, where are you?"

Rising, she moved forward and stopped just at the edge of the firelight. He came to her, stepping over children with his long, nervous legs, an expression of sudden sobriety on his face.

"I'm afraid you're not having a good time," he said.

"Oh, yes. Don't worry about me, dear. I'm quiet."

She turned back slowly to the night, taking

him with her.

"You're always quiet," he said. They sat down on the beach, with the tranquil water lapping near their feet. He broke out after a moment, as if he could not endure the silence: "Marcia, this place is queer. It's worse than queer; it's horrible. It makes a drumming in my ears. The air's heavy."

She laid a hand on one of his. "See the stars there in the water, Gaspard, every one of them perfectly still and round. It's as if

we were hanging between two skies."

"Yes, and look at the mist creeping over the marsh there beyond. My skin prickles, Marcia. I have dreams like this sometimes, awful dreams, where everything is heavy, and the air like lead, and my skin prickles. I'm afraid of this place. They say at the hotel that it's called 'Ked's Hand.' Well, what if the hand were to close up all of a sudden and hold us here for ever, smothered? Will you look at that fog now, with the moon rising through it? How pale the stuff is! It doesn't move, and yet it comes toward us. It's something dead, Marcia. I hate dead things!" He held in his hand a pointed stick, with which he had been toasting bacon. He waved it now with a gesture of nervousness. "Marcia, what does it make you want to do? Shriek or sleep?"

Marcia bent forward and sifted sand through her fingers. "Sleep's not so bad. Everyone has to sleep from time to time." "I don't. Why should I sleep? You—all of you—perhaps. You've been doing things for years, centuries, making things. But we—I!" He spoke with an extraordinary concentration, his lips baring his teeth, his eyes lowered, his nervous hands busy with the stick. "I haven't been doing things, making things! I'm new! I've been asleep in my people for centuries. Why should I sleep now? It's morning, Marcia. The day is ahead!"

Marcia leaned toward him, her palms pressed to her cheeks and her eyeballs

pushing gently against their lids.

"What are you doing?" she asked, in the

precise and powerless voice of horror.

A crab lay on its back in the sand between Gaspard's knees, its belly gleaming with a moist pallor in the night. The pointed stick, indefatigably busy in Gaspard's hands, entered the belly, and, creeping through the flesh and the nether shell, pursued its way into the sand. The creature's claws, writhing, made a faint rustling sound.

"What are you doing?" she repeated in

the same voice.

He leaped to his feet, leaving the creature pinioned. Marcia removed the stick and cast it into the water; then she, too, got up and stood with her eyes the other way, shivering a little.

"It has no feeling," he said. He was blowing like a spent runner. "I hate things that have no feeling! I loathe things that have no feeling... Come back to the fire! Please!"

She remained only a moment in the warm circle, for the early goers were getting their things together, and some already straggling up across the sand-spit, laughter and the voices of drowsy children hanging behind them in the quiet air. Gaspard's face appeared at her shoulder, more than ever swarthy with the red of shame.

"I love you!" he whispered. His eyes were on the hem of her skirt. "I'm sorry. Forgive me. It made me go kind of queer

out there-in the dark."

She laid a hand on his damp head. Just now he was not the new man; he was more like a little boy in trouble, shame mingling with a wistful fear of things beyond him.

"Yes, yes," she murmured, and there was an extraordinary tenderness in it. "You're tired, Gaspard. Won't you come back to the hotel now? Some of them are going."

He was himself at that, waving his hands. "Oh, no, no, no! Lydia Klein is going to do a story for the papers. It will go all over

the country. She wants to know endless things about me. I must!"

He kissed her hand with a passionate swiftness and was away, virile, romantic,

clothed in the sanguine firelight.

Marcia turned and followed shadows up the sand. She was weary and inexpressibly troubled about life. At the crest, where the sand fell away again to the water and the thrumming launch, she stood irresolute between two fires—the boat, on the one hand. crowded with noise and life and lights, red, yellow, and green, shining through striped canvas; on the other hand, the little globe of warmth which she had left. She could see Gaspard standing up in the core of it—it must be Gaspard. Remembering the faint agony of the crab's claws, she had a momentary and irrational vision of herself lying there, with a sharpened stick going through her, very slowly, and on into the sand, and Gaspard's rapt face hanging over her in the night, far away. She seemed to cry out, trying to warn him of what he did, but her voice would not touch him, and he did not understand till it was too late. seemed to see him leaping to his feet with a shudder, and to hear him gasping fiercely at her: "You have no feeling! I loathe things that have no feeling!"

She was weak, and sat down on the sand. In a kind of mist she perceived the launch moving off, its lights and voices diminishing across the glassy water. A sense of freedom, like a miracle, came over her. The launch thought she was at the fire, and the fire thought she was on the launch. For a

moment out of life she was alone.

She gazed over a shoulder at Huddlestone Light, burning quietly in the dark. There was something abiding and incorruptible about that tranquil beacon, like a Christ saying: "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy-laden." And after a moment she went,

walking through the heavy sand.

She passed the lighthouse, gazing up at the wind-polished clapboards. The soft night drew her on, and mist touched her brow with sweet fingers. It was no longer black on the lower levels, for the moon, heaving clear of the horizon, struck the vapours with a suave and ghostly radiance. The fetor of land long dead was in her nostrils—a rank, sweet smell, heavy with peace.

She was not going far—just a few steps. Then she would return and sit on the ridge till the others came across to take the boat. Just now it was something to be lost out of the world—to be for a moment, as it were,

neither quick nor dead. Gaspard needed this. If she could but make him see! If she could but make him doubt himself for a moment, and his inexhaustible fire!

A soft chill sprang over her foot, and when she glanced down she saw water gleaming between tufts of grass. She had come far enough. Turning around, she went back in the direction from which she seemed to have come, moving in a close chamber of pearl. Strange reeds brushed her knees, and her feet were in water again. Something rustled away. This time she stood where she was for a moment, thinking, till a sense of the marsh's muddy lips sucking at her ankles made her withdraw to firmer ground. Mosquitoes, shaken from the reeds, wove the mist.

Of a sudden she lifted her voice, calling: "Gaspard! Gaspard!"

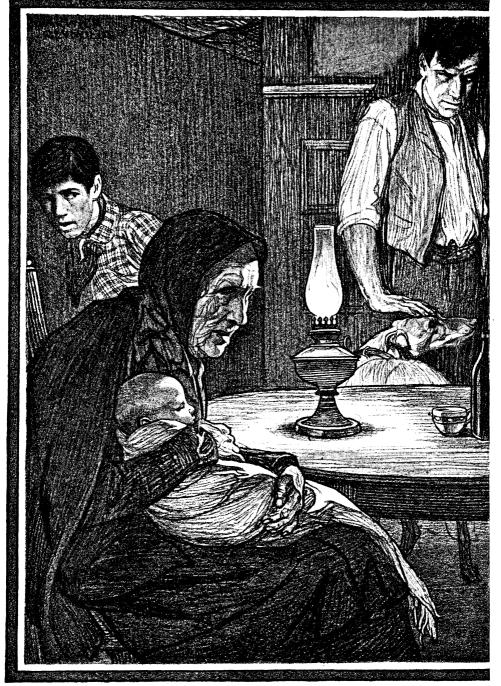
She had not meant to do that. Coming from her own throat, the cry appalled her. She asked herself what she was doing, and, folding her hands, she tried to remain relaxed and motionless. Mosquitoes dropped out of the air and settled on her hands and face and ankles.

"Gaspard!" she called again. "Gaspard! Gaspard!"

The sound was loud and sharp just about her, and then she felt it going up against the soft, impenetrable barrier of the fog. There were frogs somewhere, and the thing in the marsh near her was still rustling. She listened and listened, her head thrust forward and inclined slightly to one side, but all she could hear was the thing in the marsh and the frogs and the invisible mosquito millions singing to her nerves. After a little she seemed to be conscious of Gaspard's voice, far away and distinct: "What if the hand were to close up all of a sudden and hold us here for ever, smothered?"

She heard, or, rather, felt a gunshot jarring the opaque air. It seemed to come from somewhere behind her back. She turned and went that way, and when she had gone twenty paces, she was free of the fog, as though she had stepped out from behind the drop to take a call at the theatre.

It was queer stuff, this fog on Ked's Hand. For no reason it was over there, and it was not here. In a clearing, perhaps seventy yards across, filled with moonlight and ringed about with feathery cliffs of the mist, a man stood on the margin of an estuary, leaning on the muzzle of a shot-gun, his head sunken forward and his shoulders drooping together, as if he meditated.



"Faces confronted her . . . masks twitching with a raw and ineffectual anger . . .

He had a long, colourless beard, so thin that it vanished like a morning vapour when it passed against the moon's reflection on the water. His eyes were light, prominent, and half blind, but his ears caught Marcia's footfalls twenty yards away.

He turned to fix her with his lustreless regard.

Her pace slackened. Folding her hands, she pressed the palms tight together. It was years since she had known stage-fright, yet this was like it now, except that the horror



She stretched out her hands, beseeching. 'You promised!'"

was deeper, and that there was no reason at all for it. What was she to say to this composed and ghostly figure? How was she to break the silence of this place? Seconds passed.

"I'm-lost," she managed after a time.

The man nodded his head slowly, seeming to think about what she had said. Then his eyes turned back across the water, and he shifted the gun into the crook of his arm.

"There's a boy drownded here," he told

her, in a high, lost voice. "They found his hat right here where I'm standin'."

Marcia moved nearer, fascinated by the lambent serenity of the flood. In those depths there was nothing but the moon, round and cold. She felt the dreadful beauty of the place laying hold of her.

"I'm lost," she repeated, and again she had a sense that sound refused to travel in

this air. "I-I was with a party."

"I'm waitin' for the body to rise," the man went on, wrapped up in his own specu-"They say, if you shoot a gun acrost water, it'll bring 'em up."

He lifted the gun to his shoulder and felt for the trigger, and the moon, coming out of the water, danced along the blue barrel.

Marcia raised a hand in supplication, but her voice seemed to have gone away. found herself staring at the water, and waiting, watching, cringing. Her pain grew deeper as the silence continued.

"I forgot to The man lowered his gun. put in another load," he muttered. Fumbling his pockets, he brought out a fresh shell and slipped it into the chamber. Then, as though he had forgotten what he was about, he leaned an arm on the weapon's muzzle and brooded out across the lagoon.

"It's my boy Sim," he said. "He was a bod boy. Black, curly hair. They found good boy. Black, curly hair. his hat right here where I'm standin'. Sometimes it seems years since yeste'day,

when it happened."

His skin was the colour of old ivory in the moonlight, and his drooping, bloodless lips twitched at the corners with an ordered rhythm, like a pulse. Instead of pity, Marcia was filled with an uneasy dread. The man's bereavement was somehow monstrous, ghastly, dispassionate—there was no feeling, no Growing angry, she grasped his arm to shake it, and then her hand dropped away again, for it was as though her fingers had closed on a naked bone beneath the cloth of the sleeve. He looked at her with his vacant eyes, opaque in the serene illumination.

"What—who are you?" she gasped.

He answered in a narrative tone, as flat

and stale as the marsh-

"I'm Godsend Ked. Old one, that is. Young Godsend is brother to that one, y'u understand, under the water there."

"I don't want to know!" she cried. want to go back to the others. Right away, please! Do you hear? I'll pay you anything!""

The old man nodded slowly, as if turning it over in his mind, and then, presenting his back to her, moved off along the margin of the water without a word. Marcia would have said that they ought to go in the opposite direction, and misgiving followed her all the way across the crystal space. But when the fog had swallowed up the moon and made Old Ked a moving blur, she forgot this in the need for keeping track of him, for she did not want to be alone again on Ked's Hand. She did lose him once or twice in the glittering pall, and then she ran, tripping through tangled reeds, to see him.

She had no way of knowing how far they Sand, rushes, mat of wild cranberry, passed through the dim circle of vision underfoot. Once there was a bridge of twin logs, with bits of plank fastened crosswise, and a ditch of water shining beneath like the face of a black pearl. Silence oppressed her, and yet she was afraid to raise her voice for fear of hearing his again. He was leading her—where? She had told him she was with a party; now it came to her of a sudden that he had not asked her where the party was.

"Listen!" she cried, catching up to pluck his shoulder. "Listen! Please!

Her voice startled him, and he shrank away from her touch. When he turned his eyes over a shoulder, she saw by their dull amazement that he had forgotten she was there. She stood still, with her hands pressed to her cheeks, while he went on and merged with the Dimly she heard his footfalls receding, a soft pad, pad, pad; then he seemed to be getting over something, for there was a sound of grunting, a senile complaint, and

the ring of gunstock striking wood. A light stronger than the moon was in the mist, the mist itself rocked with a strange wind, and Marcia's ears were deafened. She

put her hands over them.

"He shot the gun," she told herself. was simple. He had shot the gun. tried to laugh. She was shivering all over.

Taking her hands away, she listened and heard nothing, not even the pad, pad of his She moved forward, curiously blind, groping the mist with outstretched arms. Her hands found the top rail of a fence, grey and polished like satin, and, resting her weight against it, she peered at the ground beyond and the human wreckage cast down there, dim, misshapen, eloquent of disaster. She crossed her arms on the rail and buried her face in them, and after a moment a sound came out of her throat.

She heard a voice from beyond the fence

by and by, questioning, impatient.

"What's the ruction there? Who is it?

What's wrong? Say!"

She pointed, without uncovering her eyes. Hearing no further sound, and seeing that the owner of the voice came toward her, she looked up presently, to find him standing with his elbow on the fence and his eyes studying the dim catastrophe. She fell back a step, shaken.

"Gaspard!"

Turning his head, the man regarded her suspiciously from under the shadow of his slouch hat. "Gaspard? Gaspard who?"

slouch hat. "Gaspard? Gaspard who?"

"Oh!" Marcia's hand went to her throat.

It was all so queer that she wanted to laugh, even in the presence of death. "Oh, I—

You're very like—— For a moment I thought——"

"I was Gaspard? Don't know'im. My name's Ked — Godsend Ked. That's my

father there—what's left."

It was like a dream, where nothing counted; his words ran in with the velvet pallor of the night, engrossed, passionless, like a sound of claws, it seemed to Marcia, rustling over sand. She remembered Gaspard and his sharpened stick, and now she almost understood.

"What happened?" she heard the other asking in the same sluggard voice. "How'd he come to blow 'imself that way? Or did

you do it? Or what?"

That frightened her. "No, no, no! He was climbing the fence. He loaded the gun out there where his boy—you know—
He was shooting over the water out there, and——"

"Again?"

"Again?" Her wonder hung in the quiet air. She shook herself savagely. "I am sorry to obtrude; I hope you will understand, but I shall have to beg you to find me a guide. I have lost my party, I don't know my way; I am quite at the mercy of anything here. I am willing to pay anything, in or out of reason, if you

will only hurry—please!"

The young one nodded thoughtfully as the old one had done. He picked up the shot-gun, examined it, and handed it to her, saying: "You'll have to carry this." The barrel was still warm in her palm. She kept her eyes on it while another burden was lifted from the ground, and then, getting between the bars, she followed, guided by a muffled and laborious breathing and boot-soles sucking in swampy turf.

A doorway of yellow light opened before her, framing the silhouette of the two Godsends, and after a moment she followed in, obedient to a word cast back.

The room was spacious, high-studded, done in an old faith of architecture. Discoloured wainscoting panelled the lower walls, and above them the plaster was mottled as a shrike's egg with the damp of degenerating years. What little of furniture there was seemed broken, exquisite, and old. A lamp on the table of scarred Sheraton in the centre gave out a brown light, smoked and feeble. Had it been a little feebler yet, one might have forgotten the decay and summoned up the ghosts of strong and beautiful people in that old chamber.

The people there in the flesh were neither strong nor beautiful. It was hard to say how many there were. Like the colourless things on the underside of a field-stone, they sought shadow, inhabiting corners, crowding in obscurity, careless of contact. Twitching, they made no sound. The head of a very old woman was to be seen, and beside it the head of a baby, both of them toothless, bald, the skin drawn taut over the framework gleaming in the high-lights—oddly identical heads, staring fixedly in the

same direction.

Marcia, following the gaze, turned her eyes over her shoulder. The dead man lay on another table by the wall behind her back. She saw his boots and the worn trousers above them flattening away from the keen ridges of his leg-bones. Queer things suggested themselves to her; she breathed an opiate in the ropy air, and for a moment, under the urge of all those rapt, converging eyes, she felt a desire to keep on turning her head till she came to the other end of the table, an eagerness, breathless and almost beyond control, to snatch a glimpse of what had happened when the gun went off in the mist out of doors.

She got herself straight with an effort that left her weak and shivering and conscious of a personal filth. She appealed:

"Please, somebody, I wish to go!"

The younger Godsend came toward her out of the populous shadows, carrying a bottle and a tea-cup.

"I'm goin' to take you," he said, with a strain of petulance. "Only you better have

a mite o' this first. You're white."

He took off his hat, endowing himself with a survival of gentility, somehow shocking. Marcia pushed away the cup. Moved by some thought or emotion too diaphanous for expression, the man stared into it for a moment, then, lifting it to his lips, swallowed the shot and put down the cup and the bottle beside the lamp.

He was ready to go, but he lingered there for a moment, leaning on his hands and letting his eyes drift away to the other table

beside the wall.

Marcia waited while the moment lengthened into many, her attention fastened upon the face hanging in the sulphur light, greyish brown, worn like a blade, curiously dead, and as curiously alive with a still, insidious nervousness. He was as like the old woman as she was like the baby, and they were all as like as eggs in a nest.

He seemed to be giving himself up. Once he moved, but it was only to sink down into a chair with his arms spread on the table. His eyes, like the rest, kindled with a slow and exotic animation. The breath of the marsh dwelt in the room. Mosquitoes came in at the door, wound the air, invisible, or dropped out of it to sting. A clock ticked slowly behind Marcia's back, so slowly that it seemed ten seconds elapsed between the successive beats. The old woman was speaking in a rapt and weightless voice—

"I 'member. I 'member. 'Twas my own gran'father, Abner Ked. And he come ashore in his dory that time with his mate's

co'pse. I 'member. I 'member."

Once, when playing in the Southern States, Marcia More had been taken to a negro camp-meeting, and she recalled a moment when something seemed to break in the air. the lights dimmed, a raptured horror smote black faces, and the shadows of the devils of the jungle tiptoed through the pack, shaking them like a reed. . . .

"He'd been adrift two weeks. . . ."

They were shaken like a reed. blood beat all with one pulse, and shadow knit them together. Behind Marcia's back

the clock ticked on more slowly.

Something was busy in her brain now, irrational, untiring, putting away obstacles, leading her along blind passages and through impenetrable walls, till she stood on the floor of a dream and heard her own voice, as a stranger's, pleading with the man at the table-

"Gaspard! Why are you doing it? Gaspard, dear, what is the use? What are you driving at? Why do you take all this trouble, Gaspard? What do you want to show me, and who are all—these? why do you look that way?"

The man turned on her, wincing, and all about him in the room she had a sense of things falling to pieces. Something was

shattered; an exquisite balance had been destroyed. Faces confronted her from the dusk, masks twitching with a raw and ineffectual anger, like the faces of devotees robbed of their drug by a sudden hand.
She rubbed her eyes. "What am I saying?

Why do you look so like Gaspard?" stretched out her hands, beseeching. "You promised! You promised! You wouldn't go back on your promise. Someone will take me!"

His eyes were clouded and as frightened as her own. She fawned on him.

"Please! Now! I'll tell you where they are, my people, and you'll take me right They're near the place where your father was—you know—where he went to shoot over the water——"

Her voice trailed off. And now a new thing, taking shape in the back of her mind, drove her on inexorably. "You remember you said 'Again?' when I told you that out there? Why did you say 'Again?' What made you say it—'Again?'—like

He stared at her with Gaspard's frightened eyes, and moistened his lips with his tongue, as Gaspard did.

"He was always doin' it, that's why."

What do you mean? Why "Always? do you talk like a crazy person? was drowned yesterday." The boy

"It's you that's crazy here. He was twins with me, and that was twenty yearnearer twenty-five-ago."

Marcia took hold of the edge of the table. "But he was drowned, you know! He was -dead!"

"Some says——"

" But they found his hat!"

"Some says——"
"But—but——"

"Some says there was gipsies about . . . . Why?"

"Nothing! Nothing, nothing! believe me, don't you? Nothing!" You

She was consumed by the necessity for making him understand that she meant nothing, and she was conscious of a kind

of triumph when his eyes wandered away from hers and back to the table beside the wall.

Time went on, meted out by the lagging pulse of that clock behind her back. Her mind centred upon it, and she found herself awaiting the beat with an unaccountable tension.

The old woman's voice grew audible once

"I was on the beach that time, I was. I seen the dead one."

That was a queer clock. Its beat, now that she listened so closely, was not metallic, as a clock's beat should be. It was more like a fluid impact.

"He'd been adrift two weeks, Abner Ked

had, and . . ."

It was more like something falling on the floor—*drip*, *drip*, *drip*. Marcia put her hands over her ears and fled.

Somehow or other she was out in the dark, and mist blew in her face, and her feet were running. It was blind work, for there was no light at all now, not even enough to see her swinging hands or the earth passing under her feet. It seemed natural to her that the world should be black; it was natural, for the moon was in eclipse, though she failed to think of that. Reckless of where she fled, the guardian angel of the reckless saved her She bruised herself on an by miracles. invisible fence. Once she tripped and went down sprawling, her face in sedges. she found water rising about her knees, but, instead of turning, she floundered on, and after a little the water shoaled again, gave place to mud, and then to turf. The moon came out a little from the earth's shadow, and phantom light crept abroad.

There were voices, some far off, some nearer at hand, hallooing: "Marcia More!

Marcia More!"

She wanted to answer them, but something seemed to break in her mind, and she began to sob and stumble. And, stumbling, she came upon Gaspard Kroon, motionless and mute in the fog, and buried her face in his hands.

"I'm glad you've come," she heard him saying. "They're hunting you. The launchman said he hadn't seen you, and they thought you were lost. They're hunting you. Hear

them?"

She would not understand. Instinctively, for the moment, she refused to make head or tail of it. But in the following silence, ruffled only by the distant hails of the searchers, wonder forced itself inexorably upon her, a formless uneasiness, changing to dread. Why was it they, and not he, who searched? Why did he not call to them, telling the news? Why was he, the soul of flame, become of a sudden so mindless, inert, and still, and why was she so cold?

"Tell them," she begged, with her face

still hidden.

"Yes, yes. In a minute."

Somehow or other she knew that he was

nodding his head with an assumption of deep sagacity, seeming to turn the matter over in his mind, and she knew what his face was like, for she had lately seen its mate.

He took his hands away and sat down on the turf, leaving her to crouch alone, staring at him. His wrists hung down between his knees, and his eyes were open wide, brooding at nothing. He, too, seemed to be giving himself up to a seductive acquiescence.

"I've just found out what peace means," he told her, dreaming. Languor blurred his words. "Peace! Quiet! To let down and be nothing, and care about nothing. You

were right.'

She tried to close her eyes, for in the queer half-light it was not the face of the Gaspard she knew, but the face of the brother—the face of the man standing by the estuary, and of the old woman and the young baby, back there behind her in that chamber of degeneration. Mosquitoes settled upon it, but it gave no sign that it felt, save for an occasional twitching at the corners of the lips. . . . She had a vision of a great, marsh-scarred hand curving and closing irresistibly to claim its own.

"It would be nice to sleep here to-night, in the moonlit fog." His words drifted to

her across a thousand miles.

When Hoff and the others heard Marcia's

voice lifting in the mist, they turned and ran that way, spurred by a curious sensation of disaster, and found her with her husband, who seemed to be as lost as she. She was so glad to see them. She begged of them with a shaken and pathetic eagerness: "Please,

let's all go quickly!"

Once in the launch and free of the shore, the two sat close together in the stern. Gaspard seemed dazed and vaguely embarrassed, like a haunted boy. Marcia was weak as a babe, and as a babe she breathed of life. The engine's staccato thrumming was music; the wind of motion coming across clean water touched fire to her cheeks; the continuous, subdued conflict of voices, lights, and colours, pulled her up. And she knew that they and she together must pull Gaspard up.

"What shall we do to-morrow?" she propounded, launching out desperately upon the future. "I'd like to go back to town.

Would you?"

"Yes—yes, town." He passed a hand across his brow aud turned his eyes astern. "That's a queer place back there."

"Yes, queer enough. What of it? Places

are queer." Her words were light, but her nails were gnawing in her palms. "You must forget it, Gaspard!" That last went on repeating itself over in her brain: "You

must forget it-forget it!"

"Nothing! Nothing! It's just queer, and you have to let it go at that, dear." She saw him wince, and discovered that she was pinching his arm cruelly. "I know what it is," she shifted of a sudden. "It's simply that it's old and low and heavy there, and you happen to be just the other things." She must make him believe this now, passionately, for his soul, and especially hers, hung upon it. "You happen to be precisely the other things, Gaspard—new and high and raw and leaping! Can you see

it now, Gaspard? That's night back there, and you're morning. Eh?"

She had made him believe it. She had done more than make him believe it, perhaps, for by making him believe it, if there be any meat in faith, she had made it true.

"That's so," he murmured. He shook his shoulders, and colour came back to his face. "That's so, Marcia. We wouldn't get along together, it and I, would we?"

Ked's Hand had become very faint now, no more than a diaphanous ribbon stretched across the night, with a solitary star shining over it. Gaspard swept it all into the limbo of oblivion with one of his old, volcanic gestures.

"Come," he said, "let's talk with everybody. Lydia Klein tells me I'm to be amazing this winter, and do astounding big things. . . . Lydia! Oh, Lydia Klein, Marcia wants to hear!"

"Yes," said Marcia, "I do so want to hear."



THE RIVULET IN APRIL.

BY BIRKET FOSTER.

## AFTER ALL-!

### By JOHN A. STEUART

### Illustrated by Laurie Tayler



URING his brief leave from the Front Kennard resolved to treat his recent experiences as if they had never been. Eighteen months of the concentrated glories of war left him with a sharpened taste

for the balmy repose, the sweet oblivion That was why he said of sylvan peace. little of the deeds of the British Army in France and Flanders, and was obdurately silent concerning his own. That, too, was why, on the second day at home, he looked out old pre-War clothes, took down longdisused fishing-tackle, and, saying he meant to have a look at the Durrard Water, wandered off into solitude by himself. An hour after starting he stepped out of the dim thickness of a fir wood just below a tiny cataract that made a shower of iridescent spray in the sunlight. He halted to admire, but instantly pulled back as with a quick sense of intrusion.

Right in front of him a slim, girlish figure lay on the brink of the gorge, looking intently into the stream below. On the grass beside her lay a straw hat, carelessly flung off, and her daintily-shod feet were turned upward to the sun. Kennard could not help staring.

There is a strange magnetism in a man's eyes when they happen to be fixed on a maid. All at once the girl turned her head, and next instant was on her feet, hurriedly fastening on her hat. He marked her flush, and was ashamed, like one unwittingly playing the spy. It was almost like surprising Psyche in her bath.

As he stood hesitating whether to advance or retreat, an erratic gust of hill wind came down the valley, playfully snatched the hat from her fingers and tossed it into the stream. "Oh!" she cried. Then she looked at him in comic dismay.

He ran forward, raising a cap much decorated with fishing-hooks. "I'm afraid it's my fault," he said. "Allow me to get it for you."

He made a dart at it with his rod. Missing, he leaped on a boulder three yards out in the swirling rapids, made a dive at the floating hat, overbalanced, slipped on the rocking boulder, and went headlong into a ten-foot pool. The girl clasped her hands convulsively and gasped. The hat was heading merrily down stream with a tantalising air of "Follow me, catch me if you can." He rose spluttering, looked round, caught sight of the hat, and started in pursuit, splashing like an excited and not very nimble sea-lion. At last he caught it and scrambled out, dripping.

The girl ran to him. "Oh!" she cried, a

vivid concern in voice and face. you've gone and—and got wet!"

He laughed. "Not much the worse," he said, handing back the hat. cooling plunge on a hot day." -

"You shouldn't have done it," she said, with the sex's prerogative to criticise mere "It isn't worth such a ducking."

He looked at the hat, held gingerly by the brim between forefinger and thumb. It certainly did not seem expensive; probably a milliner of any pretensions would dismiss it with a sneer. Then he raised his eyes slowly to her face, while the trickle from his soaked clothes made miniature pools about his feet. It was a striking face, he told himself, with character as well as beauty in every line. Her hair, which was black and lustrous, showed a ravishing carelessness in make-up which harmonised delectably with the wild wood scene. Her eyes, too, were dark and finely expressive, with a glint of humour and just a suggestion of lurking satire in their depths. He was sure that in scorn or anger they could flash effectively.

Her features were good, and her colour, heightened, perhaps, by the circumstances of the meeting, was radiant. The mouth, as he did not fail to note, was pleasantly firm, and there was a very decided dimple in the well-moulded chin. "I fancy she has a will of her own," he thought. That she was an importation was clear. She was not Scotch, far less Highland, neither had she quite the air or manners of an English girl. Apparently aware of this subtle process of judgment, she smiled, and Kennard thought her smile singularly fascinating.

"To whom am I indebted for this favour?" she asked, regarding him intently.
"My name is Kennard," he replied,

remembering he had no card to offer.

"And mine Kenmore," she said. "We are quite close to home. You must come and get dry clothes. I can't guarantee a fit, but I dare say we can get something that will do for the time being, Mr. Kennard."

An exclamation of surprise was on his lips, but he kept it back. Now he knew who she was, and the knowledge made further

parley inexpedient.

"You are very kind," he answered, "but, thanks, there is no need for that. Sun and wind will soon dry me. This isn't my first wet skin, by a long way."

He strove to be polite, but he felt that, in spite of good intentions, his tones were chilly. Apparently she noticed no chilliness.

"Ah, but it's dangerous to go about in such very wet clothes," she rejoined solicitously. "You might get rheumatism, or pleurisy, or something, and then I'd feel I was to blame. Do come along. Please," she added, marking reluctance in his face. "I am sure father would be glad to see you."

Kennard drew a slow, deep breath, like one steadying himself. Of all living men, he least desired to meet Malcolm Kenmore,

owner of Durrard Castle.

He made a pretence of surveying himself

whimsically.

"Your father would think you had fished me out of the Durrard Water, and were taking me home as a curious bit of flotsam," he laughed. "Forgive me for intruding and trespassing." He did not mean to speak of trespass, but the word was out. She caught at it instantly.

"Trespassing?" she echoed. "It cannot be such a deadly crime to cut through the woods on a fishing expedition even in Scotland, the land of prohibitive notice-boards and threats of prosecution. As to intruding, you couldn't know I was here, amusing myself by watching trout at play."

He would not argue and could not explain. What he could and must do was to beat a strategic retreat, leaving the enemy, so to speak, in ignorance of his reasons.

When he had done this, she gazed after him with mixed feelings of wonder and pique. "That's abrupt, anyway," she said to herself. "What a queer man!" His behaviour contrasted strangely with the homage to which she was accustomed.

#### II.

HASTENING home, she promptly put her father into the witness-box, cleverly made him divulge certain matters of history, and, having diagnosed the situation, remarked pertinently: "Old feuds! Aren't they silly?" As an advanced American she had no patience with the stupid follies and prejudices of the past. Her father agreed, remarking that in this instance they were not of his seeking.

"But you've taken your revenge," she

said.

"No need to be harsh, Nell," he responded. "Say, rather, I have kept my purpose and realised certain early ideals."

"To own Durrard Castle?" He nodded. She was proud of her father with the American girl's pride in the man who does

things and does them superbly.

He had emigrated to the States in the cheapest hulk of a boat he could find sailing from the Clyde; he returned in the most sumptuous floating palace that entered Liverpool, with a special suite of rooms for himself, his wife and daughter. Even Wall Street owned that he was "a right smart man," and had prospered prodigiously. What it could not understand was why he should quit money-making and retire to the bogs and crags of Scotland. This was because it did not understand he was a Highlander, and that Highlanders love the old barren soil better than the new, even when the latter yields minted gold.

There were important visitors at the Castle, and for two days after her adventure at the Durrard Water, Miss Kenmore was much occupied. On the third day, chancing to be alone in the grounds with Harry Privett, she looked at him with odd, questioning, speculative eyes. She had a certain scheme in mind, and was wondering how it

would work.

"He's not a coward, I'm sure of that," she reflected. "Just careless and indifferent." Then she thought of Kennard—Major Kennard, as she now knew he was. He had

actually rebuffed her, and she did not take rebuffs easily, even from men covered with the glory of war. Of course, he had good reason for his abrupt ending of their odd interview. That she saw clearly in the light of subsequent knowledge. His prejudices, his antipathies, must be overcome. not neighbourly to keep up foolish old feuds; besides, he might work into her scheme. When a clever, pretty girl decides in that fashion, men become mere puppets in her

"Harry," she said in her sweetest manner, "have you forgotten how to walk?"

The point of her question was that Harry was from New York, and that the typical New Yorker has almost forgotten the use of legs as means of locomotion.

"Guess not entirely," Harry

laughingly.

"Then, like a good boy, take me for a hill-walk this afternoon," she told him. "All by ourselves, you understand, and not a word to anybody.

Harry's heart put on several extra beats to the minute. Daring submarine perils, he had crossed the Atlantic for the sole and exclusive purpose of whispering just one little sentence in Nellie's dear, pink, lovely shell-like ear. She understood, and this was her sly, delightful, romantic method of playing up. What a peach of a girl!

The first half-hour of the climb made it plain to Harry that since the never-to-beforgotten night on board the liner when, in the midst of envious eyes, he presented Nell with the costliest bouquet which the costliest florist in New York could supply, she had developed amazing power of wind and limb. Their path lay up the rocky woodland steeps by the Durrard Water, and Harry had just breath enough to keep pace, but none to waste on conversation. Probably that was why he postponed any reference to the business which had brought him hot-foot across the Atlantic.

By and by they reached an open moor. In the midst stood a bleak, grey house, and towards that forlorn, inhospitable-looking dwelling they turned. A dog and an old woman received them with open, unmistakable hostility. The dog snarled as if they were vagrants to be chased from the door; the old woman eyed them as if they were raiders bent on an old-time foray.

"Will you please tell me if Major Kennard is at home?" Nellie asked, with all possible civility.

"What might you want with the Major?"

was the response, spoken from between grim, set lips.

"I wish to see himself," Nellie replied,

with unruffled politeness.

"Ah, well," returned the old woman, "he's not to be seen the day. His father, the Captain, and him's up in London. Seeing the King," she added, with a proud lift of the head.

Nellie was astonished, but it was in a voice of serene self-possession she asked-

"Can you tell me when they will be

back?"

"That's for His Maijesty to say," was the curt reply. "Likely he'll be for keeping them a while at the Palace in London." And her tone implied it is not every day that even a king has such guests.

There was no more to be said, and with a smiling "Thank you very much. Good afternoon," Nellie turned away, Harry promptly turning with her. The old woman stood a minute watching them, the light in her eyes becoming a blaze of contempt and resentment.

"Thank you very much and good afternoon!" she repeated to herself. "Oh, good afternoon, good afternoon, and may ye never darken this door again! Thought maybe I had no notion who ye were, but fine I ken the black breed o' the Kenmores. You coming after the Major! The thought o't!" And with a furious snort she turned and disappeared indoors.

Meanwhile Harry was remarking: "Don't seem to be troubled with manners in these The old witch! I guess I wouldn't have stood her sauce."

"Oh, yes, you would, Nellie smiled.

Harry, if you knew."

He regarded her in surprise. The entire proceeding puzzled him, but more than anything else it puzzled him to find Miss Kenmore meek and forgiving under rudeness. It was utterly unlike her.

"You see," she explained gently, "the Highlanders are a very singular folk. Father says they can both love and hate more intensely than any other people on earth, and I believe it's true. The old woman was rude to us because of her loyalty to someone else. She knows me and hates me."

"Hates you!" cried Harry, all his knightly feelings flaring up. "The ancient What on earth does she hate you That hatred should ever touch anyone so good and lovely seemed to him a wanton outrage.



"After the public function there was a very private,

"For being what I am and where I am," was the quiet reply. "The Kennards were once at Durrard Castle, and she's an old retainer. See? But we won't talk of that now. Come along." And she quickéned her pace.

"Say," protested Harry, suddenly re-

membering other things.

"We'll miss tea unless we make haste," she interrupted, with a swift glance at his face. "Do come along, there's a good boy."

He looked at her inquiringly. What did she mean? Why this hurry, as though she

wished to avoid talk? And what was her business with the Major? A vague misgiving seized him. He seemed to detect a subtle change in her; she was not quite the Nell of the old New York days. Her gaiety had a new note. There were moments when she actually appeared thoughtful and serious, as if the problems of life weighed upon her.

It was all very puzzling and not a little disquieting. But of one thing eyes and heart assured him—she was lovelier, more fascinating than ever. And he would win

her or die!



select, and cosy one at Durrard Castle."

#### III.

IT chanced that next day an important guest was expected at Durrard Castle. As a mark of honour, Mr. Kenmore himself motored to the station to meet him; Nellie went also, and, for reasons of his own, so did Harry.

Highland trains have a contempt for time-tables, and there was a long wait. But the station-master, having leisure and a taste for conversation with people of importance, helped to beguile the tedium. He was full of one subject.

"Major Kennard's back," he informed

them as one who imparts thrilling news. "As likely you know, he's been up in London, getting decorated by the King. His father, the Captain, went, too, and I tell you he's the proud man to-day."

"With good reason, no doubt," said Mr. Kenmore cordially. "What is the

decoration?"

"The V.C., no less," was the ardent reply. "Took a position and kept it with a handful of Highlanders against swarms of Germans. Saved a brigade, I'm told. There's talk of getting up a meeting just to express the feelings of his own folk, as ye might say, and

they kind o' want me to take the business in hand."

"An excellent idea," said Mr. Kenmore, with conviction.

"I am glad you like it, sir, and I was just thinking, as you came up, that if you, as the big man of the district, would give a lift and promise to take the chair, the thing would be as good as done."

"Oh, do, papa!" Nellie cried, her eyes bright with eagerness. "It would just be lovely! It's quite right that in such a thing he should take the lead," she told the delighted station-master. "And I'll see that he does," she added purposefully.

Never mind how it was managed. Nell took counsel of her mother, an energetic, up-to-date lady, who had the New Yorker's ideas about doing things that other people

considered impossible.

"You don't know the Highlanders," Mr. Kenmore protested. "Major Kennard would very likely refuse to come near any meeting I had anything to do with. I am certain his father would."

"Pooh!" was the rejoinder. "You men are too stupid for anything. Because fools fell out about the time of the Flood, is that any reason for keeping the feud going?

You just see!"

He did see; so did others—saw what, in fact, was a miracle. When the time came, Mr. Kenmore presided at the great meeting, with the hero on his right hand and the hero's father on his left, even as his womenfolk decreed it should be. Some who knew local history and tempers were amazed. "It's changed times we're having," they remarked privily to one another, little guessing the diplomacy which had brought about that singular and surprising amity. Everyone agreed that the meeting was a triumphant success, but only those behind the scenes knew that it was particularly a triumph for the wit, resource, and tenacity of woman.

The gathering was studiously, picturesquely

Highland.

There was pipe music for the soul of the Gael, there was haggis for healthy appetites, there was aqua vitæ for inspiration, and there were speeches that would have made hack orators livid with envy. When the hero rose to acknowledge compliments, it seemed there was a conspiracy to silence him. For the audience rose also, told him deliriously he was "a jolly good fellow," as if daring him to deny it, frantically waved glasses at him, and did not desist till it was out of breath. He owned—when at last he

was allowed to speak—that of all the ordeals he had ever known, this was by long odds the worst. In comparison, war was soothing and cooling.

"It is an ancient habit with British officers," he said, "to try to do their duty. I have done no more, and it is just like your warm-hearted, hot-headed generosity to come here and make a fuss about it."

As to what Mr. Kenmore said of him, he could only blush—he was, in fact, blushing like a school-girl on prize day—and hope that some small fraction of it might be true. For the rest, he would go back and tell his comrades that the folks at home were watching them and were proud of them. It was a soldier's duty to fight in the time of need, and they meant to conquer or die.

When he sat down, and the roof seemed to be flying heavenward, Harry glanced at Nell, who sat close beside him. Her face was tense and rapt, and he could swear that her shining eyes were moist. In the same moment Mrs. Kenmore bent over and said with evident emotion: "What a pity he has not a mother to see and hear all this! How proud she would be of her son!"

Harry chivalrously agreed. But there was an odd, wry little smile on his face, and, in his own phrase, his feet were beginning to feel exceedingly cold.

#### IV.

DIPLOMACY had scored brilliantly, but it had not by any means played its last or best card. After the public function there was a very private, select, and cosy one at Durrard Castle.

Towards midnight, when Captain Kennard said the correct things to his hostess, she replied sweetly: "It was good of you to come, Captain Kennard, and bring your brave and distinguished son. We appreciate the honour. In future I hope neighbours will be friends."

A woman has a thousand ways of saying a thing, a thousand subtle, seductive variations of tone, look, and gesture to slip her meaning home. The Captain bowed a gallant, delighted bow. On the way home he confided to his son that he thought her a remarkable and charming woman, that the daughter was a nice, bright, engaging girl, and that Malcolm himself was turning out not so badly at all.

"I liked the way he spoke of you, Eric," he said. "It seemed to me just the right thing said in the right way. And just think

of it—you and I back at Durrard Castle! A week ago I would have scouted the possibility of such a thing. Yet it's happened. A very

pleasant experience altogether."

They repeated their visit to the Castle several times with apparent pleasure, and always with a welcome that combined the best elements of Highland and American hospitality. These things made the watchful, brooding Harry acutely miserable. In particular he squirmed inwardly at sight of Nellie's too open, too manifest interest in the Major and his deeds.

"Playing Desdemona to his Othello just a bit too ardently," he told himself, with a cold thrill. At last, being unable to endure any longer, he ventured to hint this one day while they were by themselves in the

shrubbery.

"Major Kennard is brave, and I admire brave men," Nellie replied frankly, looking

him steadfastly in the face.

"And I guess I'm not brave," said Harry, viciously biting a cigarette he had just lighted by way of proving his perfect coolness.

"Don't be nasty, Harry. You've never had the need or the chance. I am sure you could be very brave if—if you tried."

Harry gave his cigarette another vicious nip. "Perhaps you think both the need and

the chance have come now."

"Our country is at war," was the grave response. "That means we need all the bravery we've got; and, you see, being only a girl, most all I can do is to admire the brave men who risk everything for liberty and humanity. It's a great privilege to be a soldier. I wish I was a man."

"I don't," said Harry, with lightning emphasis. "But, if you were, I reckon you'd be out qualifying for the V.C. As next best thing," he added, crumpling his cigarette to shreds, "I guess you'd like to marry a

soldier."

"Supposing the soldier to be the right man—yes," she answered. The words came firmly and boldly, as from one who meant all they implied. A sudden chill gripped his vitals. What before was torturing fear now became a freezing reality. "The Major's won!" he confessed to himself, with that awful spasm of the heart which comes of the open, decisive triumph of a rival. "Yes, I guess he's won all right. I may vamoose any time."

Your true American takes sporting chances with Fate as calmly, as philosophically, as any man under the sun. Harry reckoned

himself an American of the best type, and his friends would have confirmed the self-estimate. Were the present loss financial, he would have taken it with a smile. Had he broken his leg or his arm, he would still have, smiled. But to lose Nellie, after being sure she was his! It was too much. His feet were very cold indeed.

Nellie stood regarding him fixedly, and under her scrutiny and his own emotions he

felt himself grow pale.

"I had a letter from Kitty Everton this morning," she said, breaking a trying silence. "She says there's the most tremendous enthusiasm all over the States; all the boys we know are volunteering. And do you know what she asks, Harry?" She paused like a physician preparing a patient for a shock. "She asks if you mean to join up on this side, or go back home to do it? She thinks you will be in command of a regiment in no time."

"Don't see why she troubles to flatter,"

returned Harry sourly.

"It isn't flattery," Nellie retorted promptly. "I am sure she is right." And then wistfully, almost solicitously: "Have you any idea of joining up, Harry?"

He had never thought of it, being much

too intent on—what she well knew.

"Don't know," he replied in sheer bitterness of heart. "Would you like me to

join up?"

"It would be perfectly lovely!" she cried, a sudden radiance of joy in her eyes. He looked at her in accusing silence. Lovely! Lovely to be cleared out and shot by the Germans for the convenience of the interloping Major! He would not have believed it of her.

Two days later the Major left. He was going direct to the Front, to resume his chance of getting killed. When he arrived at Durrard Station, to catch the south-bound express, he found Harry on the platform, ready for travel.

"Yes," answered Harry lightly, in response to a question from the Major, "I'm going to London. Got some business at the American

Embassy."

"Good!" said the Major heartily. "Then we shall be company for each other."

"So," returned Harry pleasantly, because of his natural politeness; but in his heart he said: "Surely this is the crowning stroke of satire!"

The Captain was there to see his son off, and the Castle party was there to see Harry off. He did not fail to note that Nell

Her colour seemed anxious and nervous. came and went, and as she looked now at the Major, now at him, her eyes were questioning, wistful, and uncertain. To both she was equally gracious, and, of course, she could not help being charming. Harry almost wished she could. It would be salve to his wounds to think she was less beautiful and bewitching than he had once thought her. But there was no such relief.

At that moment she was distracting.

"We'll watch for fresh honours, Major," she told Kennard; and to Harry she said: "You'll write soon, Harry, and tell us how you get along."

"Sure," replied Harry. "And—and a thousand thanks. I've had a bully time since coming here."

Not for worlds would be allow the feelings that seethed in his breast to peep out. was glad the place was public; privacy would be embarrassing, and might well be disastrous.

When at last the travellers sat face to face in a smoking compartment, Harry sociably held out his cigar case, a thing of rare and costly beauty, as befitted his position. Through the blue fragrant cloud that followed he regarded his companion with a keen, penetrating scrutiny. In looks the Major was nothing exceptional, he told himself, and by all accounts he was the reverse

Where, then, was the magic? answered his own question by a single word

"Girls are dead gone on khaki," he reflected bitterly. And then, thinking of his loss: "Kind of makes a fellow feel sick!"

Perhaps it was to ease his feelings that he suddenly bent forward and plunged into an animated discussion of war and international politics.

Some six months later a young officer lay grievously wounded in a London hospital. The hospital was a private mansion hastily converted to war purposes, and it chanced that he was put into a small room by himself. More than once he lapsed into delirium, and then he talked strangely of home and love and fighting, and sometimes a girl's name was mentioned in a way that made the eyes of his nurses moist. "Poor boy!" they murmured, smoothing back his hair or laying cool hands on his burning brow. boy! Wonder what's happened?" He was a nice boy, and they felt for him as all properly constituted nurses feel for nice boys

Besides, it was committed to their care. reported that he had been extraordinarily brave—that, in fact, his wound was got in a moment of supreme peril, when he risked

himself to save the men he led.

In the hospital it was a fight for his life, but science and devotion won. Then one day, as he lay staring at the ceiling with a dreamy, far-away expression in his face, a visitor was announced. Visitors came often, bringing flowers and fruit and smiles and much praise and sympathy. He appreciated these things, but there were times when they fatigued and even bored him. perhaps, was why in this instance he did not turn his eyes till someone was bending over him and saying in a low, tense, almost breathless voice: "Harry, Harry! Don't you know me?"

For an instant the breath was stayed in Harry's breast. The next he had jerked himself up on his elbow and was looking with the intensity of enraptured amazement

into the face bent above him.

"Nellie!" he gasped. "Nellie! Is it

true, or am I dreaming?"

"It is true, dear; you are not dreaming," came in the divine voice he knew and loved so well. He could not immediately believe it, and, as he gazed in a wild turmoil of doubt and joy, Nellie turned to the nurse, who stood by, watchful and curious.

"I wonder if I can have a few minutes alone with your patient? Oh, be sure," she added eagerly, as the nurse hesitated,

"I will take good care of him."

The nurse understood—had she not a sweetheart of her own?—and withdrew.

Then Nellie sat down on the edge of the narrow bed, and, ordering Harry to lie quiet, took up a thin white hand and caressed it.

"If you were well enough, the first thing I'd do would be to scold you for being a naughty, unkind, unreasonable boy," she "Never writing, so that I had told him. to find out things for myself! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"
"Sure," he answered radiantly.

sure! What did you find out, Nellie?"

"Everything you did," was the quick answer. "How you joined as a private, got a commission by merit, and were wounded, saving the situation when your superior Harry, it is splendid, just officer fell. splendid!" She did not say that for full particulars of Harry's valour she was indebted to Major Kennard. That piece of news would keep till later. There were tears in her eyes, and the caressing became convulsive.

"And you came over here just to look me up?" said Harry, deep wonder in every line of his pale face.

"Why, yes, of course I did."

Harry gripped the hand that was fondling his with the clutch of a vice. A ring cut into Nellie's finger, but not for worlds would she have protested.

"Say, that's bully!" he cried. And then, as if doubts still lingered: "What made

"You silly boy-why, to see you, of course!"

"Guess I'm not much to look at now,

Nell," he remarked ruefully.

"You are beautiful," she contradicted quietly-" beautiful!" And then, bending a little closer: "My hero has made good."

"Your hero?" He was startled, almost

stunned.

"Yes. Oh, Harry, can't you understand? I knew you were brave, and I wanted others to know it, too. Everybody was talking war and heroism and military glory, and I wanted you to be a soldier, and win honour, and make me proud, and—and you have done it. No one can say now that you hung back or failed in the day of battle."

A great light flashed upon Harry. So here at last was the reason for all that intense, maddening interest in khaki.

"You told me you would like to marry a soldier," he said, his pulses beating more riotously than was at all good for the health of an invalid. "Still gone on the cloth?"

She nodded thrice, her eyes, now close to his, being even more eloquent than her nods. The gates of Paradise were flung open to Harry. With a swift, vehement movement, which in other circumstances might have been dangerous, he disengaged his hand, his arms opened, she dropped forward, and they closed about her in a suffocating embrace.

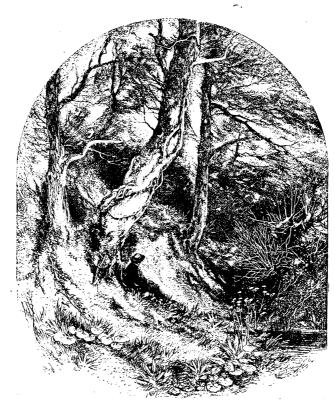
"When?" he asked, his heart beating wildly against hers.

"As—as soon as you are well enough,

dear," she whispered, nestling closer.

"Then you bet I'll get well on the high. speed gear!" cried Harry deliriously.

And he did.



SPRING IN THE WOODLAND.

BY BIRKET FOSTER.

# THE CAMP FOR TURKISH PRISONERS OF WAR AT SHWEBO, UPPER BURMA

By CAPTAIN HENRY T. PARRY,

Commandant.

T the request of many friends at home and in this country, as well as from my old regiment—the Artists' Rifle Volunteer Corps—I am penning this account of prisoners of war camp life in the hope it will be of interest.

holders and sticks are done by prisoners of war on their own. There are also numerous ice-cream vendors, coffee-stalls and sweet-stalls. The officers have their café, where they obtain a great variety of dishes. There is also a theatre, where a Turkish opera was



THE PRISONERS OF WAR CAMP AT SHWEBO, SOUTH SIDE.

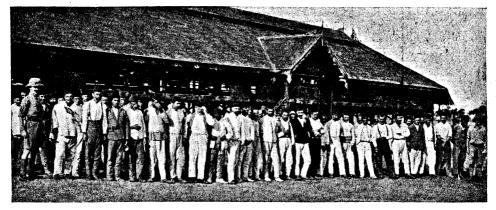
On September 7, 1916, I went to Thayetmyo, Burma, where there is a large war camp of about five thousand prisoners, for the purpose of initiating myself into the camp work. I spent a very interesting month at Thayetmyo, receiving the greatest kindness from the Commandant and Assistant Commandant, to whom I am much indebted for their many acts of kindness and valuable help at that time and since.

Thayetmyo at present comprises three camps. A garden was run by the prisoners for supplying vegetables, and the following trades are being carried on—carpentry, tailoring, shoemaking, re-tinning cooking utensils, mat-weaving, etc., for all of which the prisoners are paid. Mandoline making and the manufacture of inlaid cigarette-

performed at Christmas 1915. The officers have also a club outside the camp, on a delightful position on the Irrawaddy, containing a billiard table and a refreshment bar.

Whilst there I took seventy officers every week to a cinema in the town, driving down in gharries, one of which overturned on one occasion, happily without serious results.

An amusing episode happened at Thayetmyo last year, when a party of prisoners of war was being selected for exchange. The first party selected for exchange for our sick and wounded was naturally not chosen from the most robust, and a large number of them were men who had been wounded or had some disabilities, such as weak vision, stiff joints, or lameness, etc.



ROLL-CALL OF "A" COMPANY AT SHWEBO.

When the next party was selected, it was under instructions that only men physically fit in all respects were to be sent.

This, however, was not intimated to the prisoners of war, who, when the medical inspection began, remembered that on the previous occasion the blind and halt had been given preference. Hundreds of men, and not a few officers, hale, robust fellows, came forward feigning all sorts of disabilities, some limping, some nursing an elbow, others with bandaged eyes, and all with long tales about their suffering.

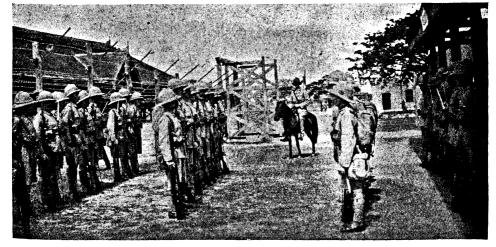
Since these men were physically fit, a good many were selected, and at first gloried in what they mistook to be the crass stupidity of our doctor for not selecting the genuinely sick and disabled.

The malingerers, however, were disillusioned, and many were much annoyed, when they discovered he had only been looking for the men who were sound in body. Some of them had the courage to plead with the doctor that their bandages and tales had all been deception, and that they might be allowed to return. The only ones who showed no anxiety to go back to Turkey were the Armenians.

When prisoners of war first arrive, the following full description is taken—

- 1. Name.
- 8. Eyes.
- 2. Father's name.
- 9. Hair.
- 3. Date of capture. 10. How wounded and
  - when.
- 4. Rank.
- 11. Any property.
- 5. Height. 6. Weight.
- 7. Complexion.
- 12. Regiment. 13. Battalion.
- 14. Company.

On October 4, 1916, the first small batch of convalescent Turkish officers and their Turkish servants left for the newly-made Shwebo camp by steamer, viâ Sagaing, which



GUARD MOUNTING.

is 740 miles up the Irrawaddy and 380 miles

from Thayetmyo.

We embarked on the mail steamer Nepaul, all officers travelling first-class, of course. It is a beautiful journey up, and took us three days to get to Sagaing, where the captain stopped for us, although it is not a usual halting-place for mail steamers. This journey takes over five days by the Government boat.

We passed Minhla, where there is an old, large, and very thick-walled fort—built by Italian engineers—the only place where the Burmese made any stand in the last Burmese War. Then on past Minbo—where large

there was invariably time before dark to take the officer prisoners of war for a walk, sending the rank and file under escort, for an hour and a half, to stretch their legs.

We disembarked at Sagaing, where all baggage—and there was plenty of it, including bicycles, deck-chairs, dogs, and a monkey—had to be taken by the rank and file to the

train, about 300 yards off.

The railway journey from Sagaing to Shwebo—only fifty-two miles—is tedious, with its stoppages to get water at one place, lamps at another, as well as waiting at the six stations intervening. It takes three and a half hours sometimes.



GROUP OF OFFICERS AT SHWEBO.

quantities of haricot beans come from—to Mague Nyounghla, Yensaungyaung, a large oilfield, with its forest of derricks and with a ten-inch pipe-line running all the way to Rangoon—this pipe-line is 375 miles long—also past Salin Sinbyugyun, Yenangnat, the oilfields of Singu and Sale, to the most interesting place in all Burma, from an archæological point of view, called Pagan, the ancient capital of Burma, with more than five thousand pagodas, two of which are a thousand years old. One has the shape of a small cathedral—the only one of its kind I have seen in Burma.

After passing Pakokku and Myingyan, we proceeded to Sagaing. We tied up every evening during this journey, and as we practically always arrived about 5 p.m.,

After arriving at Shwebo about 7.45 p.m. on October 7, we proceeded, in total darkness, to get our baggage across the railway lines to the mule-carts. The station staff officer had very thoughtfully provided some hospital tongas for us, as the officers were convalescent. These tongas are two-wheeled carts drawn by two oxen, and have padded seats of "Capehoods."

At the opening of this camp I made the following rules, amongst others-

### TIME-TABLE.

7 a.m. Roll call.

7.15 a.m. Sick parade.

7.30 a.m. Issue of rations.

8.30 a.m. Lamp parade.

9.30 a.m. Commandant's tour of inspection.

10.30 a.m. Khansama (caterer) arrives with food for officers' messes.

Retreat—which varies from 5.30 to 6.30 p.m.—at which all officers have to be in camp.

9.30 p.m. Lights out.

No smoking allowed in men's barracks. No food to be thrown down cook-house drains. Care to be taken not to waste washing or drinking water.

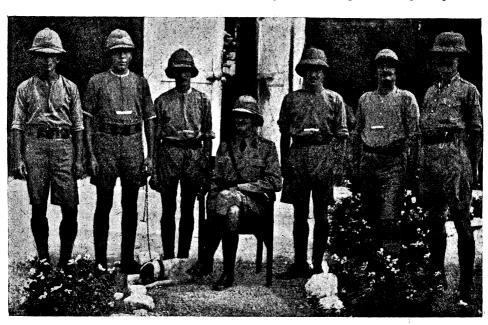
No prisoner allowed beyond the spit-locked line, which is made ten feet from the

barbed wire fence.

Another difficulty is the stopping of reckless waste of both drinking and washing water.

Very ingenious methods were discovered amongst the rank and file for the purpose of obtaining extra clothing and blankets. On one occasion a stalwart sailor, after swearing that he had "battanic yok" (no blanket), was kept on parade while his quarters were searched, when no less than three blankets were discovered hidden away.

It is curious to find that when they are asked, after applying for new shoes, why they are wearing such a good pair, they



THE CAMP STAFF AT SHWEBO

No prisoner allowed to converse with any native.

Barracks and officers' quarters to be kept scrupulously clean.

All bedding to be put out for airing twice weekly.

All correspondence to be written on the official stationery provided. Officers are allowed to write twice per week, and all other ranks once.

One of the chief troubles with which I have had to deal is the changing of quarters without permission. After it had been arranged, and a plan had been drawn up for each bungalow, for friends to live together, they altered their mind and changed their rooms without asking consent.

invariably reply that those have been lent to them by one of their friends.

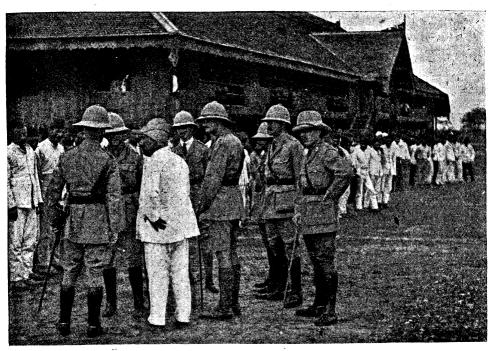
A fresh party of prisoners which arrived soon set to work to take away the wooden rails of the barrack staircases for carpentry, but, on the whole, the rank and file give but little trouble. Many of the sergeants take much interest in the working of the camp, and are thus of great help, especially during ration time, being fully conversant with the amount of the twenty articles that the rations consist of.

Up to the present I have only had three serious offences, the first being that of a private, in a Camanjok battalion, who was charged with stabbing one man below the ear, after an altercation about religion, and wounding another man who intervened.

The second was the escape of two prisoners of war during the night. I immediately circulated their full description amongst the military and civil police and the thugyis (or headmen) of the adjacent villages, and details were also telegraphed to Rangoon, Mandalay, Sagaing, Katha, and Thayetmyo. They were apprehended the next day at a jungle village called Kongyi, eleven and a half miles away, by the thugyi of that place. It is interesting to know that, within half an hour of the description being circulated, mounted Burma military police were scouring the district.

The officers' diet is varied, and is very similar to that provided in a British officers' mess, comprising beef, mutton, ox tongue, ox brains, chicken, haricot beans (fresh and dried), potatoes, brinjals, spinach, tomatoes, onions, cabbage, and, of course, bread, butter, cream and milk, the three latter provided by the regimental dairy. In addition to these, they are very fond of the following Turkish dishes, the spelling of which is correct as far as I can phonetically ascertain—

Chicken Pilau—i.e., chicken cooked with rice, nuts, and raisins.



THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING BURMA DIVISION, AND STAFF, RECEIVING A PETITION FROM A TURKISH PRISONER OF WAR AT SHWEBO.

When the camp was first opened, the officers had one mess, but at present there is a restaurant, and several messes are supplied from it. Second- and third-class civilians rank as officers, as far as quarters are concerned, but are supplied with rations on the same scale as the rank and file.

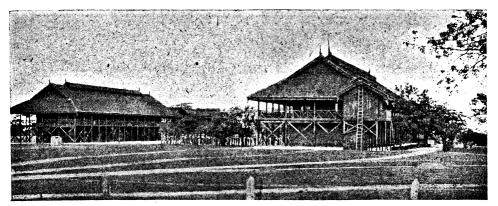
Practically all officers' and civilians' food is supplied by the regimental khansama, as I find, after making exhaustive inquiries, that they are unable to procure food of the same quality any cheaper elsewhere. Three prisoners of war servants, under escort, are allowed to go to bazaar twice weekly to purchase foodstuffs.

Bourek. A pie made of meat or cheese. They are very partial to sweets, especially—Yoghort, which is really sour milk, and which is extremely good for the digestive organs.

Ashoora, a mixture of wheat, raisins, sultanas, rice-water and walnuts. The grain of the wheat is whole and not crushed. This, though appearing to be a curious mixture, makes a delightful sweet.

Mahallabe, made of cornflour, sugar, and

Tavukgouyissu, which, though made with the breast of a chicken, is yet classed as a sweet.



THE STATION HOSPITAL AT SHWEBO WHICH THE PRISONERS OF WAR ATTEND.

Bucklavar, made of butter, flour, and sugar. Rahat Locum (Turkish delight).

The officers always eat a good deal of whatever fruit happens to be in season, such as oranges, bananas, mangoes, etc. There is a small coffee shop in the camp, where prisoners of war can obtain tinned meat,

jam, biscuits, etc.

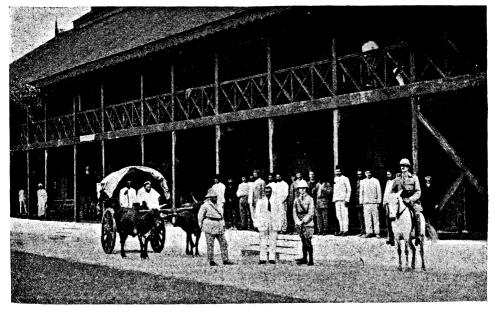
An amusing incident happened a short time ago. The restaurant in camp is run, by three of the rank and file, who early one morning went to our coffee shop and each bought a dozen of soda water; they then sent four friends in to do the same, and kept the game up till all the soda water was bought up, thereby creating a "corner."

As the regimental coffee shop is a mile

away, and it was 100 in the shade, they presumed that officers would be forced to buy from them. They were charging 14 annas a dozen, instead of the 10 annas at which they had procured them. Needless to say, this was summarily stopped.

The second- and third-class civilians and the rank and file, who have their cooking utensils provided, have a separate cook-house, and are issued the following rations daily—

Bread 1 lb.	Atta	3 oz.
Tea $\frac{7}{8}$ oz.	Rice	. 5 oz.
Coffee $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.	Fresh beef	. 6 oz.
Cinnamon $\frac{1}{32}$ oz.		
Mustard . $\cdot \frac{1}{32}$ oz.	Firewood	. 3 lb.
Cumin seed $\frac{1}{32}$ oz.	Ghee	. 1 oz.
Penner 1 oz	Dhal	3 02



SICK PARADE AT STATION HOSPITAL, WITH BRITISH MEDICAL OFFICER, ASSISTANT SURGEON, TURKISH MEDICAL OFFICER, AND CAMP COMMANDANT.

Sugar . . . 1 oz. Onions . . 2 oz. Vegetables . 3 oz.

Cigarettes . 4 packets of 10 per week.

Matches . . 2 boxes per week.

Soap . . . 1 lb. per man per week.

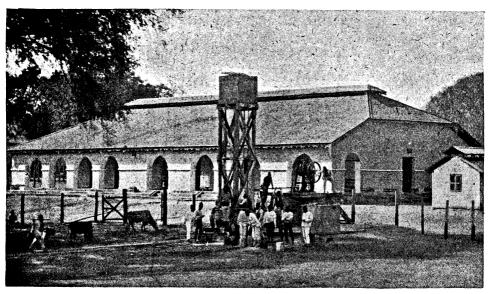
Liberty is given to substitute rations—e.g., flour for rice, if required.

In each officer's bungalow there are sixteen rooms, size twenty feet by eighteen feet, and four corner rooms, which at present are occupied by the majors in the camp. Fifteen of these rooms are occupied by two officers each, the remaining room being used as a mess-room. The furniture consists of one large table, one tea-poy, two chairs, one

mile limit of their bungalow. They are answerable for their servants' conduct, as the latter, too, are allowed the same license in order to procure things essential for their masters' messing. These servants have, however, to report at the office daily at 7 a.m. and 5 p.m.

What immediately strikes the eye, upon entering the camp, is the enormous number of large "chatties," or drinking water jars, each quarter containing on an average at least three of these receptacles. Under each bungalow and at every cook-house is a locked water tank, which is filled four times a day from the regimental boiler.

The rank and file and second-class



PUMPING-STATION AT THAYETMYO PRISONERS OF WAR CAMP.

strong locker, padlock and key, washing-stand, a clothes-rail, etc. Meat safes, forms, mattresses, pillows, and lamps are also supplied. Every two bungalows are provided with a cook-house and wash-house containing shower-bath.

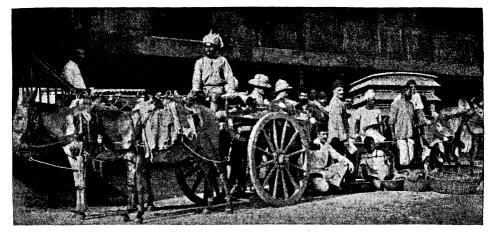
The rank and file are quartered in British infantry barracks with ample space, one hundred at present being accommodated in a bungalow which usually holds one hundred British infantry.

The Turkish medical officers here at Shwebo are accommodated in a very nice bungalow which is about half a mile outside the camp. It has a fine verandah, and a bathroom attached to each quarter. Their parole differs from the other officers' parole, as they are allowed to go within a three-

civilians have one pint mug, one plate, one large towah, and one copper dogchie ("dixie") holding ten gallons, for every thirty men, one small meat chopper and butcher-knife for every small kitchen (four for large kitchens), one pestle and mortar per kitchen, ration baskets, and country soap (1 lb. per man per mensem).

The men are also provided with the following clothing: two blankets, suttringees (to lie on), jackets, trousers, two white cotton shirts, one bathing towel, two small towels, two flannel vests, two handkerchiefs, one fez. When needed, these articles are replaced or repaired free of cost.

Every officer and first-class civilian is supplied with the following: cup and saucer, one pint basin, dessert-spoon, table knife and



BULLOCK WATER-CART.

fork, dinner plate, tumbler, and one teakettle per twenty officers.

On arrival at Shwebo Camp the parole of all officers is taken, which includes the following items:—

"I promise on my honour that, whilst interned in the Shwebo Camp,

"I will not make any attempt to escape;

"I will not go outside the limits of cantonments, which have been explained to me, unless accompanied by a British officer;

"I will only go outside the prisoners of war camp enclosure between the hours of 7 a.m. and retreat (at present 6.30 p.m.);

"I further promise that I will not speak to any native or enter any native's house."

After signing the above-mentioned parole, officers are allowed to walk round the cantonments, which cover a distance of

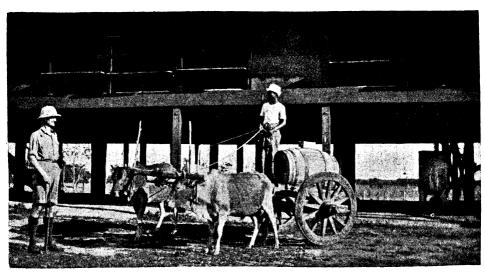
six and a half miles. No one has attempted to break his parole.

This liberty allows officers to watch the regimental games of polo, cricket, Rugby and Association football, hockey, and any other athletics which may be held. By the courtesy of the O.C. station, officers are allowed to sit on the verandah at the back and side of the regimental coffee shop.

We have many mandolines and a few violins in camp, and Lieutenant Ahmed, who was chief bandmaster to the Sultan of Turkey, is naturally their leader. Singing seems to be a favourite pastime, especially during the evenings.

The following Turkish regimental marches are amongst the favourite pieces, usually sung in parts with great gusto—

"Ossamjik" Parade March, "Patrie";



BULLOCK WATER-CART

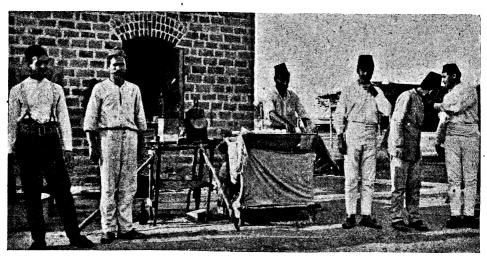
"Kan-kan" (the "Blood March," which is supposed to be the march of "civilisation"); the "Military School March"; "Marche, marche" (a song of hate against the Bulgarians since the Balkan War, which it seems strange for them to sing during the present War); "The Constitutional March"; and the "Sultan's March." Latterly they play "God Save the King!" "Home, Sweet Home," "The Bluebells of Scotland," and the "Marseillaise" is extremely popular.

Sometimes I take officers for a walk to places of interest in the neighbourhood, and as Shwebo was once the capital of Burma, there are many interesting sights within a radius of two and a half miles. There are some beautiful "jeel," or lakes, in the district. Officers are also taken to the town

some trees by the old pagodas. On Christmas evening last all the officers came to my bungalow for a "sing-song."

Amongst others who have already inspected this camp are the Divisional Commander—twice—and Messrs. Thormeyer and Emmanual Schoch, Swiss Red Cross delegates, who made a very thorough inspection, and thought everything in connection with the camp very satisfactory.

The Swiss delegates considered the sanitary conditions and water-supply highly satisfactory, and personally visited the pumping station, hospital, and prison cells, also making a minute inspection of the officers' bungalows and men's quarters. They had full opportunity of having private interviews with any of the prisoners, in order that any real or



ONE OF THE COFFEE-STALLS IN THE CAMP.

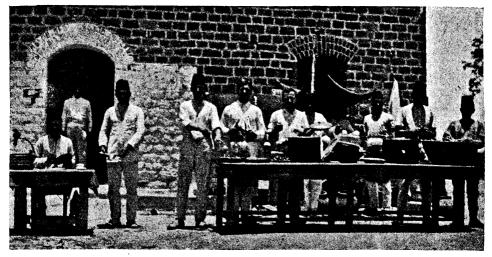
shops and bazaars in gharries, a distance of two and a half miles.

Several officers amuse themselves with sketching and painting. Some of them spend their time in learning English and French, and many are keen on football. They have various card games, including "Pastra" and "Contchina" (in which all cards are used), and "Tramway" and "Scambile" (in which thirty-six cards are used), "Prefa" and "Piquet" (thirty-two cards), as well as "Sixty-six" and "Consulete" (played with twenty-four cards). Chess and "Tricktrack" (or backgammon) also pass many hours. Amongst the rank and file wrestling, leap-frog, and putting the weight are very popular.

One day we took an ox-wagon and had a picnic about a mile away, under the shade of supposed complaint could be laid before them. I was extremely glad to have the chance of hearing from the delegates the details of their visits to the internment camps in France, Corsica, our four camps in Egypt, Sumerpur, and other Indian camps, as well as Thayetmyo. It seemed a pity that these same delegates could not have also inspected the British prisoner of war camps in Turkey, so as to have made some sort of comparison in the treatment of the rank and file.

The medical officer inspects the camp weekly, and I make a daily inspection.

Shwebo is an extremely healthy place, and although the thermometer recently reached 112° in the shade, yet, being dry, the heat is not felt anything like as much as in the more humid districts, such as at Rangoon.



TURKISH COOKS AT WORK.

There has been an immediate marked improvement in the health of officers and rank and file who have been sent here, especially in the cases of rheumatism. The "duree" (tailor) seems to be in great request in the "letting out" of various wearing apparel after their arrival.

There has been only one case admitted to hospital during the last five months, with the exception of the stabbing case to which

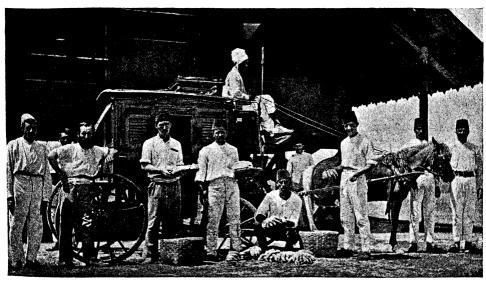
I have referred.

All who need medical attention visit the station hospital once or twice a day, those unable to walk being taken in mule tongas or ambulances.

In conclusion, I have such a "soft corner"

for Burma and the Burmese, that I think any article written here would be incomplete without an appreciation of them and their country.

I have been lucky enough to see some of the wonderful places and sights in India, including Bombay, Madras, and Poona—where I passed through a very instructive physical training course—the cities of the Moguls; Agra, with its peerless Taj Mahal, pearl mosque, jasmine tower, and fort; the ancient Fatehpur, Sokri, built by the Emperor Akbar; Delhi, of which the fort and hall of private audience are justly world-famous, as well as the Kutub leaning tower, etc.; Benares on a special day, with thousands of worshippers



A KHANSAMA (CATERER) BRINGING OFFICERS' FOOD INTO CAMP.

bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges, its monkey temple, etc.; Cawnpore, Calcutta, with its fine streets, statues, and, incidentally, the largest tree in the world (a banyan). But, if I had the choice, I would infinitely prefer to live among the Burmese.

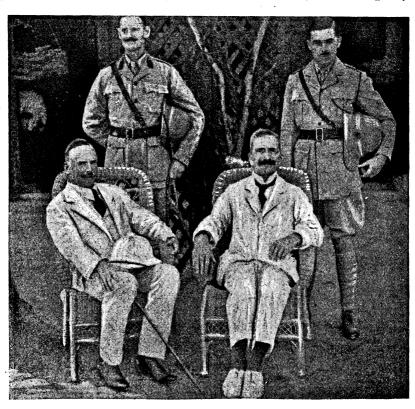
While stationed at Rangoon I had a fine opportunity for seeing that wonderful cosmopolitan place, with Burmese, Chinese, Indians of various castes, and Japanese, all jostling each other.

Rangoon contains by far the finest pagoda

the paddles, and they make the canoe travel at a great pace, too.

Mandalay, with the old palace and fort, surrounded by a fine moat, has splendid bazaars, where the silk—some of which is made at Government works at Amarapura near by—gongs (round and triangular), and many-coloured native umbrellas, are especially fine, and the surroundings are made most interesting with all the picturesque Shans, Harens, Chinese, and Kachins who come in.

Shwebo, when it was the capital of Burma, during the reign of Alaung Paya, had an



SWISS RED CROSS DELEGATES WHO INSPECTED THE CAMP.

in Burma, the Shew (Golden) Dragon being about the same height as St. Paul's.

Rangoon also possesses a splendid gymkhana club, Pegu club, zoological and botanical gardens, and among some very fine public buildings the Secretariat, General Hospital, Chief Court, and last, but certainly not least, the Boat Club, on beautiful Royal Lakes, with its "best boats," fours and eights. The native boat races are most picturesque. The crews—both male and female—of leg paddlers are extremely quaint. They stand in their canoes with their legs twisted round

old moat round it, and still possesses a canal made about one hundred years ago, but now

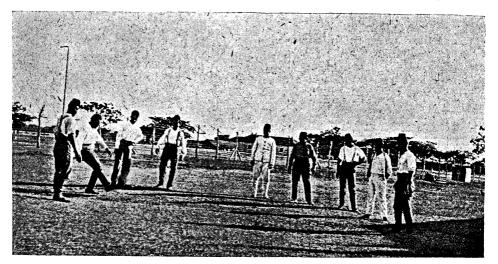
used for irrigation only.

There is splendid shooting to be had near by. At Wetlet, the next station but one, there are thousands of geese and ducks, and innumerable wild fowl of gorgeous hues. Elephants come within seventeen miles, and leopards, thamin or brow-antlered deer, wild boar, and gyi or barking deer, within one mile. I managed to bag a leopard, the other day, one mile from my bungalow.

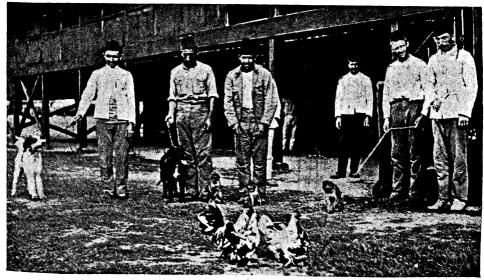
Wherever I have been in Burma, either



TURKISH SOLDIERS WRESTLING



TURKISH SOLDIERS PLAYING FOOTBALL



PETS IN CAMP.

in towns, villages, or when I have my morning canter in the scrub jungle—and it is jungle, jungle, jungle, here at Shwebo, the dry zone fifty yards from the front of my bungalow, and two hundred yards from the side—I have always had the greatest courtesy shown to me. Over and over again I have been offered cocoa-nuts to drink and mangoes and bananas to eat.

To revert to the original subject of this article, I may add that the work generally is very interesting. It is especially instructive to talk to the officers, and hear their accounts of the fighting at Gallipoli and Mesopotamia, as well as their views of the world's War and

politics generally.

As I paid visits to Constantinople, Smyrna, Greece, and Cyprus about nine years ago, I can discuss these places with the officers.

Practically all the naval officers speak some English—one here in camp quite well—but it is very exceptional for an

army officer to speak any. Several are learning now, and it is a common sight to see a lesson going on with the aid of an improvised blackboard. French is also being learned. Many army officers, on the other hand, speak French, and two a little German.

I do not think the Turkish officers—or men, for the matter of that—bear us any ill-will whatever, saying it is a war made by politicians. The naval officers especially speak in the highest terms of their British naval mentors, and have very happy memories.

Curiously enough, I found out that a naval officer here had learnt his English in a naval college at Constantinople from a Mr. Macleish, one of my old masters at home, at Dulwich College.

With "Teshekkur" (thanks) for your patience in perusing this, I will wish you "Gejeniz khair olsun" (good night).

## IN FOUNTAIN COURT.

I KEPT a tryst in Fountain Court,
I kept a tryst with memory,
And there full hard, full hard I fought
To be at peace with thee.

I stood alone in Fountain Court:
Was it in sunlight or in rain?
And there full hard, full hard I wrought
To dream one dream again.

There was a peace in Fountain Court, There was a peace of silver spray, And there full hard, full hard I sought To be at peace this day.

There was a peace in Fountain Court, Whose like is not on earth or sea, And there full hard, full hard I thought Upon the Peace to be.

WALLACE BERTRAM NICHOLS.

# THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN

## By CAPTAIN THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

Illustrated by Wal Paget



ARNEY WEST had not known anything of happiness in his childhood and early youth, and he had known nothing of excitement until August, 1915. He had found life a sad and dull affair until his twenty - third

year, and even then, for a time, the bitterness of it had remained with him.

Born in a hard-working, poor, narrow-minded backwoods community, Barney West had been left motherless at the helpless and unremembering age of three years. Two years later his father had been killed in the lumber woods on Beaver Creek by a falling pine tree. Then his father's unmarried brother and sister, Uncle Amos and Aunt Eliza, inspired by a joyless but unswerving sense of duty, had adopted him.

To Uncle Amos and Aunt Eliza this life was but the shadow of death, or, rather, a bitter preparation and a cheerless excuse for death and for the life hereafter. They built greatly on the joy of Heaven—they who had chilled and crushed all knowledge of joy from their hearts! With them youth was a time forgotten, life an uninspired task twothirds accomplished, the grave and the Day of Judgment goals never to be lost sight of. If these two had ever expressed themselves honestly by honest tears and honest laughter, they had buried the memories of such occasions deep in the dust of their dry hearts. And yet, despite all their looking to the life hereafter for happiness, they drudged bitterly for, and clung desperately to, the thin dollars and earthy acres of this world. What they wanted of this life were the very

things which the moth corrupts and which thieves break through to and steal. Against joy and love and beauty, against kindness and uncalculated friendship, their ears and hearts and eyes were shut tight.

With these two Barney West had been brought to boyhood and young manhood from the fifth year of his colourless life. Hard work from dawn until dusk, hard fare and a hard bed, had been his.

Barney had made a break for freedom, for the right to live and perhaps to die suddenly, in the summer of 1914; but he had failed to get clear away. Family and public opinion had been against him. He was accused of ingratitude, selfishness, slyness, and ordinary low-down gracelessness, and these things had all been proved against him—by his uncle and aunt and the neighbours.

So he suffered the slavery of his adoption for one more long, bitter year, and then he went. He started at midnight, and journeyed on foot until three hours after sunrise. Then he journeyed until afternoon in a train. Before sundown he was securely encased in the King's uniform.

The gloom of his early training clung to Barney West as if it were as much a part of him as his hair and his finger-nails. His manner and the expression of his eyes held it even after his spirit had begun to warm and lift. He was quiet beyond belief, even when in the company of gay fellows whom he liked. But from the very first day of joining he shaped for a good soldier.

Barney's battalion was broken up in England and sent to France piecemeal to reinforce veteran Canadian battalions that were in constant need of reinforcements. Chance took him to a unit that had been originally recruited in, and since then strengthened from, a Western province.

Here he met men who had been born in England and Scotland, who had gone to the West in the prosperous years before the War, to share in the new land's prosperity, and who were now fighting at once for their new homes and old. He watched and listened to these "Old Country" men, and learned much of value from them, and some things of no value at all. They represented several social orders and many various outlooks on life. They broadened and improved his own opinion of the world.

After months of warfare—after several raids and many weary tours in the trenches—Barney found himself in possession of a

particular friend.

Tom Greenwood was not one of the "gentlemen rankers" of the battalion. was the only son of a couple who had kept a little shop in an Essex village, and, until the elder Greenwood's death, had maintained a modest local carrier service with one horse and a covered cart. Tom had worked his passage to Canada shortly after his father's death, with the intention of establishing himself on a farm in the West, and, in time, sending back to the Essex, village for his mother. He had worked hard for two years at good wages, but before circumstances had permitted of his taking up land for himself, he had answered the call to arms, to fight for his boyhood's memories and his manhood's hopes. Instead of investing his savings in live-stock, seed, and machinery, he had brought them home to his mother.

The friendship of Barney and Tom was noted, and at first frequently remarked upon, by all ranks throughout the battalion; for the lad from the Essex village was as talkative as the lad from Beaver Creek was Tom was a chatterbox at all reticent. times, under all circumstances: Barney seldom spoke at all, no matter how sociable he was feeling. This may have been one of the reasons for the steadfast, kindly, unfaltering friendship that was theirs. Barney never wearied of listening to his chum's stories of Essex, of his mother, of the carrier's cart, of the tall timber and rich farms of the West, and of his ambitions. He never asked questions, for there was no need of questions. With equal pleasure he gave ear to the other's opinions regarding the duration of the War, Flemish tobacco, French beer, artillery retaliation, and the rum ration, and to his theories of infantry attack, wire-cutting, and military science in general.

These two were in the same platoon. In

time they became corporals. As the months were on, they passed, unharmed, through several major engagements. Tom was buried once in the ruins of a brick house, but Barney dug him out, unhart. They seemed to live charmed lives, those two. They never avoided a duty, and it was with considerable difficulty, at Tom's suggestion, that they side-stepped promotion to the rank of sergeant.

"Napoo the three stripes," said Tom. "We'd be scattered if we was sergeants, an'

break our run of luck."

One June evening, when their battalion was in brigade reserve, Barney and Tom walked a mile over and through poppy-fringed trenches, through broken houses and rusty wire, toward a little, venturesome estaminet that they knew. Shells dropped in here and there about the glowing valley, knocking brickdust into the air like red smoke—small, sudden, sharp-toned shells that gave no warning. They fell here and there, searching blindly for life and our guns, but for a long time not one of them came near enough to the corporals to cause them to turn their heads.

Tom talked about his mother, and Barney wished silently that he had known a mother to love. One of our 'planes, high up against the greying sky, was suddenly marked about by black pods of German shrapnel smoke. Tom paused and glanced up at the circling 'plane.

"Not for me," he said. "I haven't the

courage."

And just then the shell came in and hit

the edge of the cobbled road.

Barney West opened his eyes and moaned. Then, remembering, he looked about him. Twilight was deepening over the waste of ruined villages and shattered groves. He saw the body of his friend, and dragged himself over to it. For a moment he closed his eyes at the sight of the mangled, pitiful thing that had so lately been his tried and true comrade.

"His own mother wouldn't know him," he thought. And then: "What will his

mother do now?"

He did not investigate his own injuries. He knew he was hit in the legs, and that was enough to know. His brain worked dully, but he spurred it with his will. He had to think. Tom was dead and he was alive. But Tom was needed. Tom had a life to live, and a poor woman who needed him. He had nobody waiting for him. He dragged himself close to the body of his



"He looked at her fairly and continued his story."

friend, and with fumbling hand found the identification disc and transferred it to his own neck. He took the letters and photographs from Tom's pockets and tucked them into his own empty pockets. He placed his own identification disc in the dead man's breast.

"His own mother wouldn't know him," he muttered. And then twilight and the

limp body and the broken road swam away from him, and darkness and oblivion deep as the sea enclosed him.

The men who found the chums were not of their battalion. Stretchers were sent for. The identification disc was taken from the dead man, and the body was carried away to a little, heroic graveyard near by—a place of white wooden crosses and red

poppies in the midst of broken trenches and rusted wire. Barney was carried off to an ambulance, and so to the nearest dressing-station. He knew nothing of it. The stretcher-bearers paused frequently to look at the still figure and heedless face, thinking that they might have to change direction and carry him after his friend.

### II.

The first things Barney West remembered, upon recovering consciousness, were the shell, the death of his chum, and the transfer of identification discs.

"Tom Greenwood," he said in his mind, again and again. "Tom Greenwood. That's me."

He was in a field ambulance but by that time, in a narrow bed, well beyond the shelled area.

"What d'ye make of me?" he asked an orderly.

The orderly came close to him, smiling.

"You'll do all right," he said. "They knocked you about, but you've a great constitution. They think they can save your leg, old man. Your other punctures ain't serious."

But they didn't save his leg—not all of it. So Barney was sent to England, to a big hospital in London. From there he wrote to Tom Greenwood's mother, in the Essex village, under his own name, and told her he would go down to the country to see her as soon as he was well enough.

A few days later a letter came to Barney—a letter with a village post-mark on it, addressed to Tom Greenwood. He knew it was from his dead friend's mother, and he then realised utterly for the first time the tragic and perilous nature of his position. He opened the letter furtively, with trembling fingers. It began: "My darling, brave son—"

Tears dimmed Barney's eyes as he read. He brushed them away and read on, his mind dazed by the import of the words, his heart staggered by this white vision of mother-love.

She had been informed officially of Tom's wound and of his present whereabouts. Alas, an officer of the battalion had written her about Tom, and about the death of his chum, Corporal Barney West. But Corporal West had not been killed, after all, for she had received a letter from him, written and signed by himself in the very same hospital in which Tom lay. So her dear son and his friend were still together, and both alive.

But she was puzzled by the facts that Tom had not written to her, and that Barney had not mentioned Tom in his letter. But she did not harp on this mystery. She was sure of her dear son's love and constant thoughts. The rest of the letter was all sheer love and pride for her wounded boy. In a postscript she wrote—

"I can come to see you Thursday of next week. Kathie Lane will mind the shop for

me all day."

To choose a line of action for averting the tragedy of her visit was beyond Barney West's power. He thought of a hundred things to do, all impossible. Thursday of next, week! He prayed for a miracle by which his wounds would be so far healed that he might hobble away before that fateful day, and find her and tell her the truth in her own home. He who had escaped death a score of times by chances as amazing as any miracles, could find no hope in his heart for this miracle. Should he write and tell her all? No! He knew that he could not let her suffer the truth alone. He must tell her with his own lips. He must share the grief and horror with her. He owed it to his dead friend.

Thursday of next week! Heavens! What could he do? He could not ask help or advice of anyone. He could do nothing—nothing but lie there and wait—until she came.

So for two miserable days he faced that visit with fear in his heart. Then another letter came to him—to Tom Greenwood from Tom's mother. She was anxious because he had not written to her, and now she was laid up with a cold, and would not be able to call on Thursday—perhaps not for a week. Kathie Lane was with her, looking after her and the shop. was a sweet girl, and as dear and kind as a daughter to her. Tom didn't know Kathie, for the Lanes had first come to the village when he was in Canada, and Kathie had been away, staying with old friends in another part of Essex, at the time of his one brief home visit.

This letter brought temporary relief to Barney. But he saw that the evil day was only postponed. Twice he tried to write to Tom's mother in Tom's name, but always his hand refused the kindly-meant deceit. Once he tried to write and tell her the truth, but that was beyond him. Sometimes he wished that he had not deceived her—that he had not changed the identity discs. But he had done what he had done for his

friend's sake. He was Tom Greenwood now, alive to work for Tom's mother as Tom himself had planned to work for her. He would be able to work, all in good time, though he would never be able to fight again. His mind was unharmed, his nerves were unshattered. His eyes, his arms, his hands—all were sound. His body and one leg would soon be as good as ever, save for a scar or two. And what, after all, was the loss of one leg to a hardy young man with a taste for hard work? Nothing. Give him a grip on the plough-tail, and he'd keep up to any team of horses he had ever walked He would make a good son to Tom's mother—he would play the part that he had taken upon himself like a man-but he wished to Heaven that someone else would tell her all this. Sometimes he wished that there had been no need, no opportunity, for the deception—that he (Barney West) lay dead in that poppy-flamed graveyard, and that the real Tom Greenwood lay in the clean, white bed.

"There wasn't anyone in the world needin' me," he reflected, "nor anyone wantin' me, outside Tom an' the lads in the platoon. Nor there wasn't a soul I give a cuss about, back home. And here I am, and there is Tom; but that ain't my fault. I'd been here, anyhow, whatever name I was called by, and Tom would be there. I guess I done the right thing. I tried to, and that's what I aim to keep on doin'."

He took what comfort he could from the thought that he had done the right thing. It was more than a thought with him—it was a conviction; and yet, when he lay there and pictured the woman he had never seen waiting for her son Tom, his heart was like lead in his side.

In spite of his worry, his wounds recovered with amazing rapidity, thanks to the clean, hard years of his life in Beaver Creek and in France. Soon he was lifted into a chair and wheeled out to the fresh air under wide awnings.

It was on the second day of his promotion to the open air that a Sister came and said over his shoulder—

"Here is a visitor to see you, Greenwood."
Barney did not turn his head. He did
not move. He heard the Sister's light, swift,
retiring footsteps. He felt as if his heart
had suddenly ceased to beat, his blood to
flow. But his mind moved. It was alive—
and gone mad. It went quicker than
lightning around and around and around
in a horrid circle of panic, crying: "What

will she do? What will she do? What will she do?"

He was a frozen man, save for his terrorstricken brain, his eyes and his ears. His brain spun, warning him, questioning him, trying to awaken his frozen tongue. His eyes saw well enough, though he could not move them. They saw the green and rounded towers of great trees, sunlight, blue sky, and the houses of men more fortunate than himself. His ears were alert, listening, listening. They caught a sound, a light sound of someone breathing.

Someone said: "Tom?"

It was a question. The voice was curiously shy, curiously soft, curiously young. His brain ceased its mad revolving and flew from alarm to bewilderment.

"Are you awake, Tom?"

His hands gripped on the arms of his chair. He felt a tingling in his throat.

"Yes," he said.

Then she came to the side of his chair, and he moved his head a little and looked up at her. And she looked down at him. His heart awoke and raced. The blood surged again into his thin, dark face.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Kathie Lane," she said. "Your mother couldn't come to see you, because she is sick in bed and must stay there for a week or two. So I came."

She glanced about her, found a canvas stool, brought it close to Barney's chair, and sat down. Barney gazed at her fixedly and profoundly. His eyes were bright with many quick, new emotions and thoughts. Her own glance wavered and fell before them. The pink mounted to her smooth, clear cheeks and brow.

"I got to tell you something," said Barney. "I got to, and I guess, by your looks, you'll understand."

Her eyes lifted for an instant fully and brightly and wonderingly to his face.
"I'll try to understand, Tom," she said.

"I ain't much of a talker, but I got to tell you this," Barney continued, after a short pause. "There was two fellows in France who got to be mighty good friends. They took to each other right away from the first. One was a poor devil who had nothin' to care for but the War, an' the fellows in the battalion, an' his friend. He hadn't been brought up like most folks, with a mother and father and all that. I can't say it in words the way I mean it, but he'd always turned a rocky furrow, that lad. The other lad wasn't like that. He

was brought up happy, with a mother to fuss over him, and—and the like of that. It was fun for him just to sit down and think and tell about the good times he had when he was a kid, with his mother and his father, and a whole grist of little girls and boys to play with. And he thought the world of his mother, and her of him. He was always talking about her to his friendabout how he had worked in the West to make a new home for her, and how he would start workin' for her again right after the War. She wasn't rich, you know, and he was her only child. She needed him bad, and he thought the world of her. there he was, takin' his chances just as willin' and reckless as the fellow who wasn't needed by anyone in the world, and who hadn't anyone to care for or go home to. He was always talkin' about his mother and his plans to the other lad; and I guess he got to know about the other lad's life, too, piece by piece. Them two fellows saw a power of fightin' together, one way and other—raids and such, and big battles. They had great luck, though. After a long time, they was walkin' along a road one day, in as quiet a place as you'd wish for, with only a few dozen shells comin' in about mid-afternoon every day — when, smash, they got it! There was Tom Greenwood and Barney West on the road, and there was the darned shell. It was quicker'n lightnin'. Whang! Bang! But neither of them heard the bang. The stuff hit them before the noise hit their ears. That's how I figgered it out. And there was one of them dead and one all bust up."

Kathie Lane raised her tender, dark eyes

to his face again.

"No, Tom, Barney is alive and in this very hospital," she said. "He wrote to Mrs. Greenwood."

Barney shook his head.

"That ain't right," he said. "You listen, Kathie. One was dead and one was alive. I'm tellin' you the truth — God's truth. The lad with the mother to care for was The poor fellow who didn't have a mother, nor a single soul on earth to care for him—outside the battalion—he was alive."

The girl gasped. She leaned forward. He looked at her fairly and continued his

"There I was, and there was Tom, dead. Then I knew what he'd want me to do. I seen it quick and clear and bright as print. He was dead. The Hun had got him at last. But I was alive. I ain't Tom Greenwood. but I'm a man who can work, two legs or one leg, and fend poverty off a woman. So I took poor Tom's identity disc and gave mine to him."

"You-you are not Tom Greenwood?"

she queried.

"That's right," he murmured.

"You are Barney West?" He nodded his head.

"I ain't sorry for what I done," he said. "It was the best I could do for Tom. He rests easier in his grave because of it, for Tom trusted me. I can work. I can give her a farm in Canada. But I ain't Tom, nor never can be to her. But I am Tom's friend. Ain't that better than nothing? I want to do all I can for Tom and his mother. I ain't cheatin' her, because Tom

is dead, anyhow. I ain't cheatin' the Army, for if they want me back with one leg, back I go—with the name of Tom Greenwood. One of us is dead and one is alive.

He felt something on his hand—some-

who is goin' to tell his mother?"

thing alive and warm and comforting and unfamiliar. He looked down. It was Kathie Lane's hand.

He did not stir. Neither spoke. And so they sat for minutes. Then her fingers closed more tightly, but very gently, on his. He tried to look at her face, but tears swam into his eyes. He hung his head.

"Barney, I will tell her," she whispered.

"She will understand."

"You!" he exclaimed. "You will tell her Tom is dead—everything—for me?"

And she will understand-how

good you are."

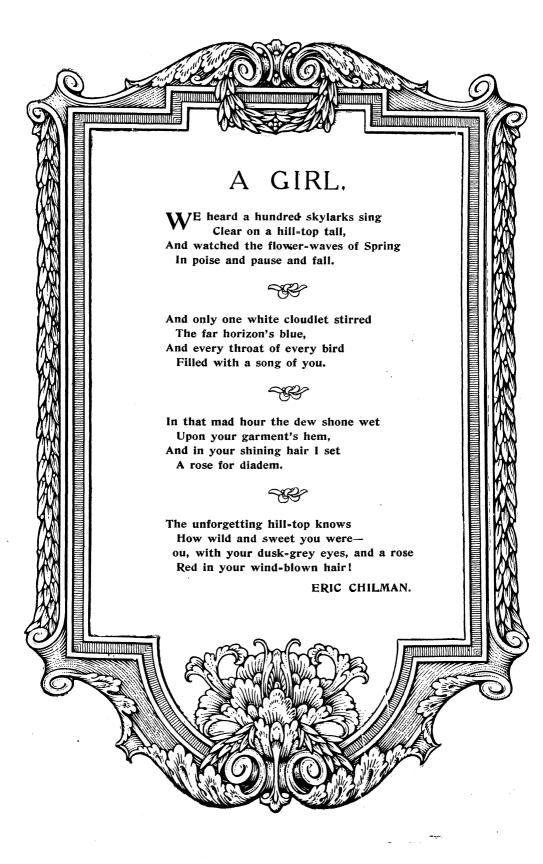
Barney closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them slowly. His vision cleared, and the tears glinted on his thin cheeks. He stared straight before him. He turned his hand in her palm upwards and closed his fingers on her fingers.

"Barney, don't cry," she whispered.
"I ain't," he mumbled. "Not much, anyhow. But, you see—well, I ain't used to being treated kind—specially not by women-

He turned his face toward her. looked into her wonderful, kind, innocent Then he saw, clear as day, but tender as dreams, the magic of life before him. And he was alive to live it. He, Barney West, the unloved, was alive—alive to live for this wonderful thing in his dead friend's name!

But what did the name matter? He was

Barney to her!



# HARRINGTON'S HOME-COMING

## By ALAN J. THOMPSON

## Illustrated by Gordon Browne



HE train gathered speed, winked malicious red eyes at Harrington, and vanished in the tunnel with an exultant roar.

Harrington sighed and turned to face the fine cold rain that drifted across

the desolate little country station. There was ample excuse for the sigh from a man who had endured a prolonged and tedious railway journey to find, at the end of it, that six miles of bleak moorland stretched between himself and his destination, and that no conveyance could be obtained for love or money.

"I was a fool to come," muttered Har-

rington-"a fool to come!"

He stooped to pick up his suit-case, when a touch on the arm brought him erect again with a start. A man was standing beside him with outstretched hand.

"Rather late, Mr. Harrington," said the new-comer, "but none the less welcome."

Harrington stared at him in bewilderment. The dull November day was closing in, but it was still light enough to discern the stranger's plump, florid face and pleasant smile.

"I have a trap ready at 'The Fox and Hounds,' a couple of hundred yards up the road," he went on easily. "You will be glad of some refreshment before your drive."

"You are from the Grange, then?" asked

Harrington.

The stranger raised his eyebrows. "Of course," he replied. "Must I introduce myself? I am John Sherry. Good wine—ha, ha!—needs no bush. Besides, I thought you would remember me."

"No," said Harrington, "I don't remember

you, Mr. Sherry."

"I was your father's greatest friend," Mr. Sherry told him. "Many a pleasant holiday have I spent at the Grange when you were at school. It was all school and no holidays for you—eh, Mr. Harrington?"

He laughed and patted the young man's shoulder. Harrington nodded. He did not relish the allusion to his father's harsh treatment. Mr. Sherry, realising that he was on rough ground, sighed and shook his head.

"Owen was a hard man to most people," he murmured, "but a good friend to me. It was the memory of his friendship that brought me to the Grange to help your brother in his time of need."

"Time of need?" echoed Harrington, starting. "What on earth do you mean by

that?

Mr. Sherry stood still and looked fixedly

at his companion.

"Is it possible you have not heard?" he asked in a low voice. "Is it————But here is 'The Fox and Hounds.' We can talk better over a glass of wine, with a good fire in front of us."

He led the way to a small room at the back of the inn. Harrington followed in silence. He noticed that the place was mean and dingy, that the dirty windows were heavily curtained, that the frowsy, unshaven landlord, who cringed before Mr. Sherry, appeared to be the sole occupant, but his mind was too full of other matters to seek significance in such sordid surroundings.

Mr. Sherry's remark as to his brother's "need" had aroused sudden misgivings. Curtis in need? How could that be? If ever there was a self-reliant, independent unyielding man, it was his brother Curtis. What could he "need" when he owned half Faracomb, with the Grange and its estate to

boot? And who was this John Sherry, with his "friend of the family" assurance, this stout, well-dressed, pleasant stranger who had emerged with mysterious silence from the November gloom?

Mr. Sherry had unbuttoned his heavy coat and reclined at ease, with his feet thrust out towards the blazing fire, as he sipped a glass of port and stared thoughtfully at the dirty ceiling. He seemed in no hurry to resume the interrupted conversation. Harrington did not relish the silence. It increased his uneasiness. Yet a certain stubbornness kept him quiet until he saw his companion's eyes were closed. The fellow was actually nodding! Harrington leaned forward in his chair.

"Mr. Sherry," he said brusquely, "I want to know what is wrong with my brother."

"Hey!" ejaculated Mr. Sherry. "Who?

What is—— I beg your pardon, my dear sir, I'm sure! Dozing—a bad habit of mine. Are you rested, refreshed? Shall we resume our journey?"

"By all means," replied Harrington, "when you have answered my question."

Mr. Sherry did not deny that he had heard the question, but instead of answering it he put one himself.

"Your brother wrote to you, did he not,

telling you of his accident?"

"Yes; he also wrote that he was better and on his feet again—three, four months ago."

Mr. Sherry coughed and rubbed his chin,

eyeing the young man askance.

"You know what happened after the fall?"

he asked abruptly.

"No," said Harrington. "I have heard

of nothing—particular."

John Sherry left his chair to come and put a hand on Harrington's shoulder. His expression was grave, but instinct with kindly solicitude.

"Charles—you won't mind me calling you Charles?" he said—"I can see you are ignorant of the true state of affairs. I was afraid of it—that is why I came to meet you. I have bad news for you, my boy. Curtis suffered acute pain from his broken leg, and Doctor Vance could only give him relief by injecting morphia. The need for the drug passed, but the craving remained, and—well, to cut a long story short, poor Curtis has become a slave to morphia."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Harrington, greatly shocked. "This is very bad news."

"I knew you would be distressed," said Mr. Sherry, resuming his seat. "It is—terrible. We have done all we can to over-

come the trouble, but so far without much success. Ethel—my only daughter, Charles—is straining every nerve to win Curtis back. If anyone can succeed, she will. Curtis is very devoted to her—very. They have been engaged nearly a year, and were to have been married last month, but I could not in the circumstances permit it."

Harrington listened to the smooth voice with an expressionless face, yet his amazement increased at every word. It was hard to imagine his brother a victim to the drug habit, but the news that Curtis, the confirmed bachelor of forty-six, Curtis, the bitter, inveterate misogynist, was on the verge of matrimony came as an even greater surprise.

"I have not heard of any engagement," he

said slowly.

"The announcement was in the papers, and Curtis told me he had written to you," Mr. Sherry replied; "but I am not at all surprised now that you were kept in the dark."

"Indeed!" said Harrington. "Why not?"
"Because," was the deliberate answer,
"that is only in accord with your brother's
very singular behaviour." Mr. Sherry drew
his chair close to Harrington and lowered
his voice to a confidential undertone. "My
dear Charles," he went on, "after what I
have said, it will scarcely be any surprise to a
man of your discernment to hear that your
brother is no longer the man you left at
Cygnelake when you went abroad five—or is
it six?—years ago."

"Five," said Harrington. "How is Curtis

changed?"

Mr. Sherry did not reply immediately, but fell to rubbing his knees and staring at the fire

"Curtis has always been—like your father —a headstrong, passionate man," he declared at length. "Can you imagine the effect of drug-taking on such a nature? It makes him violent in the extreme if anything displeases him; he has become subject to strange fancies, queer likes and dislikes. He will not allow a cat or a newspaper in the house; he insists on the servants wearing pale blue dresses at all times. If crossed, he is dangerous in the extreme. For instance, when I insisted on a postponement of his marriage to Ethel, there was a terrible scene. In fact, he knocked me down, and it was only Ethel's intervention that saved me from severe injuries."

"The devil he did!" exclaimed Harrington. "Why—" He stood up and began to walk restlessly about the room. "Why,

if—— Then it seems, Mr. Sherry, that my brother is little better than a—a madman!"

Mr. Sherry glanced sharply at the young man's disturbed face. "No, no," he said. "Oh, no! You go too far, my dear Charles. Curtis is at present far from normal, but he is not mad. He wants careful handling, he wants humouring. Ethel and I understand him; we humour him, and we hope—we are almost sure—that with care and Doctor Vance's new form of treatment we shall restore eventually the old familiar Curtis. And now, my boy, we want you to help us, we want you to humour him, to make some small sacrifice —as we are doing—for his good."

"Of course I will," responded Harrington. "Poor old Curtis! Anything I can do—— But you must advise me, Mr. Sherry, as to what line I ought to take.'

"Yes," said Mr. Sherry. He, too, stood up, a plump, well-proportioned little man in close-fitting brown, and straddled before "Yes. Exactly. That is why I have come, at considerable inconvenience, to meet you here, Charles, and to warn you. You must keep away from the Grange and your brother until it is—safe."

"Safe?" echoed Harrington sharply.

"What do you mean by 'safe'?"
Mr. Sherry shrugged his shoulders. knew you would not like it, my dear fellow, but it cannot be helped," he answered. "Curtis has unfortunately conceived a violent antipathy to you. It is not safe to mention your name. He has conceived the strange delusion that you are plotting against his life."

"No!" cried the young man. "Im-

possible!"

"The truth, on my word of honour," said Mr. Sherry. "He declares that you are bent on getting rid of him, so that you may make sure of the inheritance, and that you will, to use his own expression, 'stick

at nothing' to prevent his marriage."
"I see," murmured Harrington. "This is all rather horrible, and I—— Of course, I cannot doubt what you say, but——" He looked up suddenly. "Why has my brother written to me urging me to come and see him without delay?"

Mr. Sherry met the young man's searching

look with unruffled composure.

"I knew you would ask that," he said pleasantly. "It was natural. Curtis chooses to regard your prolonged absence as part of the plot. He thinks you have kept away to perfect your plans against him, and declares that you will be less dangerous close at hand.

In his estimation you are quite the scheming villain of melodrama."

Harrington did not echo his companion's

genial laugh. His frown deepened.

"It is a very strange delusion, to say the least of it," he muttered. "Although Curtis is so much my senior, he has, I believe, always been fond of me."

"No doubt, no doubt!" agreed Mr. Sherry. "And he will be again when he is once more—ah!—normal. At present he assures me that as soon as he sets eyes on you he will—to use his own words again—

he will 'break your neck!'"

The young man made no comment. He was evidently pondering the strange tidings he had just learned. Mr. Sherry favoured him with another piercing look, then shook

his head and sighed.

"I am sorry—very sorry indeed, my dear Charles, to be the bearer of such unwelcome news," he said gently. "I fully appreciate your distress, the inconvenience to which you will be put. Still, you see how impossible it is for you to visit the Grange. I am ready to drive you to Handsforth Junction, where you can catch the night express back to town, or, if you prefer it, there is a bed at your disposal here, and a London train leaves the local station at ninethirty."

"Thank you," replied Harrington. "I am much obliged, but I will not avail

myself of either offer."

" You won't!"  $\operatorname{said}$ Mr. "Then-

Harrington met the little man's brown eyes, full of mild astonishment, with a level There was something about Mr. Sherry that he disliked. He was a little too friendly, a trifle over-genial, and his plausible story held an indefinable note that seemed to Harrington to ring false. What motive the fellow could have for lying, Harrington could not imagine, yet he none the less distrusted him. The more he considered the unexpected rencontre and the strange conversation in this frowsy inn, the more suspicious he became. He must investigate the matter for himself.

"I shall return to the Grange with you, Mr. Sherry," he said firmly. "I cannot rest until I have seen Curtis. Whatever risk there may be, I am prepared to take it."

Mr. Sherry did not attempt to conceal his perturbation. He strove with the utmost earnestness to dissuade the young man from meeting his brother.

"Come in a month's time, my dear boy,"

he urged. "Listen! Come three weeks from to-day, and I guarantee that Curtis will be so much better that your visit will be free from danger. He improves every day. Wait a little, Charles! Wait, for Curtis's sake, for your own sake, for my daughter's sake!"

But Harrington was not to be dissuaded. He had made up his mind, and he was not the man to change it. His friends spoke of him as "determined"; enemies considered he was "stubborn." Mr. Sherry might have echoed either or both. At all events, he realised at length that he was not going to make Harrington say "Yes" when he had said "No," and he abandoned the attempt with the best grace he could muster.

"You are making a grievous mistake, my friend," he said slowly. "I hope you are prepared to accept the consequences."

If there was a note of menace in the smooth voice, Harrington did not choose to remark it.

"I am quite prepared," he replied, "for

anything."

Mr. Sherry smiled. The smile was somewhat forced, but his manner was as genial as ever when he picked up the bottle of

wine and recharged both glasses.

"Then the sooner we go, the better," he declared. "A parting glass, my dear Charles, to keep out the wet and to wish poor Curtis a speedy recovery. Will you stir the fire, or shall I?"

Harrington stirred the fire and drank his wine with a sense of relief. The matter was settled, and he would be glad to go. Besides, the low-pitched dingy room was becoming oppressive, the wine had left an unpleasant flavour in his mouth. Fresh air—he felt the need of fresh air, and-

"Before we start, Charles," said Mr. Sherry, "I want you to read this letter care-

Harrington took the letter and tried to read, bending to catch the firelight, but the fine, close handwriting appeared to twist and turn, to come and go in a mist.

"It is from Doctor Vance, and concerns

Curtis."

Mr. Sherry's smooth, musical voice seemed to come from a long way off. Harrington bent a little lower. Even the fire had become misty. His hands and face were wet with perspiration, and a sharp pain pierced his brow.

"I am sorry," he murmured weakly. "There is—something—I am—not—

He knew that Mr. Sherry bent over him, the red face and gleaming brown eyes emerged from the mist. Mr. Sherry gave him a sharp push; he slid helplessly from his chair to the floor.

Mr. Sherry stood erect. "Garrett!" he called. "Garrett!"

The innkeeper hurried into the room. His hangdog face paled and his breath came quickly as he stood by his patron, looking down at the young man's still form.

"Is he—is it all right?" he ventured

anxiously.

"Excellent," replied Mr. Sherry, with great satisfaction. "I will give him another dose in ten minutes, and that will keep him quiet until the morning. The cart is ready, I suppose?"
"Yes, Mr. Sherry, sir.

Everything is ready. The boat sails at daybreak, sir,

— Heavens, what's that?"

The sound of knocking-loud, urgent knocking—rang through the room. Harrington, incapable of speech or movement, heard it, as he had heard every word that had been spoken. The potent drug held him in its grip, and the cry for help that struggled for utterance could not pass beyond his brain.

"The front door!" muttered Mr. Sherry. "Is it barred? Answer, you fool, answer! It is? Then we are safe. Here!" He was on his knees beside the prostrate man. "Bring me half a glass of wine. Quick! Now raise his head."

Harrington felt something scorching his -lips and throat. With a tremendous effort he turned his head. The liquid ran down his chin and throat.

Again the imperative knocking was heard. Mr. Sherry looked up, and something in the innkeeper's face startled him.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"The—the door, sir!" quavered Garrett, shaking with fear. "I-I am not-not sure. It—it may be unbarred, sir! I did not think—that anyone—

"You dolt!" snarled Mr. Sherry. "You besotted, brainless fool! You—— Ah, there is the latch! In the cupboard with him! Quick, man! For your life!"

Half carried and half dragged, Harrington was thrust into the cupboard beside the fireplace, and the door closed as nearly as his bulk would permit. Still his brain defied the insidious narcotic. He could hear Mr. Sherry humming a little song, could hear the uneven flick of cards as they fell from the innkeeper's trembling hands,



"For a moment he seemed about to spring."

"Let me see," said Mr. Sherry briskly.
"Two by honours and three by points,
Garrett, wasn't it? The luck is all in my
favour. Perhaps—— Hullo, there's someone at the door. Good gracious, but it's
Ethel!"

There was a brief silence, and then

Harrington heard a woman's voice, low and clear—

"Where is Mr. Harrington?"

"Mr. Harrington, my dear, has not come."

"But the train is in?"

"In and out—yes. Charles Harrington



was not a passenger. He has probably changed his mind. At all events, he won't

come to-night."

"Then why are you waiting—here?"

There was a world of scorn in the last word,

and Mr. Sherry could not have been deaf to it. He chose, however, not to take offence.

"Dear me! Quite a cross-examination," he said gently. "I am waiting here, my dear Ethel, to enjoy a glass of excellent wine and a game of cards with my old friend Mr. Garrett, the worthy proprietor of 'The Fox and Hounds.' Garrett, this is my step-daughter, Miss Ethel Penrose, of whose

charm and beauty I have so often told you.

"Stop!" interposed Miss Penrose sharply. "I have not come here to be ridiculed, and I will not have it."

Mr. Sherry shrugged his shoulders. "You are too modest, Ethel," he murmured. "Still, we will take your virtues for granted, and venture to inquire why you are

"I dare say you can guess," replied the girl coldly. "I came here because I overheard your conversation with Arkell last night, and because I am determined to prevent further mischief."

"The devil you did!" said Mr. Sherry, and his low voice shook with repressed rage. "You came here to spy on me, miss—to spy! Very well." He drew a deep breath. "You will be sorry for this, my dear."

"No," dissented Miss Penrose, "not at I am not a child, to be frightened by threats, and I warn you that if anything be sorry. You have done enough harm already, and——"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mr. Sherry. "You-" For a moment he seemed about to spring at his step-daughter. Then with a supreme effort he mastered his fury

and began to laugh.

"You little fool!" he said. "You little fool! I don't know what Mr. Garrett will think of you. You and your 'harm'! Bah! A fine mare's nest you have found! No, no more of it, Ethel! Not another word. Come! I am going home at once, and you shall drive back with me."

The girl drew her cloak about her.

was pale, but resolute and unalarmed.

"I will return as I came—alone," she

replied briefly.

Harrington heard the distant clang of a gate. There was a heavy silence, then Mr. Sherry's voice—

"There's a sweet girl for you, Garrett! She has always been a thorn in my side, but this is a new development—this is dangerous. I shall have to—deal with her. The little If she would only have married Harrington last month, as I had arranged, it would have saved us all a world of trouble. Still, we shall win, after all. But it was a near thing! Fancy her coming here! She-devil! If—— But I must get back,

Harrington heard no more. The drug won its belated victory and drew him into

oblivion.

The cart swayed and jolted along the uneven road. Harrington had been sensible of the movement for nearly half an hour. During that time he had become conscious. too, that he was pinioned by an unyielding rope, and that the coarse sacking across his mouth formed a very effective gag. So he rolled helplessly from side to side on the foul straw, and stared at the moon, high and cold in the clear sky, until a sudden jolt flung him violently against the side of the cart. Then he lay still. The cart had stopped.

There was a terrified yell from the driver, followed by a string of oaths and the patter of scurrying feet. Then a lamp flashed in his eyes and on the knife that severed his Strong arms helped him to the ground and to a seat on the grass at the

roadside.

"Now the flask, Simpson, please!"

Harrington swallowed a few mouthfuls of the spirit, and then looked at the face close to his own—a girl's face redeemed from the commonplace by beautiful grey eyes, filled now with tender solicitude.

"Are you better, Mr. Harrington?

you hear me?" she asked.

"Clearly," said Harrington. "You are Miss Penrose. You "— he smiled faintly you 'prevented mischief,' after all!"

"Yes," said the girl. Her soft hair touched his cheek. "I hope so. If—— But you

heard me, then?"

"I was in the room all the time—shut in

the cupboard."

The girl shook her head. "Not quite shut in," she said. "Your foot was sticking I saw it soon after I came in, but thought it best, in the circumstances, to feign ignorance. Directly I had made sure of Mr. Sherry's departure, I rode to Simpson's Unfortunately, Mr. Simpson and his son were out, otherwise we should have been at 'The Fox and Hounds' an hour or This is Mr. Simpson. His son has gone in pursuit of Garrett."

Harrington shook hands with the farmer

and thanked him for his timely help.

"Only too glad to be of any service to Miss Penrose and yourself, sir," said the "My old lady has a bed ready for you at the farm, sir, as soon as you feel ekal to a bit o' ridin' in my trap yonder."

"He must wait another ten minutes, Simpson," declared the young lady decisively. "How do you feel, Mr. Harrington?

Rather faint, I expect."

"Not at all," answered Harrington. "I feel quite fit, thanks, except for a bruise or two. The effect of the drug has worked off. The fresh air, no doubt. I hardly know how I am going to thank you, Miss Penrose, for all you have done for me. I mean to have a try, though, later on."

The girl flushed, and was silent. There was something in Harrington's voice and

look that made her heart beat fast.

Harrington turned to the farmer.

"It is awfully good of you to offer me a bed, Mr. Simpson," he said cordially, "but I am afraid I cannot avail myself of it. I must go home—to the Grange."

"Impossible!" cried Miss Penrose.

"Out o' the question, sir!" declared

Simpson.

"By no means," rejoined Harrington, smiling. "I'm quite all right now, and, even if I wasn't, I should go. My place is with my brother. I have reason to believe he will have need of me to-night."

Nothing Ethel Penrose or the farmer could say served to turn the young man from his purpose, and they at length abandoned the

attempt.

Leaving Simpson to wait by the cart for his son, Miss Penrose helped Harrington, who was stiff and sore, into the farmer's high dog-cart, and drove at a spanking canter to Cygnelake Grange.

The big house, with its wide façade and many gables, rose black against the moonlit sky. The windows were devoid of light, and no sound was audible to suggest that the

building was occupied.

Miss Penrose glanced at her wrist-watch.

"Five past eleven," she whispered, unlocking a side door. "I expect all the servants are in bed. Your brother's room is in the south wing, overlooking the garden. If you can get to him without Mr. Sherry's knowledge, it would, I think, be advisable. Shall I lead the way—quietly?"

"One moment, please," said Harrington.
"Can you tell me briefly what is my brother's real condition, and what is Mr. Sherry's

position here."

For a moment the girl stood silent, looking

down.

"It is not—easy," she said slowly. "I hoped that it would not fall to me, but it is only right that you should know. When my step-father came here, soon after Curtis's accident, his aim was to get the management of the Cygnelake affairs into his own hands. He succeeded. I will not go into details. Your brother's protracted illness made it fairly easy to a man of Mr. Sherry's abilities. He is, in his way, a very clever man."

"Also an unscrupulous scoundrel?" sug-

gested Harrington, with a grim smile.

"I—I cannot deny it," murmured Miss Penrose. "The only interests he has served here have been his own, and he has done his best to prejudice Curtis against you, but, I think, without success."

"Is it true that Curtis has become a slave

to morphia?" asked Harrington.

"Quite true, unfortunately," answered the girl. "Mr. Sherry's influence is chiefly responsible for that. Curtis has suffered a lot of pain, and his condition is now very serious. I have only been at the Grange a month, but I have seen enough to convince me that my step-father is his evil genius. I—I only hope, Mr. Harrington, that you have not come too late to save your brother."

"Thank you, Miss Penrose. 'I hope not," said Harrington. "I will go to Curtis now."

They went noiselessly upstairs and halted outside the sick man's room. The door was ajar, and the sound of Mr. Sherry's smooth voice was clearly audible.

"I am disappointed in you, my dear Curtis, disappointed in you," he was saying. "After all I have done for you, it is evident that you

do not trust me or-"

"I do! I do!" cried the invalid.

At the sound of the weak, uneven voice Harrington started. He was about to hurry forward, but with a quick gesture the girl stopped him. Pale and frowning, he stood still obediently, listening to his brother's faltering words.

"You—you know I trust you, John, but it's hard to believe my brother could send me such a letter as this—a cruel, a heartless letter. You say he wrote it in your

presence?"

"I have told you so," answered John Sherry, with injured dignity. "Master Charles did not disguise his disappointment that you were not—to use his own words—'out of the way and under the sod!!"

There was a low cry from the sick man, then the sound of a chair pushed back

hastily, and Mr. Sherry's voice—

"Drink this, old fellow, and pull yourself together. Don't worry about your precious brother—he is not worth a moment's pain."

"So it seems," said Curtis slowly. "Yet he is my brother, John, and the heir to

Cygnelake."

"Then disinherit the young devil and have done with him!" urged Mr. Sherry, with sudden vehemence. "Listen, Curtis, and do as I have advised you to do a score of times. Marry Ethel without delay. Leave the

estate to her, in the event—the unlikely event—of your having no children, and punish Charles as he deserves."

"But I—I am too ill to marry," objected Curtis weakly. "Besides, she—Ethel does not care for me. I am an old man com-

pared----"

"Oh, I'll answer for Ethel!" interrupted Mr. Sherry. "All you need do now is to sign the deeds, and, as soon as you are a bit brighter, we will have a wedding at the Grange. Imagine it, my dear Curtis, a wedding!"

Curtis Harrington gave a strange, harsh laugh. "It is not at all easy to imagine myself a bridegroom!" he said bitterly. "However, if Ethel is willing, I agree. I—I am tired of it all. The morphia, John! I must sleep, and—there is the old pain. The

morphia!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Sherry. "In a minute. First sign this, and then sweet sleep."

"Not now—not now! The morphia!"
"When you have signed—not before," said
Mr. Sherry firmly. "Don't be a fool, dear
boy! Look, here is a pen, and here is the
morphia. Directly—"

Mr. Sherry never finished the sentence. He rose slowly to his feet, his jaw falling and the colour fading from his florid face as he looked towards the door and saw the man he believed to be drugged, helpless, and miles away, standing on the threshold and gazing at him with such grim menace that even his bold spirit quailed. With a low cry of fear he drew back against the wall, his arm raised as if to shield his face.

Charles Harrington came forward swiftly, knelt by his brother's bed, and took the wasted hand in a firm clasp. The sick man opened his eyes, and a sudden light sprang into them.

"Charlie!" he whispered. "Dear old Charlie! You have—come—back!"

"Yes," said Harrington. "I have come back—to stay—to make you well again, old chap—to deal with that cringing, black-hearted scoundrel there as he deserves! If—— No, you don't, John Sherry!"

He sprang to his feet, and Mr. Sherry, who was sidling towards the door, halted

abruptly.

"What's this, my dear Charles?" he muttered, moistening his white lips and looking from side to side like a trapped beast. "Be careful how you—you threaten me! I will talk to you presently. I—— Look, man! Look to your brother!"

Harrington heard the muffled gasp from the bed, turned and saw the ashen face, but before he could lend a helping hand, Ethel Penrose had darted to the invalid's side.

Together Harrington and the girl strove to steady the flickering vital spark, and when at length—an hour later—their labour was rewarded, and Curtis was out of immediate danger, John Sherry and his accomplice Arkell had left Cygnelake Grange for ever.

Curtis Harrington was sufficiently recovered to act as best man on the occasion of his brother's marriage to Ethel Penrose. For the few years of life that remained to him he was, however, a semi-invalid, and Charles assumed the control of the estates which became eventually his own property.

The wedding is still spoken of throughout the countryside, and it has been declared that every notability within thirty miles was present at the splendid reception which

followed the ceremony.

John Sherry was not "among those present." His whereabouts were, and are, uncertain, although, if rumour for once can be relied on, he is serving a long term for fraud in an American penitentiary. At all events, he was not at the wedding for which he was largely responsible. In fact, he was not invited.

## THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

## By MICHAEL KENT

Illustrated by Harold Copping



ustin holden
was a lay-singer at
Bishopstone Cathedral. He was, in
truth, more than
that. Your laysinger, as a rule, is
an unambitious
man, content with
the competence and
the ample leisure of

his life, getting through his easy day with no great enthusiasm, and growing, with the lapse of years, careless of religious formula and ecclesiastical rhetoric. This is, perhaps, not quite true of Bishopstone, where use can never dull the heart entirely to the everlasting appeal of stone and tone and colour. Of Holden it was not true at all.

He was made of Bishopstone clay. For twenty years, as chorister and singer, he had served S. Eadhelm with his voice. No month had passed, since he could walk, that he had not trodden Long Green. He was as indigenous as the purple stone-crop on the ruins of Infirmary Chapel, by the house where he was born. The place was not a passion with him—he did not know he loved it—he was just part of it.

There was once a very great man in the musical world who happened into S. Eadhelm's for vespers, because the day was hot and the train service to town inconvenient. Leaning back in a stall, enjoying with the expert sense of a great producer the harmonies of light and colour grouped before him, he gave himself to superior, cynical reflection. "What a setting! What material! If these people brought to the service of their God half the acumen and zeal that a manager brings to serve his public, what an offering would their worship be!" Here Holden slid imperceptibly into the prelude of "The Lord

is my shepherd," and he thought no more. He lived to listen.

The great man's train went without him, and he took a room at the Lioncels, hardly conscious, indeed, of these mundane matters, for his mind was full of visions—Tannhauser, Siegfried, Manfred, I Pagliacci. He did not question the matter of temperament. Holden had revealed enough of subtlety and power in the phrases of the anthem, and the great man did not make mistakes. If the utter content of "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures" had not convinced, he could have had no doubt of the singer's handling of the splendid climax: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow..."

He attacked the singer next day with all the great cunning that he knew—fame, fortune, the applause of continents, a gorgeous setting to display his art. He even grew evangelical—"the sin of burying that talent in Bishopstone," "the sacred duty of cheering a sad, sick world with golden song."

Holden was unmoved. "No, sir," he said; "I thank you for your offer, but I could never sing in grease-paint."

It was, in fact, not grease-paint that stood in Austin Holden's way, but all that greasepaint stood for. For him it typified the essential insincerity of that crowded, morbid life where folk poured out false passion for money to a little-heeding audience.

Therein, however, he was by no means Puritan or prig. He took his cheque from the Chapter without an afterthought, and he spent his summer evenings at the nets on New Court, teaching the theory and practice of forward play to the 1st XI. of S. Eadhelm's. There were very few, indeed, whom Dale, the headmaster, allowed upon the sacred square, unless they wore, or had worn, the murrey and blue of the school cap. The permission did not elate Holden; he would

2 x

have been-often was, in fact-just as content to umpire for the choristers on Long Green, where the legend of him ran that the county had pressed him hard to exchange surplice linen for white flannel. As a matter of fact, cane and willow had at one time called more strongly than ever grease-paint did, but Bishopstone called more strongly still. Wherein he was by no means a hero or a saint, only a long, pleasant man, with music in his heart and sincerity for the soul of him.

Bishopstone, as represented by High Street and Silk Lane, thought him a fool to turn up his nose at the fleshpots, but it was very proud of the impresario's offer. · People crowded on Sunday to hear him, and if the order of service included "O rest in the Lord," they waited outside until the doors were opened, and raced with little seemliness into the choir.

When the War came, and the blue uniforms began to appear in Bishopstone streets, Austin gave his voice unsparingly to cheer the wounded. He was not fond of drawingroom ballads, and his repertoire included nothing more amorous than "Sally in Our Alley." That he rendered with restraint, a bluff pride that seemed to hide tenderness. The men understood. Men to whom their dearest are, in words, no more than "the old girl "or "the missis," still feel quite a lot. Then there was "Widecombe Fair." Hearing it, one would have sworn that Austin was of the blood, direct descendant of Peter Davey, great grand-nephew of Uncle Tom Cobley, and all. Withal he could laugh as he sang, so that men were cheered thereby. They would ask for "A Fine Old English Gentleman" wherever he went.

About the spring of 1915 Holden grew It had taken so long for thoughtful. Bishopstone to realise that the War was an individual affair, incapable of easy, vicarious treatment. The singer took his trouble to the Dean. Old Purcell had him into the library and gave him a glass of sherry—a little man burning out fiercely with the fire of his own restless brain, leaguered and sapped by paralysis, ptosis heavy on his lids.

"You want to serve God and Bishopstone with thew and sinew, Holden," he said. "I shall not stop you. At your age I should have been there, too—there in the tempest and the strife."

His glance flashed from under leaden lids. "While a Timur Mammon grins o'er a pile of children's bones,'

his voice rang like a bugle that calls to action. "Is it Peace or War? Better War, loud War by land and by sea,

War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones."

Holden left the deanery with the old man's blessing. "While I have stayed here, often I have been uplifted by your song, and, ere you come again, most like I shall have passed. God bless and prosper you, my son."

The old scholar had a touch that was, perhaps, a thought too dramatic to be English—there was the Celt in his veins—

but Holden understood.

So he went away from Bishopstone.

He came back last year.

He came back a wraith. At the station they did not know him, nor in High Street. nor in Silk Lane. Alf Sampson—who sang first treble in the choir-was the first to recognise Austin Holden. The choristers were playing French cricket for fielding practice at the top of Long Green when he crossed the grass at the other end.

"There's old Holden!" cried Alf, and set off after him. He had not seen his face.

If Alf had seen the singer's face, he would have been less certain. It was tanned and healthy, but drawn. The brow was lined, and the mouth did not look like Austin's mouth at all. Grey was in the hair.

"Jolly glad you're back, sir," said the boy, running up. "Can't I carry your bag?"

The man walked on a step, stopped short, then looked down at the boy and nodded.

"Got long leave, sir?" asked Alf, looking up at his bowed companion.

The man put up his right hand to his throat, tapping at it, and shook his head.

The boy went on again in silence—he did

not know quite what to make of it.

"We're playing Bishop Simon's on Wednesday," he said, and, looking up, caught the filmed misery in the man's eyes. He spoke no more till they stood at the door of the little flint cottage by Infirmary Chapel, then, "I'm jolly sorry you're so bad, sir," he said. "It's a bit too thick, you."

Austin shook hands, nodding energetically with something of his old warm smile, then he patted his shoulder, pointed to the players

on the green, and nodded again.

"Hope you'll soon be all right," mumbled Alf, and was glad to hurry off. Austin knocked at the door.

Let us not follow him behind that door, where his widowed mother and his sister fluttered to meet him. They had been

forewarned of his evil lot-he had written from hospital in Cairo.

"When the mine went up, we got over to occupy the crater. The last I remember was getting to the ridge. They told me that the

enemy had driven another mine just forward of the first, and blew it as we went on. It took twenty minutes to dig me out, and then I was like this—not a scratch on me, only like and just can't. Perhaps it will before I'm back, mother. Don't you worry."

It is noteworthy that he never spoke of his impotence in set terms.

That was three months ago, and Austin



"The man put up his right hand to his throat, tapping at it, and shook his head."

this. The doctors say it will come all right in time. Sir Lester Bowes is here.  $_{
m He}$ says my throat is quite unharmed, but that the nerves are wrong. 'You've got the machine there, my lad, but you've forgotten how to use it.' Often I've felt it was coming back, like a name you are trying to remember

Holden had made no articulate sound since. Dread had got hold of him. Figure what it meant, livelihood—a heavy enough matter but then all his knowledge, his joy in the practice of that art which was his life, "locked with him useless." Holden figured it out and came at last to irony. There had

been days—months—bright with expectation, when he had woke in the morning and thought: "Is it to-day?" "Shall I speak this afternoon?" "Shall I cheer with the rest when we sight land?" That phase had passed aching; he had come at last to irony. "Was my work selfish, or my motive mean, that God should treat me so?"

Purcell met him one day in Dark Entry, the old man chained by "drop-foot" to the level flags. Two inches of step were a barrier as great as a ten-feet wall. "Ah, Holden," he quavered, "God, the Inscrutable, bears heavily on us both, but He is just."

"Sir," wrote Holden on his slate, "He has a pretty wit!"—and hurried away, grinning as though his heart had broken. The Holden of past years could never have tried

to hurt the old man so.

When Austin got to laughing, folk feared for him. It was horrible, the silent, bitter laughter that shook him, time and again, as when by chance he heard a fragment of his old-time triumph in the air. His sister came to him, asking why he wept. He wrote "I wait patiently for Him," and underlined the word and tapped it, rocking with laughter like a soul in torment.

The one wholesome light in his life through those dark days was the help he gave to Alf Sampson. Alf met him lounging in the shade of Pelerin Gate one day. "It's a beastly shame, sir," he said hotly, and there were generous tears in the boy's eyes.

"It is, my son," wrote Austin.

"With all you know, and can do, and all that," added Alf a little vaguely.

"Better have died," wrote Austin.

"It'll come back some time, sir, I bet," said Alf. He paused a minute, cast down, kicking at the plinth of the groining, hands in pockets. "I'm singing 'If with all your hearts' at the festival," he added.

"Good for you, son," wrote Austin. "Let

me hear you."

They went into Holden's, and he played the passage over, writing his criticisms as the

hov sang.

"It's awfully good of you," said Alf, when they had finished. "You tell me a lot more than old Green. Least, you tell it so's I can understand—from the inside like. You seem to know where it comes hard."

"Glad to help you, old son," wrote Austin; and for once, since he had come back to Bishopstone, his face was near content.

To have things done for him dismayed him so that, when he found that he could still help someone else, he felt that his continued being was in some little way justified. Yet Alf and his needs made but sporadic sparks in the dark. Often the idea came to him that this was but a cheat—a snare to wile him into false comfort. Pity he hated, as every wholesome-minded man will. Suspicion poisoned his heart.

Black, the Precentor, a busy little man with the kindest heart in the world, called

once to express his sympathy.

"I'm sorry to see you like this," he said, ill at ease from pure depth of feeling.

"Why should you be?" wrote Austin

rudely. "As good fish in the sea."

It cut into little Black's heart. "Oh, if you take it like that——" he said, and tailed off miserably, and came awkwardly away. So Holden alienated folk who might have been his friends.

He became morose, never going out, content to sit indoors and play interminable games of patience. Never since his return had he crossed the cathedral threshold.

After two months the dark had fallen on his mind as well. He neglected his slate, or answered but in dull and awkward phrase.

Then came Alf again, asking a boon.

"We are going to sing 'If with all your hearts' before Benediction on Sunday evening, sir. Mr. Brothers has to go away on Monday, so it's the last chance we have with the organ. The Dean has put it in at the end of service."

"Don't you fear," wrote Austin. "Mind

what I taught."

"Won't you come and hear, and tell me how it goes?" pleaded Alf.

"Nothing doing, son," wrote Austin.

"I'm jolly keen for you to hear," said Alf wistfully.

"Can't stick the place," wrote Holden.

"You'll be safe."

"'Tisn't that," returned the boy. "Only I want you to see how I've remembered all you said, and all that. I want to sing to you and please you."

It found a joint in the sick man's armour. "I don't care if I go flat, not for those others," the boy went on, red and sullen.

"I've heard here," Austin wrote slowly.

"It is good."

"Not with the organ," said Alf quickly. "You haven't heard me with Brothers at the organ." He plunged his hands into his pockets and looked up, red-faced, embarrassed. "I want to sing it for you, sir," he said.

The man tapped his pencil on the slate, his chin out-thrust. This was a greater thing to ask than the boy could know. At last

he looked up into the keen, troubled face of his companion. "I'll come, old son," he wrote.

It was good to see the boy's face brighten. So he went. Austin Holden crept in through North Porch before the doors were open, hiding in a little dark recess where the foot of Jocelyn tomb joins one of the pillars of the choir screen—a ghost, dumb and ineffectual, gazing wanly on the field of his old renown. He bore that for what good it might do to Alf Sampson—the sweetness was not burnt out of Austin Holden yet.

But he did not feel heroic; he was just dull and shamed, and aching against the cruel inhibition which Fate had placed upon his kindly art. It pleased him to watch for flaws in the service. When Welby, who was singing tenor, went flat, he grinned. They sang "At even, ere the sun was set." It wrought him to cynical commentory. "They did these things better in Judea," thought Austin Holden.

The sermon irritated him.  $^{*}$ So smug and easy for people who have never touched despair." With the same black revolt at heart he watched Purcell helped up the chancel stairs. In spite of his infirmity, the old man held fast to his routine. He heard the familiar click from the organ loft, as Brothers turned in his place to face the manual, then he stood with the congregation, awaiting the opening of "If with all your At that moment something struck him as unusual. Analysing it, he found it was the stops. Brothers had pulled out two. He heard them rattle. He was perfectly familiar with the organist's rendering of all these customary anthems, and he wondered why there should be an alteration. The first bar of the prelude told him, and filled him with helpless rage. Welby was singing "O rest in the Lord." The boy had not thought to tell him that other solos beside his own were being tried. "Oh, to hear this sung here! Oh, why did I come?" thought Holden miserably. "Has not Fate tried all mean tricks to wring my heart?"

But Welby had taken up the theme, and the congregation was hushed to listen. "O rest in the Lord!" Now, the last note of the phrase is sustained, and Brothers, in the organ loft, heard the singer chop it short. He played out the time, hanging on to the note and waiting for the voice that stayed. Chance had lain in ambush for Welby. When he had stood up to sing, the setting sun, streaming level through the great west window, had fallen full upon his eyes,

compelling him to sneeze. So for a couple of beats Brothers hung on to the note, tapping it tentatively, while Holden, in his dark corner at the foot of the altar rails, stood wondering. But a greater wonder awaited Holden, for all in a second he heard a voice singing low, but true, in the silence, and knew it for his own. Without thought, without even realising what it meant, the old technique of his work came back to him. He filled his lungs and took up the splendid phrases of the anthem. Brothers, waiting on the voice, heard, unthinking whence it came, and swung the organ on: "Wait patiently for Him . . . and He shall give thee thy heart's desire." It was Holden's voice— Holden's incomparable voice in triumph.

Folk started and stared, and shrank back from him, for here was a wonder, a hidden virtue, that they did not know, and feared. They saw Holden—no longer bowed and shamed—a man transfigured. Tears were on his cheeks, and he stood erect, towering, unfearing of the light, while golden song flowed splendid from his facile throat.

Down in the choir Welby had smothered his sneeze, but old Elmes, the bass, a great white-bearded giant, who had served S. Eadhelm forty years, spread his wide palm over the singer's score.

"Hush, you fool—it's Holden!" he said. And the great assembly was silent, so that in the intervals the flutter of the leaves upon the music stands and the soft clack of the stops fell sharp on every straining ear. Never had preacher held the folk in those ancient grey stone aisles as Holden did that night.

"And He shall give thee thy heart's desire." Had Mendelssohn's stern and simple workmanship ever been invested with a dignity so close to the essence of his theme?

The anthem lapsed slowly into the noble restraint of its ending—

"O... rest... in the ... Lord. Wait patiently... for Him."

In the silence there was only tense breathing. Brothers, in the organ loft, with his hands still fluttering over the manual, sat as in a dream.

Then Purcell took charge. It was no time, this, to practise solos from oratorio. He shuffled uncertainly to the edge of the altar dais and raised his hand in benediction.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding"—his voice broke a little, and he repeated the phrase, dropping each word as a weight from his lips—"which... passeth,...all... understanding." So he

made the familiar age-old farewell of the Church a fitting commentary and a seemly close. And the people were dismissed, making quietly away in silence and in awe.

Austin Holden followed the choir into the

vestry.

To judge from medical experts, the matter did not at all pass understanding. They made long names for it, and found it interesting, but not unusual. Holden, however, who rarely speaks of a matter so close, prefers to enshrine it in the old Dean's words—

"The Hand that touched with healing in Judea long ago, the Voice that cried, 'Be opened!' surely these have lost no whit their ancient mystic force, surely these were in our midst and wrought their wonders as of old."

### THE BLACKTHORN.

THE blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.
Two years ago 'twas tall and brave,
And freely its white blossoms gave,
And freely bent to biting chill
Of th' east wind whistling o'er the hill.
The blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.

The blackthorn blossomed in the hedge. Then came the hedger, stalwart, ready; He plied his tools with movement steady, Till quickly low the boughs were laid. The branches now their toll had paid—No blackthorn blossomed in the hedge.

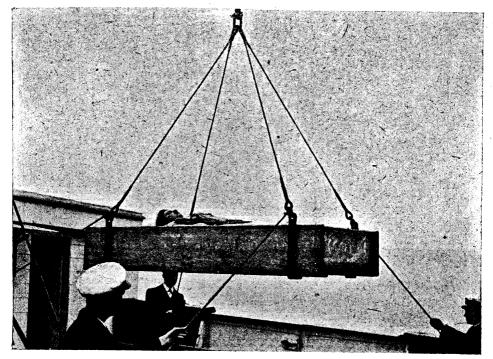
The blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.
The waving branches no more toss
Free on the bank above the moss,
The boughs are twisted in and out;
But still, when comes the cuckoo's shout,
The blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.

The blackthorn blossoms in the hedge, Though webbed and twisted to the stakes, Till its tough growth a stout fence makes. With rising sap comes young white bloom, Like flaxen thread upon the loom—
Still blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.

Still blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.
Then sing, my heart, sing loud, sing clear!
Though much, perchance, thou holdest dear
Be lopped and hewn and lying prone,
Go bravely on and make no moan—
Still blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.

The blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.
Though blackthorn winter brings the hall,
Yet gleaming sunshine follows gale.
The nightingale's clear song will soon
Sound through the vale beneath the moon,
While blackthorn blossoms in the hedge.

ADELA LANE.



PASSING WOUNDED SOLDIERS OUTBOARD FROM HOSPITAL SHIP: ABOUT TO HOIST COT CARRIER OUTBOARD.

# HEROES OF THE NAVAL MEDICAL SERVICE

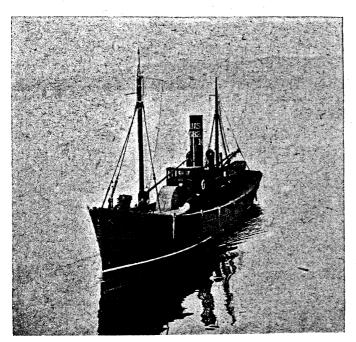
By H. C. FERRABY

Navies have hospital ships, but these are seldom or never in the neighbourhood of an action, and all the medical staff on board each warship have to take their chance of death and disaster with the combatant majority of the crew. In the first thirty months of the War fifty-six naval doctors in the British Fleet were killed in action or went down with their ships. They were of all ranks, from the surgeon probationer of the Volunteer Reserve—who is generally a young doctor just fresh from his hospital course—up to middle-aged fleet surgeons who had spent twenty years and more afloat among naval men.

The naval doctor of to-day is a very

different being from the Surgeon Macshane and Surgeon Simper in Smollett's lampoons of the sea life of his day, and the old slatternly "loblolly boy" has been replaced by keenly competent male nurses, who are called sick-berth attendants. One of the most remarkable victories attained in this War was won in the first twelve months, but very few people ashore even knew that the fight was taking place. It was a fierce battle between science and disease in the Fleet. In the cramped quarters inevitable in a warship carrying a crew of one thousand men, with many dreary months of dull routine to depress the spirits, and with little or no shore leave to relieve the situation, the field was ripe for epidemies. Smallpox was guarded

against by vaccination, typhoid was outflanked by serum, but there was always the chance that measles or scarlet fever or the dread scourge spotted fever might rage and put more than half the fighting ships of the Fleet out of action, thus giving the Germans the chance to challenge us at sea when we could not deal with them with our full strength. Those epidemics never broke out. There were isolated cases, but the constant watchfulness of the naval medical service beat off every attempt of the bacillus hordes to get a footing, and the Director-General of the Medical Department was able



A TRAWLER USED AS WATER TRANSPORT FOR PATIENTS FROM THE FLEET TO HOSPITAL SHIPS, AND FROM HOSPITAL SHIPS TO THE WHARF FOR AMBULANCE TRAIN. THE FOREHOLD IS FITTED-FOR TWENTY COT CASES.

to report in 1915 that the health of the Fleet was actually better in war-time than it had been in peace.

It might seem to some people that the doctor in a warship has a fairly easy time of it. After all, it might be argued, there are never more than a few cases of illness at a time in a ship. As a matter of fact, it is only because the doctor is not idle that the number of patients is kept down. Preventive medicine—the art of keeping men well rather than of healing them when they are ill—is practised afloat to an extent that has not yet proved possible among the civilian population. And to prevent a thousand men who are cooped

up in one ship from getting ill calls for plenty of hard work and ceaseless watching. How successful such prevention can be was shown in a report by Surgeon-General Rolleston, R.N. He stated that "in two battleships with a complement of over one thousand each, which I happened to visit on two successive days, there were only two men in the sick bays."

Moreover, every naval doctor has had to learn from the War, just as every admiral, every captain, and every submarine commander has had to learn. The way things were done in peace-time was not always the

best way when armour was being battered by enemy shells, when protective decks were being pierced, and when the fumes of cordite explosions hung heavy in the close air of the battened-down spaces between decks.

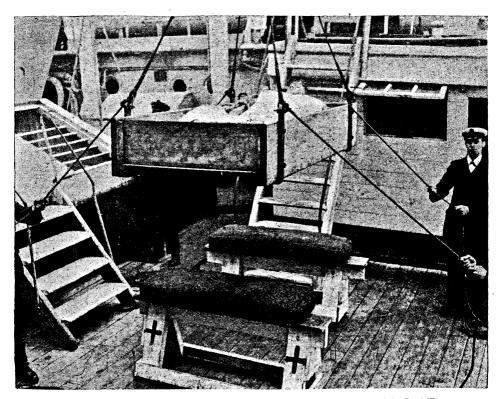
When I was with the Grand Fleet a while back, a fleet surgeon showed me the whole process of handling wounded in action. It was found, in the first engagements of the War, that the only safe places in which to handle wounded and carry out operations were well down in the ship behind Accordingly, the armour. fleet surgeons examined their ships, selected certain spots that were suitable, and there arranged to rig up their action stations. After the battle of Jutland, however, another thing became clear. These temporary hospitals were not safe even behind armour, if they were on the

"engaged side" of the ship—that is to say, the side that was nearest to the enemy. In the course of a fight, of course, the engaged side may change frequently as the squadrons alter course. Arrangements had to be devised, therefore, by which the whole paraphernalia of hospital ward, casualty clearing station, and operating theatre could be moved over from side to side at need. In one ship I was told they could do it in five minutes. Another fleet surgeon was able to report that he could transfer his gear and fifty patients, and be at work again in less than ten minutes.

Then, again, the first idea of laying the

men—when they had been dealt with by the doctors—on mattresses or stretchers on the deck proved to be impracticable in any ship where the casualties were heavy, because the floor space was not large enough. Accordingly, a system of swinging cots was devised, and by this means three men can be accommodated, one above the other, over the space that formerly only held one. These cots are movable, like all the rest of the hospital, and are lifted from one set of hooks and suspended from others with as

made of canvas and cane, that would strap round the patient in such a way that he could not move hand or foot. He was packed up, in fact, just like a mummy. At the head and foot of the stretcher there are metal rings, through which ropes can be passed, and thus the wounded man can be lowered or hoisted or hauled about without the least jar, and can be taken to the dressing-station far sooner than he could if he had to wait until the ordinary kind of stretcher could be used.



PASSING WOUNDED OUTBOARD FROM HOSPITAL SHIP: HOISTING UP COT CARRIER.

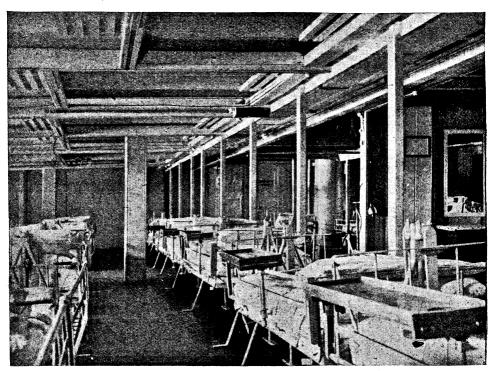
much ease as a man takes a book from one shelf in his library and puts it on the next.

Getting the wounded to the hospital in action is a very different matter. Every watertight door is closed; communication between various parts of the ship is almost entirely prohibited. Often the only way of passing from one deck to another is through a manhole down a perpendicular ladder. No man with a broken leg or a shattered shoulder could do it, nor could he be hauled through by stretcher-bearers without grave danger. So a special stretcher was devised,

The work of the naval doctors during an action and immediately afterwards is stupendous. There are, generally speaking, only two doctors in each ship, and on them falls the full burden of dealing with every casualty, of tackling ghastly amputations, of setting broken limbs, of cleaning gaping wounds, of covering the appalling burns that are caused by the flash of explosions. In the early days of the War these burns were so frequent and so terrible that special protective clothing was devised, and anti-gas masks are also worn by the men in action now as a protection against fumes.

In the various admirals' dispatches on naval engagements we get a glimpse of the work of the doctors. One of the most remarkable feats of endurance was that of Surgeon P. B. Kelly. He was in the transport River Clyde, that was run ashore at Gallipoli to land troops, and was caught by the fire of the Turkish guns and constantly raked by salvos. Mr. Kelly was wounded himself in the foot at the start of the fighting, but there were so many men in sore need of attention, and it was so difficult for any help to get to the ship in

Two other doctors "stuck it" for hours on end at the battle of Jutland. Fleet-Surgeon Penfold was in the fore medical distributing station—one of the temporary hospitals I have described above—when a shell burst just outside, killing and wounding many. Mr. Penfold was knocked down by the concussion and bruised and shaken, but he was quickly on his legs again, helped to remove the wounded and get the place shipshape, and for forty hours without rest he continued to tend the wounded "with unremitting skill and devotion." His action



WARD IN HOSPITAL SHIP "DRINA," SHOWING THREE-FOOT ALLEYWAY BETWEEN ALL COTS.

BATTENS SEEN OVER EACH BED HOLD A LIFEBELT.

her exposed position, that he bandaged himself up and went on with his work. For forty-eight hours he was on board, and he dealt with seven hundred and fifty wounded men. He was obliged to be on his legs the whole time, for a surgeon cannot operate sitting down. He had at first to hobble frequently to some man who was too badly hurt to be moved, but towards the end of the time Mr. Kelly's foot was so painful that he was quite unable to move away from the operating table. It was an instance of self-sacrifice that seems to many to have deserved the V.C. rather than the D.S.O., which was all that was awarded to him.

was of double value. It kept the hospital work going without a break, because his example inspired all the men who were detailed to help him by acting as stretcher-bearers and as sick-berth attendants, keeping him supplied with instruments, sponges, and other necessary articles, and keeping the stream of patients to and from the operating table constantly moving.

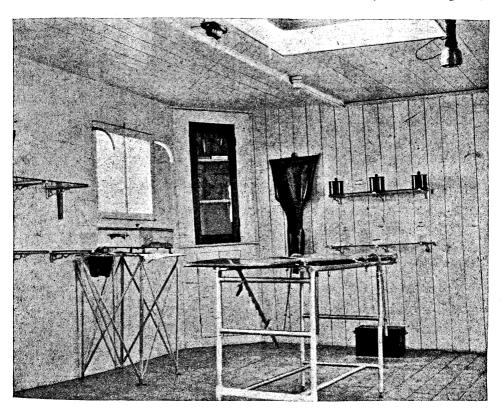
In another ship a volunteer doctor, Mr. W. J. A. Quine, found himself suddenly saddled with the whole responsibility for the medical department, as the regular staff surgeon was severely wounded. He, too, was at work for forty hours, giving

"assiduous care and attention to the wounded."

The extent to which ships' doctors are exposed to danger was very clearly shown at Jutland. The two cases cited above were not the only ones. Staff-Surgeon Bickford was severely wounded by a shell splinter, but persisted in attending to the wounded, and it was only a direct order from the commodore of the squadron that persuaded him to give up his work and allow himself to be treated as a patient. In another ship the

seriously depleted by casualties, and the inevitable lack of such essentials as light, hot water, etc., in ships damaged by shell-fire, tried their skill, resource, and physical endurance to the utmost."

One of the worst experiences of any naval doctor in the War, so far, is probably that of Fleet-Surgeon A. J. Hewitt, R.N., in the little old cruiser *Pegasus*, when she was bombarded in the harbour at Zanzibar by the *Königsberg*. She was unarmoured, and entirely at the mercy of her antagonist, as



OPERATING THEATRE IN HOSPITAL SHIP "DRINA," SHOWING HOW CORNERS WERE UTILISED AS CUPBOARDS.

surgeon was killed by a shell that struck the vessel, and one of the sub-lieutenants, Mr. Eric Vernon Lees, turned himself into a temporary doctor. The official report says that he "rendered invaluable service in attending the wounded for five hours."

Admiral Beatty paid a high tribute to the doctors in his Jutland dispatch. "Exceptional skill was displayed by the medical officers of the Fleet," he said. "They performed operations and tended the wounded under conditions of extreme difficulty. In some cases their staff was

she was lying at anchor, cleaning her boilers and unable to move. Apart from twenty-five men killed outright, there were seventy-seven officers and men wounded, fourteen of them so badly that they died later. Mr. Hewitt was the only doctor on board, and his assistants mainly consisted of cooks and stokers and seamen. The Königsberg's shells battered the Pegasus to pieces, and the bursting of the shells caused a blast of air that had a stupefying effect, while the fumes of the high-explosive caused dizziness. Amid the tornado of noise Mr. Hewitt went about

his work, and in his public account of the fight, the only comment he makes on his

own experiences is this-

"I personally had been breathing more deeply than normal in assisting a wounded man up a ladder from the after torpedo flat, where these fumes were particularly dense, and experienced a feeling of nausea and giddiness. For several days afterwards, on deep breathing, one seemed to exhale the fumes."

This danger of fumes also threatened the

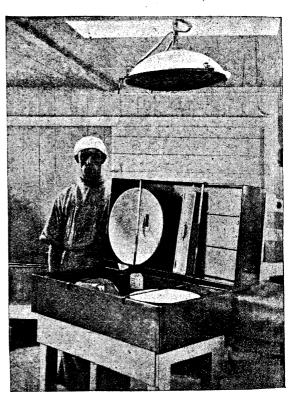
work of rescue when the British battle-cruiser Inflexible was mined off the Dardanelles. Surgeon H. M. Langford and Chief Sick Berth Steward Hamlin both suffered. They had to bring up wounded men from the fore distributing station in the dark. Fumes permeated the place, rendering five men unconscious, and both the doctor and his assistant were partially overcome. But they pulled themselves together and pluckily carried on.

Burns do not affect the doctors to the same extent. It is the guns' crews who suffer from this ghastly form of injury, which has, perhaps, never been more graphically described than in the brief official account of the bravery of Lieutenant R. M. Porter, R.N.R., at Jutland. He was severely burned in a cordite explosion at one of the 6-inch guns, but he personally superintended the extinction of the fire and the removal of the wounded, "and remained at his post for two hours after, when swelling from burns had closed his eyes and rendered his hands useless. His condition, when he reached the medical party, was critical."

This type of burn, caused by the enemy's fire exploding our gun charges as they are on their way to the guns,

is generally instantaneously fatal. Its effects, as described in medical reports, are too ghastly for general reading. Another type of burn is caused by the explosion of an enemy shell in the ship. This burn is less often fatal, and, if promptly treated by the new method of coating it with liquid paraffin, ceases to be painful after about a quarter of an hour, and can be redressed at frequent intervals until it heals. Much valuable experience, in dealing with this type of injury, was gained at the battle of the Dogger Bank, and from that engagement, too, dates the idea of the

anti-flash clothing now worn by all men manning the guns and working in any position likely to be exposed to explosion. These white flannel suits are provided with hoods that cover the entire head and face, except the eyes, and it is a curious thing that in almost every case in which a man has been burned on the face the eyes have escaped injury. Apparently the human brain telegraphs warning to the muscles of the eyelids rapidly enough for them to close before the flash actually reaches them.



"SURGICAL TECHNIQUE," ETC., ON BOARD HOSPITAL SHIP.

Photo from the Journal of the Royal Naval Medical Service.

Personal danger is not the only difficulty that the naval doctors have to contend with in action. Their hospitals are frequently damaged. There was an instance of this in one of the battle-cruisers at Jutland. Fleet-Surgeon Maclean was overwhelmed with work, owing to the medical staff being seriously depleted by casualties, and he had to attend to the wounded on the mess deck, which was flooded with a foot of water from damaged fire-mains. An even more trying experience befell a very young doctor in the same action, Surgeon-Probationer D. G.

P. Bell, R.N.V.R. His ship was so knocked about by the enemy's fire that the electric light failed while he was in the middle of an operation. He did not pause, but in the dark proceeded to amputate a limb. It was a test of skill and cool nerves that many a highly experienced older man might have failed to pass.

The surgeons in the Warrior had a similar adventure with an even more trying termina-The electric light failed, and all through the night they had to work on dozens of cases by the guttering light of candles. The smoke and gas that filled the dressing-station drove them out at last to the sick bay and the forecastle mess, and the senior surgeon turned a bathroom into an operating theatre. Then in the cold dawn of the next morning they learned that their ship was sinking, and all the wounded had to be transhipped in a rapidly-rising sea to the seaplane carrier Engadine, that was standing by. Waves were sweeping the halfsubmerged upper deck as the ship settled down, making the task of the men who were carrying stretchers and cots doubly One stretcher broke, and maimed occupant fell into the sea between the two ships. It was then, I believe, that Fleet-Lieutenant Rutland, who at the beginning of the action had made an aeroplane reconnaissance of the enemy's fleet, made his heroic plunge overboard and rescued the man; but his efforts and those of the doctors were in vain, as the shock killed the unfortunate sailor the next day.

In almost every sea some naval doctor or other has won distinction during the War. Fleet-Surgeon H. R. Gardner was awarded the Russian Order of St. Stanislas for services in the Arctic. Temporary-Surgeon E. R. A. Merewether was decorated by the King of Serbia for services to that unhappy country. Temporary-Surgeon A. R. McMullin won the D.S.O. in East Africa, and Surgeon D. Loughlin was awarded the D.S.C. for his work in attending wounded in the gunboat Comet, under heavy fire, during the advance on Kut-el-Amara, in Mesopotamia. In the patrol cruisers, ashore at Gallipoli, and with the Royal Naval Air Service, the medical officers of the Fleet have done sterling work. Both as doctors and as naval men their traditions are all against self-advertisement, and so the world has heard next to nothing of their doings. If I have lifted a corner of the veil behind which "Pills" and the "P.M.O." hide their good deeds, they must forgive me for it. Their countrymen have a right to know something of the quiet heroism of the naval medical service.

## THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

WHO shall find him, who shall bind him, Shy, elusive as a breeze, Sun before, and shower behind him— Spring, the Boy, was born a tease— Tantalising, coy, surprising Frost with flowering almond trees? Now a scent and now a bird's song Heralds his approaching day; Now he halts, now hurries headlong Out of April into May; Now he's missing—ah, he's kissing Summer in a trellised way!

Twining fairy fingers round him,
Summer holds him prisoner;
Love has found him, Love has bound him:
By the streams the spiders stir,
Busy threading all the wedding
Robes with strands of gossamer.

LILIAN HOLMES.



THE PATRIOTS.

"And what are your daughters doing for their country?" "I don't rightly know, sir, but two on 'em's wearin' breeches."

## THE EDITOR'S SCRAP-BOOK

### THE PRESENTATION. By Mary Julian.

"I wonder if anybody will give me anything this year?" said Charles thoughtfully. "Birthday parties have an element of adventure about Anything might happen, or-ernothing. That is to say, nothing very much. Did I hear a cab?"

"No, dear. It is Mary stoking the nursery fire," replied Christine patiently. She is his wife-and she looks it. She has the appearance of one whose endurance has been taxed to the uttermost.

"Last year Aunt Patricia gave me a Thermos flask and a cheque," went on Charles impressively, and he stroked the back of his head tenderly. "Now it will be something better. Don't interrupt, Christine. A boy calling a paper? I beg your pardon. My mistake. Hers is an ascending scale. I have noticed it." That is like Charles—optimistic. I, who am his sister, realise it, and it daunts me.

He looked out of a chink in the blinds, then turned round suddenly.

"Christine! The apple sauce?"

"No, I have not forgotten it." With her

patience was a habit. "Was that a taxi?"
"Only a fluster of wind." Charles had returned to the fire, which he blocked effectually. "Of course, she might offer to pay a term of the boy's schooling-there would be sense in that—or give you a bicycle, or me a season ticket. Then there's the morning-room—we ought to have new covers. Oh, there are heaps of things they might give us.

We had come to live near them on purpose, and they had not instantly left, as is the custom of relations and intimate friends. They had remained there pertinaciously, and Charles's faith in them had deepened. I must confess I

never felt it was entirely justified.

They arrived punctually. Uncle Stephen limps, and makes a queer, inarticulate sound at the end of every sentence that is purely interrogative, and forces you to carry on the conversation. Aunt Patricia has a presence, and, in addition, she was in evening dress. She had achieved the effect by a knot of lace at the throat and a jet butterfly that vibrated uneasily on her head. She likes these simple effects, and so do I. They are a rebuke to the ostentation of the age.

Cousin Laura, who is a poor relation, came with them. She makes a queer chirruping noise that expresses cheerfulness. If she did not do this, she would be told the spare room would be wanted. I never feel her position to be very secure.

"We've brought our little gifts, Charles," said Aunt Patricia, after dinner. someone will kindly bring them in."

Charles disclaimed. He always does this.



A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

HARRY (home on leave): What d'yer think o' that, Bill?
BILL: Think o' what?
HARRY: They say the Bang Boys ain't scared ole Blighty! But what'd the Boche say if 'e saw that feller there hidin' under his feather bed?



THE TOTAL.

DOCTOR: Say "ninety-nine" three times.
SMART RECRUIT: Two hundred and ninety-seven.

If you don't know how, you had better listen to him. He ran through surprise, stupefaction, elation. But his eye was speculative. I recognise it because I am used to it. An outsider might be deceived, but not his sister.

"Aunt, I am all impatience. I confess to an intense curiosity. So thoughtful—so utter

a surprise!"

Christine looked up, and for a moment

\_appeared less patient than usual.

"So truly kind!" murmured Cousin Laura

automatically.

Uncle Stephen made a queer, questioning sound, and, feeling obliged to say something, I

Uncle Stephen looked from one to the other, and grunted several times running very quickly, then he limped into the hall and dragged in something.

"It's a sack of onions—my last. No, I will not listen. Of course, we march with the times. A little thought, and one cannot fail

to please."

Cousin Laura gave him two boxes of matches and a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar. Her cheerfulness had not abated a jot. She chirruped persistently. I felt almost grateful to her. By this time Charles really could not speak. It was no pose, but stern reality.



"some" experience.

"EVER 'ad anything to do with 'osses?"
"Why, yes, I've been backing 'em all my life!"

remarked that the War had drawn us all much closer together.

I knew from their expression that it was wrong, and I felt as guilty as a person who has split an infinitive or dropped a stitch.

Aunt Patricia opened her parcel majestically. The jet butterfly quivered alarmingly, but sympathetically. I suddenly felt the simplicity of her costume to be really impressive,

"It's tea, Charles—two pounds. Yes, I knew you would be pleased. No, do not be too effusive. I dislike that sort of thing excessively. A word or two of thanks will be quite sufficient. I realise your gratitude. I assure you the pleasure is entirely on my side."

Even in reply to Uncle Stephen's grunts he was unable to articulate.

He is still an optimist. Yes, really. But he has given up birthdays for the duration of the War. We are all agreed it is the wisest plan.

The welfare worker glanced around apprehensively as she entered the humble dwelling. "Are you not afraid to live here? I do not

see any fire-escape."

"Oh, no, miss. I don't need one," returned the satisfied slum-dweller. "Whenever the cops come up after me, I get away over the roof."









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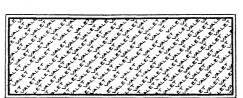
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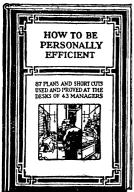


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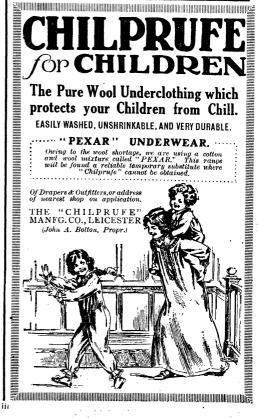
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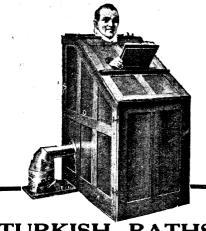
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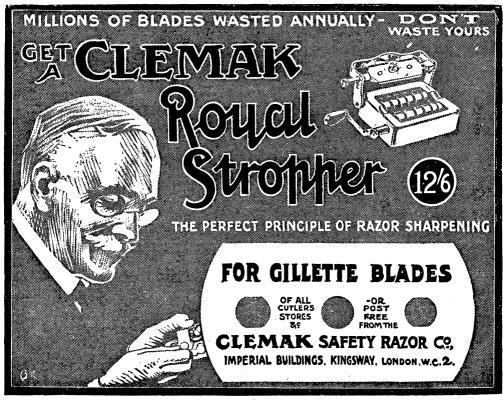
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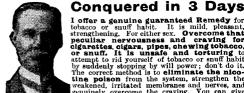
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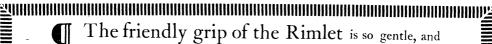
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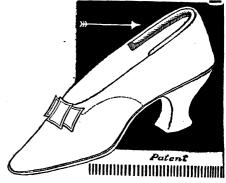


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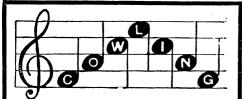
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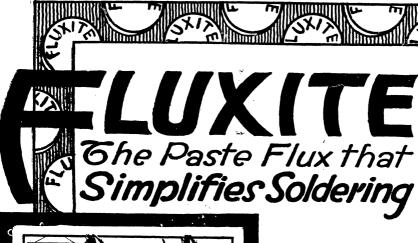


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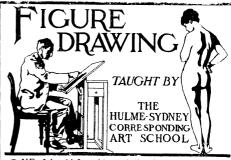
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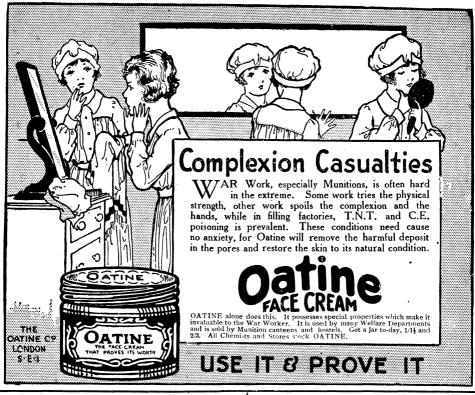
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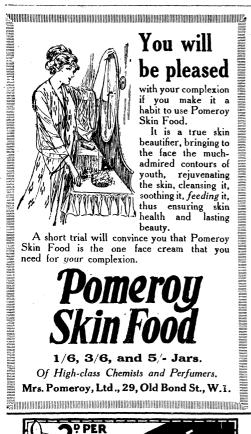
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JOHNNIE WALKER: "'Don't count your chickens before they're hatched."

PEGGIE: "I can hardly wait! Dad says you wait eight, TEN or TWELVE years for your chicks to hatch! However do you do it?"

JOHN WALKER & SONS, SCOTCH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

## THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

Once there were two men and a woman who decided to go fishing. They took a boat and rowed quite a distance out to sea, and as the fish were not biting very well, the woman was trailing her hand in the water. Suddenly she pulled her hand into the boat and cried: "Oh, I have lost my diamond ring!"

The water was too deep for anyone to dive and get the ring, so, although the owner felt very badly about it, nothing could be done. Just before they started toward the shore, one of the men hooked an exceedingly big fish.

That night they had some of that fish for dinner. All of a sudden the woman who had lost the diare and ring bit on something hard, wife to ask whether she wanted him to bring

anything home.
"Yes," said the wife, "I wish you would stop and get some tea. And you might as well, while you're about it, get a set of china, too.

"China?" gasped the husband.
"Yes. Of course, we've got some, but cook says there's not enough to last the week out."



THE engagement between a wealthy young Society woman and an impecunious business man came dangerously near the "breaking-off"



CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION.

Scene-class-room in day school. Teacher has eight-year-old Scots child out at the desk before her. (Tonic sol-fa scale on board,)

TEACHER (to wee Maggie, who has suddenly become mutinous during singing lesson): Why will you not sing "I am going to the Realms of Endless Day"?

Wee Maggie: Because I'm no gaun! What if I'd be pit tae work?

and what do you think it was? It was a fishbone.

THE tired business man had gone on a

camping trip with his six-year-old son. The two were in the depths of a wood, when the youngster startled his father with the

following remark—
"Dad, I can hear the cuckoo, but I can't see any clock."

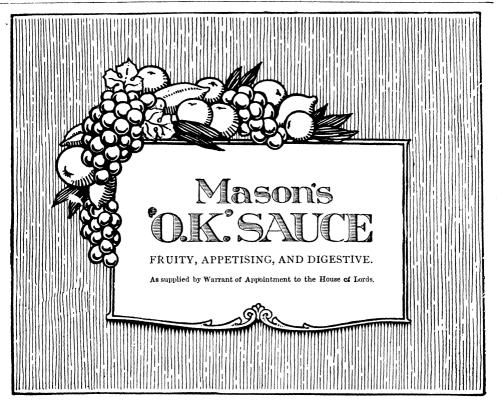
THERE is a certain man who takes a great interest in his household. So the other day, just before he left his office, he 'phoned to his

point, not long ago, by reason of the unfortunate mistake of a florist's assistant, of whom the young lover had ordered flowers for his fiancée on her birthday.

With a flutter of joyous anticipation the girl opened the box and gazed with rapt admiration upon the roses which reposed within. Then, lovingly taking them out one by one, she came across a card, which she read first with astonishment and then with indignation. Upon the card was inscribed in familiar writing-

"Roses. Do the best you can for seven and

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## THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

## MRS. PERKINS ON COOKING.

"Well, I mightn't be a chef, or even a chefess, as far as that goes," said Mrs. Perkins, "but I can do a bit of plain cooking, if I'm not interfered with. Thank goodness, Perkins has never had any occasion to throw the dinner at me, like some ladies' 'usbands I know. It ain't always them that serves up everything' in ham frills that knows most about cooking.

"I worked for a party once who put frills round her pies, and then had to get a hammer to break the crust. Some people up West are always worrying about how the working classes waste food, and one of 'em came down to our part last year to show us how

The Sunday-school teacher was astounded to see one of her small pupils sitting on a younger playmate and holding him tight to the ground.

the ground.
"Why, Johnny," she exclaimed, "didn't I tell you not to strike anyone till you had

counted one hundred?"

"I ain't hit 'im yet! Sixty-five—se'enty—se'enty-five—eighty——"



An employer received this letter from one of his *employes*, a foreigner who, for three reasons expressed, wanted a brief vacation—

Most Exalted Sir,-It is with most habitually



THE MORNING AFTER.

DEAR OLD SOUL: Why are those boys behaving so disgracefully to that other little boy? SMALL BOY: He found a piece of shrapnel!

to cook. She said what we wanted was a stock-pot, like the French have. Everything you could lay your hands on had to be put in this blessed pot, and, according to her, you could make lovely soup out of it for about three-ha'pence a gallon.

"The lady next door to me took it too serious-like, and put in candle-ends, shrimps' heads, crange peel, and monkey nuts. Her old man had to go on his club for three weeks after his first and only go at the soup, and now they've gone back to liver and bacon. I admire the French myself, but I don't want 'em rubbed into me on the question of cooking. What I say is, they live in a different climate."

R. H. Roberts.

devout expressions of my sensitive respect that I approach the elemency of your masterful position with the self-dispraising utterance of my esteem, and the also forgotten-by-myself assurance that in my own mind I shall be freed from the assumption that I am asking unpardonable donations if I assert that I desire a short respite from my exertions—indeed, a fortnight's holiday—as I am suffering from three boils, as per margin. I have the honourable delight of subscribing myself your exalted reverence's servitor.

(Signed) Jonabol Panjamjaub.

And on the margin of the letter were a picture of the three reasons and a diagram of the place!

#### How Hetty King keeps free from Headaches.



Miss Hetty King, as a male impersonator in those distinctive roles so particularly her own, has no rival, and to listen to her topical songs, graced by the gesture she so artistically employs, is a verifable antidote for any fit of war-time "blues."

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It is only right to let you know I have the highest opinion of your "Daisy" tablets, for they never fail to relieve any headache or neuralgic attack which may happen.

This means a lot to me, for it is important that I should always look and feel well and do justice to my 10 les.

"Daisy" tablets are always successful, and I am thankful for their benefits.

You have my full permission to publish this letter and also my photograph.

Yours sincerely.





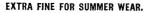
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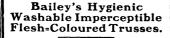
Write to-day to DAISY LTD. (Dept. T20), LEEDS.

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"Mygeneral health is better now than it has ever been. Your System has done more for me than half-a-dozen Physical Health or Nerve Specialists could ever do; you have done more for me than perhaps you will ever realise, and may God help you in your good work."

Private T.A.I.

AIR

Write for free explanatory booklet to Y. C. R. DeMENGEL, 102, Myddleton Road, Wood Green London, N. 22. Service.

# A NATURAL CURIOSITY. By W. J. Clarke.

I had been discussing party politics with one of the shifting population of this hotel. After we had wasted half an hour or more in this

unprofitable way, he said:

The difference between the idle rich and the industrious poor is that the industrious poor go round looking for work, and the idle rich go round looking for trouble. When the industrious poor find work, it scares them to death; that is what the newspapers call labour unrest. And when the idle rich find trouble, it makes them squirm; that is what the newspapers call maladie du siècle. It is a fine thing to have these names; they give you the pleasant feeling that you have done something to put things right, and needn't bother any more about them.

We have also the poor who are not indus-

trious, but go round seeking rest and finding it, and the rich who are not idle, but a constant irritation to themselves and everybody else. A nest of hornets is a mild thing compared with the rich man who wants more.

That reminds me that there is a natural curiosity staying in this hotel. He is a retired man of business, and that is the rarest bird on this earth to-day. They were fairly common when I was a kid, but I hadn't seen one for years until I met this chap. He spent thirtyfive years piling up a modest fortune, and then, at an age when a business man is usually getting into his stride

and beginning to do big things, he settled

down to enjoy himself.

I asked him what he finds to do to pass the time, and he had the nerve to say the time passes too quickly. He finds enjoyment in all sorts of queer things—pictures, for instance. He spends hours loafing round the art galleries, simply looking on, with never a thought of turning the knowledge he gains to any account. And he's great on music—concert, opera, or church, he doesn't seem to mind which. He told me he often listens to a dull sermon in order to hear a good choir sing some stuff a hundred years out of date.

He can stand poetry, too. The first thing I happened to hear about him, before I knew who he was, was that he was learning French—at his age, when you would think a man wouldn't have patience to learn anything except golf. I asked him if he had found something good in France to make it worth his while, and he said he had. I let it go at that, for I didn't want to seem curious about

his business, but he went on to say that he had taken a liking to the old poets—the trouvères and the troubadours. The sort of French he is learning has been dead for centuries, and no Frenchman can read it. I thought at first he was filling me up, but it was the truth he was telling. What do you think of it?

And the stuff he reads—in English, I mean. He is all over the history of everywhere, and is specially fond of reading the history that never was written. He is great on the Stone Age—showed me a book all about the graves of some people who didn't know enough to put an epitaph on a tombstone. He told me all about a buried city in some crackjaw place in Yucatan, but he couldn't tell me anything about any minerals buried in Yucatan that might be got at and made to pay dividends.

He takes a hand in science, too, and knows a lot about the stars, and chemicals, and

surface-tension, and light-rays, and glaciers. He talked to me about wireless telegraphy until I nearly got the hang of it, which is a thing I never expected to do, although I made a bit out of Marconi shares, once upon a time. asked him why he wasted time on all these things, and he said that was his Time is on trouble. the wing, and he isn't younger than he was, and his number will go up about a million years before he has had time to learn half the things he wants to know. He seems to want to know everything, except the market reports and politics. He wanted to show me an ingenious old Persian chess prob-



MORE SUBSTITUTES.

"HERE, waiter, what the deuce is this?"

"It's bean soup, sir."
"Yes, I know it has, but what is it now?"

lem-he did, really!

Now, what is anyone to make out of a man like that? By the time he has made enough money to keep him in comfort, a man has usually acquired the thirst for wealth, which is universally acknowledged to be the noblest passion of our time, and destined to take the place of all the passions of the old days. Love, and glorious war, and sparkling wine, the spirit-stirring song and the merry dance—what are they all, compared with the strong hope of gain?

Think of the laws that can be overridden, the rivals that can be crushed, the young whose intellect and energy can be commanded, the old whose family pride is eager to cringe to

the new wealth!

And yet this fellow is content to stand aside and let it pass by! You would expect him to feel the pangs of Tantalus when he thinks of the opportunities around him—the rich who can be fleeced and the poor who can be exploited. He might be a captain in



# TWO GOOD TINS FOR THE HEAD

NO soldier is fully equipped without his "tin hat"; and without the finishing touch of Royal Vinolia Solidified Brilliantine there is something wanting to give just that well-groomed appearance at which he aims.

Applied with the brush, it keeps the hair smooth and imparts a silky lustre. Free from heavy grease. Packed in metal case, it is specially handy for travellers' use, as there is no fear of leakage.

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## THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

the halls of industry, but he is content to stay outside in the sun.

So far as I can make out, his idea, when he struck work, was to set up as a gentleman. But he had thirty-five years of honest trading against him, and he couldn't get over that—he wasn't rich enough. It shows pretty clearly that a man ought to stick to business

as long as he's alive, for he won't meet anybody he can make a profit out of after he's dead. The real blue - bloods didn't want him, and he didn't want the crowd who are striving day and night to get a rung higher up on the social ladder, so he has to rub along with Dante, and Raphael, and Beethoven, and the solar system.



A NEWSPAPER correspondent was paying a visit to a former school friend whose eldest son was just at the ungainly age which consists chiefly of large hands and feet, held together by an intense selfconsciousness and bounded on every side by embarrassment. When the bed-time hour was called, the son and heir obediently betook himself with only a "Good night" in place of the customary kiss to his mother. When questioned by her the next morning as to the unexpected neglect, the reply was:

"Well, mother, you know I wanted to, but I was afraid

Miss M—— might put it in the paper. You know it would be so easy for her to say: 'While spending the week-end at the country house of a friend, I was greatly impressed by the very nice way Mrs. So-and-so's little boy kissed his mother good-night.' You see, I wouldn't mind so much, but all the boys would know at once who she meant, and let up on it."

He was forgiven.

In a riverside village in a remote district lying largely on reclaimed land, most of the houses had to be built on pillars four or five feet above ground. One resident, with a longer head than his neighbours, enclosed the space under his house with railings, and in the pen thus made kept his pigs.



THE NEEDS OF THE MOMENT.

Mrs. Miggs: Well, my beauty, an' w'ere 'ave you bin?
Mr. Miggs: M'riar, I just stepped aht ter git your 'arf ounce o' tea. Shortage or no shortage, I ain't a-goin' 'ter 'bolish the old 'oman's teapot.

"Do you think it is sanitary—healthful—to keep your pigs under the house like that?" he was asked.

"I do' know, stranger. I reckon so," replied the native, and hitched up his overalls.

"Never notice any bad effects from it?"

"W'y, no," he drawled. "I been a-keepin' my pigs there for fourteen year, an' never lost a pig yet."

# BEFORE THE MIRROR

# By "JEANNETTE."

Anxiety, with its beauty-destroying influence, is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while, perhaps, a few—the more stoical among us—can avoid worrying over past or prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the result of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining or regaining that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

Freckles, and How to Cure Them.—It is always those with the finest and fairest skins who freckle most easily, but this knowledge is poor comfort when the face is disfigured with these ugly little blemishes. To prevent the formation of freckles, a wash should be applied to the face which will form a shield from the rays of the sun. A simple and inexpensive one can be made up at home by dissolving an ounce of eleminite in four tablespoonfuls of hot water. Shake the bottle, and, when cold, apply to the face and allow to dry on the skin. If this is done every day, renewing the application whenever the face is washed, and a little mercolized wax rubbed into the skin every night, freekles will not make their appearance, no matter how hot the sun. To remove freekles which have already formed, apply the wax every night, rub it well into the skin of the face and neck, and leave it on till the morning. Then wash off, using Pilenta soap and warm water.

To Reduce a Double Chin.—To reduce a double chin, give hard, firm massage every night with mercolized wax, stroking the flesh firmly backwards from the chin towards the lower portion of the neck. Do this every night, and in the morning bathe with cold water and rub into the skin a little parsidium jelly. This treatment will strengthen the flabby tissues and restore the contour of the face. Occasionally a double chin is due to stooping over books or work, but generally it is the result of putting on weight. When the latter is the case, a few clynol berries,

eaten regularly every day, will greatly assist in reducing the superfluous flesh. A glass of hot water should be sipped after each meal.

The Hair—To Increase the Growth.—To arrest an undue falling of the hair and increase the growth, scalp massage and the application of a good tonic is absolutely necessary. Part the hair in the centre, and, starting at the forehead, massage for at least ten minutes. Then apply a tonic. A simple and inexpensive one can be made up at home by mixing one ounce of boranium (which can be bought at the chemist's) with a quarter of a pint of bay rum. Add the boranium to the bay rum, allow to stand for half an hour, then strain, and add sufficient water to make half a pint. Dab amongst the roots of the hair with a soft sponge.

Superfluous Hair.—Dark-complexioned women are far more frequently troubled with a growth of superfluous hair than those with fair skins, and at the first sign of these objectionable hairs, steps should be taken to remove them, or they will develop into a strong growth which will take a very long time to destroy. A little powdered pheminol applied to this growth will remove the unsightly blemish, destroying it permanently if the hairs be but few. Two or more applications may be necessary if the growth be unusually strong, but about one ounce of pheminol should be sufficient for the most stubborn case. Pheminol can be obtained at the chemist's, and a little powdered alum should be obtained at the same time for dusting the skin before applying the pheminol.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO DARKEN THE EYEBROWS (L. M.).—There is no dye which I could recommend as "safe," but if you rub a little mennaline into the eyebrows and at the roots of the eyelashes, regularly every night, it will darken them naturally and will also increase the growth of the eyelashes.

TO REDUCE WEIGHT (SADIE).—Yes, your weight and measurements are certainly more than they should be for your height, and I quite agree that being so stout makes you look old. I am pleased to be able to tell you of a quick, easy, and pleasant way to reduce both. Get a small quantity of elynol berries from the chemist's and take one after each meal, three times a day. Weigh yourself after one month's treatment, and you will be delighted with the result.

TO KEEP THE HAIR FAIR (DORIS).—If you shampoo your hair regularly with stallax granules, it will prevent it from turning dark. One teaspoon of stallax is sufficient for a shampoo, and an original packet will make from twenty-flve to thirty shampoos. Stallax keeps indefinitely.

TO IMPROVE A DULL, MUDDY COMPLEXION (D. B.)—Your complexion is dull and muddy-looking because it needs thorough cleansing and renewing of the outer cutiele. To do this get a tin of mercolized wax, and with the tips of the fingers rub a little gently into the skin, going over the entire face and neck. Leave the wax on all night and in the morning wash it off with a good soap (you will find Filenta excellent). In a month's time you will notice a most surprising improvement. (2) Liquid pergol will prevent the excessive perspiration of which you complain. (3) Nothing can be done. TO ARREST GREYNESS (FLO).—You are indeed far too young to go grey yet. Get about two ounces of concentrate of tammalite and mix it with three ounces of bay rum. Dab this on the hair and amongst the roots. It will soon make matters all right.

TO WHITEN A BROWN NECK (W. K.)—To whiten your neck, use jettaline. Get a tube of this from the chemist's and rub a little well into the skin of the neck; leave it on till next morning. Do this regularly every night for three or four weeks and you will find that the skin will become beautifully clear and white.

## THE WINDSOR MAGAZINE.

THE MORNING HOUR. (Half-past Five.)

Just awake at half-past five! Ain't it good to be alive? Don't the earth smell dewy sweet, Fit to eat?

Breakfast with the door flung wide, So the day can creep inside, And the tea just newly brewed— Ain't it good?

Night leaves starlight on the grass; I shall crush it as I pass—Love to do it—all the same, Seems a shame!

bread and ham. From time to time the little boy would lift up a corner of the top layer of the sandwich, take out a small shred of ham, put it in his mouth, and arrange the sandwich exactly as it had been before. He did this many, many times, until finally, opening the sandwich for another bite, he discovered, with evident disappointment, that the filling was entirely gone.

"Why don't you eat it?" asked the

teacher.

The boy looked up with large, serious eyes and answered laconically: "'Tain't mine."



FIXING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

TRANSPORT DRIVER: Are you a road maker, mate?

ROADMAN: Yus!

TRANSPORT DRIVER: Well, d'you know that three wagons and six mules were sunk on one o your roads, with several hands on board?

Wish that I could gather dew Into diamond rings for you, Seems such waste for it to fall, After all.

Still, they're yours at half-past five, Diamond dew and all alive; All the world is yours and mine— Ain't it fine?

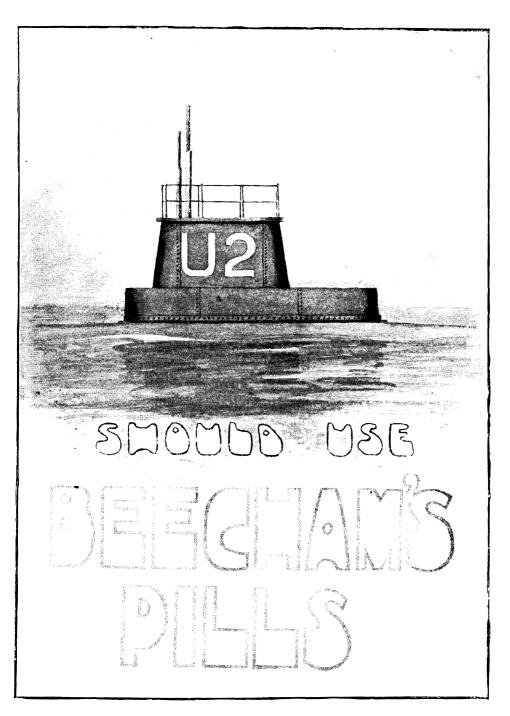
Dorothy Dickinson.



AT a recreation centre a teacher noticed a little boy sitting on a bench and holding in his band a large sandwich consisting of A Young fellow from the country called on a certain great manufacturer in his workshop, the other day, and the man of metals and machinery picked up a powerful magnet and said—

"That magnet will draw three pounds of iron from a distance of two feet. There is no natural object on the face of the earth that has more power."

"I dunno about that," answered the young countryman thoughtfully. "I know a natural object, wrapped in muslin and frills, that is drawing me every Sunday evening over fifteen miles of ploughed fields."





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